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THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN REDUCED FACSIMIL
FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF
1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
By J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

NEW YORK:
FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS, 18 & 20 ASTOR PLACE.
1887.
PREFACE.

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

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts, This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest
productions, single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessities of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer’s decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they "have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it; his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author’s manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the re-
verse. Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;" adding,—"it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given literatim according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press." Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentaries, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Every one, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the texts of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for its wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration.

The reader will more readily understand the
purport of these observations, if we add a list of the plays in the order in which they are here printed, with observations on the relative authorities of the texts. It will, of course, be understood that the mention of the circumstance of any drama in this volume being a first edition, conveys also the fact that it is the only authoritative text:—1. *The Tempest.* First edition. Perhaps edited from the author's own manuscript, which we know was not amongst those destroyed in the fire at the Globe Theatre. 2. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* First edition. 3. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* First edition of the play in its complete state. A surreptitious quarto appeared in 1602, but it is merely an imperfect copy of the author's first sketch of the comedy. 4. *Measure for Measure.* First edition. 5. *Comedy of Errors.* First edition. 6. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Printed from a quarto edition which appeared in 1600, with a few omissions and variations. 7. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Printed from a quarto edition published in 1598, with a few alterations of slight consequence. 8. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Printed from Roberts's quarto edition of 1600. 9. *The Merchant of Venice.* Printed from Heyes's quarto of 1600,
tion of the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses, Lancaster and York," 1595. 23. Richard the Third. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1602, which must, however, have had numerous manuscript alterations and additions. 24. Henry the Eighth. First edition. 25. Troilus and Cressida. Printed from the quarto of 1609, with certain omissions and some valuable additions. 26. Coriolanus. First edition. 27. Titus Andronicus. Edited from a playhouse transcript. It is nearly impossible to believe that this drama could have been written by Shakespeare, and I rather incline to conjecture that the editors of the First Folio inserted the older play on the subject, first printed in 1594, through either mistake or ignorance, knowing that Shakespeare had written a drama on the same theme; and finding no other version of it in their collection of plays. 28. Romeo and Juliet. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1609. 29. Timon of Athens. First edition. 30. Julius Cæsar. First edition. 31. Macbeth. First edition. 32. Hamlet. Edited from a playhouse transcript. 33. King Lear.

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

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.
SHAKESPEARE:

THE FIRST FOLIO.

[1623.]

A Reduced Facsimile.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

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

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,

Help we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many favors we haue received from your L.L.
we are faine upon the ill fortune, to mingle,
two the most diverse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the succeffe. For, when we valew the places your H.H.
saf殡ne, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles and, while we name them trifles, we haue
deprau'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue beepleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, hecretore
and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour living,
with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not
haung the fate, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne wri-
tings you will use the like indulgence toward them, you haue done
unto
The Epistle Dedicatone.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were added, 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 either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow ailine, as was our Shakespear, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have mostily observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addressse, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruities, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespear; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

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

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publick, & you will stand for your privilegges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how oddesoeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sice-heads, your shillings worth, your nine shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and fit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the cock-pit, to arraigne Playes daily, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death de parted from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse thefts, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and thefts of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs: and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he utter'd with that easiness, that wee haue scarce receiued 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 lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.

Henrie Condall.
To the memory of my beloved,

The AUTHOR

Mr. William Shakespeare:

And

what he hath left vs.

O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,

An I thou ample to thy Booke, and Fame:

While I confess thy writings to be such,

As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.

'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these songs

were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;

For self'st Ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;

Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance

The truth, but grope, and orgeth all by chance;

Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,

And thinkes to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.

These are, as some infamous Baud, or where,

Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?

But thou art professed against them, and indeed

Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.

I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!

My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont he

A little further, to make thee a room:

Thee art a Monument, without a tomb,

And art alive still, while thy Book doth lie,

And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I may mixe thee so, my braine excusest me;

I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses

For, if I thought my judgement were of yeares,

I should commit this purely with thy poesies,

And tell, how farre thou didstst our Lily out-shine,

Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latine, and lefte Greece,

From thence to honoure thee, I would not seeke

For names; but call forth bound'ring AEchileus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,

Paccinus, Accius, him of Cordoue dead,

To life againe, to heare thy Buthin tread,

And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sothes were on,

Leave this alone, for the comparison
Of all that infolent Greece, or hauttie Rome
sent forth, or since did from their athes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shone,
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 warme
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charmme!
Nature her selfe was proud of his desigines,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
which were so richly spun, and wondrous fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Near Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted lyke
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who dares to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second beat
Upon the Muses amule: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawnell, he may gaine a storne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such were thou. Look how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightely shines
In his well turned, and true, filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandsht at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But say, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frõ hence, both sunned like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Ionson.
Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare.

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

Bygh Holland.
TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Author Mr. W. Shakespere.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-Iue
Thy Tombe, thy name must, when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Moniment,

Here we alue shall review thee still. This Booke,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Freh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's now, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speare's; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall rouse, redeeme thee from thy Herse.

Nor Fire, nor cankling Age, as Nalo said,
Of his, thy wit-s fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I ere beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though misl) untill our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strane t'out-do
Pasions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parling Romans pake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Laurell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

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

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

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.

Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

John Lowine.

Samuell Groffe.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Oftler.

Nathan Field.

John Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclesstone.

Joseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

Robert Goughe.

Richard Robinson.

John Shancke.

John Rice.
## A Catalogue

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

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The Tempest.

Good wome have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me incertate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu of th' priemisses,
Of hommage, and I know not howmuch Tribute.
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Milestone
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leved, one midight
Faced to th' purposes, did Anthony open
The gates of Milestone, and should of darkenss
The minions for th' purposes hurrying thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity it
I not remembering how I abide out then
Will cry it oer again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And thou lye bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's upon's: without the which, this Story
Were most inceriment.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
The marrow dry
Per. Well demanded, wenche
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they did not
So deare the love my people bore me: nor set
A mark so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fierer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board Barkes,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a But, nor rigg'd,
Nor tackle, strake, nor mast, the very rats
Infinitely have quits it: There they hoist vs
To cry to th' Sea; that raud to vs; to fight
To th' winde, whose pitty fighing backe againe
Did vs but longing wrong,

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

Per. O, a Chevin
Thou was't that did preferre me; Thou didst smile,
Instructed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full fait,
Vnder my butten grood, which rais'd in me
An undergowing томаке, to bear vp
Against what should enuise.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Per. By prudence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan Generale
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Mater of this desighe) did glue vs, with
Rich garnements, linnen, stuffes, and necessaries
Which since haue receed much, so of his gentileness
Knowing; I haue my books, he furnished me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man,

Pro. Now I strive,
Sit still, and heare the left of our sea-fاورer
Here in this land we ariv'd, and here
Have I, thy Schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princes can, that have more time
For wiser houres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

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

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For saying this Sea-forme?

Per. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my decree Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my preference
I finde my Zealoth doth depend upon
A most auspicious issue, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare erate more purlsions,
That art inclinde to flpee: 'tis a great dulicke,
And glue it way: I know thou canst not chafe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hailie, great Master, grave Sir, hailie: I come
To answer thy boll pleasure; be'to fly,
To swim, to dye into the fire: to tide
On the curld cloudes: to thy strong bidding, takke
And, all his Qualitie.

Per. Hallo thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I had there,

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame distantly,
Then meete, and layne. Jove's lightning, the precourers
Of th' dreadful Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of fulsome roaring, the mall mighty Neptune
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yes, his dread Trident shake,

Per. My brave Spirit,
Who was so ferme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infall his reason?

Ari. Not a soule
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the loaming branye, and quit the veife;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sone Ferdinand
With harce vp-flaring (then like reeds, not harce)
Was the first man that leap'd; aside hell is empty,
And all the Diuel are here.

Per. Why that's my spirke:
But was not this nye shore?

Ari. Clofe by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariel) safe?

Ari. Not a hair perfiul;
On their finning garnements not a blemish,
But rather they before; and as thou bade me,
In troops I have disfemped them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sone hate I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and setting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship.
The Mariniers, say how thou hast dispoled
And all the rest of the Fleece?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deep Nooke, where once
Thou eall'd me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the full-veed 'Bernoeles, there she's bid;
The Mariniers all under hatches flowed,
Who, with a Charme joyned to their sufferd labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest of the Fleece.

A 5 Which
The Tempest

(Which I dispass't) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean Face
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wantoks,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge

Excess is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time of this day?

Ar. Paff the mid-forenoon.

Pro. At least two Glad that time's 'twas six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toil? Since 'tis day give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?

What's thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more?

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbling; thou didst promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ar. No.

Pro. Thou do'st; and think'st it much to tread 3 Ouz
Of the fell deeps;
To run upon the sharper winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veins o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I do not Sir.

Pro. Thou he'ft, malignant Thing: hast thou forget
The foule Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a hoopo? hast thou forget her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou ha'ft: where was the born? speakst tell me?

Ar. Sir, in Argos.

Pro. Oh, was the fo: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou ha'st bin,
Which thou hast forgett. This damnd Witch Sycorax
For mischiefs manifold, and rebellies terrible
To enter humane hearing, from Argos
Thou knowst it was banish'd: for one thing the did
They yeold not her life: Is not this true? Ar. Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd flag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Seylors; thoury flau'ce (child,
As thou reprooft thy self, was then her servant,
And for thou wait a Spirit too delicate
To oth' Carly, and abide commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helper of more potent Ministers,
And in most vanquishable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which stifi
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeares: within which space the did,
And left thee there: where thou dost vent thy groans
As tall as Mill-wheelers thike: Then was this Island
(Save for the Son, that he did lattor heere,
A freckled wheipe, hog-bunner) not enough'd with
A bare Pyne.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her Sower.

Pro. Dull things, I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in fence, thou dost know'ft
What torment I did finde thee with thy groans
Did make wores hovice, and penetrate the breasts
Of furious Beares; it was a torment

To lay upon the damnd, which Sycorax
Could notagine vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arised, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thank thee Master.

Pro. If thou more mun't, I will rend an Oske
And peg-thee in his knotty entacles, till
Thou hast howd'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And do my forcing' gently.

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

Ar. That's my noble Master.

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

Pro. Go make thy selfe a new Lympth o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no night but thine, and mine: insuissible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shap.

Ar. I' ll send thee hence:
With diligence.

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

Mr. The strangeness of your story, put
Hesitneffe in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,

We' ll visit Caliban, my flaye, who never
Yields vs kinde anwser.

Mr. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as't is.

We cannot affhime him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and furnishd in Offices
That proufis vs: What haas: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou spekke:
Cal. Within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee;
Come thou Tottoys, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine appaissance: my quiet Ariel,
Nymph, Hecate in thine ear.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Pro. Thou poyonous flaye, got by J diewell himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam: come forth.

Mr. Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as are my mother's brood.
With Rauens feathers from unwholsome Fen
Drop you on both: A Southwell blow on yee,
And bid thy all one.

Pro: For this be sure, to night thou shall haue cromps,
Side-fritches, that shall pen thy brea as vp, Vultures
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pincht d:
As thich as hony-combe, each pinch more flaring
Then Bees that made'rem.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou take it from me when thou canst first
Thou strakke me, & made much of me. wouldst give me
Water with berries ins & teas & teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the life
That burns by day, and lights: and then I would thee
And {wou'd theall the qualities of th' life,
The fresh Spring, Princes: baren place and fertill,
Cur'd be I the did fo; All the Charnes
Of Sycorax: Toades. Beetles. Bats, bright on you:
For I am all the Subiects'd that you have,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rock, whilst thou desirest mee from me
The rest of th' Island.

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

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

Mir. What is a Spirit?

Lord, how it looks about: Believe me fit,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, eat, and sleep, & hath such fenfes
As we have: fish. This Gallant which thou feest
Was in the wracke & sand but he's something staine'd
With greese (that's beauties canker) & mightt'call him
A goodly perfon; he hath left his fellows,
And cries out about to finde'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever faw fo Noble.

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

Fer. Most like the Gooddesse
On whom these eyes attend: Vouchsafe my pray's
May know if you remaine upon this land,
And that you will some good Infination gione
How may I beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If be May'd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a May'd.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the bell of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. Howt the bell?
What wer'thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
For. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I wepe't my felle am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never fince at ebbes) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Milaine
And his braue fonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Milaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controul thee
If now 'were fit to do't: At the firft fight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
I let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your felle some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so vengently? This
Is the third man that ere I faw: the firft
That ere I figh'd for: pity moore my father
To be冼lin'd my way.

O., Ifa Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eyers pow'r: But this swift busines
I must vnesie make, leat too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ft here verepe
The same thou ow'ft not, and halp put thy felle
Up on this Island, as a fpy, to win it
From me, the Lord ow'n't.

Fer. No, as I am a man,

Mir. That's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple
If the ill-spirit have to fayre a house,
Good things will fluite to dwell with't

Pro. Follow me,
Prof. Speakes not you for him: he's a Traitor: come, lie mandake thy necke and frette togethe: Sea water shal thy drinke: thy food shall be. The fresh-brooke Mufhle, withrider's roots, and huskes Wherein the Aconite eradiled. Follow. Fec. No, I will refti this entertainement, till Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draws, and is charmed from seeing.

Mira. O deere Father, Make not too rash a trial of him, for Hee's gentle, and not fearfull. Prof. What I say, My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Tractor, Who mak'ft a shew, but dar'ft not strike thy confidence Is fo poifeft with guilt: Come, from thy word, For I can heere disarme thee with this ftick, And make thy weapon drop. Fec. Before you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments. Mira. Sir haue pity, Ile be his surety. Prof. Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, An advocate for an Imposter? Hau'st? Thou think'th there is no more such fhaps as he, (Having fene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench, To th'inft of men, this is a Caliban, And they to him are Angels. Mira. My affections Are then most humble: I haue no ambition To fee a good man. Prof. Come on, obey; Thy Nereus 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 lollie, the weaknesse which I feel, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am subdude, are but light to me, Might I but through my prifon once a day Behold this Mayd: all cromes els o' th' Earth Let liberty make we of: space enough Have I in fuch a prifon.

Prof. It workes: Come on.

Thou haft done well, ftreppa: follew mee, Harke what thou elie fhal do mee. Mira. Be of comfort, My Fathers ofabetter nature (Sir) Then he appears by speech: this is vnwonted Which now came from him.

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


Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonsio, Schifian, Antonio, Corrado, Adrian, Frimenes, and others.

Gen. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue caufe, (So haue we all) of joy; for our ecape Is much beyond our lollie; our hint of woe It common, every day, some Saylers wife, The Mifters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Have luft our Themse of woe: But for the miracle, (I mean our prefteration) few in millions Can Speakes like vp: then wifely (good Sir) weigh Our forrow, with our comfort.

Alob. Prebesh peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.

Seb. Look, he's wending vp the watch of his wit, By and by it will strike.

Gen. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gen. When every greafe is entertained, That's offer'd comes to th entreateer.

Seb. A dollar.

Gen. Doleur comes to him indeed, you haue spoken true, as you purpo'd.

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

Gen. Therefore my Lord.

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

Abo. I pre-thee fpere.

Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done? The wagter?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Ant. That this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So; you'r paid.

Seb. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Ant. Yet.

Ant. He could not miff't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Ant. The stays breathes upon vs here most sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as t'were perfumed by a Fan.

Gen. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, true means to live.

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

Gen. How lufh and lufhy the grate lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is seavvy,

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He miff't not much.

Seb. No the death but miffake the truth totally.

Gen. But the variety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credito.

Seb. As many vouchs varieties are.

Gen. That our Garmens being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, had notwithstanding their frethnesse and glosses, being rather now dy'd then thein'd with late water.

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

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

Gen. Me thinkes our garments are now so freth as when we put them on first in Atticke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter Claribel to the king of Timors. 
Sch. Twas a fairest marriage, and we prosper well in our meantime. 
Adr. Tamis was never graec'd before with such a Pargamon to their Queene. 
Gen. Not since widdow Didlo's time. 
Ant. Widow? A pox of that! how came that Widdow in? Widdow Didlo? 
Sch. What if she had said Widdower? Ever too? 
Good Lord, how you take it? 
Adr. Widdow Didlo said you? You make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tamis. 
Gen. This Tamis Sir was Carthage. 
Adr. Carthage? 
Gen. I assure you Carthage. 
Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe. 
Sch. He hath rais'd the world, and housest too. 
Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next? 
Sch. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it this tonne for an Apple. 
Ant. And fowling the kernels of It in the Sea, bring forth more Islands. 

Gen. I. 
Ant. Why in good time, 
Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as freth as when we were at Tamis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene. 
Ant. And the rattell that ere came there. 
Sch. But (I believe you) widdower Didlo. 
Gen. Is not Sir my doublet as freth as the first day I wore it? I meanes in a sort. 
Ant. That sort was well fitt'd for. 
Gen. When I wore it as your daughters marriage. 
{Alow. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomacke of my fesse: would I had never married my daughter there: For comming thence my fonne is loft, and (in my rate) the too, 
Who so farre from Isly remoued, 
Thee againse shall see her: O thou mine heart 
Of Napier and of Mellane, what strange fitt 
Hath made his meale on thee? 
Fran. Sir he may live, 
I saw him beate the surges vnder him, 
And ride upon their backes: he rood the water 
Where enimie he flung aside: and brest. 
The surge most foile line that met him: his bold head 
Bore the conuentious waues he kept, and oared. 
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke 
To th'shore: where this wauie-worne basse bowed 
As sloaping to releaze him: I doubt 
He came alate to land. 
{Alov. No, no, hee's gone. 
Sch. Sir you may thank your fesse for this great loffe, 
That would not bleffe our Europe with your daughter, 
But rather loose her to an Affrican, 
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye, 
Who hath caufe to wet the greefe on't. 
{Alow. Pre-thee peace. 
Sch. Ye were kneel'd too, & important'd otherwise 
By all of us; and the faire foule her fesse 
Weight betwixt the loathnesse, and obedience, at 
Which end of this beame should bow; we have loit your near for ever: Addison and Napier have 
{Gen. No widdowes in them of this businesse making, 
Then we bring men to comfort them: 
The faults your owne. 
{Alov. So is the dace'toth'loose 
Gen. My Lord Schaffken. 
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, 
And time to speake it is: you rub the fore, 
When you should bring the platter. 
{Sch. Very well. 
Ant. And most chirurgeonly. 
Gen. It is faire weather in vs all, good Sir, 
When you are cloudy. 
Sch. Fowle weather? 
Ant. Very foule. 
Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord, 
Ant. Hee'd fowle with Nettle seed. 
Sch. Or dockes, or Mallowes. 
Gen. And were the King on't, what would I do? 
Sch. Scapes being drunke, for want of Wine. 
Gen. I'ch Common-wealth I would (by contraries) 
Execute all things: For no kindes of Traffike 
Would I admit: No name of Magnifiers 
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, povertie, 
And vs of service, none: Contra, Succession, 
Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyards none: 
No vs of metall, Corne, or Wine, or Olive: 
No occupation, all men idle, all: 
And Women too, but innocent and pure: 
No Soueraignty. 
Sch. Yet he would be King on't. 
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forges the beginning. 
Gen. All things in common Nature should produce 
Without fweare or endeavoure: Tresion, felony, 
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine 
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth 
Of it owne kinds, all forays, all abundance 
To feed my innocent people. 
Sch. No marrying among his subiects. 
Ant. None (man) all idle: Whores and knowes, 
Gen. I would vvech such perfection gouerne Sir: 
T'Excell the Golden Age. 
Sch. 'Saue his Maiestie. 
Ant. Long live our. 
Gen. And do you mark me, Sir? (me. 
Ant. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talk nothing to 
Gen. I do well beleive your Highness, and did it to minifter occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of so finefule and nimble Lungs, that they always vie to laugh at nothing. 
Ant. 'Twas weve 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? 
Sch. And it had not false Bat-long. 
Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue mettle: you would 
Lift the Moone out of his sphere, if she would continue in it five wekes without changing. 
Enter Ariel playing Jesu Maria. 
Sch. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling. 
Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry. 
Gen. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my distincion to weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy. 
Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs. 
Alov. What, all so foone asleep? I wish mine eyes 
Would (with themselues) thus vp my thoughts, 
I finde they are inclin'd to do so. 
Sch. Please you Sir, 
Do not over the heavy offer of it: 
It fildome visiteth sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comfort, 
Alov.
Ten leagues beyond man's life: the that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the Sun were set:
The Man, 'tis Moone's too slow, till new-born chamies
Be rough'd, and Razer-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some caft againe,
(And by that definy'd) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue: what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Sed. What fliunte is this? How say you?
'Tis true: my brothers, daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is the heyre of Naples, twist which Regions
There is none space.

Sed. A space, whose e'rey cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shal that Claribel
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this was death
That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepe's; Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneeceffarily
As this Gower-s: by my felfe could make
A thought of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do: what a deafe were this
For your aduanccement? Do you understand me?
Sed. We thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Sed. I remember
You did fulplant your Brother Pericles.

Ant. True.
And looke how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much fatter then before: My Brothers servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Sed. But for your benefice.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If were a kybe
'Twould put me to my Salser: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: Twentye conffences
That hand 'twixt me, and Miliana, candid be they;
And melte they mollot: Here lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If the were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedieint feele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for eye might put
This ancient morfelle: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not employ our course: for all the reft
They'll take fuggition, as a Cats lips milke,
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We lay before the house.

Sed. Thy cafe, dere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got't Miliana,
I hee can by Naples: Draw thy lvord, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paft,
And the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw togethger,
And when I reate my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gauzado.
Sed. O, but one word.

Enter Ariel with Melpomene and SONG.
Ariel. My Matter through his Art forefees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his protest dies) to kepe them lively,
Sings in Gauzado's ear.
While you here do sparrowing lie,
Open ye'd Conspiration,
This time both take.
Enter Caliban, with a basket of Wood (a noise of Thunder heard)

**Cal.** All the infections that the Sannie stinks vp From Bogs, Fens, Uists, on Proper fall, and make him By ych-mesele a diabolic: his Spirits hear me. And yet I needes must curse, But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Vrchn-fewes, pitch me in mine, Nor lead me like a farse-brand, in the darke Out of my way, unless he bid em; But for every trace, are they set upon. Sometimes like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And sife: but me: then like Hedg-hogs, which Lye cumbing in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks my foot-foot: sometime I And all wound with Aders, who with eleven tongues Do hirr me into madnce: Lo, now Lo, Enter Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me. Tormented for bringing wood in flowly: I'll set fire, Perchance he will not made me.

**Tr.** Here's neither bush, nor thrbu to bear off any weather at all, and another Strange brewing, I hear it sing in' side: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one. Looks like a foul, burning that would fiend his lececor: it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paleo-fuls. What have we here, man, or a fish? dead or alue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the newest poore John: a strange fish: were 1 in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a hoiiday-foole there but would give a piece of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to fee a dead Indias: Leg'd like a man; and his Fines like Armes: warmes of my throat: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Illan-der, that hath lastely suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the Horse is come againe: my bell way is to crepe under his Ganderline: there is no other shelter hereabout: Miserly acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here throwd all the dregges of the Horse be past.

**Enter Stephano singing.**

**Ste.** I shall no more to sea, so sea, here shall I dye of ear. This is a very sturdy tune to sing at a mans Funeral: well, here's my comfort, Drinkers, Sings. The Master, the Smolber, the Beate, soyng & I; The Gunner, and his Able Lord. Add. Meg, and Marmion, and Margriet, But none of us can't for Kate. For I had a tongue with a song, Would try to a Sailor go hang; She bade us the master of Tar nor of Pitch, To a Sailor might to scract her where she did itself, Then to Sea Bidge; and let her go hang. This is a sturdy tune too; But here's my comfort. drinks.

**Cal.** Does not torment me: oh.

**Ste.** What's the matter? Have we duels here?

**Cal.** Do you play tricks upon's with Salusages, and Men of Inde? ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs: for it hath bin said: as proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Stephano breathes at nothills.

**Cal.** The Spirit torment me: oh. This is some Mother of the life, with four legs; who hath got (as I take) it in Ague: where the diuell should he leaste our language? I will give him some reliefe if he be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present for any Emperor that ever trod on Neates-lea- ther.

**Cal.** Does not torment me 'preath: I'll bring my wood home faster.

**Ste.** He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wifest: I shall take my Bottle: if he have never drank wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him this: hath him, and that foundly.

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

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

**Tri.** I should know that voice: It should be,
The Tempest.

But here is ground; and these are dews: O defend me, 

Str. Fourteen legges and two voyces: a most delicate Master: his form and voice now is to speake well of his friends his backward voice, is to utter smale speeches, and to deuater: If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague: Come: Asen, I will praise some to thy other mouth. 

Str. Stephano. 

Str. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy; This is a dill, and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spoyne. 

Str. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano touch me, and speake to me. For I am Trinculo; be not atherd, thy good friend Trinculo. 

Str. If thou beest Trinculo: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lafter legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, there are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeed: How can't thou be the sieve of this Moone-calfe? Can he rent Trinculo's? 

Str. I tooke him to be kit'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne: I bled mee under the dead Moone-Calfe Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitians escap'd? 

Str. Prethee do not turne me about, my flomacke is not bound. 

Col. These be fine things, and if they be not sights: that's a braue God, and barest Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him. 

Str. How didn't thou scape? 

How can't thou hither?, 

Swearse by this Bottle how thou can't hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Skylors heaued on board, by this Bottle which I made of the barks of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was call a shore. 

Col. I'll swears upon this Bottle, to be thy true subie, for the liquor is not earthy. 

Str. Here: I swears then how thou escap'dst. 

Str. Sworn afore (man) like a Duke: I can swim like a Duke: 'll be sworne. 

Str. Here, kiffe the Booke. 

Though thou can't swim like a Duke, thou art made like a Goose. 

Str. O Stephano, ha'nt any more of this? 

Str. The whole But (man) my Collar is in a rocke by this sea-side, where my Wine is hid: 

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

Str. He's not dround from heauen. 

Str. Out o' th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man'st Moone, when time was. 

Str. I have scene thee in her; and I doe adore thee: My Mistris thew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Thift. 

Str. Come, swear to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swears. 

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I fear'd of him? a very weeke Monster: 

The Man'st Moone? 

A most pirculous Monster: 

Well drawn Monster, in good feast. 

Col. He thou camest every misty yeth oth Island: and I will kiff thy foote. I prethee be my god. 

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

Col. He kisseth thy foote. He swears my feste thy Subject. 

Str. Come on then: downe and swear. 

Tri. I shall laugh my feste to death at this puppy- headed Monster: a most unprofit Monster: I could finde in my heart to bear him. 

Str. Come, kiffe. 

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

An abominable Monster. 

Col. I'll show thee the bestSprings: I'll pluck thee Berries I'll fishe for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plaige upon the Tyrant that I sere; I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man. 

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drankard. 

Col. I prethee let me bring thee where Grabs grow; and I wish no long nights will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Lays neef, and instruct thee how to shew the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to claffing Philhirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Seemels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me? 

Str. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company elfe being about, wee will inherit here: Here; bear my Bag: Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine. 

Colinna Sing'd dreary. 

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell. 

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster. 

Col. No more dance I make for sibs, 

Nor fetch in string; or requiring, 

Nor fetch unrequiting, nor walk swift, 

But hie to Cakes and 

Hat to new Master, get a new Man. 

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome. 

Str. O braue Monster; lead the way. 

Excuse. 

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. 

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.) 

Fer. These be some Sports are painfull, & their labor Delight in them set off Some kinds of bustling Are nobly underg'd; and most poore masters 

Point to rich ends: this my meanes Taske 

Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but 

The Misfortis which I sere, 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 compos'd of hardiness. I must remoue 

Some thousandes of these Logs, and pile them vp, 

Upon a fore immotion; my sweet Misfortis 

Wpepes when the fees me worke. & fares, such bafenes 

Had never like Executor: I forget; 

But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours, 

Most bifie left, when I doct. 

Enter Miranda 

Mir. Alas, now pray you 

And Pheers, 

Worke not so hard: I would the lighting had 

Burnt vp those Logs that you are ensay'd to pile: 

Pray let it downe, and lefs you: when this burns 

'Twill wepe for having weared you; my Father 

Is hard at sundy; pray now rest your selves. 

He's
The Tempest.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affection: heavens raise grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

Pros. Wherefore wepe you?
Mrs. A pretty tournouerte, that dare not offer

VPros. What it were to give; and much less to take
VPros. I shall die to want; but this is striving,
And all the more it seems to hide it, selfs,
The bigger bulke it flowes. Hence ballfull cunning,
And prompt me plane and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;

If not, I die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Pros. My Mirthis (deceit)
And I thus humble euer.

Mrs. My husband then?

Pros. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage eare of freedom: heere's my hand,

Mrs. And mine, with my heart in; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Pros. A thousand, thousand.

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VPros. Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At no thing can be more: I to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Sir. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink
water, nor a drop before; therefore beare vp, 

"Servant Monster, drinke to me.

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

Sir. Drink servant Monster when I bid thee, shy
eyes are almost fet in thy head.

Trin. VWhere should they bee fet else? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were fet in his talle.

Sir. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack: for my part the Sea cannot dronw mee, I inwar
ere I could recover the floure, flue and thirte Lagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieu tenant
Monster, or my Standard.

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

Sir. VVeel not run Monciont Monster.

Trin. Nor go nother: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing nether.

Sir. Monoe-caffe, speak once in thy life, if thou best
a good Monoe-caffe.

Col. How does thy honour? Let me lice thy shooe:
Ile not ferve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignoraunt Monster, I am in cafe
to intitle a Conflable: why, thou defabol'd Fidh thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drank fo much
Sacke at I do day? wilt thou tell a monftrous lie, being
but halfe a Fidh, and halfe a Monster?

Col. Loe, how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my
Lord?
The Tempest

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Natural? 
Cali. Yes, so againe: bie him to death I prethee. 
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: If you procure a munecare, the next Tree: the poor Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 
Cali. I thank ye my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once againe to the suit I made to thee? 
Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeat it, I will stand, and so forth Trinculo. 

Enter Ariel invisible. 
Cali. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tarant. 
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath chear'd me of the Island. 
Ariel. Thou liest. 
Cali. Thou liest, thou liesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not yee. 
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 
Trin. Why, I faile nothing. 
Ste. No more. 
Cali. I say by Sorcery he got this life From mee, he got it. If by Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou darst') But this Thing dare not. 
Ste. That's most certaine. 
Cali. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee. 
Ste. How now shall this be compasse? Canst thou bring mee to the party? 
Cali. Yes, yea my Lord, He yeldeth thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a hole into his head. 
Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not. 
Cali. What a py de Nonnie's this? Thou furious patch! I do beseech thy Greatnesse give me leave, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Frethes are. 
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monstor one word further, and by this hand, I'll turne my mercie out of doores, and make a Stockfifh of thee. 
Ste. Didst thou not say he yelded? 
Ariel. Thou liest. 
Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, give me the yeare another time. 
Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monstor, and the dwell take your fingers. 
Cali. Ha, ha, ha. 
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off. 
Cali. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too. 
Cali. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'll aforetime no fleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or prouche him with a flake, Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember First to pox thee his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him. 
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, so He's a braue Venterlil (for he calleth them) Which when he's a bouse, hee'd decke without. 
And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter. he himselfe 
Cali. I know a non-pareill: I never saw a woman But once Sylvarax my Dam, and she; But five or sixe furth[e]parth Sylvarax. 
As great flt do's leafe. 
Ste. Is it to braue a Lisse? 
Cali. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood. 
Ste. Monstor, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces: and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: 
Doft thou like the plot Trinculo? 
Trin. Excellent. 
Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beeate thee: But while thou hast keepe a good tonge in thy head. 
Cali. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then? 
Ste. I am mee honour. 
Ariel. This will I tell my Master, 
Cali. Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure, Let vs bee iocond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare? 
Ste. At thy requell Monstor, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing. 

Sing. 
Flout'em, and coant'em: and know'em, and flout'em. 
Though is free. 
Ste. That's not the tune. 
Ariel plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe. 
Ste. What is this name? 
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No body. 
Ste. I thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a duell, takest as thou liift. 
Trin. O forgive me my sinnes. 
Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; 
Mercy upon vs. 
Ste. Art thou afeard? 
Ste. No Monstor, not I. 
Cali. Be not afeard, the life is full of noyset, Sounds, and sweeter airtes, that give delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometyme voices, That if them had we'd after long fleepe, Will make me fleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds me hours would open, and newe riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cried to dreame againe. 
Ste. This will prove a braue kingly dome to me, Where I shall have my Muiscke for nothing. 
Cali. When Prospero is destroyn'd. 
Ste. That shall be by and by: 
I remember the florie. 
Trin. The sound is going away. 
Let's follow it, and after do our worke. 
Ste. Leade Monstor, 
We'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer, Helynys it on. 
Trin. Wilt come? 
Ste follow Stephano.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adriaun, Francisco, ete.

Gon. By'tis looking I can go no further, Sir.

My old bones shake: there's a maze trod indeed.

Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience.

I needes must requite me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am my selfe stretch'd with wearinesse

To the dishing of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is dround

Whom thus we try to finde, and the Sea mocks.

Our fruites are search on land: well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad, that's to out of hope:

Do not for one repulse forget the purpose.

That you refin'd treaft, &c.

Sch. The next advantage we will take throughly.

Ant. Let it be tonight,

For now their are oppress'd with trauaille, they

Will not, nor cannot we such vigilance

As when they are freeth.

Scenes and strange Muses: and Power on the top (insu-

fidel) Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a Banket;

And dance about with gentle strains of suavitudines, and

waiting the Kings recrea, they depart.

Sch. I say to night: no more.

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

Gov. Mustes, sweete Muses.

Ala. Guv vs kind keepers, heuex: what were these?

Sch. A living Drollery: now I will beleue

That there are Vincoros: that in Arabis

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phenix

At this houre reigning there.

Ant. I beleue both:

And what doe's else want credit, come to me

And Ile be worne: no true: Travellers were did dye,

Though foules at home condemne em.

Ala. I should require this now, would they beleue me?

If I should fay, I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who thought they are of monstrous shape, yet more

Their manners are more gentle, kind; then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost all.

Pro. Honett Lord,

Thou haft fayd well: for some of thee sone present

Are worse then duets.

Ala. I cannot too much mafe

Such shapes, such gettur, and such found expressing

(Although they want the life of tongue) a kind

Of excel lent dume discourse.

Pro. Prisie in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Sch. No manner, since

(machs. They haue left their Vrinds behinde: for we haue no-

\(\star \star \star \) 

Will pleae you saue of what is here?

Ala. Not I.

(Bayes

Gon. Faith Sir you neede not feare: when were we

Who would beleue that there were Munesitures, 

Dew-Lept, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at em

Walleys of fleath; for that there were such men

Whole heads ftood in their breasts? which now we finde

Each putter out of fuce for one, will bring vs

Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and seede.

Although my fave, no matter, since I felle

The belt is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel (like a Tragery) claps

his wings open the Table, and with a quiet device the

Banquet vanyfig.

Sch. You are three men of fime, whom definy

That hath to inflemment this lower world,

And what is kis: the neues forfie Sea.

Thaf caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you mongst men,

Being mott vsith to fume: I haue made you mad;

And even with fuch like arte, men hang, and drowne

Their proper felsen: you foulees, and I my fellowes

Are minifters of Fate, the Elements

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

Wound the lord windes, or with bemock-at. Stab's

Kill the flill cloifing waters, as diminifh

One dowlis that's in my plumb: my fellow minifters

Are like invincible: if you could hurt,

Your fwords are now too maffe for your strengths,

And will not be vpifted: But remember

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

From Mefiah's did fuppplant good Profefors,

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

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

The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have

Incend the Sea, and Shores: ye, all the Creatures

Against your peace: Toee of thySonne, Alona.

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

Lingering predicion (worfe then any death

Can be at once) tall flipp, by ftep attend

You, and your wayes, whole wrathes to guard you from,

Which here, in this moft defolate Ife, elfe falls

Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,

And a cheerelefe enuifing.

He vanisht in Thunder then (to left Muficke.) Enter the

shapes of fone, and dances (with mofkes and moneys)

Carying out the Table.

Pro. Brefely the figure of this Harm, hall thou

Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had dewouting:

Of my Infpiration, hall thou nothing bating

In what thou hadft to fay: so with good life,

And obfervation strange, my meater minifters

Then feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,

And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their diftalions: they now are in my powre;

And in thefe firs, I leave them, while I fift

Yong Ferdinand (whom they fuppofe is dround)

And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I f name of something holy, Sir, why fand you

In this strange face?

Al. Oh it is monftrous: monftrous:

Me thought the bilowes fpeake, and told me of,

The windes did fing to me: and the Thunder

(That deepe and dreader full Orgue-Pipe) pronounc'd

The name of Profesor: it did bafe my Trepnas,

Therefore my Sonne i thc Oze is bedef: and

I'le feeke him deeper then ere plummet founed,

And with him there ly e mudded.

Exeit.

Sch. But one feaft at a time,

He fight their Leages are.

B
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too sulterly punished you, Your compensation makes amends, for I Have guen you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I live: who, once againe I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely fixed the tell: here, above heaven I raffte this my rich gift: O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me, that I boaste of, For thou shalt finde the will with outstrip all praise And make it hals, beside her.

Fer. I doe believe it Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and shine owne acquisition Worthyly purchas'd, take my daughter: But if thou dost not break her Virgin-knot, before All fandhonorous ceremonies may With full and holy rights, be ministrd, No sweet affection shall the heauens let fall To make this contract grow; but barraine hate, Sowre-cyd'd disdain, and discord shall before The union of your bed, with weeds so lostly That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed, As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope For quiet days, faire llue, and long life, With such loae, as'tis now the most kisden, The mozt opportune place, the strongest fugitation, Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt: Mine honor into llue, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I shall think, or Phoebus Steeds are founderd, On Night, kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke: Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne; What Aril', my industrifous feouk Aril. Enter Aril.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your lost service Did worthyly performe: and I must view you In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble (Ore whom I guen thee power) here to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I must Befall upon you of the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Art; it is my prouide, And they expect it from me.

Aril. Prefently?

Pro. I wish a twinke.

Aril. Before you can say come, and goe, And breathe twice; and cry, so so:

Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.

Does you love me Master? no?
The Tempest.

[Scene: A garden with a fountain and a statue of a woman. A group of people gather around, including Feste, Ariel, Caliban, and Trinculo.]

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee. [Aside.]

Ar. Why thoughts I cleanse to, what’s thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit! We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Cerer.

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear’d
Leaft I might anger thee.

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

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hots with drinking,
So full of valour, that they imitated the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beaste the ground
For kifling of their fecter: yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like snack’s colcs they pricked their ears,
Advanc’d their eye-lids, lifted vp their notes
As they smell’d mutick, so I charm’d their cares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow’d, through
Tooth’d briss, sharp’d frets, prickling noble & thorns,
Which enter’d their frailt fins: at left left them
Ith’ filthy mantled poole beyound your Cell,
There dancing vp to eth’ chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-funk the feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape invisible retains thou fill:
The rummery in my house, goe bring it hither
For fite to catch these theures. [Aside.]

Ar. I go, I goe. Exit. [Aside.]

Pro. A Deuill, a horne Deuill, on whose nature,
Nurse can never flinke: on whom my pains
Humbly taken, all, allloft, quito loht.
And, as with age, his body ouer growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, laden with glittering apparell, &c.

Pro. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you stand soddy, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we are now neere his Cell.

St. Monifer, your Fairy, & you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Lackle with vs.

Trin. Monifer, I do smell all horse-pife, at which
My nofe is in great indignation.

Syr. Step mine. Do you heare Monifer: If I should
Take a digge before you, you: Look you, Monifer.

Trin. Thou went: but a loft Monifer.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour full,
Be patient, for the prize I bring thee this
Shall had winke this muschance: therefore spake sofily,
All’s business midnight yet.

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

St. There is not only digrace and difhonor in that
Monifer, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That’s more to me then my weeting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monifer.

St. I will fetch off my bottle,

Thou should be more care for my labour.

Cal. Preach (my King) be quiet. Seest thou here
This is the mouth of Cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mchees, which may make this Island
Their owne for ever, and I thy Caliban

For yee thy foot-teaker.

St. Give me thy hand,

I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

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

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

Trin. Oh, ho, Monifer: we know what belongeth to a
frippety, O King Stephano.

B 2
Scene. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand, I'll
have that gowne.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. (meaning
Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
To doate thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And doe the murtherer first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.

Sec. Be you quiet (Monter) Miftris line, is not this
my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jer-
kin you Rate like to lose your hare,& prouze a bad Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we sleepe by lyne and leuell, &
I like your grace.

Sec. I thank thee for that left; here's a garment for:
Wt shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Sleepe by line and leuell, is an excellent paffe
of pate: there's another garment for.

Trin. Monfer, come put some Lime upon your fing-
ers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none off: we shall loose out time,
And all be turn'd to Barakes, or to Apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Sec. Monfer, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hoghead of wine is; or letyoume
out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Trin. And this,

Sec. 1. And this,

A crew of Hunters here. Enter divers Spiritus in flops
Of Dogs and Harriets, warning them about: Prospero
And Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey! Mountain, hey.

Ares. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: ha! ha! ha, ha.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convolutions, shorten vp their finewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat of Mountain.

Ares. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houe
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shall haue the ayre at freedom: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice.

Exeunt.

Aulis quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicks robe) and Ariel.

Pro. Now doe my Priest gather to a head:
My charmes cacke not: my Spirits obey, and Time.
Goes vpright with his cabbage: how's the day?

Ares. On the fast hourer, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should caele.

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

Ares. Confin'd together
In the same fathion, as you gaue in charge,
Lust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the Enemy which weather lends your Cell,
They cannot budge till your releafe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abde all three distraeted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brin full of sorow, and dismay: but chiefly

Ham that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzala,
His tears runs down his beard like winters drops
From causes of reeds: your charme do strongly works 'em
That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou thinke fo, Spirit?

Ares. Mine would Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their affections, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relieth all as sharply
Passion as they, be kinder mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am ftruck to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my turne
Do I take parts: the rares Aston
In virtue, then in vengeance they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, relese them Ariel,
My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile strike,
And they shall be themselves.

Ares. Ile fetch them Sir.

Pro. Ye Blues of his, brooks, flading lakes & greunes,
And ye, that on the sands with printlefe foce
Doe chafe the ebbing-Nemphe, and doe ile him
When he comes backe: you dery: Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene fowre Ringlers make,
Whereof the Ewe not fites; and you, whose pale time
Is to make midnight-Multirumps, that retire
To heare the folene Curefe, by whose ayde
(Weske M.fiters though ye be) I haue bedym'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mewous winde,
And twist the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warmer: To the dread rading Thunder
Hawe I gien fire, and rised Iones frowt Oke
With his owne Bote: The strong bas'd promontorie
Hawe I made bache, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Grazes at my command
Hawe I well'd their Breakers, op'd, & let'em forth
By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abowre: and when I haue requird
Some heavenly Musick (which eu'n now I do)
To worke mine end upon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummeter found
Ile drowne my bookes.

Solemne musick.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frocquete ge-
store, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in
like manner attended by Adriaun and Francisco: They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charme: which Prospero espying, sakieth.

A solenne Ayrie, and the best comforter,
To an放宽ted fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselefe) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stoep.

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man,
Migne eyes ev'n faccible to the fhe of thine
Fall fellowly drops: I the charme dissolves space,
And as the morning feates upon the night
(Melting the darkensye) to their riling fennes
Begin to blaze the ignatant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo
My true prefious, and a loyal Sir,
To him thou follow't, I will pay thy graaces
Honeboth in word, and deedse: Most cruelly

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

Ala. If thou best Profers
Give me particulars of thy preparation,
How thou hast mete vs here, whom three howres since
Were slack upon this shore? where I have left
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere soune Ferdinand,

Pros. I am agreeable, Sir.

Ala. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Sikes, it is past her eure.

Pros. I rather thinke
You have not forgiuen her helpe, of whose lost grace
For the like losse, I have her louers signe aid,
And raft my felfe content.

Ala. You the like losse?
Pros. As great as me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Ala. A daughter?

Oh heauent, that they were living both in Naples
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My felfe were madded in that cozie bed
Where my fome lies when did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this fall Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doo so much admire,
That they disavow their reasone, and feare thinke
Their eyes doe offices of Truth; Their words
Are natural breath: but howeuer you have
Bene influed from your f intendences, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milana, who most strangeth
Upon this shor(e where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this
For's a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fall, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court; here have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedom since you have given me asigne,
I will raft you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedom.

Here Prospero discoursa Ferdinand and Miranda, play
ng at chess.

Mr. Sweet Lord, you play measse.

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

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

Ala. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looke.

Sub. A most high miracle.

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

Ala. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Aribe, and say how thou canst heere.

Mr. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are here heere?

How beautifull mankind is? O braue new world!

The Tempest

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alc. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your first acquaintance canst not three hours:
Is she the goddesse that hast never'd us,
And brought vs thus together.

Fer. Sir, she is mortal:
By immortal prudence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice: not thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never faw before: of whom I have
Received a second life: and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alc. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it found, that I
Must aske my childe for giuenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not buttcher our remembrance, with
A heavenesse that's gone.

Gen. I hate inly wept,
Or shoud have spoke ere this: loake downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleffed crown;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Whose brought vs hither.

Alc. I say Amen, Canada.
Gen. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O reinoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With gold on listing Pillars: in one voyage
Did Carabellah husband finde at Tunu,
And Ferdinando her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was left: Prospere, his Duke
Dome in a poverelle: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.

Alc. Give me your hands;
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy.

Gen. Be it so, Amen,
Enter Ariell with the Mayor and Boatswaine
amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesid, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That sweat'th Grace ore board, not an oath on shore,
Haue thou no mouth by land?

What is the newest
Bat. The beet newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glisies since, we gaue up spoi,
Is tyde, and yare, and brately rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this feruice
Hau'e I done since I went.

Pro. My trickesey Spirit.

Alc. These are not natural euens, they strengthen
From strange, so stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bat. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd firiue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all elapse under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and foureauoyles
Of roaring, threccking, howling, grobling chains,
And moydiuestone of founds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant: Ship: our Master
Coping to eye here: on a truce, to please you,
Even a dreamt, were we divided from them,
And were brought being maopy hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

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

Alc. This is most strange a Maze, as men trused,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conuiced: of some Oracle
Must retitle our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Do not infall your mindes, with besting on
The strangeness of this businesse, at pickt leasure
(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'c refoose you,
(When you shall eume probable) of every
These happend accidents still when, be chearful
And thinke of each thing well: Come better Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:
Vnto ye Spell: How faires my gracious Sir?
There are yet misfing of your Companie
Some fewe odde Lads, that you remember not
Enter Ariell, drawing in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in these clowde Apparrel.

Ste. Every man fixt for all the reft, and let
No man take care for himselfe: for all is
But Fortune, (Cengo Bally. Monifter Coraia)
Tri. If thefes be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O Sirethes, these be braves Spirits indeende
How faine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chantife me.

Sub. Ha, ha:
What things are fhefe, my Lord Anthony?
Will money buy em?

Ar. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Phif, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of thefe men, my Lords,
Then fay if they be true: This miifhtappen knowe,
His Mother was a Witch, and one fo strong
That could controle the Moone; make flowers, and ehs
And deal in her command, without her powere:
These three have robb'd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bufford one) had platted with them
To take my life: two of thofe: Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thine of darkenesse, I
Acknowedge mine.

Cal. I shall be paint to death.

Alc. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Sub. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alc. And Trinculo is telling ripes: where could they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How can't thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle: if you saw me last,
That I feared me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Sub. Who how now Stephano?

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

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

Ste. I should have bin a fore one then

Alc. This is a strange thing as ere I list'd on.

Pro. Heis as difpofed to fun in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, tomy Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handefomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ibe with hereafter,
Scena Secunda.

Enter Isabella and Lucetta.

Is. But say Lucetta (now we are alone),
Would it thou then consolme me to fall in love?
Luc. I Madam, do you flumble not undeservingly,
Of all the fairest of Gentlemen,
That every day with partake encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Lu. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.
Is. What think'st thou of the fairest Eglamour?
Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken and true; but
But were I you he never should be mine.
Is. What think'st thou of the rich Mercario?
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Is. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raiseth in vs.
Is. How now? what means this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon deere Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should confer thus on lovely Gentlemem.
Lu. Why canst thou Proteus, as of all the rest?
Is. Then thus: of many good, I think him best.
Lu. Your reason?
Is. I have no other but a womans reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Lu. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Is. I: if you thought your love not cast away.
Lu. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mout'me.
Is. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.
Is. His little speaking, shews his love but small.
Lu. Fire that's clos'd kept, burns most of all.
Is. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love least, that lest men know their love.
Is. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.
Is. To Inigo: say, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.
Is. Say, say: who gaue it thee?
Is. Sir Valentine's page &c. I think from Proteus;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
In your name receive it: pardon the fault; I pray,
Is. Now (by my modesty) a goody Broker;
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conforse against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth.
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my fight.
Lu. To plead for love, defiours more fee; then hate.
Is. Will ye be gon?
Lu. That you may resume. Exit.
Is. And yet I would I had one look'd the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fishe, for which I chide her.
What fool is she, that knowes I a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my views?
Since Maires, in modestly, fay no to that,
Which they would have the profferer confurse, I
Fie, fie: how wayward is this foolish love;
That (like a tether Babe) will chatter the Nurse,
And prefently, all humbled kiss the Rod?
How churlisly, I chide Lucetta hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angrily I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward toy enforc'd my heart to smile?
My pennisance is, to call Lucetta backe
And ask remifion, for my folly past.
What hoy: Lucetta.
Lu. What would your Ladiship
Is. It's more dinner time?
Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scene I.

Enter Antonio and Servants. Prologue.

Ant. Tell me, P o i n t i n g , what sad tale was that, Where with my brother held you in the Cloyster? Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew, your sonne, Sir. Ant. Why? what of him? Pan. He wandered that your Lordship Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home, While other men, of slender reputation, Put forth their sons, to seek profession out; Some to the wars, to try their fortune there; Some, to discover lands far away; Some, to the studious Universities; For any, or for all these exercises, He said, that how his sonne was met; And did request me, to importune you, To let him spend his time no more at home; Which would be great impeachment to his age, In having knowne no traile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'lt thou much importune me to that Whereon, this month I have but humbly, I have confessor'd well, his lisse of time, And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being eyed, and tutor'd in the world; Experience is by industry asched, And perfected by the swift course of time. Then tell me, whether I were best to send him? Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthfull valiant, Attends the Emperor in his royal Court. Ant. I know it well. (thicker) Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship lend him There shall he practive Tales, and Turnaments; Here shall sweet discourse, converge with Noble-men, And be in eye of every Exercise Worthy his youth, and noblest of birth. Ant. I like thy counselle: well hast thou advis'd; And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it; The execution of it shall make knowne; Even with the speedest expedition, I will dispatch him to the Emperor's Court. Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alfredo, With other Gentlemen of good orume Are iourneying, to salute the Emperor, And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Prosecco go: And in good time: now will we break with him. Pre. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life, Here is her hand, the agent of her heart; Here is her oath for love, her honors paine.
O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To scale our happiness with their contents.

Pro. Oh heavenly Sulia.
Ant. How now! What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belou'd,
And daily grazed by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:
Mule not that I thus foddainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolvd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readiness, to goe,
Except it not: for I am peremptory.

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

Ant. Look what thou want'st thelabour after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou muft goe;
Come on Parnasso; you shall be implo'd,
To haften on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus have I found the fire, for fears of burning
And drench'd me in the sea. Where I am drown'd,
I fear'd to shew my Father Julia Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne exce's
Hath he excepted most against my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loving resembles
The uncertaine glory of an April day,
Which now firews all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

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

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

Exeunt. Finis.

LUTUS SECUNDUS: SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Glouet are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one
Val. Hal! Let me fee; I, give it none, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine.
Ah Sulia, Sulia.

Speed. Madam Sulia: Madam Sulia.
Val. How now Sitha?

Speed. She is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mislike.
Val. Well you'll find be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was left chidden for being too slow,

Val. Go to, sir, tell me do you know Madam Sulia?
Speed. Shee that your worship loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by those speciall markes: first, you have
learn'd (like Sir Protherb) to wrest your Armes like a
Male-contents; to refilish a Louse-song, like a Rhen-red
brest: to walk alone like one that had the pestillence: to
figh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his A. B. C. to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
To falt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Maftor. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to waile like one of the
Lions: when you fafted, it was prefently after dinner:
when you look'd fadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Militia, that when I
lone on you, I can hardly thinke you my Mafter.

Val. Are all these things perceiued in me?
Speed. They are all perceiued without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you may, that's certaine: for with
out you were fo fimple, none else would: but you are
fo without these follies, that these follies are within you,
and thine through you like the water in an vnNailai: that
not an eye that fee's you, but is a Physician to comment
on your Malady.

Val. But tell me do'thou knowe my Lady Silvia?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on, as the fits at fupper.
Val. Haft thou obferued that? even the I meane.
Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'thou know her by my gazing on her, and
yet know n'ther not?
Speed. Is the not hard? fawe him, sir?
Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fawe'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What do'thou know?
Speed. That fhee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fawe'd?

Val. Imean that her beautie is exquifite,
But her fawe ftrong infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry sir, fo painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beautie:

Val. How aught it that me account of her beautie?
Speed. You never saw her since the she was deform'd.
Val. How long hath the beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.
Val. I have lou'd her euer since I saw her,
And full I fee her beautifull.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot fee her.
Val. Why?

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

Val. What should I fee then?
Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her passyng de-
formitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not fee nor garter
his hote; and you, beeing in loue, cannot fee to put on
your hote.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for left mor-
You could not fee to wipe your fhoes.
Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanne
you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder.
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her, Speed. I would you were so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night the envious'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not wholly writ?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them.
Peace, here they come.
Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam & Misses, a thousand good-morrows,
Speed. He should give her interest: she gives it him.
Val. As you insinu'd me; I have writ your Letter
unto the secret, nameless friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you (gentle Servant) is very Clerkly.
Val. Now trust me Madam, it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No (Madam) so it feed you.
I will write (Plesey you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period: well I gessie the recell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this again: and yet I thank you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet,
Val. What means your Ladyship?

Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quiedy writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, if you writ them Sir, at my request,
But if none of them: they art for you:
I would have bad them wait more movingly;
Speed. Please you, lie your way, your Ladyship another.
Sil. And when its writ: for my sake read it over.
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

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

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

Speed. Oh left vnseene: ineritable: unmissable,
As a note on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a sheep's
My Master fues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent desife, was there ever heard a better?
That my master being filibe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?
Speed. Nay: I was raming: 'tis you have the reason.
Val. To doe what?
Speed. To be a Spoke-pan from Madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your selfe; why, the woes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why the hash not writ to me?
Speed. What need the
When the hash made you write to your selfe?
Why, do you not perceive the left?

Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you indeed Sir;
But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why the hash given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I write to her friend.
Speed. And 'tis letter she the deliver'd, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. Hee warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and she in modelly,
Or else for want of idle time, could not a game reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, 'tis might her mind discover.
Herself hath taught her Louise herself, to write vnto her.
All I speak in print, for in print I found it.
(looker.
Why muse you fir', 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dy'd

Speed. I, but hearken fir': though the Cameleone Louise can feed on the ayre, I am one that am mouth'd by my visuales; and would face haue meate: oh bee not like your Millifche, be moused, be moused. Exit. 

Scene Secunda.

Enter Protesl, Julia, Panthim.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Julia;
Julia. I must where is no remedy.
Pros. When possibily I can, I will return.
Julia. If you turne not: you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's fake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Julia. And scale the bargainse with a holy kiffe.
Pros. Here is my hand, for my true constance;
And when that howre one-flips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (Julia) for thy fake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mulchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:
My father stais my comming: anwere not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will flaye me longer then I Should,
Julia, farewell: what, gone without a word?
I, to true love shoud do: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panthim. Sir Protesl, you are flaid for.
Pros. Go: I come, I come
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumb.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Louer, Panthim.

Louer. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the Louer, have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious fonne,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sonnet, and am going with Sir Prothimus to the Imperial's Court: I think, *Crab* my dog, be the lowell-natured dogge that liues: *My Mother* weeping: my Father waying: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte vringing her hands, and all our houfe in a great perplexitie, yee did not this cruelly-hearted Currie shedde one teare: *he is a stone, a very pibblestone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge*: Lew would have wept to have see nee our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her felle blinde at my parting: nay, I lewe you the manner of it. This dogge e is my father: no, this left fiooce is my father; no, no, this left fiooce is my mother: nay, that cannot bee noe nether: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the waster sole: this fiooce with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a vengeonce on't, there tis. Now fir, this fiooce is my fitter: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hatt is *Norr 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 fitter: 1; fo: fo: now come I to my Father: Father, your bleeding: now should not the fiooce speake a word for weeping: now should I kiffe my father: well, hee weeps on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a woor-woman: well, I kiffe her: why there 'tis: here's my brothers breath up and downe: Now come I to my fitter; make the moane she makes: now dogge all this while fheeds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the duft with my teares.

Panth. Laurence, away, away: a Board: why Maller is ship'd, and thou art to poff after with oares: what is the matter? why weep'lt thou man? away affe, you loofoe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laure. It is no matter if the tide were loft, for it is the vnkindt Tide, that euer any man tis.

Panth. What's the vnkindt tis?

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

Panth. Tue. man: I mean thou hast loofoe the ffood, and in losung the ffood, loofe thy voyage, and in losung thy voyage, loofe thy Maller, and in losung thy Maller, loofe thy ireuce, and in losung thy ireuce: — why doft thou lopp my mouth?

Laure. For feere thou shouldst loofe thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loofoe my tongue?

Laure. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Laure. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Maller, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the Ruer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the wind were downe, I could drive the boare with my fights.

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

Laure. Sir: call me what thou dar'd's?

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Laure. Well, I will goe.

Scena Quarta

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Dole, Prothimus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Miferis.

Spec. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

Val. I Bend, it's for loue.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my mitrefle then.


Sil. Servant, you are fad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I feme fo.

Thu. See me you that you are not?

Val. Haply I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeits.

Thu. So doe you.

Thu. What feme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What infance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quare you my folly?

Val. I quarc it in your Jerkin.

Thu. My Jerkin is a doublt.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

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

Val. Glue him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Camellion.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

Thu. I am done too for this time.

Val. I know it well Sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleman: & quickly that off

Thu. This indeed, Madam, we thank the guier.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your felle {sweet Lady} for you gaue the fire.

Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladifhips lookes, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

(To Panth.)

Val. I know it well Sir: you have an Exchequer of

And I thinke, no other treasur to give your followers:
For it appears by their bare Lucernes
That they live by your bare words.

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

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

Sir Valentine, your father is in good health,

What fay you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newses?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy melenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye Don Arronio, your Countrman?

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

Duk. He is not a Sonne?

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

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my felle: for from our Infancc
We have converfit, and spent our howres together,
And though my felle have beene an idle Trewant,
Omitted the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfecHon:
Yet hath Sir Prothimus (for that's his name)
Made me, and fairo advantage of his dayses:
His yeeres but yong, but his experience old.
His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe
And in a word (for fat behind his worth
Comes all the prafes that I now bellow.)

C
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,  
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman,  
Dost. Believe me sir, but if he make this good  
He is as worthy for an Empresse lune,  
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:  
Well, sir: this Gentleman is come to  
With Commendation from great Potentates,  
And here he means to spend his time a while,  
I think 'tis no vn-welcome news to you.  
Val. Should I have with'd a thing, it had been he.  
Dost. Welcome him then according to his worth:  
Sihuyi, I speak to you, and you sit Thirio,  
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,  
I will send him hither to you presently.  
Val. This is the Gentleman I told you your Ladiship  
Had come along with me, but that his Mistrefse  
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall looks.  
Sil. Be-like that now the hath enfranchis'd them  
Upon some other pawne for feality.  
Val. Nay sure, I think she holds them prifners still.  
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind  
How could he fee his way to seck you out?  
Val. Why Lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.  
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.  
Val. To see such Lovers, Thirio, as your selfe,  
Upon a homely objed, Loue can winke.  
Sil. Have done, have done: here cometh a Gentleman.  
Val. Welcome, dear Præstrew: Mistrefse, I befooth you  
Come his welcome, with some specciall favor.  
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,  
If this be you off haste with'd to hear from.  
Val. Mistrefse, it is: sweet Lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-ferrant to your Ladiship,  
Sil. Too low a Mistrefse for so high a servaunt.  
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servaunt  
To have a look of such a worthy a Mistrefse.  
Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:  
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your Servaunt.  
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing elze.  
Sil. And dutie never yet did want his med.  
Servaunt, you are welcome to a worthlie Mistrefse.  
Val. He die on him that faires so but your selfe.  
Sil. That you are welcome?  
Pro. That you are worthlie.  
(You)  
Thur. Madam, my Lord your fathers would speak with  
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir Thirio,  
Goe with me: once more, new Servaunt welcome;  
Ile leave you to confer of home affairs,  
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.  
Pro. We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.  
Val. Now tell me: how do all from whence you came?  
Pro. Your friends are wel, & have the much commended.  
Val. And how doe yours?  
Pro. I left them all in health.  
Val. How does your Lady? & how thrive your loue?  
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,  
I know you joy not in a Loue-discourse.  
Val. I Præstrew, but that life is alter'd now,  
I have done pensance for contemning Loue,  
Whose high empeirious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter falle, with pententiall grones,  
With nightly teares, and daily hart-tore fighes,  
For in retengo of my contempt of loue,  
Loue hath chas'd fleere from my enhaused eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.  
O gentile Præstrew, Loue's mighty Lord,  
And hath fo humbled me, as I confesse  
There is no woe to his correccion,  
Nor to Sworne, so fuch joy on earth:  
Now, no discourse, except he be of loue  
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,  
Upon the very naked name of Loue.  
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:  
Was this the I do!, that you worship fo?  
Val. Even She is: and is the pot a heavenly Seint  
Pro. No; but she is an earthly Paragon.  
Val. Call her diuine.  
Pro. I will not flatter her.  
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praiers.  
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pils,  
And I must minifier the like to you.  
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not diuine,  
Yet let her be a principallity,  
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.  
Pro. Excepts you Misstrefse.  
Val. Sweet: except not any,  
Except you will except against my Loue.  
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?  
Val. And I will help thee to prefer to her:  
Shee shall be dignified with this high honoure,  
To beare my Ladiship traine, left the base earth  
Should from her vefure chance to fteale a kiffe,  
And of so great a fauor growing proud,  
Difdaine to roote the Sommer-Welching flowre,  
And make rough winter euerflowing.  
Pro. Why Valentine, what Braggadicion is this?  
Val. Pardon me (Præstrew) all I can is nothing,  
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;  
She is alone.  
Pro. Then let her alone.  
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,  
And I as rich in having such a Jewell  
As twenty Seais,all their land were pearsie,  
The water, Nectar, and the Roeks pure gold,  
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,  
Because thou leftest me alone upon my loue:  
My foolish Raisall that her Father likes  
(Onely for his postfellions are fo huge)  
Is gone with her along, and I must sier,  
For Loue (thou knowlt' it is ful of sciolusie.  
Pro. But the loues you?  
(howeve)  
Val. Land and we are broathed: nay more, our mariage  
With all the cunning manner of our flight  
Determiud of: how I must climb her window,  
The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the meanes  
Plotted, and 'greed on for my Happinelle.  
Good Præstrew, goe with me to my chamber,  
in these affaires to aid me with thy coynisse:  
Pro. Go on before: I shall enquire you forth.  
I must vnto the Road, so diu-disburse  
Some necessarie, that I needs must vfe,  
And then Ile presently attend you.  
Val. Will you make haste?  
(Exit)  
Pro. I will.  
Even as one haste, another haste expels,  
Or as one naye, by strengthe driveth out another,  
So the remembrance of my former Loue  
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,  
It is mine, or Valentine praiere?  
Her true perfection, or my false transfiguration?  
That makes me resonfelle, to resone thus?  
Shce is faire: and so is Julia that I love,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launcel.

Speed. Ladies, by mine honest welcome to Padua.

Launcel. Forswear me thy self, sweet youth, for no welcome, I reckon thus alwayes, that a man is never welcome till he be hang'd, nor welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be pair'd, and the Hoste'se say welcome.

Speed. Come on you mad-cap; Ile to the Ale-houfe with you presently; where, for one shot of fome pence, thou that have fome thousand welcomes: But fith, how did thy Master part with Madame Julia?

Launcel. Marry after they clos'd it earnest, they parted very quietly in left.

Speed. But shall the marry him?

Launcel. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launcel. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launcel. No; they are both as whole as a fift.

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

Launcel. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

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

Launcel. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

Speed. What thou saist?

Launcel. Lord what I do too; looke thee, Ile but leane, and my flafe vnderstands me.

Speed. What thou faist?

Launcel. Lord, what I do too; looke thee, Ile but leane, and my flafe vnderstands me.

Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Launcel. Why, stand and vnderstand all one.

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

Launcel. Ask me my dogge, if he say I, it will; if he say no, it will: if hee flake his tayle, and fay nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launcel. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but Launcel, how fliet that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Launcel. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Then how?

Launcel. A notable Louber: as thou reportest him to be.
### The two Gentlemen of Verona.

**Scena septima.**

Enter Julii and Lucretia.

**Jul.** Counsellor, Lucretia, gentle girl, let me know, And eu'ry one kind love, I do concur thee, Who set the Table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly Character'd, and engraver'd, To leffen me, and tell me some good meanes How with my honour I may undertake A journey to my louing Protheus.

**Luc.** Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

**Jul.** A true-devoted Pilgrimage is not weary To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps, Much less shall the that hath Loues wings to flie, And when the flight is made to one so deere, Of such divine perfection as Sir Protheus

**Luc.** Better forbeare, still Protheus make retourne.

**Jul.** Oh, knowest thou, his looks are so faine food? Patty the death that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue, Thou wouldest as soone goe kindle fire with snow As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words. **Luc.** I do not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire, But qualify the fires extreme rage Left it should burne about the bounds of reaon.

**Jul.** The more thou damf't it vp, the more it burns The Current that with gentle murmur glides: (Thou know'ft it) being stopp'd impatiently doth rage: But when his faire course is not hindered, He makes sweet musick with thenamelled stones, Givng a gentle kiss to every fedge He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage. And so by many winding nookes he flie With willing sport to the widele Ocean Then let me goo, and hinder not my courfe. He be as patient as a gentle freame, And make a paffime of each weary ftep, Till the laft ftep have brought me to my Loue, And there I reft, as after many turnoile A bleffed fole in Elysium. **Luc.** But in what habitt will you goo along?

**Jul.** Not like a woman, for I would preuent The looue encounters of lefianous men Gentle Lucretta, fit me with some weedes As may beleeue some well reputed Page.

**Luc.** Why then your Ladyship must cut your hair.

**Jul.** No girlie, Ile knitt it vp in filken ftrings, With twentie od-conceited true-love knots To be fantastique, may become a youth Of greater time then I shall flie to be. (chew)

**Luc.** What fafion (Madam) shall I make your breech? That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What at compasse will you wear, your Partingale? Why eu'n what fashion thou belikest (Lucretta.)

**Luc.** You must needs have the with a cod-piece (Ma) That wilt inflauourd (dam)

**Luc.** A round hofe (Madam) now's not worth a pen Noleffe you have a cod-piece to tickk pins on.

**Jul.** Lucretta, as thou lou'st me let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly But tell me (wrench) how will the world repute me For vndertaking to vniard a journey 

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**Enter Duke, Thrase, Protheus, Valentia, Lucente, Speed.**

**Duke** Sir Thurio, gues vs leauze (I prays) a while, We have some fecrets to confer about.

Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me? **Prs.** My gracefous Lord, that which I wold disclose, The Law of friendship bids me to conceale, But when I call to minde your gracious favours Done to me (vndereruing as I am)

My dutie pricks me on to vster that

Whch else no worldly good should draw from me. Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend

This night intends to fleale away your daughter

My selfe am one made priuy to the plot I know you have determin'd to bellow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates, And should five that she hole away from you It would be much vexation to your age. Thus (for my dutyes sake) I rather chose To croffe my friend in his intende drift, Then (by concealing it) heap on your head A pack of forroves, which would prewe you downe (Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse grant

**Duke.** Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care, Which to requete, command me while I live. This loue of theirs my felse have often feene Happie when they have uudg'd me fast asleepe, And oftentimes have purposely to forbid

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**Sir**
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sir Valentine her companion, and my Count.
But fearing left my jealous ames might ere,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the grant
(A rashness that I ever yet have shou'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy felve hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceive my fears of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone fuggell'd,
I nightly lodge her in one corner Towre,
The key whereof, my felue hath ever kept:
And thence she cannot be conuoy'd a day.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have done a meane
How her chamber-window will offend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it prefently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, lOve of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this present.

Duke. Vpon mine Honour, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming,
Duke. Sir Valentine, whether wayso to fail?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messinger
That sall to breaie my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenet of them dott but dignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to beeke with thee of some affaires
That touch mee neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have saught
To match my friend Sir Towro, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the March
Were tich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeching such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No trueth, she is wise, foolish, fieroward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking dutie,
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
(Vpon advice) hath drawn my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cesthich by her child-like dutie,
I now am full refolvd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to whom I will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poliffe the effeoues not.

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

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona here
Whom I effect: but she is wise, and coy,
And taught effeoues my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I have forgot to courte,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beeow my selfe
To be regarded in her fun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if the refpeuet not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kind
More then quickke words, doe move a womans mind.

Duke. But she did therto a preferit that I sent her,
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

(Which you ne'erest stands in effectual force)

A Sea of melting pearl, whose fome call tears;
Those at her fathers churlish feast they need,
With them upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose withnesses foc became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad figures, deep groans, no furer- shedding tears
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Site;
But Valentine, if he be tame, much disc.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When the for thy repeal was supplicant,
That to close prison be commanded her,
With many bitter threats of binding there.

Val. No more vules the next word that thou speakest.
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine ear,
As ending Anthems of my endless dolor,

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lamentat,
Time is the Nuru, and breeder of all good:
Here, if thou tarry, thou canst not fer thy lour;
Besides, thy slaving will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lourer stiffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against defecting thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now ferues not to expostulate,
Come, lie consey thee through the City gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thee Louo-servites.
As thou lou'ft Silvia (though not ter thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee Launce, if thou seekest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate,

Pro. Goe firsha, finde him out: Come Valentine;
Val. Oh my dear Silvia; haze Ildata Valentine.

Launce. I am but a foolso, looke you, and yet I have
the wit to thynke my Master a kinde of a knawe:
but that's all one, if he be but one knawe: He fucses not now
that knowes me to be in lour, yet I am in lour, but a
Tecme of horfe shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman,
I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for thee had hast Golpis: yet 'tis a maid,
for the is her Masters-maid, and serves for wages: Shee
hath more qualities than a Water-Spaniel, which is
much in a bare Corfian: Here she is the Cate-log of her
Condition. Improvin. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horfe can doe no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
only carry, therefore is shee better then a jade. Item.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweete serventine in a maid with
cleane hands.

Spend. How now Siganor Launce? what news with you your
Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice ful: mistakke the word: what
news then in your paper?

La. The black's not newes that earst thou heardt?
Sp. Why man how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. No, I will not read them.

Sp. Thou lyseth: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begrlot thee?

Sp. Marti;
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. Mary, the son of my Grandfather.
La. Oh, illiterate lovetees; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come fool, come; try me in thy paper.
La. There: and S. Nicholas be thy speed.
Sp. Inprimis she can milke.
La. I that she can.
Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (Blushing of your heart, you brew good Ale.)
Sp. Item, she can doe.
La. That's as much as to say (Can she fo?)
Sp. Item she can knit.
La. What needes a man care for a flock with a wench, when she can knit him a flocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.
La. A speciall vertue; for then shee neede not be wafht, and couer'd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I fet the world on wheeles, when she can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say Ballard-vertues: that indeed know not their fathers; and therefore have no names.
Sp. Here follow her vertues.
La. Close at the heels of her vertues.
Sp. Item, she is not to be falling in respect of her breath.
La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfall: read on.
Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her soure breath.
Sp. Item, she doth talk in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talk.
Sp. Item, she is flow in words.
La. Oh villain, that set this downe among her vertues:
To be so flow in words, as a womanes only vertue.
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too.
It was Enos legacy, and cannot be tane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither: because I love cruft.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well: the best is she, she hath no teeth to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Sp. Item, she is too liberal.
La. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ downe she is flow of: of her purse, she shall not, for that she keeps fruit: Now, of another thing thee may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceede.
Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: Hee have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse: that once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.
La. More haire then wit: may be it prove it: The couer of the falt, hides the falt, and therefore it is more then the falt: the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the life: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires,
La. That's monftrous: oh that that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, hee have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master slaines for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath flaid for a better man then thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast flaid so long, that going will scarce ferue the turne.
Sp. Why didn't not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmanerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to resoyce in the boyes correctio. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Presthrue.
Du. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that shee will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile she hath defign'd me moff,
Forworne my company, and told me
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weeke impresses of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Disolves to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

How now in Presthrue, is your countreman
(According to our Promisement) gone?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieue.
Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkes not so:
Presthrue, the good concourse I hold of thee,
(For thou haft shewne some signes of good defect)
Makes me the better to confen with thee.
Du. Longer then I proue loyal to thy Grace,
Let me not lye, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'ft how willingly, I would eftect
The match betweene Sir Thurio, and my daughter?
Pro. I am thy Lord.
Du. And also, I thynke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. And periusely, shee perueses so:
What might we doe to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore defcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom shee esteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undersake to slander him.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
To see an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend,
"Do. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your flander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
But say this were of the paine from Valentine,
It folawes not that the will long for Thanos.
Th. Therefore, as you minimize her love from him;
Least it should ruell, and be good to none,
You must proude to bosome it on me
Which must be done, by praisinge me as much
As you, in worth displease, for Valentine.
Do. And Prostheus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know (as Valentine report)
You are already loues from retory,
And cannot some resolve, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you, wish Silvia, may conferre at large
For she is lumpish, heavy melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuation,
To hate your Valentine, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you for Thanos, are not sharpe enough
You must lay Lime, to tangle her defiles
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with senseable verses,
Do. I much, is the force of skilfully bred Poetic.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrificen your teares, your fighs,your heart:
Write till your inkebe dry, and with your teares
Moist it againe; and frame some feeling line,
That may discovery such integrity:
For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could loosen steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge Læuanths
For sake unfounded deeper, do dance on Sands,
After your dire-lamenting Bleges,
Vifs by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Comfort; To their Instruements
Tune a deploting dumpe; the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Do. This discipline,showes thou hast bin in love
Th. And thy advic, this night, lie put in practive.
Therefore, sweet Prostheus, my direction-giver,
Let vs into the City pretently
To force some Gentlemen,well skil'd in Musicke.
I have a Sonner,that will serve the turne
To glue the on-set to thy good advic.
Do. About is Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Do. Even now about it, I will pardon you. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Sped, and certaine Out-lawes.
1. Out. Followes, stand fast: I see a passengre,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. Already have I bin false to Valentine,
And now I must as soon to You.

Youde the colour of promising him,
I have access to my own love to prefer.

But Sibella is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I protest true loyalty to you,
She writs me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have bin forsworne In breaking faith with Julia, whom I look'd on;
And notwithstanding all her Sofia's quips,
The least whereof would quell a louer's hope:
Yet (Spanish-like) the more the Muriers my love,
The more it grows, and favours on her hill;
But here comes Thoria; now must we to her window,
And give some evening Musique to her ear.

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

Pro. I gentle Thoria, for you know that love
Will crepe in sulence, where it cannot goe.

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

Pro. Sir, but I do; as else I would be hence.

Th. Who, Sibella?

Pro. I Sibella, for your sake.

Th. I thank you for you own sake; now Gentlemen
Let's turne and run in lustily a while.

Hs. Now, my young goest; me thinks you'rt alleychall
I pray you why is it?

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

G. Come, we'll have you merry: I bring you where
You shall hear Musicke, and see the Gentleman that
You ask'd for.

In. But shall I there him seeake.

Hs. I that you shall.

In. That will be Musique.

Hs. Harker, harker.

In. Is he among these?

Hs. I but peace, let's heare'm.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proctor, Thoria, Julia, Hope, & Musitian, Sibella.

And being help'd, perchuse stroue.
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
Then Silvia is excellent:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dead earth dwelling.
To her let Gentleness bring.

Hs. How now! see you fodder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

In. You mistake: the Musicke likes me not.

Hs. Why, my pretty youth?

In. He plaius false (father.)

Hs. How, out of tune on the strings.

In. Not so; but yet
So file that he gelse my very heartstrings.

Hs. You have a quickke ear.

In. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a low.

Hs. I perceive you delight not in Musique.

In. Nor you, when you are so.

Hs. Harker, what fine change is in the Musique.

In. I that change is the spring.

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

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

But Hoth doth this Sir Proctor, that we take on,
Often resort unto this Gentwomen?

Hs. I tell you what Lanten his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nick.

In. Where is Lanten?

Hs. Gone to take his dog, which to morrow, by his
Mater command, be must carry for a present to the Lady.

In. Peace, stand side, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thoric, fare not you, I will go to pleade,
That you shall lay, my cunning' drift excels.

Th. Where metes we?

Pro. At Saint Gregories well.

Th. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good en't to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that chatrake?'

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

Sil. Sir Proctor, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proctor (genteel Lady) and your Servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compose yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you tie you home to bed:
Thou fable, perid'ld, false, dilhanyall man:
Think't thou I am so shallow, so conceit'lleke,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hasn't deceiv'd so many with thy yowes?
Return, returne, and make thy loue amends;
For me(by this pale queene of night I feeke)
I am of fure from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull yowes,
And by and by intend to chide thy frowe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

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

In. Were false, I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not dead.

Sil. Say that the be: yet valentine thy friend
Surules; to whom (thy selfe stn winneke)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not sham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunity?

Pro. 
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
Vnge not my fathers anger (Eglamoure)
But thinke upon my grief (a Ladies grief)
And on the issue of my flying hence.
To keepe thee from a most vnholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues,
I doe desire thee, even from a heart
As full of forrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare mee company, and goe with mee?
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which since I know they veruouly are plac'd,
I give consent to goe along with you,
Wreathing a little what betideth me,
As much, I with all good beforetune.
When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming.

Egl. Where shall I meete thee?

Sil. At Friar Patricks Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession,
Egl. I will not fail your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kins Sir Eglamoure. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Profeathe, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Curte with
him (looke you) it goeth hard: one that I brought vp of
a puppy: one that I fou'd from drowning, when three or
four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have
taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present
to Misses Silvia, from my Master; and I came no
sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he leaps me to her
Trencher, and fleshes his Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
thing, when a Cur cannot keep himselfe in all compa-
nies: I would have (as one should say) took that vpon
him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
vpon me that he did, I think very neyce he had hin gang'd
for: fure as I live he had suffred for't; you shall judge:
He thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or
four gentle-man-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee
can not binthere (blest the macker) a pissing while, but
all the chamber fmet him out: with the dog (faies one)
what cur is that, (faies another) whipp him out (faies the
third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I having bin
acquainted with the fme before, knew it was Crab; and
goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: friend
(euohl I) you must to whipp the dog: I marry doe 1
(quothe he) you doe him the more wrong (quothe I) twas
I did the thing you want'd: he makes me no more ado,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would doe this for his Servant? nay, it is more whore I have
fat in the flockes, for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise
he had bin executed: I have flood on the Pillorie for
Geefe he hath kill'd, otherwise he had fuffer'd for't: thou
think't not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you
sey'd me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not
not I bid thee still mark me, and doe as I do; when didst thou fee mee heave vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman fastbanging? didst thou ever fee mee do such a trick?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, and will impley thee in some service presently.

La. In what you please, ills do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you young fellow, where have you bin these two days losting?

La. Marty Sir, I carri'd Mistress Silvia the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what fairest thee to my little Jewell?

La. Marty I ffay, thy dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But the receu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did fhe not.

Here haue I brought him backe againe

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I set, the other Squintill was shone from me by the Hangmanes boyes in the market place.

And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog.

As big as ten of yours, and therefore the guite the greater

Pro. Goethe thee hence, and finde my dog againe,

Of none returne againe into my fight.

Away, I say: stay thou to vexe me here;

A Slawe, that fhall an end, turnes me to shame:

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have neede of such a youth,

That can with some discretion doe my businesse for:

For'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt,

But chafely, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Wilt thou Augury decency me not?

Wronfe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee,

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee.

Deliter it to Madam Silvia,

She lou'd me well, deliter'd it to me.

Jul. It is me you lou'd not her, nor leave her token:

She is dead belike:

Pro. Not so: I thinke she lives.

Jul. Alas

Pro. Why doth thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lou'd you as well

As you did loue your Lady Silvia.

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love,

You deate on her, that care not for your love.

'Tis pity Loue, should be so contray

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: gliether that Ring, and therewithal

This Letter: tells her chamber: Tell my Lady,

I clame the promise for her heauely Picture:

Your message done, hee home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Als poor Proutem, thou hast emen'ted'd

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of the Lambs,

Als poor toodie, why doe I pity him

That with his very heart depliege me?

Because he loues her, he despieteth me,

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This Ring I gav'e him, when he parted from me,

To binde him to remember my good will

And now am I (unhappy Meflinger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine,

To carry that, which I would have refus'd

To praife his faith, which I would have disprais'd

I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,

But cannot be true fervant to my Master,

Vnless I praife false trauor to my selfe

Yet will I worke for him, but yet so coldly,

As (heauen it knowes) I would not have him speed

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my meane

To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia.

Jul. What would you will her, if that I be the?

Jul. If you be the, I doe intrest your patience

To hear me speake the message I am sent on.

Jul. From whom?

Jul. From my Master, Sir Probus Madam.

Jul. Oh! he sends you for a Picture?

Jul. I, Madam.

Jul. Prifula, bring my Picture there,

Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me.

One Julius, that his changing thoughts forget

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Jul. Madam, please ye perufe this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I have wandau'd

Deliter'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Jul. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Jul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Jul. There, hold:

I will not looke upon your Masters lines.

I know they are flut with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which will break

As easily as I doe reach his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Jul. The more blame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have herd him say a thousand times,

His Julius gave it him, at his departuare

Though his false finger have prophann'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his Julius so much wrong

Jul. She thankes you.

Jul. What faith thou?

Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you render her:

Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Jul. Do't thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest

That I have wept a hundred feuerall times.

Jul. Belike the thanks that Probus hath forsook her;

Jul. I thanke the doth: and that's her cause of sorrow;

Jul. Is the not paffing faire?

Jul. She hath bin fairester (Madam) then she is,

When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;

She in my judgmen, was as faire as you:

But since she did negle' her looking-glasse,

And threw her Sun-expelling, Masque away,

The syre hath flaru'd the tozel in her cheekes,

And pinch'd the illy-tint'ed of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

Jul. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at Proutem,

When all our Pageants of delight were plaide,-

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trim'd in Madam Lambs gowne,

Of which I used me as fir, by all mens judgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height,

And at that time I made her weape a good,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) was Aradon, passionate.
For Tintin penury, and vain flight;
Which I most luckily met with my tears.
That my poor Misfortunes moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I have thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poor Lady) defoliate, and leit.
I weep my fete to thank upon thy words.
Here youth: there is my purple; I give thee this (well).

Thy sweet Misfortunes take, because thou lovest her. Farewell.
And the final thankle you too, if eere you know
A venous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful, (her)
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Misfortunes so much,
Alas, how love can tell with it selfe.
Here is her Picture: let me see, I think
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vulnifie I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her hues are as her face is too fond,
If that be all the difference in his love,
'Il get me such a colour'd Perugye.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and to are mone.
I, but her force-head's low, and mine is high;
What should it be that she respects in her,
But I can make respecteu in my felter.
If this fond Louise, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For't is triall: O thou feneceffe forme,
The Lord shall be worship'd, kis'd, look'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My Sublimity should be fure in thy head.
I e've thee kindly, for thy Misfortunes take
That we'd mee: or else by love, I vow,
I should have scarce d'out your vifting eyes,
To make my Master out of love with thee.
Exeunt.

Silus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Egliamour, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to gild the western skie
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, as Fryer Patrelly Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers break not hours,
Vulnifie it be to come before there time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goo on (good Egliamour)
Out at the Poftrum by the Abbey wall;
I feene I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fears not: the Forrester is not three leagues off,
If we recour that, we are sure enough.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Tho'mas, Provost, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir Provost, what fares Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And I she fakes exceptions at your person.

Th. What that is my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (det)

Th. He were a Boute, to make it somewhat round.

Pro. But love will not be spurn'd to what it loathes.

Th. What fares she to my face?

Pro. She fakes it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton eyes: my face is blacke

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winked, then looke on them.

Th. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Pro. But better inedict, when you hold you peace.

Th. What layes she to my volute?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Th. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Th. What fares she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deri'd.

Th. True: from a Gentleman, to a feacle.

Th. Considers the my Possessions?

Pro. Oh: I: and pitting them,

Th. Wherefore?

Pro. That such an Asse should owne them.

Pro. That they are out by Leafe,

Th. Here comes the Duke.

Da. How now Mr Provost? how now Thaurin?

Which of you saw Egliamour of late?

Th. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Da. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Da. Why then
She's red with that peazz, Palenome,
And Egliamour is in her Company:
'Tis true; for Fryer Laurence met them both.
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest.
Him he knew well; and gueld that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession.
At Patrelly Cell this even, and she was not.
The like infinities confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But monst you presently, and meete with me
Upon the rising of the Mountain loose.
That leads toward 3atania, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
He after; more to be reveng'd on Egliamour,
Then for the loose of reck-les Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia love
Then hate of Egliamour that goes with her.

Th. And I will follow, more toCrease that love
Then hate for Egliamour, that is gone for love.

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, One Agnes.

Th. Come, come be patient:

Exeunt.
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd:

Read our, Julia's heart, (Thy first best Loue)

For whose dear sake, thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths,

Descended into perjury, to love me,

Thou haft no faith left now, vnlefe thou'dt two.

And that's a farre worse then none: better have none.

Then plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou Couterfeys, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can in no way change you to a milder forms:

He won't you like a Souldier, at armes end,

And love you gainst the nature of Loue force ye.

Sil. Oh heavens.

Pro. Ile force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Rusiant let goe that rude vncaulch touch,

Thou friend of all ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,

For such is a friend now; treacherous man,

Thou haft beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could have peruwfed me now I dare not say

I have one friend slue; thou wouldst diluiprocene:

Who should be trusted, when one right hand

is peruaded to the boomes? Protheus

I am sorry I must neuer tryst thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake:

The priuate wound is deepset: oh time, most accur:

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:

Forgive me, Valentine, it humbly sorow

Be sufficient Rampone for offence,

I tender his heart, I doe as truly suffer,

As e're I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,

Is not of heavens, nor earth; for these are plest:

By Penitence th'Eternall wrath's appease'd:

And that my Loue may appear plaine and free,

All that was mine, in Silia, I give thee.

Iul. Oh me unhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy!


Iul, O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam Silvia: (out of my neglect) was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Iul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mislooke:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how can't thou by this ring? at my depart

I gave this unto Julia.

Iul. And Julia her selfe did give it me,

And Julia her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia?

Iul. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy oaths,

And enterris I am deeply in her heart.

How off haft thou with perjury cleft the route?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blisfull.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou a silkworm, that I haveroke upon me
Such an immobile rayment, if shame be true
In a disguise of love?

It is the lower beat modestly secretes
Women change their shapes, then change their minds.

Proc. Then men their minds are true: oh heaven, were men
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with fault's: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy fails off, ere it begins.

What is as Silvia's face, but I may bite
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come; a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Proc. Bear the witness (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Val. And I mine.

One, a prize; a prize; a prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear I say. It is my Lord the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine

Duke. Sit Valentine.

Thou, Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thoro, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath
Does not name Silvia thine? if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee: there the flames,
Take but possession of her, with a' touch
I dare thee, but to breathe up on my Love,

Thur. Sit Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His Body, for a Girlie that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore he is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such means for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry
I do appeal thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an Empress's love:
Know then, I bear forgot all former griefs,
Cancell all grudge, repulse them home again,
Plead a new base in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well berne'd,
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast defend'd her,
Val. I thank your Grace, 'tis gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant some Boone that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be,
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men end'n'd with worthy qualities.

Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reform'd, curiell, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou haft preusild, I pardon them and thee;
Dispoile of them, as thou knowst their defects.

Come, let us goe, we will include all inares,
With Triumphs, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make thy Grace to smile.

What think you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meanes you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I tell you, as we pace along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:
Come Protheus, 'tis your parness, but to hear
The story of your Loues discovered,
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feste, one houfe, one mutuell happinesse. Exitus.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia

Valentine: Sir the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: Father to Protheus

Anthonio: Father to Protheus

Thurio: a foolish suit to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape

Holl: Where Julia lodges.

Out-lowers with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthom: servant to Antonio.

Julia: beloved of Protheus.

Silvia: beloved of Valentine.

Lucetta: waiting-woman to Julia.

FINIS.
Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Piltoll, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it, if five were twenty. Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slen. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Coster Slender) and Cost-slorum.

Slen. I, and Rate laram too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himself Armigerous, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigeres.

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

Slen. All his succeffors (gone before him) hath done: and all his Anceffors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an old Coate.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well withal: It is a familar beast to man, and signifies Lour.

Shal. The Lure is the fresh fish, the fish-fish, in an old Coate.

Shal. I may quarter (Cost). You may, by marrying, my Lord.

Evans. It is marvng indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per laydy: if he'as a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conceits; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed dispartages vnto me, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compensates betweene you.

Shal. The Counsellor shall hearing, it is a Riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Counsellor hearing: there is no fear of God in a Riot; The Counsellor (looke you) shall desire to heare the fear of God, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Have I my life, if I were young againe, the sword should enend.

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

Shal. Mistress Anne Page: she has browne haire, and eyes as small like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry perform for all the old, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his death-bed, (Got deliuer to a joyful full resurrection) give, when she is able to ouer take a female yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our provibbles and prabbles, and doe a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did she Grand-fire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Evans. I, and her father is make her s parter penny.

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

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possession, is good gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest M. Page: is Falstaffe there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lyce? I doe despise a lyce, as I doe despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I beleevs you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M. Page. What hos? Got plesse your house here.

M. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is go's plesseing and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for my Venison Master Shallow.

M. Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kil'd: how doh go good Mistress Page? and I thank you alwauys with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thank you.

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

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Shal. How do your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.

M. Pa. It could not be: was d, Sir.

Shal. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

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

M. Pa. A Cat, Sir.

Shal. Sir, this he a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir John Falstaffe here?

M. Pa. Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office to beewne you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page).

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
Shal. This be confessed, &c. not redress'd: it is not that
so (M. Page) he hath wrong'd me, indeed the hath, as a
word the hath believ'd me, Robert Shalton inquire, faith
he is wronged.
Ad. P. Here comes Sir John.
Fal. Now, Master Shalton, you'll companion of me to
the King?
Shal. Knight, you have bestow'd on me, kill'd my
deer, and -oke open my Lodge.
Fal. But not kis'd your Keepers daughter?
Shal. Tut, it will stand for answer'd.
Fal. I will answer it strait, I have done all this:
That is now answer'd.
Shal. The Council shall know this.
Fal. 'Twere better for you if we were known in coun-
cell; you'll be laugh'd at.
Ew. Passatertina, (Sir John) good woman.
Fal. Good woman? good Cadibge; Slander, 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 Railcail, Bardsell, Nym,
and Fiswell.
Bar. You Banberry Cheefe.
Shal. 1, it is no matter.
Pijf. How now, Mephostophilus?
Shal. 1, it is no matter.
Nym. Slike; I say, peace, peace; Slike, that's my humor.
Shal. Where's Simple my man? can you tell, Cofen?  
Ewa. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand: there
is three Vampires in this matter, as I understand; that is,
Master Page (fidelitc Master Page,) & there is my felfe,
(fidelitc my felfe) and the third party is (lastly, and fi-
nally) mine Hoft of the Gater.
Mo. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.
Ewa. Ferry goot, I will make a priefe of it in my
note-bookes, and we will afterwards orke upon the caufe,
with as great discreetly as we can.
Fal. Fiswell.
P. S. He hears with eares.
Ewa. The Teull and his Tom: what phrase is this?
he hears with eare? what is allegations.
Fiswell, did you pichc M. Slanders purfe?
Slen. I, by these gloues did hide, or I would I might
necesse in mine owne great chamber against eife, of
seuen groates in mill-frapes, and two Edward Shal-
tebloards, that cost me two flillinge and two pence
of Yeald Mifler: by these gloues.
Fal. Is this true, Fiswell?
Ewa. No, it is falle, if it is a picke-purfe.
Pijf. Ha, thou mountain Forreynor: Sir John, and
Maffer mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilsae:
word of denial in thy labo as hee, word of denialh faith,
and feum thou lift.
Shal. By these gloues, then wash't.
Nym. Because of it, and paife good humour: I will
fay marry trapp with you, if you runne the nut-bookes
hu-
man me, that is the verie note of it.
Shal. By this hat, then be in the red face had it: for
though I cannot remember what I did when you made
me drink, yet I am not altogether an aife.
Fits. What say you Scarler, and John?
Bar. Why fits, (for my part) I lay the Gentleman had
drunk himselfe out of his flue fentences.
Ew. It is his flue fences: fie, what the ignorance is.
Bar. And being fat, sir, was (as they say) cafersed: and
so concludest pull the Caz-cires.
Shal. 1, you shake in Latent then too; but it is no ma-
ter; I desire be drank whilst I live againe, but in honori,
civil, goodly company for this tricke: if I be dranke, he
be dranke with those that have the fear of God, and not
with distemper known.
Ewa. So go undrake me, that is a vertuous minds.
Fal. You hear all these matters den'd, Gentlenemen;
you hear it.
M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll
drinke within.
Shal. Oh heaven: This is Miffrelle Anne Page.
M. Page. How now Miffrel Ford?
Fal. Miffrel Ford, by my troth you are very weel mat:
by your leare good Miftris.
M. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome come,
we have a hot Venion pally to dinner; Come gentle-
men, I hope we shall drinke downe all wankindie.
Shal. I had rather then fayr fillings I had my books of
Songs and Sonnees here: How now Simple, where
have you been? I must wait on my felfe, much? if you
have not the books of Riddles about you, have you?
Shal. Bookes of Riddles? why did you not lend it to
Alice Shorte-cake upon Althallows last, a fortnight a-
fore Michaelmas.
Shal. Comie Coz, come Coz, we fay for you: a word
with you Coz; marry this, Coz: there is as twere a ten-
der, a kind of tender, made a farrt off by Sir Hugh here:
do you understand me?
Shal. Sir, you shall finde me reasonable, if it be so.
I shall doe that is reafon.
Shal. Nay, but understand me.
Shal. So I doe Sir.
Ewa. Gine earie to his motions: (Mr. Slander) I will
description the matter to you, if you be capacity of.
Shal. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shalton laves: I
pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Coun-
tree, simple though I fand here.
Ewa. But that's not the question: the question is
concerning your marriage.
Shal. I, there's the poite Sir.
Ewa. Mayry is it? the very point of it, to Mis. An Page.
Shal. Why if it be fo; I will marry her upon any rea-
sonable demands.
Ewa. But can you affide the o'man, let us command
to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers
Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth
therefor precisely, or you carry your good will to? paid
Sir. Cofen Abraham Slander, can you love her?
Shal. I hope fir, I will do it as shall become one that
would doe resfon.
Ewa. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speke
poftable, if you can carry her your defires towards her.
Shal. That you muff?
Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?
Shal. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your
request (Cofen) in any resfon.
Shal. Nay conciue me, conceiue mee. (Sweet Coz):
what doe I do to please you (Coz:) can you love the
maid?
Shal. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if
there bee no great lone in the beginning, yet Heaven
may decrese it upon better acquaintance, when we
are married, and have more occasion to know one an-
other, if familiarity will grow more content; but if you
fay marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely
dissolved, and dissolutely.
Ewa. It
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_Eu._ Nay, it is peeter yet; give her this letter; for it is a woman that alchotgather acquaintance with_Mistriss Anne Page_; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solicit your Master's desires, to_Mistriss Anne Page_; I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner, then's Pippins and Cheese to come. _Exeunt._

_Scena Tertia._

_Enter Falstaff, Hob, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Page._

_Fal._ Mine _Hob_ of the Garden? 

_Ho._ What faces my Bully _Roake_? Speake scolherry, and publicly.

_Fal._ Truely mine _Hob_; I must turne away some of my followers.

_Ho._ _Discal_, (bully _Hercules_?) cast here; let them ware; trot, trot.

_Fal._ I sit at ten pounds a week.

_Ho._ Thou'rt an Emperor! (_Cesur_, _Keiser_ and _Pleasur_) I will entertaine Bardolph: he shall draw; he shall tap, I will (bully _Heifier_?)

_Fal._ Doe so (good mine _Hob_.) 

_Ho._ I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

_Bardolph, follow him: a Tapfer is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a witherd _Serving-man_, a fresh _Tapfer_: goe, adew.

_Bi._ It is a life that I have defir'd: I will thieve. _Pij._ Ob base hungarian wight: why the _sagot wield_ 

_Ni._ He was gotten in drinks not the woman cecited?

_Fal._ I am glad I am to acquit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open; his _sickling_ was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

_Ni._ The good humor is to obsolete at a minutes reft. 

_Pij._ _Conway_; the wife it call: _Scheater_ fob: a _fisco_ for the phrase.

_Fal._ Well first, I am almost out at heele.

_Pij._ Why then let Kibes enue.

_Fal._ There is no remedy; I must conicateth, I must thift.

_Pij._ Yong _Ravens_ must have foode.

_Fal._ Which of you know _Ford_ of this _Towne_?

_Pij._ I ken the weight the is of substance good.

_Fal._ My honest _Lids_; I will tell you what I am about.

_Pij._ Two yards, and more.

_Fal._ No quips now _Pij._. (Indeed I am in the waft two yards about; but I am now about no waft; I am a _bothe thift_) briefly: I doe mean to make love to _Ford_'s wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee caues: the gives the leste of imputation: I can confine the action of her familier fille, & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be English'd rightly); I am Sir John _Falstaff_.

_Pij._ He hath flushed her will, and translated her will: out of honestly, into English.

_Ni._ The Anchor is deep: will that humer police?

_Fal._ Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands _Purte_; he hath a legend of Angels.

_Pij._ As many ducels entertaine; and to her Boy say I. _Ni._ The humor riseth: good humor me the angels. _Pij._ I have wrote me here a letter to her: & here another to _Pags_; who even now gave mee good eyes too; examined my parts with most judicious illussions; sometimes the beame of her view, guided my foot: sometimes my portly belly.

_D 2._

_Pij._
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

P.s. I: for fault of a better.

Qs. And Master Slender's your Master?

P.s. I forsooth.

Q. Do's he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glouers pair's-knife?

S. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow beard: a Caine coloured Beard.

Q. A softly-Sighted man, is he not?

S. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hathe fought with a Warrerenn.

Q. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were)? and strait in his gate?

S. Yes indeede do's he.

Q. Well, heauen send Anne Page, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson Evans, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

R. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Q. We shall all be thent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Clofet: he will not stay long: what John Rugby? John: what John I say? goe John, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home:

Q. Vat is you sing? I do not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofet, unbayberry ender: a Box, a green-e-a-box: do intend vat I speake? a green-e-a-box.

Q. I forbeth thee fetch it you: I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the yong man he would have bin home-mad.

C. Es, fe, fe, maioy, se, fait pour enbahe, le mon vas au le Court le grand affaires.

Q. Is it this Sir?

C. Ouy mabe le au mon pockey, de speche quickly:

Vere is dat known Rugby?

Q. What John Rugby, John?

R. Here Sir.

C. You are John Rugby, sad you are Lacky Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapiers, and come after my heele to the Court.

R. This is ready Sir, here in the Porch.

C. By my troe: I tarry to too long: old i-e-me: quay ii oublie: dere is some Simplex in my Clofet, diz I will not for the vardi I shall leau behinde.

Q. Ky-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad?

C. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Clofet?

Villanite, La-troone: Rugby, my Rapiers.

Q. Good Master be content,

C. Wherefore shall I be content—a?

Q. The yong man is an honest man.

C. What shall de honest man do in my Clofet: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Clofet.

Q. I beseech you be not so flategistrates: hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me, from Parson Hugh.

C. Vell.

S. I forsooth: to defiere her —

Q. Peace, I pray you.

C. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

S. To defiere this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Miftris Anne Page, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Q. This is all indeede-la: but I went put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

C. Sir Hugh lend-a you? Rugby, ballow me some paper: carry you a slittell-a-while,}
Ford. Good mine Hoff, 'tis gotten a word with you.

Hoff. What fault thin, my Bully-Booke?

Ford. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoff hath the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I hear the Parson is no lefser: I charge, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoff. Had there not a war against my Knight? my guest Causelair?

Ford. None, I protest; but hee give you a poistle of burn'd cake, to give me scarce to himself, and tell him my name is Bronne: only for a jest.

Hoff. My hand, (Bully;) thou hast great ereges and regrettes, (said I well) and thy name shall be Bronne. Is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heaters?

Ford. Haue with you mine Hoff. Page. I have heard the French-man had good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir, I could have told you more: in these times you hand on distance: your pallets, Graecados, I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis here, 'tis here: I have seen the time, with my long-ford, I would have made you bowre tall followers skipples like Rates.

Hoff. Here boyes, here, here: shall we way?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather here them scold, than fight.

Ford. Though Page be a fearful foolscap, and friends so firmly on his witter frailty yet, I cannot put aside my opinion so easily: the was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and have a daughe, to found Falstaff, if I finde her bene, I loose not my labor: if she be another, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Pinkell, Robin, Quickly, Bardolph, Ford.

Ford. I will not lend thee a penny.

Page. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with foward will open.

Ford. Not a penny: I have bene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have graped ye on my good friends for three Reprecents for you, and your Coach-fellow Nynpoor bile you had look'd through the grate, like a Gen'ny of Beboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gutterlmen my friends, you were good Soulidors, and tall-fellowes. And when Falstaff Bys left the handle of her Fan, I took up upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Page. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftome

diffence?

Ford. Reason, you rogue, reason: think thou it is endanger my foule, gratis at a ward, hang no more about me, I am no gibbeth for you: goe, a short knife, and a thong, to your Manner of Petes-burthe: goe, you shall bear a Letter for me you rogue: you stand upon your honor: why, (thou unconformable bawble) 'tis as much as I can doe to keepe the tarmes of my honoror preede: 1, 2, I my selfe sometime, leaving the face of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessitie, am times to shuffling: to hodge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en而对于你的姿态; your Cast-mountain-lookers, your red-latticise palstides, and your bald-\circle{3}\textbullet{2}


Ford. Let her approach.

Quick. Give your worship good morning.


Quick. Not so, and plese your worship.

Ford. Good maide then.

Quick. Ibe for worse,

As my mother was the first hour I was borsen.

Ford. I doe believe the sweeter: what with me?

Quick. Shall I wotch-fale your worship a word, or two?

Ford. Two thousand (faire woman) and be wotch'd the fairest hearing.

Quick. There is one Milftesse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this wates: I may felie dwell with M. Doctor Cuan.

Ford. Well, on; midstesse Ford, you say.

Quick. Your worship fates very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this wates.

Ford. I warrant thee, no burnes heers: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Art they so? beasten-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.

Ford. Well; midstesse Ford, what of her?

Quick. Why, Sir; she's a good-creature: Lord, Ford, your Worsip's a woman: well, heaste forgive you, and all of vs, I pray.


Ford. Marry this is the shorth, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Cenaries, as 'tis wonder\circle{2}\textbullet{2}

ful: the bell Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windsor) could never have brought her to such a Cenarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, deceit to fancy; all Musike, and to muddling, I warrant you, in sike and golde, and in sike alittile termes, and in sike wine and lecturer of the beft, and the fairest, that would have wome any wamans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had myltemes Angles given me this morning, but I defe all Angles (in my lshort fur, as they say) but in the way of honest: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as fippe on a cup with the prowdeff of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: say, (which is more) Penitenters, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Ford. But what fates free to mee? be briefe my good thee-\circle{2}\textbullet{2}

Quick. Marry, the hath receiued your Letter: for the which the thankes you a thousand times: and the gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, between ten and elueen.

Ford. Ten. and elueen.

Quick. I doth quick, and then you may come and see the picture (the sayer) that you war of Miss Ford her hus\circle{2}\textbullet{2}

Ford. Ten, and elueen.

Women
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Q. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistrefle Page hath her brave commendations to you to: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as farreous a cuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misle you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who e're be the other; and thee bate me your worship, that her husband is yet done from home, but the hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; 'tis I think you have charmes, is: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I sflake thee, letting the attribution of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Q. Bleffing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this has Page's wife, and Page's wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Q. That were a teft indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trickte indeed: But Mistrefs Page would defire you to lend her your little Page ot all loues; her husband has a maruellous inocle to the little Page: and truly Mistrefs Page is an honest man, never a wife in Windsor leads a better life then she do's. doe what thee will, say what thee will, take all you will, goe to bed when the lift, ride when the lift, all is as the will: and truly the defires it is; for if there be a kinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must fend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Q. Nay, but doe so then and looke you, he may come and goe betweene you both: and in any cafe he have a may-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never neede to understand any thing; or 'ts not good that children should knowo any wickednes: old folke you know, have defection, as they try, and know the world.

Fal. Facethewell, commend me to them both: there's my purfe; I am yeesty debter. Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diffrafts me.

Pig. This Puncte is one of Cupids Carriers, Clap on more facies, purfe: vp with your fight: Guefire: this is my purse, or Ocean whelm them all.

Fal. Stiff thou |o(old Jakes) go thy ways: He make more of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? will thou after the expence of so much money be now a garner? good Body, I thanke thee: let them lay't suitably done, so it bee safely done no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Master Brooke below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath fervr your worship a morning's draught of Sacke.

Fal. Brooke is his name.

Bar. Sir.

Fal. Call him in, such Brooke's are welcome to me, that once flowers such liquor: ah ha, Mistrefle Ford and Mistrefle Page, have I encomps'd you? goe to, usa.

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.

Fal. And you Sir, would you speake with me? Ford. I make bold, to toprefe, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? 2 glue vs leave.

Drawer. Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is Brooke.

Fal. Good Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I salue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my self in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this váníous'd intimation for they say, if money goe before, all waies doctere open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will helpes to bear it (Sir John) take all, or haffe for eating me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deftrue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Mistref Brooke) I shall be glad to be your Seruante.

Ford. Sir, I have thee are a Schollers: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good meane as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discoverathing to you, where I must very much lay open mine owne im- perfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye vp on my follies, as you hear them vnfold, turnne another into the Register of your owne, that I may paife with a reproophe the rafter, fish you your selle know 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 have long lou'd her, and I protest to you, belloved much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingraff'd opportunities to meete her: she de- velpr flight occasion that could but modestly give mee flight of her: not only bought many pretendes to gine her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have gien: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursu'd mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meane, neede I am sure I have receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a well, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love purses, "Pursuing that she flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Fal. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Fal. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have left my edifice, by malfaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though the appeare honest to mee, yet in other places thee enlarges her mirth so farre, that there is the redoubted conviction made of her. Now (Sir John) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of ex- cellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perfon, generally allow d 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

[...]

geben
give me so much of your time in exchange o'tis, as to lay
an amiable figure to the honesty of this Ford's wife; vie
your Art of wooing; win her to confent to you: if
any man may, you may as soon as any.
Fal. Would it apply well to the vhemency of her
affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-
thinks you preferbe to your life very preposterously.
Ford. O, understand my drift: the dwellers are securely
on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule
dares not prentit it felt: thee is too bright he look'd
again,- Now, could I come to her with any detection
in my hand; my desires had influence and argument to
commend themselves, I could drive her then from the
ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow,
and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-
too strongly embattaild against me: what say you tooo, Sir John?
Fal. Master Brooke, I will first make bold with your
money: next, guiie mee your hand: and last, as I am a
gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.
Ford. O good Sir.
Fal. I say you shall.
Ford. Why, no money (Sir John) you shall want none.
Fal. Want no Aesop's Ford (Master Brooke): you shall want none: I shall with her (may I tell you) by her
owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her affi-
chant, or gow-betrothe, parted from me: I say I shall be
with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the
jealous, caitally-known her husband shall be forth: come
you to me at midnight, you shall know how I speed.
Ford. I am bleff in your acquaintance: do you know
Ford Sir?
Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly known) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the
jealous witilly-known hath matters of money, for
the which his wife seems to me well-favourd: I will vfe
her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Cofer, & the'ts
my hauell-home.
Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might a-
void him, if you saw him.
Ford. Hang him, mechanically-false-butler rogue; I will
fiste him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cud-
gel: it shall hang like a Meteror on the Cuckolds horns:
Master Brooke, thou shalt know, I will predominate o-
ter the peazant, and thon shall lyfe with his wife. Come
to me foon at night: Ford's a knave, and I will gra-
uate his file: thou (Master Brooke) shalt know him for
knave, and Cuckold. Come to me foon at night.
Ford. What a damn'd Epicuriuan-Rafeell is this? my
heart is ready to cracke with impatience: whofres this
is impromptu jealoufie? my wife hath hent to him, the
howre is fixt, the match made: would any man have
thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my
bed shall be abus'd, my Cofer ranack'd, my reputati-
ion gnaowe and, I shall not onely receive this villaneous
wrong, but fland under the adoption of abominable
terms, and by him that does mee this wrong: Terms,
names: Amanzon founds well; Lucifer, well; Barbafan,
well: yet they are Diuell's additions, the names of friends:
But Cuckold, Witroll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe
hath not such a name. Page is an Affe, a secure Affe; hee
will truut his wife, bee will not be jealouz: I will rather
truft a Fleming with my butter, Parfon Hughe the Hol-
man with my Cheese, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vita
bottle, or a Theefe to wakke my ambling gelding, then
my wife with her selfe. Then the plot, then thee rumi-
uates, then thee deudies: and what they think in their
hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but
they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealoufie:
eleven o'clocke the howre, I will present this, derect
my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I
will about it, better three hours too fooone, then a my-
minute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.
Exi.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Page, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft.
Rug. Sir.
Page. Vat is the clocke, Jack.
Rug. 'Tis past the hour(sir) thatSir Hugh promis'd to
meet.
Page. By gar, he hath forse his foule, dat he is no-come:
her he pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar
(Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.
Page. Her is wife Sir: bee knew your worship would
kill him if he came.
Page. By gar, heftentings is no dead, so I will kill
him: take you Rapier, (lacke) I will tell you how I will
kill him.
Rug. Page. Heere is the company.
Rugby. Bleffe thee, bully-Donor.
Page. Pray you Mr. Donor Caine,
Pagenow,good Mr. Donor:
Shall. 'Gieve you good-morrow, sir.
Page. Vat be all you one, two, tree, foure, come for?
Hoff. To see thee fight, to see thee fence, to see thee
traeule, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee
patfe thy punclo, thy flock, thy revere, thy deftance, thy
difant: Is he dead, my Ethipian? Is he dead, my Fran-
cifco? ha Bully? what fakes my Efelapous? my Gallemyn
heere of Eletter? ha? is he dead bully, Seafe? he dead? 
Page. By gar, he is de Coward-lack. Prieft of de world:
he is not bow he face.
Hoff. Thou art a Caffation king, Vinall, & Heller
of Gre[e] (my Boy).
Page. I pray you bear wittene, that me haue stye,
shee or see, two trees hooone for him, and bee is no-
come.
Donor. He is the wifer man (M.Dono) he is acurer of
foules, and you a curer of bodyes: if you should fight, you
goe against the haires of your professien: is it not true,
Master Page?
Page. Master Shallow; you have your selfe beene a
great fighter, though now a man of peace.
Donor. Body-Kins M. Page, though I now be old, and
of the peace; if I fee a sword out, my finger tiches to
make one: though we are lustites, and Donors, and
Church-men (M. Page) we have done fall of ye youth
in vs, we are the sons of wompen (M. Page.)
Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow,
Shall. It will be found (M. Page) M.Donoe Caine,
I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace:
you have how'd your selfe a wife Physsian, and Sir
Hugh hath showed himselfe a wife and patient Church-
man: you must goe with mee, M. Donor.
Hoff. Par.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Emunt, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Caan, Rugby.

Emunt. I pray you, now, good Master Slender, sirving-man, and friendsimple by your name; which way have you looked for Master Caan, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisick.

Sim. Master Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parks-ward: every way: oile Windsor way, and every way but the Towne-ward.

Emunt. Tryst schemely, you will, you also look that way.

Sim. I will.

Emunt. Piffle my soule; how full of Chollers I am, and trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceased: me: for men be sollicites I am I will know his Verfail about his knaues costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: Piffle my soule; To shallow Ringers whose falls: melidious Birds song Madrigalls: There will we make our Feds of Pests: and a thousand fragrant poses. To fustion: Merrie on me, I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melandous birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Pabulm: and a thousand songs Pests. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way: Sir Hugh.

Emunt. Hee's wellcome: To shallow Ringers, to whose fall: Heauen profer the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman from Fregmore, over the hedges, this way.

Emunt. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keep it in your arme.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keep a Gamelther from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sim. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. "Sace you, good Sir Hugh.

Emunt. Pleffe you from his mercy-sake, all of you. Shal. What is't Sword, and the Word?

Page. Doe you judge them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull filli, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rambley day?

Emunt. There is reauns, and caules for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.

Emunt. Fury-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravitie, and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I have listed foure-couer yrryes, and upward I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Page. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caan the renowned French Physicin.

Emunt. Gote's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meffe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Emunt. He has no more knowledge in Hiberots and Gean, and he is a knave besides a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sim. Of sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keep them a-finder: here comes Doctor Caan.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon, Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor, Emunt. Disfarne them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Page. I pray you let these men speake a word with your care; wherefore will you not meet-us a?

Emunt. Pray you vise your patience in good time.

Page. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

Emunt. Pray you let us not be laughing-floes to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amend: I will keepe your Verfail about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Sim. Diables: Jack Rugygh! mine Hoft de farreors have I not (say for him, to kill him) have I not at de place I did appoint.

Emunt. As I am a Christian-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, I hee be judgement by mine Hoft of the Garter.


Cat. I,
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.

Exit Ford. 


Mist. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you won't be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead men's eyes, or eye your masters heels?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (COURTIER.)

M. P. A. O you are a flatthing boy, now I fe you'll be a Ford. Well met mistress Page, where go you?

M. P. A. Truly Sir, to see your wife, if she be at home?

Ford. I, and aside as the may hang together for want of company. I think if your husbands be dead, you would marry me.

M. P. A. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. P. A. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

M. P. A. He, he, I can never hit on his name; there is such a league between my goodman, and he is your Wife at Ford. Indeed he is.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

M. P. A. By your leave Sir, I am ficker till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they fleep, he hath no we of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score: he perceives out his wits inclination: he gives her folly motion and advancement: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her. A man may hear this flower fly in the wind, & Falstaff boy with her: good plots, they are like, and our resolved wits - share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluckc the borrowed vail of modell from the toe-fening Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a lecture and

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Serjeants, Robin, Falstaff, Ford, Page, Caw, Evans.


M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—


M. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Here, let it down.

M. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe. M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you befo (John & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I o- donaly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or flagging) take this basket on your shoulders: y doore, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whistle-finers in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie drache, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it. (direction.)

Mist. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacken no
Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)
Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your back door
(M. Ford, and requests your company.
M. Ford. You little tack'-a-lent, have you bin true to us?
Rob. I, I'll be sworn! my Master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into circulation library, if I tell you of it; for he scarce he'll turn me away.
M. Ford. Thou art a good boy: this secrecy of thine
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. He go hide me.
M. Ford. Do so, I go tell thy Master, I alone: Mis-
Miss Page, remember you this.
M. Ford. I warrant thee, if I do not see, I'll miss me.
M. Ford. Go, too then: we'll sith this will wholesome
humility, this groth--wasty Pumpkins; we'll teach him
to know Turtles from flies.
M. Ford. If I could catch thee, ray heavenly Jewell! Why
now let me die, for I have li'd long enough: This is the period
of my ambition: O this blessed bourse.
Fal. Mistis Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist.
Ford) now shall I fin in my with; I wish thy Husband
were dead, He speak's it before the best Lord, I would
make thee my Lady.
M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should be a
pincushion Lady.
Fal. Let the Court of France chew me such another:
If I may have the woman's eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou
hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes
the Ship-tyme, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tite of Venetian
admittance.
M. Ford. A plain Kergghie, Sir John:
My brows become nothing else, not that well neither.
Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make
an absolute Courteis, and the firm fixture of thy soare,
would give an excellent motion to thy gaze, in a semi-
circled farthingale. Yee that thou wert Fortune thy
fowl, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not
hide it.
M. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.
Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee.
There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot
cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie
of these lifting-hautehorne buds, that come like women
in mens apparel, and smell like. Bucklers:berry in sim-
ple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and
thou defour it.
M. Ford. Do not bressey me sir, I fear you love M. Page.
Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the
Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the recke of
a Lime-kil.
M. Ford. Well, heauen knows how I love you,
And you hall one day finde it.
Fal. Keep ye in that minde, I deferror it.
M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde.
Rob. Mistis Ford, Mistis Ford; here's Mislestrs Page at
the door, sweet'ning, and blowing and looking wildly, and
would needs speke with you presently.
Fal. She shall not see me, I will enfrance me behind
the Arras.
M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very telling woman.
What's the matter? How now?
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more turn me to him (Sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why thou must be thy selfe,
He doth oble, I am too great of birth,
And that my ftre be g'ld'd with my expence,
I seek to have it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he lays before me,
My Riues past, my wilde Societies,
And tells me its 'a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May he be he tells thee true

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albert I will confeye, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I wo'd the (Anne)
Yet woong thee, I found thee of more value
Then flamges in Gold, or rummes in sealed bagges,
And 'tis the very riches of thy selle,
That now I aim at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,
Yet I seek my Fathers love, still seek it still,
If opportunity and humble estate
Cannot attain it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breaker their tale, Misr's, quickly,
My Kinman shall scarce speak for himselfe.

Slender. He make a shaft, or a bolt en'ted, us but venturs,
Shal. Be not dismaid,

Slender. No, I shall not dismaid me:
I care not for that, but that I am ashead.

Fent. Hark ye, M. Slender would speak a word with you
An. I come to him, This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of wild ill-favoured faults
Look on the handsome in three hundred pounds a yeare?

An. And how do's good Master Fenton?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's comming to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father.

Fent. He had a father (M. An) my uncle can tell you good
Of for a word of him; pray you uncle, tel Mift. Anne the how
My father plese two Grace full of a Pen, a good Vnkle.

Shal. Mords, Mists. Anne, my Cozen loves you.
Shal. I had do as, well as I love any woman in Glo-

Shal. Slender.

Shal. He shall maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slender. I that I will, come out and long-tail, under the
degree of Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and five hundred pounds ioyniture.

Anne. Good Master Shalow let him woo for him.

Shal. Mords I thank you for it: I thank you for that
good comfort: the calls you (Coz) he leave you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Slender. Now good Mists. Anne,
Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will? Odd's-hart-ings, that's a prettie
left undesed: I'me made my Will yet (lacke Hea-

Anne. I am not such a fickely creature, I give Heauen
prize.
Anne. I mean (M. Slender) what would you with me?  

Ford. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motion: if it be my lucke, so it not; happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can; you may ask your father, he will be comes.  

Anne. Now Mr. Slender; Lose him daughter Anne.  

Ford. Why how now? What does Mr. Foster here?  

You wrong me Sir, thus fill to haunt my house:  

I told you Sir, my daughter is disdipof'd of.  

Ford. Nay Mr. Page, be not impatient.  


Ford. She is no match for you.  

Sir. Will you bear me?  

Page. No, good M. Fenten.  

Come M. Shalow, Come alone Slender, in;  

Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. Fenten.)  

Quoil. Speak to Mistiff Page.  

Ford. Good Mistiff Page, for that I leve your daughter  

In such a righteous fashion as I do,  

Perforce, against all checkers, rebukes, and manners,  

I must advance the colours of my late;  

And not retire. Let me have your good will.  

Ann. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.  

Mistiff Page. I mean it not, I feek you a better husband.  

Quoil. That's my master, M. Doctor.  

Ann. At all I was rather be set quick 7th earth,  

And bawl'd to death with Turpins.  

Mistiff Page. Come, trouble not your feline good M. Fenton. I will not be your friend, nor enemy:  

My daughter will I question how the loves you,  

And as I finde her, so am I affected.  

Till then, farewell Sir, sue mult needs go in,  

Her father will be angry.  


Quoil. This is my doing now: Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a Foole, and a Phylist:  

Lookke on M. Fenten, this is my doing.  

Ford. I thank thee: and I pray thee once to night,  

Grieve my sweet Nau this Ring: there's for thy pains.  

Quoil. Now heauen fende thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistiff Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; or (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton. Well, I muft of another end to Sir John Fapiffis from my two Mistiffes: what a beaft am I to lacke it.  

Exeunt

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Scena Quinta.  

Enter Fapiffis, Bardolf, Quickly, Ford.  

Ford. Bardolf! I cry.  

Bar. Here Sir.  

Ford. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, pur a tost in'.  

Have I lust to be carried in a Basket like a barber of butchers Offal? and to be thrown in the Thames? Wel, if I be fentu' such another tricke, He have my braines 'tome out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-years gift. The rogues frighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fifteen i'sh litter: and you may know by my fize, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deep as hell, I hold down, I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelty and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water fwellers a man; and what a thing shold I have bene, when I had beene fwell't? I should have bene a Mountain of Mummie.  

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.  

Ford. Come, let me poure in some Sacke: the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snowbals, for pilles to coole the reins. Call her in.  

Bar. Come in woman.  

Quoi. By your lease I cry you mercy?  

Give your worship good morrow.  

Ford. Take away these Challicles:  

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finelly.  

Bard. With Egges, Sir?  

Ford. Simple of it felle: let no Pullet-Spertiene in my brewage. How now?  

Quoil. M. Slender come to your worship from M. Ford.  

Ford. Ahi, Ford. I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford: I have my belly full of Ford.  

Quoi. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: the do's to take on with her men; they mislooke their erection.  

Promis.  

Ford. So did I mine, to build upon a foolith Womans.  

Quoil. Well, the laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to feit it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she defires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrants you.  

Ford. Well, I will visith her, tell her to send bibde her thince what a monstrous: Let her consider his frailety, and then judge of my merit.  

Quoil. I will tell her.  

Ford. Do fo. Between nine and ten saft thou?  

Quoil. Eight and nine Sir.  

Ford. Well, be gone! I will not mishe her.  

Quoil. Peace be with you Sir.  

Ford. I meritise I heare not of M. Broome: he sent me word to stay within: like his money well.  

Oh, heere be comes.  

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.  

Ford. Now M. Broome, you come to know  

What hath past betwixt me, and M. Ford wife.  

Ford. That Indeed (Sir Ibe;) is my businesse.  

Ford. M. Broome I will not lye to you,  

I was at her house the house the appointed me.  

Ford. And sped you Sir?  

Ford. Very ill-fauouredly M. Broome.  

Ford. How so Sir, did the change her determination?  

Quoil. No (M. Broome) but the peaking Carnuto her husband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of insolue  

Fus in me the infant of our encounter, after we had embrall'd, kist protect'd, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heels, a rabbie of his companions, thither provok'd and inflagur'd by his delightem, and forsooth to fetch his house for his wives love.  

Ford. What? Where you were there?  

Ford. While I was there.  

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?  

Ford. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one hop. Pages, guess intelligence of Ford's approch and in her invention, and Ford's wise distraction, they commery'd me into a bucke basket.

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Ford
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

neit clothes you lend forth to bleaching.
Page. Why, this pages M. Ford: you are not to give those last longer, you must be pinched.
Exeunt. Why, this is Lunatics; this is mad, as a mad dog.
Shall. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.
Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mistris, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?
Mistr. Ford. Heaven be my witnisse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.
Ford. Well said Bazon-face, hold it out: Come forth forth.
Page. This pages.
Mistr. Ford. Are you not ashamed, let the clothes alone.
Ford. I shall finde you anon.
Exeunt. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.
Ford. Empty the basket I say.
Mistr. Ford. Why man, why?
Ford. Master Page, as I am man, there was one con-visit'd out of my house yesterdays in this basket; why may he not be there again? in my house I am free he is: my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the hidden.
Mistr. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleece death.
Page. Here's no man.
Shall. by my fidelity this is not well M. Ford: This wrongs you.
Exeunt, M. Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousie. Ford. Well, he's not heere I seeke for.
Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.
Ford. Help me to fetch my houcie this one tim' I find not what I seeke, I knew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as jealous as Ford, that she's a hollow Wallace: for his wives Lemanne. Satisfie me once more, once more ferch with me.
M. Ford. What has (Mistris Page), come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.
Ford. Old woman? what old women that?
M. Ford. Why it is my maids: Aunt of Branford.
Ford. A witch, a Queane, an oide couenuing queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, we doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbery as this, is beyond our Element: we know no thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.
Mistr. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle- men, let him strike the old woman.
Mistr. Page. Come mother Prax, come give me your hand.
Mistr. Page. Are you not ashamed?
I think you have kill'd the poore woman.
Mistr. Ford. Nay he will do't, 'tis a goodly credit for you.
Ford. Hang her witch.

Exeunt. By ye, and no, I think the o'man is a witch in- deed: I like not when a o'man has a great pearid; I spie a great pearid under his muffler.
Ford. Will you follow Gentleman, I beareth you follow follow: see but the issue of my jealousey: If I try our ther- upon no saile, sooner truest me when I open saile.
Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentleman,
Mistr. Page. Trust me he beate him most pitifully.
Mistr. Ford. Nay by th'Maffe that he did not: he beate him molt unpitifully, me thought.
Mistr. Page. Ile have the endgell hallow'd, and, hung ore the Altar, it hast done meritorious seruice.
Mistr. Ford. What think you? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the winsselle of a good confiden- ce, pursuit him with any further revenge? 
Mistr. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure ford out of him, if the dieule issue him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never (I think) in the way of wase, attempt vs again.
Mistr. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have sur'd him?
Mistr. Page. Yes, by all means: if he be but to scarce the figures out of our husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnoutious fat Knight shill be any further affilded, wee two will still bee the mini- fiers.
Mistr. Ford. Ile warrant, they'll have him publiquely shan'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the left,should he not be publicly shan'd.
Mistr. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.
Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

(In him that was of late an Heretike).

As firm as faith.

Page. Tis well, tis well, no more:
Be nos as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let out plot go forward: Let our wits
Yet once again (to make vs publish to'st)
Appointing fitting, with the old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How to fent him word they'll meet him in
The Park at midnight? Fire, fire, he'll never come.

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers : and
has bin grievously peaten, as an old oman: me-thinks
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinks his flesh is purfined, he shall have no de-

fire.

Page. So think I too.

Miss. Forde. Deny but how you'll vse him when he comes,
And let vs two deuile to bring him theather.

Miss. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forreft)
Doth all the winter time, at full midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ray'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milklike yeldd blood, and makes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eid
Recuel'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepes of night to walke by this Herne Oak :
But what of this?

Miss. Ford. Marry this is our deuile,
That Falstaff at that Oak shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this flape, when you have brought him theather,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Miss. Pu. That kiswife have we thought upon: this:
Miss. Page (my daughter) and my little jonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, we'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With roundes of wasen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a foddainne,
As Falstaffe, lye, and I, are newly met,
I et them from forth a low-pit ruff as once
With some diffults song: Vpon their fight
Wartwo, in great amazemente will flye :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinche the vncheane Knight ;
And ask him why that hourse of Fairy Reuell,
In their so fecred pathes, he dare not tread
In shape phantome.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supped Fairies pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Miss. Page. Therethrough being knowne,
We'll all present our felues; did horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor,

Ford. The children must
Be priz'd well to this, or they'll neuer do't.

Eso. I will teach the children their behouvours: and I
will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Tabor.

Ford. That will be excellent,
He go buy them vizards.

Miss. Page. My Nau shall be the Queene of all the
Estates, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That filke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. Slender Beate my Nau away,
And marry her at Eton: go, tend to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, let to him againe in name of Brook,
He'll tell all his purposes: fare he'll come.

Miss. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Enter. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaueries.

Miss. Page Go M.S. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minds:
Ite to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with New Page:
That Slender (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband beft of all efieft:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Poter at Court; he, none but he shall have them,
Though twenty thoufand worthier come to crouzheher.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simpel, Falstaffe, Bardolf, Evans, Coins, Quickly.

Hoft. What would thou have (Boore) what? (thick
skin) spake, breathe, difcuss: brefte, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Slender.

Hoft. There is his Chamber, his House, his Caffe,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresht and newe go,knock
and call: he speake like an Anthropophaginian unto
thee: Knocke I say,

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: I be fo bold as fay Sir till the fome
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Hoft. Ho! A fat woman! The Knight may be rob'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy
Lungs Militay: Ar thou there? It is mine Hoft, mine
Ephesian calls.

Fad. How now, mine Hoft?

Hoft. Here a fome Tattar tars the comming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her defend (Bully) let her
defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priva-
cy? Fie?

Fad. There was (mine Hoft) an old-fat-woman even
now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman
of Brainsford?

Simp. I marry was't (Muffel-fell) what would you
with her?

Simp. My Maffer (Sir) my maffer Slender fent to her
feeling her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one Niam (Sir) that beguiled him of a chaine, had
the chaine, or no.

Fad. I speake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what fayes she, I pray Sir?

Fad. Shee fayes, that the very fane man that
beguiled Maffer Slender of his Chaines, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman
her
her selfe, I had other things to have-spoken with her too, from him.  
Fal. What are they? let vs know  
Fal. I may not conceiue them (Sir.)  
Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Milliss  
Anna Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to  
haue her, or no.  
Fal. 'Tis, tis his fortune.  
Sim. What Sir?  
Fal. To haue her, or not; goe: say the woman told  
me so.  
Sim. May I be bold to say to Sir?  
Fal. i Sir: like who more bold.  
Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my Master  
glad with these tidings.  
Hof. Thou hast quiekly: thou art quiekly(Sir John)  
was there a wife woman with thee?  
Fal. I think there was: mine Hof] one that hath  
taught me more wis, but you said I mustn't before in  
my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid  
for my learning.  
Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozenage: meere cozenage.  
Hof. Where be my horses? speake well: of them  
vexetto.  
Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for I passe as  
I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind  
one of them; in a flouf of myre: and set spurrees, and  
away; like three Germaine-duels: three Dollar  
Fausifler.  
Hof. They are gone but to see the Duke (villaine)  
does not say they be fled: Germaine are honest men.  
Ean. Where is mine Hof?  
Hof. What is the matter Sir?  
Ean. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a  
friend of mine come to Towne, this mee there is three  
Cozen-Termans, that has cozen all the Hof of Radifus,  
of Maidenhead; of Cole-brakes; of horsef and money: I  
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full  
of gibes, and sloung-flockes: and 'tis not convenient  
you should be cozened. Fare you well.  
Cai. Ver is mine Hof de Letters?  
Hof. Here( Master Daffler) in perplexitie, and double-  
diftem fulla.  
Cai. I cannot tell you is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat  
you make grand preparation for a Duke de Larmante: by  
my tro: der ico Duke that the Courtis know, to  
come: I tell you for good will: adieu.  
Hof. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: sluf me Knight, I  
am vndone: fly: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.  
Fal. I would all the world might be cozen, for I  
have beene cozen and beaten too: if it should come  
to the care of the Cour: how I have beene transformed;  
and how my transformation hath beene wafid, and  
cudgelid, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by  
drop, and liquor Fiftremen-boots with me. I warrant  
you would whip mee with their fine wits, till I was  
tell-faine as a side-peser: I never prosper'd, since I  
forsooke my felle at Primrose: well, if my wind were  
but long enough; I would repent: Now When hem come  
you?  
Qai. From the two parties forfooth.  
Fal. The Duff take one partie, and his Dam the  
other: and so they shall be both belowe'd: I have fur-  
ed more for their fakes: more then the villaneous in-  
confinity of man disposion is able to bear.  
Qai. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant spe-  
cifically one of them; Milliss Ford(ball heart) is beaten  
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about  
er.  
Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I  
was within my felle into all the colours of the Raine-  
wow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of  
(Braunfورد, but that my admirable detectorie of the  
wise, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman detili'd  
de me, the humane Consiffale had set me ith Stocks, ith com-  
mon Stocks, for a Witch.  
Qai. Sir: let me speake with you in your chamber.  
you shall here how things goe, and I warrant you to  
your content: here is a Letter will say somwhat: (good-  
hearts) what a doe here is to bring you together? Sure,  
one of you do not feare better well, that you are so  
crofted.  
Fal. Come vp into my chamber.  

**Scena Sexta.**

Enter Fenton, Hof.  
Hof. Master Fenton, take note to mee, my minde is  
heawy: I will give over all.  
Fen. Yet heare me speake: sluff me in my purpose,  
And (as Iama gentleman) Ile give thee  
A hun dred pound in gold, more then your losse.  
Hof. I will heare you(Master Fenton) and I will (at  
the leaft) kepye your counsell.  
Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you  
With the desce loue I bere to faire Anne Page,  
Who mutually, hath answer'd my affection,  
(So farre forth, as her felle might be her choofer)  
Euen to my wish, I have a letter from her  
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;  
The midst whereof, I loaked with my matter,  
That neither (fingly) can be misaffected  
Without the know of both I slaff the  
Hath a great Scene; the image of the left  
Ile shou you here at large (harke good mine Hof;)  
To night at Henri-Ok, I'll twice twelve and one,  
Muss my sweet Non preferre the Fawes Queen:  
The purpose why, is here: in which glisflue  
WWhile other lefts are something ranke on foote,  
Her father hath command'd her to flip  
Away with Slander, and with him, at Eaton  
Immidiatey to Marry: She hath confented: Now Sir,  
Her Mother,(even strong against that match  
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed  
That she shall likewife shuffles her away,  
While other sports are taking of their minde,  
And at the Deurny, where a Priest attends  
Sraight marry her: to this her Mothers plot  
She seemingly obedient like wise hath  
Made proponent to the Deuler: Now, thus it refts,  
Her Father means the she shall be in white;  
And in that habit, when Slander fees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,  
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intened  
(The better to devote her to the Deuler;)  
For they muss all be mask'd, and wizarded)
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

That quaint in green, the shall be loose en removed,
With Ribonds-pendant, stinging bount her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that taken,
The maid hath given content to go with him.

Hoff. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoff) to go along with me:
And hence he tells, that you will 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.

Hoff. Well, husband and your ducie; lie to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.
Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I make a present recompence.

Exit.

Mistus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this
is the third time; I hope good lucke lies in odd numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers,
either in naturality, chance, or death: away.

Quic. He procure you a chaine, and ile do what I can
to get you a preser of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time wastes, hold up your head &
mince. How now M. Bruce! M'gater Bruoon, the
matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parkes about midnight, at Herne's Oakke, and you shal
fee wonders.

Ford. Wented you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you bad appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Browne) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Browne)
like a poore-old-woman: that same knave (Ford his hus-
band) hath the finest mad dulli of a loulse in him (Mar-
ters Browne) that ever govern'd Frenlie. I will tell you,
he beate me grossely, in the shape of a woman; (for in
the shape of Man (Master Browne) I fear not Goliath
with a Weavers browne, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master Browne:) since I plauck'd Govt, piaide Treuant,
and wen Topp, I knew not what was to be beaten, till
lastly. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knave Ford, on whom to night I will be retrenged, and I
will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M.Browne) follow.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shalow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll conch i'th Castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, son Slend-
der, my

Slender. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, & we have
a say-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mune; the cries Budget, and by that
we know one another.

Shel. That's good too: But, what renders either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath brooke o'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come: it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means
enlil but the devil, and we shall know him by his hornes.

Shel. Away, follow me.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miss. Page, Miss. Ford, Cesius.

Miss. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you fee your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Desnerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parkes we two must go together.

Ces. I know what I have to do, sir, &

Miss. Page. Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not
rejoyce to touch at the abuts of Falstaff, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-
breaks.

Miss. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fair-
es? and the Welch devil Herne?

Miss. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's
Oakke, with obelist'd Lights; which at the very insta-
ent of Falstaffs and our meeting they will at once display
to the night.

Miss. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Miss. Page. If he be not sma' he will be mock'd: If
he be sma' he will every way be mock'd,

Miss. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Miss. Page. Against such Lewders, and their lecher-
y, Thou that betray them, do no treachery.

Miss. Ford. The honour draws-on to the Oakke, to the
Oakke.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be bold (I pray you) follow me into the pit; and
when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,
come, trib, trib.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Misses Page, Matherius Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Cesius, Piffell.

Fal. The Windsor-hall hath stroke twelve: the Min-
utes draws-on: Now the hot-blooded Gods afford me:
Remember Ioue, that was't a Bully for thy Loves,
Lone set on thy hornes. O powerfull Love, that in some re-
presents makes a Man's Man sin som other, a Man a beast,
You were also (Jupiter) A Swan, for the love of Ledis: O
omnipotent
omnipotent Love, howere the God drew to the com-
pletion of a Goole: a fault done stirt in the forme of
beasts, (O loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinkest thou not (loue) a fowl-
ful. But when Gods hot backes, what shal poore
men do? For me, I smethe a Windorf Stagg, and the
falsest (I think) Phe Serre. Send me a coule rime-time
lor who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who
comes hence a my Doe?
O.M.Ford. Sit john? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?
Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scot? Let the ekie
raigne Potatoes: let it thunder, to thunclteo Green-
neues, haile-killing Comfits, and snow Bringenes: Let
there come a tempest of pronclation, I will slither mee
heres.
O.M.Ford. Methinks Page is come with mee(sweet hart.)
Fal. Divide me like a brist'd Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my siedes to my selle, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my horns I bequeath your
husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Horne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confenence,
he makes refutation. As I am a true spirit, welcome.
O.M.Ford. Also, what noise?
O.M.Ford. Heaven forgores our promises.
Fal. What should this be?
O.M.Ford.24, Page. Away, away,
Fal. I think the dewell will not have madem'md, Leaft
the oyle that's in me should let hell on fire;
He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, green, and white,
You Moone-shine ruellers, and shades of night,
You Orphan heires of fixt deainty,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes,
Pijf. Elus, lift your names: Silence you airly toys
Cricker, to Windor-chimneys that's to loose,
Where fires then find't them, and heaths vanstept,
There pinch the Maid's as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Slumtery.
Fal. There are Fairies, he that peakes to them shall die,
I'll winkle, and catch: No man their workes must sitt.
En. What's Bedd? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the sleepe has thredo her prayers said,
Raiie vp the Organ of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as found as careless infant,
But thofe as sleepe, and thinke not on their fins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shouiders, side, & fins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windorf Castife (Elus) within, and out.
Strew good luckes (Ophees) on every faced roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In fane as wehelome, as in fates 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The severall Chaize of Order, look you knowe
With hayce of Balme; and every precious flower,
Each faire Infallime, Coste, and fair'tell Cred,
With joyful Baxton, euermore be blest,
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you fine
Like to the Greter (Compsies), in a ring,
Th'expressue that it beeare. Greene let it be,
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to fee:
And, Hoy Soit Qui Maly Pence, write
In Emerald-tusses, Flowers purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods Sending knee,
Fairies vse Flowers for their charakter.
Away, differse: But till' tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Customer, round about the Oke
Of Horne the Hunter, let vs not forget.

(fer:)
Elon. Pray you lock hand in hand,your sexes in order
And twenty gowne-wormes shall our Lamathemes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But I pray, I feem a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heaven deciet me from that Wielsh Fairy.
Leafe it transforme me to a piece of Cliefle.
Pijf. Vilde worme, thou wilt not look'd even in thy
birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaffe, the flame will backe defend
And turne him to no prize: but if he feme,
It is the flem of a corrupted hart.
Pijf. A triall, come.
Elia. Come will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) ling a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, I'll pinch him to your time.

The Song.
Fix on somefull phantom: Fix on Laft, and Laceriae:
Luft is but a bloody fire, kindled with satisfie deafe
Fed in our whole/ flames affer.
As thoughts do Blow them higher and higher,
Pitch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villainie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-flame be out.

Page. Nay do not fly, I think we haue watch you now:
Wll none but Horne the Hunter ferue your turne?
O.M.Ford. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.

Now (good Sir John) how like you Windor wives?
See you thes husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, what else a Cuckold now?
Mr Brorone, Falstaff a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,
Here are his horns Maste Breame.

And Master Breame, he hath enioyed nothing of Ford,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pouns of
money, which must be paid to Mr Brorone,
As much as a knave, a Cuckoldly knave.

Qu. About, about: both the provies are extant:

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Affe.
Ford. And, an Oxe too; the provies are extant:

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guineaufe of my mind, the sodaine
impuissance of my powers, drove the grovemelle of the stop-
pery into a receild believe, in depight of the teeth of
time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how wise may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when tis void of
full employment.

Enant. Sir John Falstaffe, ferue Get, and lisse your
desires, and Fairies will not pinn you.
Ford. vvell I sayd Fairy Righ.

Exant. And leave you your isaouzies to, I pray
you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

F. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dride it, that it wants matter to present so grosse ere-reaching as this? Am I dridden with a Welch Coxe coco? Sir! I have a Cocconbre of Fritters? This time I were chos'd with: piece of toast'd Cheese.

E. Seexe is not good to give putter; your beisy is a1 putter.

F. Seexe, and Putter? Have I isu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is e-nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mifl. Page. Why Sir Jone, do you thinke though wee would have their vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have giv'n our felues without scruple to hell, that ever the skullle could have made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding? A bag of flet?


Page. Old, cold, with'er'd, and of intolerable ent- raiies?

Ford. And one that is as slenderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as lob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eun. And giv'n to Fornications, and to Tauerons,

And Sacke, and Wine, and Mechehins, and to drinkings and sweatings, and dainties? Pribles and prables?

Ford. Well, I am your Thame: you have the flart of me, I am deflected: I am not able to anwer the Welch Eunexel. Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, wfe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we will bring you to Windsor to one Mr Brown, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: ouer and abouve that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affiction.

Page. Yet be cheerfull Knight: thou shalt eat a po- ste to night at my house, when I will declare thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee! Tell her Mr Slen- der hath married her daughter.

Mifl. Page. Doctores doubt that;

If Aunr Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Caus wife.

Sien. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? Now how? How now Sonne, Have you dispa'r'd?

Sien. Dispatch'd! It make the beast in Glostershire know on't; I would I were hang'd is, clie.

Page. Of what forme?

Sien. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Missiris Anna Page, and the's a great luberly boy. If it had not bene 17th Church, I would have swing'd him, or her should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had benne Anna Page, would I might never stirs, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Sien. What needle you tell me that? I think fo, when I took a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans 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?

Sien. I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and the grate budget, as Anna and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anna, but a Post-masters boy.

Mifl. Page. Good George. be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeel she is now with the Doctor at the Deannie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Misfris Page: by gar I am cozon'd, I ha married oon Garfion,a boy; oon peliant, by gar. A boy, it is not. An Page, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mifl. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Ford. I bes gar, and tis a boy: be gar, be raise all Wulford.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anna Page. My heart misgives me, here comes Mr Fenton.

How now Mr Fenton?

Anna. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon Page. How now Missiris:

How chance you went not with Mr Slenard?


You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, the and I (long since contracted) Are now so free, that nothing can dislouse us.

Th'offence is holy, that the hath committed.

And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vnodieous title.

Since therein doth euitcure and thun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours

Which forced marriage would have brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedia:

In Love, the heasuns themselves do guide the fate,

Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Ford. I am glad, though you have tane a special fand to striketh me, that your Arrow hath plane'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen guessthe icy, what cannot be echew'd, must be embrase'd.

Ford. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chasc'd.

Mifl. Page. Well, I will mufe no further: Mr Fenton,

Heauen gues you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let vs every one go home,

And laugh this poor ore by a Countres fire.

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John):

To Master Brownes, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with Missiris Ford.
Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Efc. My Lord.

(Djuk. Of Government, the properties to vn-

Would femme in me taffel special & dificourte,

Since I am put to know, that your owne science

Exceedes in that the laves of all advise

My strength can give you: Then no more remaines

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them worke: The nature of our People,

Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes

For Common justice, y'are as pregnant in

As Art, and practice, hath enriched any

That we remember: There is our Commission,

From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,

I say, bid come before vs angels:

What figure of vs thynke you, he will bere.

For you must know, we have with speciall foule

Eleected him our abstinence to supply

Lent him our terror, dealt him with our love,

And gien his Deputation all the organs

Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Efc. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace, and honouer,

It is lord angels.

Enter angels.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Angels. Angels:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,

That to th'obserruer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belonging;

Are not thinke owne fo proper, as to waile

Thy selfe upon thy vertues: they on thee:

Heaven doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues

Did not goe forth of vs, were all alike

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issue: nor nature never lends

The smallest fruple of her excellence,

But like a chasty goddesse, she determines

Her selfe the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks, and vce; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertisie:

Hold therefore angels:

In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfes:

Mortallitie and Mercie in Vienna

Lie in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escalus

Though first in question, is thy seconday.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more tell, made of my mettle,

Before to noble, and so great a figure

Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:

We have with a leauen'd, and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therfore take your honors:

Our halfe from hence is of so quicke condition,

That it prefers it selfe, and leaves vnauestion'd

Masters of needfull value: We shall write to you

As time, and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with vs, and doe looks to know

What doth befal you here. So fare you well:

To th' hopful execution doe I leave you,

Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My halfe may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) hauie to doe

With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,

So to inforce, or quallifie the Lawes

As to your foule (comes good: Give me your hand,

Ile priuily away: I love the people,

But doe not like to flage me to their eyes:

Though it doe well, I do not relish well

Their lowd applaus, and Aues vehement;

Nor doe I think the man of false discretion

That do's affect it. Once more fare you well,

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes,

Efc. Lead forth: and bring you backe in happenesse.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well,

Efc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leasue

To have free speach with you; and it concernes me

To looke into the bottome of my place:

A powre I have, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet inferiour.

Ang. 'Tis so or with me: Let vs with draw together,

And we may loone our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Efc. Ile wait upon your honor.

Exit

Duke, Escalus.

Scena.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungrv, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.
1. Gent. Heaven grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungary.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctionnourious Priest, that went to fess with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

1. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. Is that he raz'd?

1. Gent. Why? two a commandement, to command the Captains and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to fiesle: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giving before mafter, do rash the petition well, that prays for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleive thee 1 for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.


Luc. In any proportion. or in any Language.

5. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why put? Grace, y Grace, despight of all controversey: as for example: Thou thyselfe are a wicked villain, despight of all Grace.


Luc. I grant: as there may between the Lits, and the Vellvet. Thou art the Lit.

7. Gent. And thou the Vellvet; thou art good vellvet; thou hast a pild piece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Lyflet of an English Kersey, arse lifld, as thou art pild, for a French Vellvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou don't: and inmost with painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne con- trition, learn to begin thine health; but, whilst I live for- geth to drakke after thee.

8. Gent. I thinke I have done my selfe wrong haue I not?


Enter Banquo.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mithridat cometh, I have purchas'd as many difeases under her Roofe, as come to.

10. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

11. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.


Luc. A French crowne more.

13. Gent. Thou art always figuring difeases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

14. Gent. How now, which of thy bins has the most profound Cures?

Banq. Well, well; there's one yonder arrest'd, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

15. Gent. Whose that I pray thee?

Banq. Merry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Proseff, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, &c. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to thy World! Behere me to prison, where I am committed.

Pres. I do not in easil disposition, but from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Cla. Thou canst the demy god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by weight:

The words of heauen, on whom it will, will,
On whom it will not (for) yet still'tis iust.

(Laftant.

Luc. Why how now Claudio & whence cometh this? Clau. From too much liberty, (my Lord) Liberty
As surplus is the father of much fall,
So every Scope by the immediate vse
Tumes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Measure for Measure.

Like Rats that raun downe their proper bane,
A thirsty eulill, and when we drink, we die.
Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I
would find for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief lose the hobby of freedome, as
the mortallitie of imprisonments: what's thy offens?
Claudio?
Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe,
Luc. What, is't murder?
Cla. No,
Luc. Lecherie?
Cla. Call it fo.
Fri. Away, Sir, you must goe,
Cla. One word, good friend
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good? Is Lecherie so lock'd after?
Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Juliette's bed,
You know the Lady, she is falt my wife,
Sawe that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The faithleth of our most munusful entertainment
With Character too grave, is worn on Juliet.
Luc. With child? perhaps?
Cla. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horfe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Scare, that it may know,
He can command; let us strait feel the spur:
Whether the Tyranny be in his place,
Or in his Emanciption that fills it up
I stagger in. But this new Governor
Awakes me all the intollerable pains
Which issue (like vn-scower'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteen Zombies have gone round,
And none of them bereate worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowse and neglected Air
Freely on me; tis surely for a name.
Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tucklne
on thy shouldegers, if the be in love, may
figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
Cla. I have done so, but here's not to be found.
I prentice (Lucio) doe me this kinde fenuce:
This day my father should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquitnaunt her with the danger of my yate,
Imploite her, in my voice, that the make friends
To the stift deputie: bid her felte affay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prong and pecchelese dialect,
Such as may be men: beside, the hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reafon, and difcoufte,
And well fife can perswade.
Luc. I pray thee may: swelwel for the encouragement of
the life, which ells would stand under grecious imprifon
ment as for the enoying of thy life, who I would be
foory should bee too softly loft, at a game of ticke-
tacke: I like her.
Cla. I thank ye good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two hours.
Cla. Come Officers away.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and frier Thomas.
Duk. Hee: holy Father, throw away that thougth,
Beleue not that the drubbing dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I define thee
To give me secret harbours, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkle'd, then the sines, and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your Grace speake of it?
Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lou'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunts assemblys
Where youth, and cost, witliffe brayere keeps,
I have deliuered to Lord Angelo
(A man of frigure and firme ab'finence)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he flupposes me trauaile to Poland,
(For so I have fleaved it in the common eate)
And so it is receiued: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand me, of what I dothis,
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duk. We have flitt & Statutes, and miffing Baws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headfrom weedes)
Which for this fourteen eares yeare, we have its slip
Euen like an ore-grownne Lycon in a Cave.
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Father,
Having bound vp the threatening swigs of birch,
Only to fuckle it in their childrens fight
For terror, not to vfe: in time the red
More mock'd, then fear'd: so out Decrees,
Dead to inflection, to them selves are dead.
And libertine, plucks Justice by the nose;
The Baby betes the Nurse, and quite a twm
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It is refted in your Grace
To vuloose this tyde-vp Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have feem'd
Then in Lord Angelo.
Duk. I do feare: too dreadfull:
Six't was my fault, to guesse the people scope,
'T would bemy tyrany to strike and gell them,
For what I bid them deo: For, we bid this be done
When euil decedes have their perfomine pasf
And not the punishment; therefore indeede (my father)
I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in flinder: And to behold his sway
I will, as tw'ere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and informe me
How I may formely in person beaute
Like a true Frier: More reasons for this action
At our more厉害, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord Angelus is precise
Stands in a guerd with Emile: Her sence confisite:
That his blood flowes or that his apparatus
Is more to braid then done: hence shall we see
If power change purpofe: what our Seemers be.
Exuit.
Scena
Scene Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francesca a Nun.

Isabella., And have you [Name] no farther privileges? [Name]. Are not these large enough? Isabella. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more. But rather withing a more strict restraint. Upon such terms, the Votarist of Saint Clare. Lucio within.

Luc. How? peace be in this place.

Isabella. Who's that which calls?

Luc. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella.

Turn you the key, and know his business of him; You may; I may not; you are yet unworne; When you have word, you must not speak with men, But in the presence of the Prior or the Prioress; Then if you speak, you must not show your face; Or if you show your face, you must not speak; He calls again: I pray you assent him.

Isabella. Peace and prosperity: who is it that calls?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeky Rosset Proclaiming you are no lesse can you so feed me, As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A Nuns of this place, and the faire Sislet To her vnhapie brother Claudius.

Isabella. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me ask, The rather for I now must make you know I am Isabella, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you; Not to be weazy with you: he's in prison.

Isabella. Were me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his judge, He should receive his punishment, in thanks; He hath got his friend with childe.

Isabella. Sir, make me not your florie.

Luc. Tis true: I would not, though tis my familiar sir, With Mids to fecome the Lapwing, and to siel Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so I hold you as a thing as-skyed, and tainted, By your renouncement, an immortal spirit And to be talkd with in faciety, As with a Saint.

Isabella. You doe blaspheme the good, in mockeing me.

Luc. Does not believe: is: fewers, and truth: tis thus; Your brother, and his louver have embrac'd; As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time. That from the seedes, the bare fellow brings To seeming byfion: even so her plentiful wonbe Expreffeth his full Tils, and husbandry.

Isabella. Some one wish childe by him? my coyen Ilia.

Luc. Is this your coyen?

Isabella. Adoplyed, as school-maids change their names By vaine, though apt affection. Lucio. She it is.

Isabella. Ob, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemaen (my selfe being one) In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learn, By those that know the very Nerves of Stare, His guing-out, were of an infinite distance From his true mean designe: upon his place,
Measure for Measure.

Another thing to tell: I do not deny
The Fury palling on the Prisoners life
May in the worse: twelve have a thief, or two
Gullitier than him: what's open made to justice,
That justice ceases; What knows the Lawes
That thees do pass on thees: This very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we stope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do see not,
We read upon, and never think of it.
You may not so excurate his offence,
For I haue had such faults: but rather tell me
When I, that censumbe, do so offend,
Let mee owne Judgement paterne my death,
And nothing come in parallel. Sir, he must dye,

Enter Proud.

Efc. Be it as your wife dowe will.

Ang. Where is the Proud?

Pra. Here it is like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudia
Be executed by nine to to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confesser, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the viemof his palitriage.
Efc. Well. heauen forgive him; and forgive us all.
Some rice by fame, and some by vertue fail:
Some run from brakkes of ice, and answere none,
And sneeze condemned for a fault alone.
Enter Elbow, Fresh, Clownes, Officers.

Ebc. Come, bring them away: if there be good people
In a common weale, that doe nothing but vice their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Ebc. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's Comtable, and my name is Elbow; I do come upon your order, Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notourious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well, what Benefactors are they:
Are they not Malefactors?

Ebc. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of: and void of all proclamation in the world, that good Christians ought to haue.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Come to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name?

Ebc. Sir, do you speak not speake Elbow?

Ang. What are you Sir?

Ebc. He Sir is a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serves a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) plucked downe in the Suburbs: and now they profess a hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Ebc. How know you that?

Ebc. My wife Sir: whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Ebc. How thy wife?

Ebc. Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honest woman.

Ebc. Doth thou detest her therefore?

Ebc. I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, it is not a Baud's house, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Ebc. How doth thou know that, Confessable?

Ebc. Mercy by, my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinals given, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

cation, adulrely, and all vncleanliness here.

Ebc. By the womans meanes?

Ebc. I Sir, by Midwife. Over-dens meanes: but as it spit in his face, so the defend him.

Coe. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Ebc. Prove it before these vairants here, thou honora-
le man, proue it.

Ebc. Do you heare how he misplaces?

Coe. Sir, the came in great with child: and longing (lauging your honorres reverence) for fewd prewyns; sit, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time flood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours have beene such difficults) they are not China-dishes; but very good dishes.

Ebc. Go to: go to: no matter for the dish Sir.

Cor. No indeede Sir, not of a pin: you are therein in the right: but, to the point: If I say, this Midwif Elbow, being (as I say) with child, and being so belled, and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and having but two in the dish (as I said) Mallet Fresh here, this very man, ha\u2019ing eaten the relf (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Mallet Fresh, I could not give you three pence agane.

Fro. No indeede.

Coe. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-

bred) cracking the fones of the forset prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Coe. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remem-

bred) that such a one, and such a one, were past
cure of the thing you wot of, vnslee they kept very good
diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Coe. Why very well then.

Efc. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose:

What was done to Elbowes wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Coe. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Ebc. No sir, nor I mean it not.

Coe. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours

lease: And I befeech you, looke into Mallet Fresh here

Sir, a man of course pound a year; whose father

dis at Hallowmas: Was not at Hallowmas Mallet

Fresh?

Fro. Allhallond-Euc.

Coe. Why very well: I hope here he be truethes: he Sir,

sitting (as I say) in a lower chair, Sir, I was in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good

for winter.

Coe. Why very well then: I hope here be truethes.

Ang. This will lift out a night in Rus sia.

When nights are longest there: He take my lease,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause;

Hoping youle finde good caufe to whip them all. Exit.

Ebc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lord-

ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes wife, once more?

Coe. Once Sir there was nothing done to her once.

Ebc. I befeech you Sir, take him this what this man did to my

wife.

Coe. I befeech your honor, ask me.

Ebc. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Coe. I befeech you Sir, looke in this Gentleman face:

good Mallet Fresh looke vpon his honor; Sir, for a good

purpose: doth your honor not marke his face?
Measure for Measure.

Efc. 1 fir, very well.
Etc. Nay, I befeeche you marke it well.
Efc. Well, I doe so.
Cfo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?
Efc. Why no.
Cfo. Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him; good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.
Efc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?
Eid. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Multris is a respected woman.
Cfo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.
Eid. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever respected with man, woman or child.
Cfo Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.
Efc. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Injustice? Is this true?
Eid. O thou caitiff: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hamilibald; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or I he with me, let not your worship think mee the poore Doctor Officer: prove this, thou wicked Hamilibald, or I he have mine action of bartry on thee.
Efc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'ear, you might laue your aotion of slander too.
Eid. Marry I thank you your good worship for it: what it's your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiff?
Efc. Truly Officer, because he had some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his course, till thou knowest what they are.
Eid. Marry I thank you your worship for it: Thou feelest thou wicked varlet now, what's come on thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.
Efc. Where were you borne, friend?
Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.
Efc. Are you of someconce ponder a yeare?
Froth. Yes, and I please you Sir.
Efc. So: what trade are you of, Sir?
Cfo. A Tapster, a poore widowes Tapster,
Efc. Your Multriss name?
Cfo. Multris Ouer-dov.
Eid. Hath she had any more then one husband?
Cfo. Nine, Sir: Ouer-dov by the left.
Eid. Nine? come hether to me, Master Froth: Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear noe more of you.
Froth. I thank you your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roomes in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.
Froth. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell; Come thou hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?
Cfo. Pompey.
Efc. What else?
Cfo. Burn, Sir.
Efc. Troth, and your buns is the greatest thing about you, so that in the bedleiff lace, you are Pompey the great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.
Cfo. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.
Efc. How would you live Pompey? by being a bawd? what does you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?
Cfo. If the Law would allow it, Sir.
Efc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.
Cfo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and play all the youth of the City?
Efc. No, Pompey.
Cfo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't them: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.
Efc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you.
Eid. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeares together; you'll be glad to gloue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, Ile rent the faircloth house init after three pence a By: if you like to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.
Efc. Thank you good Pompey; and in requital of your prophesie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shal best you to yeare Ten, and prove a sound Driver to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shal heave you whipt; for in this time Pompey, face you well.
Eid. I thank you for your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the fift and fortune shall better determine. Whips me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jake, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.
Eid. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?
Eid. Seven yeeres, and a halfe fir.
Eid. I thought by the radiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you lay feuen yeeres together.
Eid. And a halfe fir.
Eid. Als, it hath some great priues to you: they do you wrong to try you oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficent to ferce it?
Eid. Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choyse me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.
Eid. Looke you bring mee in the names of some face or feuen, the moft sufficient of your parifh.
Eid. To your Worships house fir?
Efd. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, think you?
Iml. Eleuen, Sir.
Eid. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Iml. I humbly thank you.
Esd. I grieve for the death of Claudio.
Iml. But there is no remedie.
Iml. Lord a Angelis is seuerce.
Eid. Its but needfull.
Meryce is not it felfe, that oft lookes fo, Pardon is still the nurse of secondo woe: But yet, poore Claudio, ther is no remedie.
Cofe Sir.

Exceut. Scene.
Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prioress, Servant.

Ser. Here's a hearing of a Cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; I know his pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sects, all Ages, smack of this vice, and he

To die for't.

Enter Angels.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Priooff ?

Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yes ? Still thou not order ?

Why do'lt thou uske againe ?

Ang. Left I might be too rafh:

Vnder your good correction, I have scene

When after execution, Judgement hath Repented o'er his doome.

Ang. Goe to ; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or give up your Place, And you shall well be spak'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the gowing Juliet ?

Shee's very near her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Defires accesse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sistre ?

Pro. I may good Lord, a very veracious maid, And to be fasiuce of a Sitter, Lord, If not abroad.

Ang. Well let her be admitted, See you the Forncaticresse be remou'd, Let her have needfull, but not lauifh meanes, There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Sau'e your Honour. (will ;

Ang. Stay a little while ; y're welcome; what's your

I'sab. I am a woeful Sutor to your Honour, 

'Please but your Honor hearre me.

Ang. Well; what's your fute.

I'sab. There is a vice that moif I doe abhorre, And moft desire should meet the blow of justice ; For which I would not plead, but that I must, For which I must not plead, but that I am

At warre, twist will, and will not,

Ang. Well; the matter?

I'sab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die, I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven gives thee mourning graces.

Ang. Condemns the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function

To fixe the faults, whose fingle焚烧d in record,

And let goe by the Actor:

I'sab. Oh fuit, but feuer Law.

I had a brother then heaven keepre your honour.

Luc. Gius 't not ore fo to him againe, entreat him,

knee downe before him, hang upon his govne,

You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue defcribe it:

To him, I say,

I'sab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maidin, no remedie.

I'sab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither beasson, nor man grievre at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe.

I'sab. But can you if you would ?

Ang. Looks what I will not, that I cannot doe.

I'sab. But might you doe & do the world no wrong

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,

As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, it is too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

I'sab. Too late? why no: I that doe speake a word

May call it againe: well, beleue this

No ceremony that to great ones longe,

Nor the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,

The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe

Become them with one halfe so good a grace

As mercie does: if he had bin as you, and you as he,

You would have flipt like him, but he like you

Would not have beene so fterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

I'sab. I would to heaven I had your potenccie,

And you were I'sabel: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what were to be a judge,

And what a prisoner.

Luc. I touch him; there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forreiter of the Law, 

And you but waife your words,

I'sab. Also, also:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,

And he that might the vantage both have tooke,

Found out the remedie: how would you be,

If he, which is the top of Judgement, should

But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And morete then will breathe within your lips

Like men new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, nor I, condemnre your brother,

Were he my kinman, brother, or my fonne,

It should be thus with him; he must die to morrow.

I'sab. To morrow? oh, that's fodeane,

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins

We kill the fowlie of feaon: shall we ferue heaven

With leffe respect then we doe minifter

To our groffe? fauer good, good my Lord,bethink you;

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well laid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead; though it hath slept

Those many had not da'd to doe that cuili

If the first, that did rin' Edict sprieng

Had answert'd for his deed. Now in's awake,

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Lookes in a glasse that shews what future cuili

Either now, or by remissenelle, new conceu'd,

And fo in progrefse to be hatch'd, and borne,

Are now to have no fucceffive degrees,

But here they laie to end.

I'sab. Yet thew some pittie,

Ang. I thow it moft of all, when I thow justiccs

For then I pittie those I doe not know,

Which a difmit's offence, would after gaule

And
And doe him right, that answering one soule wrong
Lives not to set another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content,
Ifab. So you must be five shillings that gives this sentence,
And hear, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To vise it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said,
Ifab. Could great men thunder
As lone himselle do's, these would never be quiet
For every peling petty Officer
Would vie his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy harte and fulphorous bolt
Splits the un-wedgeable and goared Oke,
Then the soft Metall: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
Moff ignorant of what he's most affur'd,
(He glassy Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantaffique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels wepe; who with our spleenes
Would all themseles laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heauen she win him.
Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our felfe,
Great men may left with Saints; the wit in them,
But in the little fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt an right (Cite) more o' that.
Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerikke word,
Which in the Soouldier is flat blasphemie.
Luc. Art auies' do' that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?
Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felle
That skins the vice o' th'op; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers faults: if it confeffe
A natural gullitifle, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis fuch fench
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will benke me; come againe to morrow.
Ifab. Hark, how Ile brie you; good my Lord turne back.
Ang. How? brie me?
Ifab. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.
Luc. You had more all else.
Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the teffeld-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rife: prayers from preferred foules,
From falling Maidens: whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well: away.
Ifab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croffe,
Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time: fore-noone.
Ifab. Save your Honour.

Ang. From there: even from thy verueke.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who fins most? ha?
Not she; nor doth the tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Careain do's, nor as the Snowe,
Corrupt with vertuous sation: Can it be,
That Mordefy may more betray our Sence
Then women lightnesse having waife ground enough,
Shall we deire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our eues there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doth thou do? or what art thou an Angel?
Doe thou deire fowlely for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live;
Theeuses for their robbery have authoritie,
When Judges flese themselves: what, doe I love her,
That I deire to heare her speake againe?
And feast upon her eyes? what is I deame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bain thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on:
To finne, in loving verueke: never could the Strumpe
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once fir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdus me quite: Ever till now
When men were fond, I found, and wondered how. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and PROSS.

Duke. Haile to you, Proos: so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Proos: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleft order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prizon: doe me the common right
To let me fee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would doe more then that; if more were needfull

Enter INES.

Look here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath bliffterd her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, fentence: a young man,
More fit to doe another fuch offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the fin you carry?

Ine. I doe; and heare the ftame most patiently.

Duke. Tell you how you shall araign your felfe
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Ine. Ie gladly leane.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Ine. Yes, if I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seemes your moift offence full as
Was mutually committed.

Ine. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your fin of hesuer kinde then his.

Ine. I doe confesse it, and repeat it (Fasher.)
Duke. Tis meet so (daughter) but last thou do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward our selves, not heauen,
Shewing we would not spare heauen, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Ind. I do repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There reft:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with inclination to him:
Grace go with you, Benedick.  

Ind. Muft die to morrow? oh inuious Loue
That repins me a life, whose very comfort
Is fill a dying horror.

Proc. Tis pity of him.  

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.  

Enter Angels.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To feuerall hab's; heauen hath my empty words,
Whilest my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Isobel: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the frong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the date whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being onest read
Growne, hearde, and tedious: yes, my Grauntie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beates for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doth shou with thy cafe, thy habit
Wrench swee from foole's, and eyme the wiser foole's
To thy false seeming: Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angel on the Deuills hone
Tis not the Deuills grete: how now? who's there?
Enter Serenets.

Ser. One Isobel's; Sifer, desires accessse to you.

An. Teach her the way: oh, heauen
Why doe's my blood thus mutter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispositing all my other parts
Of neceffary frifete?
So play the foolish thongs with one that fwoonds,
Come all to help him, and fo flop the ayre
By which hee should requite: and even fo,
The general subjeéct to a well-wifht King
Quite their owne part, and in obfquoect fonondeite
Crowd to his presence, where their in-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.
Enter Serenets.

Isob. I am come to know your pleasure. (me, An.,
That you might know it, wold much better plesse)
Then to demand what tis: your Brother cannot live.

Isob. Even so: heauen keep your Honor.

An. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isob. Vnder your Sentence?

An. Yes.

Isob. When I bafeech you: that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or those) he may be fo fittet
That his foule ficken not.

An. Ha'the, these fhake vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature freeoe
A man already made, as to remit
Their favoure sweetnes, that doe cony heauen.Image
In stampes that are forbid: 'tis all as cafe,
Fally to take awaie a life true made,
As to put mistle in teftained meanes.
To make a faile one.

Isob. Tis set done so in heauen, but not in earth.

An. Say you then for I fhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the momuft Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give vp your body to fuch sweet venememeffe
As the that he hath found?

Isob. Sit, beleue this.

I had rather give my body, then my soule.

An. I talk not of your soule: our compell'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isob. How fay you?

An. Nay I le not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I fay: Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Prone a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might you not be a charuite in finne,
To faue this Brothers life?

Isob. Please you to doo's,
I le takit as a perfilt to your soule,
It is no fone at all, but charuite.

Isob. Please'd you to doo's, at peril of your soule
Were equall poyze of finne, and charuite.

Isob. That I do beg his life, if it be finne.

Heauen let me bære it: you granting of my furt
If that be fin, I le makit my Moree-prayer.
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anfwere.

An. Nay, but heare me,
Your fentence pursues not mine: either you are ignoant,
Or feeme fo clafty: and that's not good.

Isob. Let be ignoant, and in nothing good,
But grauciously to know I am no better.

An. Thus wildome wishes to appeare molt bright,
When it doth take it felle: As these blacke Mafques
Proclaiime an en-chield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displeafe: But marke me,
To be receaved piaente, I le speake more groffe.
Your Brother is to dye.

Isob. So.

An. And his offence is fo, as it appeares
Accountant to the Law, upon that poine.

Isob. True.

An. Admit no other way to faue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loffe of queffion) that you, his Sifer,
Finding your felle defid of fuch a perfon,
Whofe cedid with the judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to faue him, but that either
You muft lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?

Isob. As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe;
That is: were I vnder the terms of death,
Th'impression of keenne whips, I'd weighere as Rubies,
And flrip my felle to death, as to a bed,
That longing haise bin fiche for, ere I yeeld
My body vp to fhame.

An. That
Measure for Measure.

Ang. Then must your brother die, 
If, And 'twere the cheaper way: 
Better it were a brother died at once, 
Then that a sinner, by redeeming him 
Should die for ever. 

Ang. Were it a year then as cruel as the Sentence, 
Then you have flander'd do? 

Ifa. Ignominious in rancom, and free pardon 
Are of two houses: lawfull mercy, 
Is nothing kin to false redemption, 
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant, 
And rather proud the folding of your brother 
A meriment, than a vice. 

Ifa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out 
To have, what we would have, 
We speak not what we mean: 
I somethong do excuse the thing I hate, 
For his advantage that I detestely love. 
Ang. We are all frail. 
Ifa. Else let my brother die, 
If not a feathers but only he 
Owe, and succeede thy weakness. 

Ang. Nay, woman are frail too. 
Ifa. I, as the glases where they view themclues, 
Which are as easie broke as they make formes: 
Women? Help heauen men their creation marre 
In profiking by them: Nay, call us ten times frail, 
For we are soft, as our complusions are, 
And credulous to falfe prints. 

Ang. I think it well: 
And from this testimonie of your owne lex 
(Since I suppose we are made to no stronger 
Then faults may make our frames) let me be bold; 
I do rest your words. Be that you are, 
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none. 
If you be one (as you are well express 
By all xtenfull warrants) shew it now, 
By putting on the deftin'd Lucie. 

Ifa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord, 
Let me entreate you speake the former language. 

Ang. Plainly conceivce I love you. 
Ifa. My brother did loue Isabet, 
And you tell me that he shall die for't. 
Ang. He shall not Isabet if you give me loue, 
Ifa. I know your venture hath a licence in't, 
Which seemes a little fouler then its, 
To plucke on others. 

Ang. Beleue me onmine Honor, 
My words express my purpose. 
Ifa. Hai! Little honor, to be much beleued, 
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming,seeming, 
I will proclaim thee Anges, looke for't, 
Signe me a pretent pardon for my brother, 
Or with an out-stretche throte I tell the world aloud 
What man thou art. 

Ang. Who will beleeue thee Isabet? 
My vnfold name, th sufereenece of my life, 
My vouch against you, and my place in Eth Staate, 
Will lo your accusation out-weigh, 
That you faille in your owne reports; 
And smell of columnis. I have begun, 
And now I give my fullfull race, the reine, 
This content to my sharp appetit, 
Lay by all necerie, and prolouzie blusses 
That banish what they live for: Redeeme thy brother, 
By yeying vp thy bodie to my will;
Measure for Measure.

Thou hast neither heart, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beareth the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humbly thank ye, To live to live, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter I/a/bv.

I/sa. What have? Peace heerey Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who there is Come in, the with doth receive a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I will you againe.

Cla. Mott bold Sir, I thank you.

I/sa. My business is a word or two with Clandio.

Pro. And verie welcome: I looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Povr oft a word with you,

Pro. a manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to hear me speake, where I may be concea'd.

Cla. Now faster, what's the comfort?

I/sa. Why,

As all confiderate: most good, most good indeede, Lord Angell having affairs to heauen
Intends you for his wife Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Legier:
Therefore your broth appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedie?

I/sa. Nere, but such remedie, as to sake a head
To cleane a heart in twaine:

Cla. But is there anie?

I/sa. Yes brothe, you may slue;
There is a deathfull mercy in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life.
But better you till death.

Cla. Perpetual damuage?

I/sa. I tis, perpetual damuage, a refraine
Though all the weale and wretched in you had
To a determined scope.

Cla. But in what naure?

I/sa. In such a one, as you confenting too:
Would barke your hones from this trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

I/sa. Oh, I do fear thee Clandio, and I quike,
Left thou a feauourous life shoulde not entertaine,
And six or seven winters more repleat
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar't thou die?
The face of death is most in appprehension,
And the poore Beeste that we trudge upon
In corporall suufrance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why givest thou me this shame?

Thinkst thou I can a resolution fetch
From flowtie tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hugge in mine armes.

I/sa. There speake my brother: there my fathers grace
Did viter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conferre a life
In base applications. This outward painted Deputie,
Whole feted vialage, and deliberate word,
Nips youth in their head, and pollies doth ennemew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diewell:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond, as deepes as hell.

Cla. The preznice, Angells?

I/sa. Oh tis the cunning Litierie of hell,
The damned body to inuest, and couer
In preznice gardes: dost thou thinkke Claudius,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

I/sa. Yes, he would glit thee, from this rank ofence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not doe.

I/sa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thanks deere I/sa/bell.

I/sa. Be readie Claudius, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes, Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no finne,
Or of the deadly feene it is the leaff.

I/sa. Which is the leaff?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being his wife,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be persudible finde? Oh I/sa/bell

I/sa. What faies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearfull thing.

I/sa. And famed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstrucion, and torr,
This fensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fertain floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of chike-nibbed ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewlefe windes
And blowne with refleffe violence round about
The pendent world: or to be worse then wors
e Of thofe, that with their weale and wretched thought
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible,
The wraifiest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periiuy, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

I/sa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweets Sifter, let me line.

What finne you do, to faue a brothers life.
Nature dispenses with the deede to farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

I/sa. Oh you beait,
Oh fauourife Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Will thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of Inceeff, to take life
From thine owne fathers shame? What should I thinkke,
Heauen shone my Mother plaide my Father faires
For such a warped flip of wilderneffe
Nere is I/sa'sd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perils: Must but my bending downe
Rerprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
He pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.

Cla. Nay heare me I/sa/bell.

I/sa. Oh fie, fie, fie;
Thy finne's not accidental, but a Trade;

Mercie
Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd,  
*Tis best that thou diest quickly.  
*Oh hear me Isabella.  
Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young fitter, but one word.  
Is. What is your Will.  
Duke. Might you discourse with your leyfre, I would by all means have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.  
Is. I have no superfluous leyfre, my flay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.  
Duke. Son, I have ouer-heard what hath past between you & your fitter, Angela had never the purpose to corrup her; only he hath made an affay to her vertue, to pratifice his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (haung the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to Angela, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your felfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.  
Let me ask my fitter pardon, I am fo out of place with life, that I will rue to be rid of it.  
Pros. What's your will (father?)  
Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leafe me a while with the Maid, my minde promisses with my habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.  
Pros. In good time.  
Exit.  
Duke. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodness; but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall keep the body of it euer faire: the affault that Angela hath made to you, Fortune hath consuied to my understanding; and but that fratlity hath examples for his fallling, I should wonder at Angela; how will you doe to content this Substitue, and to savfe your Brother?  
Is. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceu'd in Angela: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in waine, or difcouer his government.  
Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now standes, he will avoid your accuclation: he made triall of you onlefe. Therefore fellon your resolution on this my advisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remeide presents it felce. I doe make my felle beleue that you may most wrightly doe a poor wronged Lady a merited benefite redeem your brother from theagry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracios person, and much pleafe the absent Duke, if perdurance he shall ever returne to hauie hearing of this buifiefe.  
Is. Let me heare you speake farther: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.  
Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes never fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of Mariana the fitter of Frederick the great Souldier, who miftacred at Scar?  
Is. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.  
Duke. Shee shoulde this Angela have married: was af- fanced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: betweene which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother Frederick was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perifhed vellell, the doory of his fitter: but mark how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she loft a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer moft kinde and naturall: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her mariage doory: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-fenneding Angela.  
Is. Can this be so? did Angela so lefte her?  
Duke. Left her in her tearcs, & died not one of them with his comfort: she allowed his vows whole, pretending in her, discoueries of difhonor: in few, before she on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his fake: and he, a marible to her teares, was wash'd with them, but relents not.  
Is. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can thee auaile?  
Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure it not onely faues your brother, but keeps you from difhonor in doing it.  
Is. Shew me how (good father,)  
Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnuit vnkindnesse (that in all resoun should haue quenched her loue,) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and varaty: Goe you to Angela, anfwere his requiri- ng with a plaible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely refere your felfe to this advaunce; first, that your fay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shado, and silence in it: and the place anfwere to consistence: this being granted in courfe, and now follows all: wee shal aduise this wronged maid to fteed vp your appointment, I goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it false hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence: and here, by this is your brother faued, your honor untainted, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy fealed. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempts: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceipt from reproafe.  
What thinke you of it?  
Is. The image of it givens me content already, and I trust it will grow to a molt properfull perfepton.  
Duke. It lies much in your holding vp: while you speedia to Angela, if for this night be intrea anf to your bed, give him from of fatisfaction, I will presently to S. Laker, thare at the moisted-Grange recides this circu- Stewart Mariana; at that place call vp me, and dispatch with Angela, that it may be quickly.  
Is. I thank you for this comfort, fare you well good father.  
Exit.  
Enter Elbow, Clausen, Officers,  
Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like bratts, we shall haue all the world drinke brownie & white bastard.  
Duke. Oh heauens, what stuffe is here.  
Claus. Twas never merry world since of two vlluries the meritie was put downe, and the worfer allow'd by order of Law: a fur'd gowne to keep him warme; and furn with Fresu and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being ricer then Innocency, stands for the facing.  
Elb. Come your way sir: bleffe you good Father Frier.  
Duk. And you good Brother Father! what offence hath this man made you, Sir?  
Elb. Marry
Eli. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir. for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputee.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, the evill that thou causst to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthy vice: say to thy selfe, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I ease away my selfe, and live Canst thou beleue thy liuing is a life, So fincklingly depending? Go mend, go mend, Clo. Indeed, it doth finke in some sort, Sir. But yet Sir I would prove Duke. Nay, if the duell have given thee proofs for Sir Thou wilt prove his, Take him to prison Officer: Correction, and Instructioon mult both worke Ere this rude beast will profit, 

Eli. He must before the Deputy Sir, he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: if he be a Whore-monier, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would feeme to bee From our faults, as faults from feeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Eli. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord sir.

Clo. I fay comfort, I trye balle: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pigmalions Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extrading clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What faileth thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd? Is't lost rain? What faileth thou Troit? Is the world as it was? Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: Still worse.

Luc. How doth my deare Morfell, thy Miftit? Procures the Half? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, she hath eaten vp all her bees, and she her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why's this good? Is it the right of it: it must be so. Enter your selfe Whore, and your poudre'd Baud, an unfaithfull confedence, it must be so. At going to prison Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why's this not amisse Pompey: Farewell; goe fay I fent thee thether: for debt Pompey? Or how? Eli. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why's tis his right. Baud is he doubtfull, and of unsexiety too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the house.

"Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will my baiie."

Luc. No indeed I will not Pompey, it is not the way: I will pray Pompey) to increase your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more.

Eli. Blank your Frier.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's Bridge, paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Eli. Come your wafters Sir, come.

Clo. You will not balle me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: What newes abroad Frie?

What newes?

Eli. Come your wafters sir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pompey) goe:

What newes Frier of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is theke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to steal from the State, and vifie the beggette hee was never borne to: Lord Angelo Duke it well in his absence: he puts transfegation too.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenity to Lechtrice would doe no harme in him. Something too crabb'd that way, Frier. Duke. It is too general a vice, and feuerent mutt take it.

Luc. Yes in good faith, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after this doowne-right way of Creation is it true, thinkst thou?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vine is congeall'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generall, that's infullable.

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake space.

Luc. Why, what a wretched thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cad-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bifards, he would have peace for the Nursing a thousand. Had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that infructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much deterred for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his wife was, to put a ducket in her Clock: the Duke had Crochetts in him. Hee would be drunk too, that let me informe you.


Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his; the fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his with-drawing.

Duke. What? (I prethoo) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a frettur must bee lockt within, in the teeth and the lipses: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficil, ignorant, unweighing fellow Duke. Either this is Enique in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very steme of his life, and the busineffe he hath helmd, must upon a warranted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but remonished in his owne bringings forth, and he shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a State-man, and a Soldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G

Luc.
Measure for Measure.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love takes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleave that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let me desire you to make your an
swer before him; if it bee honest you have spoke, you have course to maintaine it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucre, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may lue to report you.

Luc. I fear you not.

Duke. O you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnfruitfull an opposition: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-swear this a
gage?

Luc. He be hang'd first. Thou art decreed in mee Frater. But no more of this Can thou tell if Claudio die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunner dieth: Forsooke the Duke we take of were return'd againe: this vygenturers Agent will vnpeople the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house
ce, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have daire deakes darkelie answered, hee would never bring them to lights; hee were return'd. Marrie this Claudio is condemned for vntrussing Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridays. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a bag
ge, though the smelt brown bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

Duke. No might, nor greatness in mortality
Can censure fcape: Back wounding conclusion
The whiteft vertue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall vp in the londerd song?
But who comes here?

Enter Cesario, Proust, and Benda.

Efe. Go, away with her to prison.

Benda. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Efe. Double, and treble admonition, and still for
sirce in the fame kind: This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honor.

Benda. My Lord, this is one Euros information a
gainst mee, Misfit's Kate Keppe-Anwer was with childe by
in the Duke's time, he promised her mariage: his Childe is a yerce and a quarter olde come Philip and Je
ob: I have kept it my selfe; and see how he gres about me to suffe me.

Efe. That fellow is a fellow of much Licencce: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Go
too, no more words. Proust, my Brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnisht with Diuines, and have all charitable prepara
tion. If my brother wroght by my pite, it should not be with him.

Prou. So please you, this Friar hath borne with him, and adui'd him for the entertainment of death.

Efe. Good even, good Father

Duke. Biffle, and goodnesse on you.
Measure for Measure. 75

Alius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
That so purely were forsworn,
And those eyes, the breaks of an
Light that doth mislead the Moon.
But my tears bring against, bring against
Scales of time, but seal'd in vice, seal'd in vice.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath oftly still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here to multicall.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mouth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my won.
Duke. Tin good, though Mufick oft hath such a charm
To make bad good; and good prouoke to harme.
I pray you call me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much upon this time haue I promis'd here to mee.
Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after. I have fate here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I doe confantly beleue you: the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be I will call vpon you anone for some advauntage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duke. Very well mer, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?
Isab. He hath a Garden circumcruit'd with Bristle,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back'st;
And to that Vineyard is a planchted gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key.
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
There haue I made my promis, upon the Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him.
Duke. But shall yon upon your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o're.
Duke. Are these no other tokens
Betwixt you 'gree, concerning her obseruance?
Isab. No: none but onely a repaire it's darke.
And that I haue poiffet him, my most flay
Can be but brefe: for I haue made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along
That flasies vpon me; whose perfwision is,
I come about my Brother.
Duke. 'Tis well borne vp.
I have not yet made knowne to Mariana
Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within cometh come forth,
I prye you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.
Isab. I doe desire the like.
Duke. Do you perfwade your selle that I respet you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you doe, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a forme ready for your care:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wit plea se you walke aside.

Duke. Oh Place, and gretnes: millions of safe eies
Are flusche vpon thee; volumes of report
Run with these safe, and most continuos Queit
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of thy idle dreams.
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?
Enter Mariana and Isabella.
Isab. She'll take the enterprise vpon her fathre,
If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my content,
But my entrance too.

Isab. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Fearse me not.

Duke. Not gentle daughter, fearse you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together is no faine,
Sith that the lutfice of your title to him
Doth flourisht the deseit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Cometo's reape, for yet our Tithes to low.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proud and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither, fria; can you cut off a mans head?
Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can.
But if he be a married man, he's his wifes head. And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yield mee a direch answere. To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Bartholome. here is in our prision a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeme you from your Gyues rif not, you shall have your full time of imprisonement, and your deluenaue with an unspitted whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an unlawful bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawful hangman: I would bee glad to receive some infallion from my fellow partnet.

Pro. What hoa, Abbeyson: where's Abbeyson there?

Enter Abbeyson.

Abb. Do you call sir?

Pro. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeare, and let him abide here with you; if not, we him for the present, and dismis him, hee cannot plead his extimation with you: he hath been a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discred our mystere.

Pro. Go to Sir, you weigh equallie: a feather will turne the scale.

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fawe: for furly sir, a good fawe you have, but that you have a hanging looke.

Abb. Do you call sir, your occupation a mystere?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a forme ready for your care:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

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Abb. Do you call sir, your occupation a mystere?

G 3

Abb. L
Measure for Measure.

Abb. Sir, a Mistrie.
Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mistrie: and your Whores sit, being members of my occupation, v- ring painting, do prove my Occupation, a Mistrie: but what Mistrie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Sir, it is a Mistrie.
Clo. Profe.
Abb. Here true mans apparrel fits your Theepe.
Clo. If it be too little for your theepe, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too bigge for your Theepe, your Theepe thinks it little enough: So euere true mans apparrel fits your Theepe.

Enter Profe.

Pro. Are you agreed?
Sir. I will seurcum: For I do finde your Hang- man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth ofte ask for forgiveuenesse.

Pro. You finch, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, mower a clock.
Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade, follow.
Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to serve me for your ownturn, you shall finde me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turn.

Exit

Pro. Call hether Barnardine & Claudius:

That none my printes not the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudius.

Look, here's the Warren Claudius, for thy death,
Takes no dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine.

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies fastely in the Travellers bone,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hate, what noike?
Heauen give your spirites comfort: by, and by,
Hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the moft gentle Claudius. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholesome purpos of the night,
Inutelouch you, good Proooff: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Gurbew sung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Pro. No.
Duke. They will then cr't be long
Pro. What comfort is for Claudius?
Duke. There's fome in hope.
Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.
Duke. Not fo, not fo: his life is parlous.

Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice
He doth with holie subfinence fulduble
That in himselfe, which he furres on his powre
To quallifie in others: were he meald with that
Which he corrects, then were he terrarous,
But this being fo, he's iuft. Now are they come.

This is a gentle Proooff, fullsome when
The steel'd Gasler is the friend of men:
How now, what noike? That spirit's poffeft with hauft,

That wounds the vngulding Poterne with these strokes.

Pro. There be must stay vntill the Officers
Artie to let him in: he is call'd vp.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudius yet?
Measure for Measure

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoit, honestly and constance; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard: Claudio, whom here hee you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath fetned him. To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I cruse but four daies refipt for the which, you are to do me both a prent, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what ?
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an expresse command, under penalty, to delucre his head in the view of Angels? I may make my cafe as Claudio's, to croffe this in the small effe.
Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, And his head borne to Angelo. 

Pro. Angelo hath feene them both, And will discover the fauer.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disquieter, and you may add to it; Shame the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath, Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-
pairie? 

Pro. To him, and to his Substituents.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke awouch the inflation of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coaze, integrity, nor perfwation, can with safe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to placue all feares out of you. Look e you Sir, here is the hand and Scale of the Dukes: you know the Charafter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee this very day receueth letters of strange énor, percaunc of the Dukes death, percaunc perchance entering into some Moftrarie, but by chance nothing of what is writ Lookes, th' unfolding Starre calleth vp the Shephard; put not your felfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will give him a present prefetch, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resoluue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistris

Our dame owne house, for here be many of her olde Customers. First, heere's young Mr. Ralph, he's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and fourteenne pounds, of which her made flue Markes readable more. Markes then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr. Cooper, at the suite of Master Three-Pile the Mercer, for some faire sures of Peach-colour'd Satson, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we heere, young Dixie, and young Mr. Dispers-<ref></ref>, and Mr. Cooper, Juris, and Mr. Store,- Lackythe the Raper and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed Ludie Padding, and Mr. Forthlight the Tilter, and brave Mr. Shoose the great Traveller, and wilde Halfe-Cane that stabbd Poits, and I thinke fortille more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abberfon.

Abh. Sirrah, being Barnardine,ethere,

Cla. Mr. Barnardine, you must rife and be hang'd,

Mr. Barnardine.

Abh. What has Barnardine.

Barnardine with

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noise there? What are you?

Cla. Your friends Sir, the Hangman!

You must be so good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

Abh. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Cla. Praise Master Barnardine, awake till you areset,

anced, and flepe afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cla. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Aexe upon the blocke, Sirrah?

Cla. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abberfon? What's the newest with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fitt for't.

Cla. Oh, the better Sir, for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may flepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, here cometh your ghostly Father: do weleift now think you ?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charite, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billetts: 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 perswation,

Duke. But hear you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to lay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prouft.

Duke. Vnsfit to line, or die: oh gravell heart.

G 3

After
Measure for Measure.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-pa'd, wvmette for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

Pro. Herein the prifon, Father, There died this morning of a cruell Feauen, One Ragazone, a most notorious Pirate, A man of Claudius yeares : his head, and head Iuft of his colour. What if we do omit This Reprobase, till he were well enclin'd, And satisfie the Depute with the vifage Of Ragazone, more like to Claudius? Duke. Oh, this an accident that heaven provides. Dispatch it presently, the hour draws on Prefix by Angelo: See this be done, And set according to command, whilsts I Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently: But Barnardine must die this afternoone, And how shall we continue Claudio, To faue me from the danger that might come, If he were knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done, Put them in fecket holds, both Barnardine and Claudio, Ere twiue the Sun hath made his journall greeving To yond generation, you shall find Your safeties manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

Now will I write Letters to Angelo, (The Promptor he shall beare them) whose contents Shall witnesse to him, I am neere at home: And that by great Injuncions I am bound To enter publickly: him Ile define To meet me at the consecrated Fount, A League below the Citie: and from thence, By cold gradation, and weale-ballantc forme. We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Promptor.

Pro. Herein is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Comenient is it: Make a swift returne, For I would commone with you of such things, That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit. Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The tongue of Isabell. She's come to know, If yet her brothers pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better given me by so holy a man, Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releaft him, Isabell, from the world, His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wifedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and pluckle out his eies.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Isabell, Inurious world, most damned Angelo.

Duke. This not hurts him, nor profites you a lot, Forbear it therefore, give your caufe to heaven, Marke what I say, which you shall finde By every fillable a faithful vennie. The Duke comes home to morrow; now die your eyes, One of our Counsell, and his Confeffor. Guesst me this instanct: Already he hath carried Notice to Esclus and Angelo, Who do prepare to meete at the gates, (dome, There to give vp their power? If you can pace your wis In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your boforme on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, reunites to your heart, And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Prior Peter giue, 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:

Say, by this token, I define his companie At Marsena's house to night. Her caufe, and yours He perfected him withall, and he shall bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shal be absent. Wend you with this Letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; truft not my holine Order If I perscrue your course: whole here?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even;

Friar, where is the Prophet?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh preste! Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fet me too't: but they say the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my troth Isabella! I loud my brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is manuell in little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he huses not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so weel as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well. Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee, I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would els have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, tell you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end; if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it, my Friar, I am a kind of Burr, I chaff Aick.

Enter Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Esclusus.

Efe. Every Letter he bath writ, hath difacouch'd other.
Measure for Measure.

An. In most veune and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his witsosome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and relieuer our rau thorities there? 

Efc. I gheffe not. 

Ang. And why should we proclaime it in an howre before his entering, that any craue redresse of iniury, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 

Efc. He foowe his reason for that:to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver vs from deuices hereafter, which, shall then haue no power to stand vs. 

Ang. Well, I believe you let it bee proclamed be-times ith more, lie call you at your house; give notice to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him, 

Efc. I shall: I sere you well. 

Exit. 

Scena Qunta. 

Enter Duke and Friar Peter. 

Duke. Thefe Letters at fit time deliver me. The Prouoll knowes our purpose and our plot, The matter being a foot, keep your instruction And hold you euer to our speciall drift, Though sometimes you doe blemish from this to that As cause doth minifter: Goe call at Iliau's house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valerius, Conroland, and to Cristiane, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But send me Flavia drift. 

Peter. It shall be speeded well. 

Enter Varius. 

Duke. I thank thee Varius, thou haue made good haft, Come, we will wake: There's other of our friends Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle Varius. 

Exit. 

Scena Sexta. 

Enter Isobel and Mariana. 

Ifab. To speak so indirectly I am lost, I would say the trust, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it. He faies, to vaste full purpose. 

Mar. Be rul'd by him. 

Ifab. Beside he tells me, that if peradventure He speake against me on the aduerse side, I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke That's bitter, to sweet end. 

Enter Peter. 

Mar. I would Friar Peter, 

Ifab. Oh pease, the Friar is come. 

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the Duke He shall not passe you: Twice have the Trumpets sounded. The generous, and graue aft Citizens Haue rent the gates, and very neere upon The Duke is entering: Therefore hence away. 

Exit. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. 

Enter Duke, Varius, Lords, Angelo, Elsinor, Lucio, 

Citizens and several others. 

Duk. My very worthy Coen, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you 

Ang Efc. Happy returne be to your royall grace 

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both: We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare That goodnesse of your Juffice, that our soule Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes For running more requitall. 

Ang. You make my bonds still greater, Duk. Oh your defect speaks loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of courser boроме 

When it deferves with characters of brasse A fortd residence 'gainst the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion: Give we your hand And let the Subiect be, to make them know That outward curtesies would faire proclame 

Fineroue that keepes within: Come Ecallus, You must walke by vs, on our other band, And good supporters are you, 

Enter Peter and Isobell. 

Peter. Now is your time 

Speak loud, and kneele before him, 

Ifab. Juffice, O royall Duke, vsile your regard Upon a wrong'd (I would faire haue said a Maid) 

Oh worthye Prince, dishonor not your eye By throwing it on any other obiect, Tilt you have heard me, in my true complaint, And giuen me Juffice, Juffice, Juffice, Juffice. 

Duk. Relate your wrongs: In what, by whom? be brief: Here is Lord Angelo shall giue you Juffice, Reuele your selle to him. 

Ifab. Oh worthye Duke, 

You bid me secke redemption of the diuell, Hear me your selle: for that which I must speake Must either punish me, not being beleu'd, Or wring redresse from you: 

Hear me: oh hear me, heere. 

Ang. My Lord, her wish I fear me are not finde She hath bid a fouter to me, for her Brother Cut off by course of Juffice. 

Ifab. By course of Juffice. 

Ang. And he will speake most bitterly, and strange. 

Ifab. Most
Measure for Measure.

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speak, That Angelo is froward, is it not strange? That Angelo is a murderer, is it not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin violator, Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange?
Isa. It is not true; he is Angelo.
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth.
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soule She speaks this in the imminency of sense.
Isa. Oh, Prince, I conspire thee as thou belieuest. There is another comfort, than this world, That thou negligence not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madneffe: make not impossible That which but feemes unlike, 'tis not impossible.
But one, the wicked devil is on the ground May feemes as fine, as grace, as just, as absolute: As Angelo, such so may Angelo.
In all his dreffings, caracets, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain: Beleuclie, Royall Prince.
If he be lefle, he's nothing, but he's more, Had I more name for badneffe.

Duke. By mine honestly.
If the be mad, as I believe no other, Her madneffe hath the oddfet frame of sense, Such a dependancy of thing, on thing, As ere I heard in madneffe.

Isa. Dukes, Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason.
For inequality, but let your reason serve To make the truth appeare, where it feemes hid, And let the falle feemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad.
Have more lacke of reason: What would you say?
Isa. I am the Siffer of one Claudio, Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication To loose his head, condemn'd by Angelo. I, in probation of a Sifterhood, Was fent to by my Brother; one Lucio As then the Meffenger.

Luc. That's that, I am like your Grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desired her, To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo.
For her poor Brothers pardon.

Isa. That's the indeere.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace,
Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have A bufineffe for your felfe: pray heauen you then Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for your felfe: take heed to 't.
Luc. 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,
Isa. I went.
To this perilous Depunie.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isa. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.


Isa. In briefe, to fet the needleffe proceede by:
How woman affaied, how he prised, and need'd, How he relented, and how I resided.
(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion.
I now begin with griefe, and fame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaffe body
To his conceitible intemperate lust
Release my brother: and after much debatever,
My sisterly remore, confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next monrre betimes,
His purpose forfettenf, he fends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isa. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak't, Duke. By heaven (fond wretch!) know not what thou Or else thou art abour'd against his honor In heauft full prudence: first his Integritie Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should pursu
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had fo offended.
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off: some one hath fet you on: Confesse the truth, and lay by whose advice Thou canst heere to complaine.

Isa. And is this all?
Then oh you bleffed Ministers above Keep me in patience, and with ripened time Vnfold the euil, which is here wrapt vp.
In couragious heauens he will your Grace from woes As I thus wrong'd, dunque unbeloved goe.

Duke. I know you faine be gone: An Officer: To prifon with her: Shall we thus permis,
A blasting and a fcaundalous breath to fall,
On him so near vs? This needs must be a prudence: Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere:

Duke. A ghollif Father, belike: Who knows that Loddwrick?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, tis a medling Fryer, I do not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord, For certaine words he foke againft your Grace In your retirement, I had sworne him soundiy.
Duke. Words againft me? this a good Fryer belike: And to set on this wretched woman here Against our Subftitute: Let this Fryer he found.

Luc. But yeftersnight my Lord, the and that Fryer I saw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryer,
A very fcurry fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have fowed by my Lord, and I have heard Your royall eare abusd: first hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your Subftitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foilie with her
As the from one vngot.
Duke. We did believe no leffe.

Know you that Fryer Loddwrick that the speake of?
Peter. I know him for a man duine and holy,
Not fcurry, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truth, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, left villainously beleve it.

Peter. Well, the time may come to cleere himfelfe:
But at this instant he is ficke, my Lord.

Of
Measure for Measure.

O'f a strange Feaver: wpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended'gainst Lord Angelo, came I heer
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
It is true, and false: And wher he with his oath
And all probabon will make vp full clear
Whensoever he's conuenc'd: Firtt for this woman,
To suffic this the worthy Noble man.
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproou'd to your eyes,
Till she her felle confcfe it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fools,
Giv'e some fearches, Come cofen Angelo,
In this I'll impartially be you Judge
Of your owne Caufe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firtt, let her thew your face, and after, speake.
Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntil my husband bid me.

Duk. What, are you married?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. Are you a Maid?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither, my Lord.
Duk. Why are you nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
Luc. My Lord, she may be a Punke: for many of them are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some caufe to prattle for himself.
Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confcfe I were married, and I confcfe besides, I am no Maid, I have known my husband, yet my husband knowes not, that euer he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.
Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.
Luc. Well, my Lord.
Duk. This is no witnoffe for Lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shet that accurc him of Forication, in felle-fame manner, doth accuse my husband, and charges him, my Lord, with such a time, When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes:
With all th'effe of Loue.

Ang. Charges the meo then me?
Luc. Not that I know.

Ang. No, you say my husband

Mar. Why Iff, my Lord, and that is Angelo, who thinkes he knowes, that he were mine body, but knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes Iffels.

Ang. This is a strange abufe: Let's fee thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me now I will vmaske
This is that face, thou cruell Angelo
Which once thou fworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contraet
Was falt belocft in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from Iffels, and did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her I mag'd perfon.

Duk. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnallie he faires,
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confess, perchance publicly she'll be alham'd.

Enter Duke, Proserpina, Isabella.

E. F. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

L. C. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

E. F. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,

Denies all that you have said.

L. C. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,

Here, with the Proserp.

E. F. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call you by name.

L. C. Mum.

E. F. Come Sir, did you let these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confed'd you did.

Duk. That's the worse.

E. F. 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 hear me speake.

E. F. The Duke is in vs: and we will hear you speake,

Looke you speake truly.

Duk. Boldly, at leaft. But oh poore soules,

Come you to speake the Lamb here of the Fox;

Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone?

Then is your caufe gone too: The Duke's vniiult,

Thus to retort your manifeft Appeals,

And put your triall in the villaines mouth,

When here you come to accuse.

L. C. This is the rascall: this is he I spake of.

E. F. Why thou unverseend, and unhallowed Fryet:

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,

And in the wretcheffe of his proper care,

To call him villain; and then to glance from him,

To th' Dukey himselfe, to taxe him with Insuchess?

Take him henece, to thracke with him: we'll rowe you

Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:

What was the cause?

Duk. Be not fo hot: the Duke dare

No more fretch this finger of mine, then he

Dare call his owne: his SubieEam I not.

No here Prouciuall: My businesse in this State

Made me a looker on here in Vienna,

Where I have seene corruption Boyle and bubble,

Till it ore-run the Strue: Lawes, for all faults,

But faults so couetous'd, that the strong Statues

Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,

As much in mocke, as matte.

E. F. Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: cometh hither goodman baldpace, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,

I met you at the Prifon, in the abidence of the Duke.


Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you doe Sir: And was the Duke's flesh-monster, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must Sir, change perfons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love my felfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaines would close now, after his treasonable abuies.

E. F. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prifon: Where is the Proserp? away with him to prifon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with those Gigletts too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, refifs he? help me Lucio.

Luc. Come, Sir, come Sir, come Sir, why you bald-pated lyang rascall: you must be hooded must you?

Show your knaves vifage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hand'd an house: will not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere mad't a Duke.

First Proserp. Let me bayle thee gentle three times:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duk. What you have spoke, I pardon: fit you downe,

Wel'l borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:

He'll thou or word, or Witt, or impudence,

That I can doe thee office? If thou be't I'll

Rely vpon is, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,

I shoul'd be guiltier then my guiltinesse,

To thinke I can be vindicatible,

When I perceiue your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd vpon my pasles. Then good Prince,

No longer Seffion hold vpon my flame,

But let my Triall, bemine owne Confession:

Immediate sentence then, and inquent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,

Say, was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her infallably.

Doe you the office (Fryer) which confummae,

Returne him here again: goe with him Proserp. Exeunt.

E. F. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Then at the strangeneffe of it.

Duk. Come hither Isabella,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Aduersifying, and holy to your bunifhinc,

(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,

Attir'd at your service,

Is all, give me pardon

That I, your vaffalfe, haue imploid, and pain'd

Your vnknowne Soueraignty.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, dear Maide, be you as free to vs,

Your Brothers death I know fist at your heart:

And you may maruaile, why I obfcur'd my felfe,

Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather

Miske rafhe remonfance of my hidden powre,

Then let him fo be loft: oh moft kinde Maid,

It was the twife celerite of this death,

Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,

That braun'd my purpose: but peace be with him,

That life's better life past fearing death,

Then that which lives to feare: make is your comfort,
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, Provost.

Ifab. I do my Lord. 

Duk. For this new-maiden man, approaching here, 

Whose fall imagination yet hath worst'd   

Your well defended honor: you must pardon   

For Mariana's sake. But as he aduiz'd your Brother,   

Being criminal, in double violation   

Of sacred Charity, and of promiseful breach,   

Thereon dependant for your Brother's life.   

The very mercy of the Law cries out   

Most audible, even from his proper tongue.   

An Angels for Claudiu's death for death.   

Haste, fill pain's haste, and haste, answers haste;   

Like doth quiet like, and Measure fill for Measure:   

Then Angele, thy fault's shunt manifested;   

Which though thou wouldst deny, denessthee vantage.   

We do condemn thee to the very Blocke   

Where Claudiu Roopt'd to death, and with haste.   

Away with him.   

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,   

I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?   

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,   

Confenting to the safe-guard of your honor,   

I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,   

For that he knew you, might reproach your life.   

And choose your good to come: For his Poffitions,   

Although by confutation they are ours;   

We do entitl-e, and widow you with all,   

To buy you a better husband.   

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,   

I crave no other, nor no better man.   

Duk. Never crave him, we are definuite.   

Mar. Gentle my Liege.   

Duk. You doe but loose your Labour.   

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.   

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabell, take my part.   

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,   

I'll lend you all my life to doe you servise.   

Duk. A gainst all fence you doe imporence her,   

Should the knele downe, in mercie of this fact,   

Her Brothers ghost, his passed bed would break,   

And take her hence in horror.   

Mar. Isabell:   

Sweet Isabell, doe yet but knele by me,   

Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll (perke all.   

They say best men are moulded out of faults,   

And for the most, become much more the better   

For being a little bad: So may my husband,   

Oh Isabell! will you not lend a knee?   

Duk. He dies for Claudiu's death.   

Ifab. Most bounteous Sir.   

Look it pleas thee, on this man condemn'd,   

As if my Brother liv'd: I partly thinke,   

A due sincerite governed his deedes,   

Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,   

Let him not die: my Brother had but Judence,   

In that he did the thing for which he did,   

For Angeliu, his A'd: did not ore-take his bad intent,   

And must be burt but as an intent   

That penifi'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects   

Intents, but mereely thoughts.   

Mar. Mercely my Lord.   

Duk. Your sonne's unprofitable: stand vp I say:   

I have bethought me of another fault.   

Provost, how came it Claudiu was beheaded   

At an vnusual howe?   

Pro. It was commanded so.   

Duk. Had you a special warrant for the deed?   

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.   

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,   

Give vp your keyes.   

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,   

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;   

Yet did repent me after more advice.   

For testimonie whereof, one in the prifon   

That should by private order els have dide,   

I have refer'd alie.   

Duk. What's he?   

Pro. His name is Barnardine.   

Duk. I would thou hadst done fo by Claudiu:   

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.   

Efc. I am sorry, one fo learned, and so wise   

As you, Lord Angelo, haue fit appear'd,   

Should flip to grofekelie both in the heat of blood   

And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.   

Ang. I am forre, that such sorrow I procure,   

And to deepe flicks it in my penent heart,   

That I cause death more willingly then mercy,   

'Tis my defenting, and I doe entret.   

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudiu, Julietta.   

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?   

Pro. This my Lord.   

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man.   

Sibha, thou art said to have a flubborne soule   

That apprehends no further then this world,   

And squar'thly life according: Thou'tt condemn'd,   

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,   

And pray thee take this mercie to provide   

For better times to come: Friar advide hum,   

I leave him to your hand. What mufkell fellow's that?   

Pro. This is another prisoner that I faid,   

Who should haue'd it when Claudiu left his head,   

As like almoft to Claudiu, as himfelfe.   

Duk. If he be like your brother, for his fake   

Is he pardon'd, and for your louable fake   

Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,   

He is my brother too: But better time for that:   

By this Lord Angelo perswades he's safe,   

Methunkes I see a quickning in his eye:   

Well Angell, your euiili quts you well.   

Look that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours   

I finde an aperture filion in my felie;   

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,   

You ritha, that knew me for a foule, a Coward,   

One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:   

Wherein haue I so defend'd of you   

That you extoll me thus?   

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spokke it but according to the trick: if you will hang mee for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.   

Duk. Whipt first, first, and hang'd after.   

Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie;   

If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow   

(As I have heard him swear he himselfe there's one whose be goe with childke) let her appear,   

And he shall marry her a nuptiall smalld,   

Let him be whipt and hang'd.   

Luc. I beseech you Highness doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said even now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.   

Duk. Upon
Measure for Measure.

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her.

Thy Flanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preposing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you Marianna, love her Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks good friend, Esualus, for thy much goodness,

There's more behindeth that is more gratulate.
Thanks Provoost for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgue him Anges, that brought you home
The head of Orsino for Claudio's;
The offence pardons it itself. Decet Isabella,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereas if you'll a willing care incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine
So bring vs to our Pallace, where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that meetes you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.
The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the Orpiane.
Esualus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provoost.

Thomas. 3. 2. Priers.
Peter.
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Freeth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clawe.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Bernardine, a dissolute Prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Marianna, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, belov'd of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Queer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.
Enter the Duke of Ephesius, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

To proceed Salias to procure my fall, And by the doome of death end woes and all. Duke. Merchante of Siracusa, plead no more. I am not partial to infringe our Lawes; The enmity and discord which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke, To Merchante our well-dealing Countriemen, Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives, Have speed'd his rigorous justitie with their bloods, Excludes all pity from our thristing looke: For since the mortall and intestine irates Twixt thy sedititious Countriemen and vs, It hath in solemn Synodes beene decreed, Both by the Siracusan and our selues; To admit no trafficke to our aduerse towns: Naymore, if any borne at Ephesius Be seen at any Siracusan Masts and Fayres: Against, if any Siracusan borne Come to the Bay of Ephesius, he dies: His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose, Vnleafe a thousand marks be levied To quit the penalty, and to ransom him: Thy suffisance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount vnto a hundred Marks, Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die. 

Duke. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done, My woes and end like wife with the euen Sonne. This well Siracusan, say in briefe the cause Why thou departest from thy native home? And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesius. 

Merchant. A heuerist taske could not have beene impos'd; Then I to speake my griefes vnspakeable: Yet that the world may witnesse that my end Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, He vster what my sorrow guesse me leave. In Siracusa was I borne, and wedde Into a woman, happy but for me, And by me; had not our hap beene bad: With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas; By prosperit voyages I often made To Epidamnium, till my fathers death, And he great care of goods at tandeon left, Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse; From whom my absence was no fixe monethes old, Before her selfe almost as manned vnder The pleasing punishment that women beare: 

Had made prouision for her following me, And soone, and safe, arrived where I was: There had the not beene long, but the became A joyfull mother of two godly fonnies: And, which was strange, the one so like the other, As could not be distinguis'd but by names. That very houre, and in the selfe same inne, A meane woman was deluered Of such a birthen Male, twins both alike: Tho's, for their parents were exceeding poore, I bought, and brought vp to attend my fonnies. Made daily motions for our home return: 

Vnwillin' I agreed, alas, too soonne we came aboord. A league from Epidamnium we had saile Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe Gave any Tragicke incincte of our harme: But longer did we not retaine much hope; For what obscure the heavens did grant, Did but conuay vnto our fearfull minds A doubfull warrant of immediate death, Which though my felse would gladly have imbrac'd, Yet the inceflant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what the saw minst come, And pittose playings of the prettie babes That moun'd for fashion, ignorant what to fea, Forbid me to feeke delays for them and me, And this it was: (for other meanes was none) The Sailors fought for safety by our boate, And left the flipp then sticking ripe to vs. My wife, more careful for the latter boate, Had eathen him vnto a small (pare) Maft, Such as fear-faring men prouide for stormes: To him one of the other twains was bound, While I had beene like headd full of the other, The children thus dispis'd, my wife and I, Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix, Fasting our felues at eyther end the snall, And floating straight, obedient to the fireame, Was carri'd towards Corinth, as we thought, At length the fonne gazsing on the earth, Dispers'd those vapours that offended vs, And by the benefite of his wished light The seas was calm, and we discouer'd Two shippe from farre, making amaine to vs: Of Corinth that, of Epidamnium this, But ere they came, oh let me say no more, Gather the sequell by that went before. 

Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not break offo, 

H For
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pity, though not pardon thee,
Our helpfull ship was split in the miffid;
That in this vnii'd divorce of vs,
Our helpfull ship was split in the midft;
So that in this vnii'd divorce of vs,
Our helpfull ship was split in the midft;
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What so delight in, what to forrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With leffer weight, but not with leffer woe,
Was carried with more speede before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fiferemen of Corsiah, as we thought.
A length another ship had feiz'd on vs.
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guestes,
And would have ref't the Fiferemen of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very flow of faile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus hauing you heard mee fouer'd from my bifide,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell flad fortunes of my owne mishapes,
Duke. And for the take of them thou forrowe for
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What hauing befalne of them and they till now.
My young boy being my life,
At eighteen yeares became inquiuisite.
After his brother; and importünd me
That his attendent, to his cafe was like,
Reft of his brothr, but retaund his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in faruha Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coafling homeward, came to Ephesius:
Hopefull to finde, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men;
But here must end the flory of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hopefull Egeon whom the fates have marke
To beare the extremite of dire mishap:
Now truft me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disfauour,
My soule should fap as adequate for thee;
But though thou art aduudged to the death,
And past fentence may not be reeld
But to our honours great dispragament:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To feeke thy helpe hy beneficall helpes,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesius,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the fumme,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Layler, take him to thy cuftodie.
Layler. I will my Lord.
March. Hopefull and helpefull doth Egeon wend,
But to procrastinate his huelell end.

Enter Antipholus Ereses, a Marchant and Dromo
Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Let that your goods too Soon bee conforme:
This very day a Syrene Marchant
Is apprehended for a riall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe bear it to the Centaure, where we haft,
And stay there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time.
Till that Ile view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and fiapce within mine laine,
For with long transtall I am fliffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeed, hauing so good a mean.

Ant. A truffle villains fir, that very off.
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry lyes:
What will you walke with me about the town,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E. Mar. I am assured for to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benef:[
I eauze your pardon, foonie at flue a clocke,
Pleaze you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time.
My prefent buineffe calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will bee loofo my felfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnfeene, inquiiusite) confounds himfelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhaappe) looke my felfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesius.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so foonie?
E. Dro. Return'd do foonie, rather approache too later:
The Capon bures, the Pig falls from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Miftiris made it one upon my cheeke:
She is fo hot because the meate is cold:
The meate is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no flomacke:
You have no flomacke, having broke your fait:
But we that know what 'tis to fait and pray,
Are pennisent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde, fir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh lixe pence that I had a weekefaft left,
To pay the Sadler for my Miftiris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I leapt it not. Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne cuftodie.
E. Dro. I pray you left sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Miftiris come to you in poft:
If I returnes I shall be poft indacted.
The Comedie of Errors.

For the will scarce your fault vpon my parte:
Me thinkes your note, like mine, should be your Cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come Dramio, come, thefe lays are out of season,
Refere them till a merrier hourte then this:
Where is the gold I gaine in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me sir? why you gaine no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you to the Mart
Home to your house, the Phænix fir, to dinner;
My Mistresse and her fifteen slaves for you,

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bellow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie coaste of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndisposed
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?

E.Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistresse markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.

If I should pay your worship those agains,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistresse makerwhat Mistresse haue thou?
E.Dro. Your worship's wife, my Mistresse at the Phænix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And prays that you will howe you home to dinner.

Ant. What will thou floute me thus into my face
Being forbid? There take you that fit knave.

E.Dro. What meanes you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not sit, He take your heels.

Enter Dramio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some devise or other,
The villain is one-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cofenage:
As nimble fugers that deceus the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soules-killing Witches, that deform the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, praing Mountebanks;
And monie such like libertyes of finne:
Hit proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ie toke the Centaur to goe fecke this flawe,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

A Tus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Sceptrus, with Lucian a her Sifter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the flawe return'd,
That in fuch haste I fent to fecke his Master?
Sure Luciana is it too a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath intituated him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner?
Good Sifter let vs dine, and newer fret;
A man is Master of his libertine:
Time is their Master, and when they fee time,
They'll goe or come if so, be patient Sifter.

Adr. Why shouldest thouls their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse flue lies out adore.

Adr. Howke when I flerce him to, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but ates will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong libertie is laffet with woe:
There's nothing situate under heauen's eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjicet, and at their controules:
Man more duiue, the Master of all thefe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde warre fea,
Indue with intelli-gent fence and fouler,
Of more preeminence then fift and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accordes.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some way
Luc. Ere I learn a loue, I praffe to obey.

Adr. How if your husband flart fome other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience vnnow'd, no maruel though the paufe,
They can be mecke, that have no other caufe:
A wretched soulue brui'd with aduerseite,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdened with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our felues complaines:
So thou that haue vnkindne more to greeue thee,
With virgine helpelesse patience would releue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foolo-beb'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Why, I will many one day but to trie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dramio Ep.

Adr. Say, is your tardie matter now at hand?

E.Dro. Nay, he's at too hands with mee, and that
My two cares can witnisse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Belthrew his hand, I feare could vnderfand it.

Luc. Speake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not felle
his meaning.

E.Dro. Nay, he strooke so plainly, I could too well
feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
vnderfand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, is he coming home?
It feemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistrefle, sure my Master is home mad.

Adr. Home mad, thou wildone?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is Darke mad:
When I defc'd 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 meate doth burne, quoth I; my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I; my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villain?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistrefle, fir, quoth I; hang vp thy Mistrefle:
I know not thy mistrefle, out on thy mistrefle.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistrefle: so that my errant due into my tongue,
I thank him, I bare howe vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go backe againe, thou flawe, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe against, and be new besten home e
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H S

Adr. Backe
The Comedie of Errors.

Adr. Backe flawe, or I will breake thy pate a-croffe.

Dro. And he will bleffe a croffe with other beating?

Betw. They, you shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence pratting prentant, feach thy Master home.

Dro. A I for round with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you doe fparre me thus;

You fparre me hence, and he will fparre me hither,

If I left in this fervice, you must cafe me in leather.

Luc. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adr. His company muft do his minions grace,

Whil'ft I at home ftrake for a merrie looke:

Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke

From my poore face? then he hath wafted it.

Are my difcourfes dull? Barren my wit,

If voluntar and chacde difcourfe be mar'd,

Vnhindreffe blamin more then marble hard.

Does your gay vfements his affections buze?

That's not my fault, hee's master of my flate.

What ruines are in me that can be found,

By him not ruin'd? Then is the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,

A funnie looke of his, would fooner repaire.

But, too vnruely Deere, he breaks the pale,

And feedes from home; poore I am but his flate.

Luc. Selfe-harming leafoonie; he beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,

elf, what lets it but he would be here?

Sifer, you know he promis'd me a chaine,

Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,

Shall he would keepe faire quarter with his bed

I fee the Jewell beft enameled.

Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still

That others touch, and often touching will.

Where gold and no man that hath a name,

By fallhood and corruption doth it frame:

Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,

Hee wepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luc. How manie fond fooleis ferue mad I'mouide.

Enter Antipheus Errors.

Ant. The gold he came to Dromio is laid vp.

Safe at the Centaur, and the headfull flawe

Is wandred forth in care to feeke me out

By computation and more hisps report.

I could not speake with Dromio, fince at fift

I fent him from the Mart; fee he he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracufia.

How now fir, is your metrie humor alter'd?

As you loue stroakes, fo left with me againe;

You know no Centaur? you receiued no gold?

Your Miftrefte fent to haue me home to dinner?

My houfe was at the Phaenus? Wait thou mad,

That thofe madly thou did did not fay me?

S. Dro. What anfwer fir? when fpeak I fuch a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an houre fince.

S. Dro. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence.

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didft denye the golds receit,

And toldfme of a Miftrefte, and a dinner,

For which I hope thou fentl I was displaide.

S. Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,

What meanes this left, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yes, doft thou seeke & flowe me in the teeth?

Thinkft thou left hold, take thou that, & that.

Beast Dro.

S. Dr. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your left is earneth,

Vpon what bargain do you give it me?

Antips. Because that I familialie sometimmes

Do vifit you for my foole, and chat with you,

Your favincusfe will left upon my love,

And make a common of my ferioue bowres,

When the funne fhines, let foolish guins make sport,

But creepe in currences, when he hides his beautes:

If you will left with me, know my apect,

And fashion your demeaner to my lookses.

Or I will beat this method in your fonce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batte-

ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vfe thee blows long,

I must get a fconce for my head, and Inconce it to,

Or else I fhall feek my wit in my foulders, but I pray fir,

why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I tir, and wherefore; for they fay, every why

had a wherfore.

Ant. Why firft for flowing me, and then wherefore,

for wring it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever ane man thus beaten out of

reason, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither

time nor reafon. Well fir, I thank you

Ant. Thank me fir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry fir, for this fomething that you gave me

for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing

for fomething. But fay fir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No fir, I thinkke the next wants that I have

Ant. In good time fir what's that?

S. Dro. Baffing.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be dine.

S. Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?

S. Dro. Left it make you chollerick, and purchafe me

another drie baffing.

Ant. Well fir, leaue to eat in good time, there's a

time for all things.

S. Dro. I durft haue denied that before you were fo

chollerick.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S. Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald

pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's hearre it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire

that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fince for a percow, and recover

the loft haire of another man.

Ant. Why is, Time fuch a naggard of haire, being (as it is)

so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blefling that bee beftowes on

beauties, and what he hath camer them in haire, hee hath

gotten them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there manie a man hath more hair

then wit.

S. Dro. No man of hafte; but he hath the wit to lose

his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain deal-

ers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the fooner loeft; yet he lo-

ofheth it in a kinde of illitic.

Ant. For what reafon.

S. Dro. For two, and found ones to.
Enter Adriana and Lucius.

Adri. I, I. Antipodes, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Miftris hath thy sweet spechts:
I am not Adriana, not thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were muftake to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer next sweet-fauor'd in thy taffe.
Vnleffe I fpeak, or looke'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eftranged from thy felves?
Thy felves I call it, being obftrang to me:
That vn dividable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere felves better part.
Ah do not tear away thy felves from me;
For know my loue: ere faift thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking grife,
And take vn mingled theene that drop againe
Without addition or diminifhing,
As take from me thy felle, and not me too.
How dcreer would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shall thou then but feare I were licenous?
And that this body conferare to thee,
By Russian Luff shou'd be compaminate?
Wouldft thou not fpit at me, and fpmne at me,
And breake the name of husband in my face,
And reare the fain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my felle hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-discouring vow?
I know thou canft, and therefore fece thou doeft.
I am poftife with an adulterce blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of luft:
For if we two be one, and thou play falle,
I doe digeft the poifon of thy fluth,
Being frumpted by thy conrage
Keepen then faire league and truete with thy true bed,
I like dinftime, thou vn divinifhed.
Antip. Plea'd you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesius I am but two hours old
As strange vnto your town, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being fecn'd,
Waint with in all one word to underfand.
Luc. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you?
When were you wont to vife my fifter thus?
She fene for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didft return from him.
That he did bufet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you conversate with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dros. I f, I never faw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou leflet, for even her verie words,
Didft thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dros. I never fpake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can the thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleffe I be by impofition.
Adri. How ill aggrees it with your gracie,
To counterfeit thus grozely with your face,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fatten on this fleue of thine:
Thau art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whole weakeflne married to thy stronger flate,
Makes me with thy flrength to communicate:
I fought poftelle thee from me, it is droffe,
Vifpering Lucre Orife, or idle Mofle,
Who all for want of pruming, with intrufion,
Infet thy fap, and live on thy confufion.
Ant. To me fice fpeakes, fiche mooves mee for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I hear all this?
What eur do drivies our eies and ears amiff?
Vntill I know this fure ucertaintie,
Ile entertaine the frende fallacie.
Luc. Dromio, goe bid the fervants fpred for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I croufe me for a dinner.
This is the faire land, oh flight of sights,
We talkle with Gobulus, Owles and Spreights;
If we obey them not, this will infue:
They'll fucce our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ft thou to thy felle, and answer not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou fnaile, thou flug, thou fai.
S. Dros. I am transformed Master, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in minde, and so am I.
S. Dros. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou haft thine owne forme.
S. Dros. No. I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, tis to an Affe.
S. Dros. Tis true she rides me, and I long for graffe.
Tis fo, I am an Afe, elfe it could never be,
But I shou'd know her as well as she knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eye and weape;
Whil'st man and Mafter laughes my woes to forne:
Come fit to dinner, Dromio keeps the gate;
Husband doe dine about with you to day,
And thrive you of a thousand idle grankes.
S. Dros. Sirra, if any ask you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come fitter, Dromio play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduifde:
Knowe what to fay, and to my felfe difguifed:
Woe fay as they fay, and perufe fo:
And in this mift at all adventures go.
S. Dros. Master, Shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaff I brake your pate
That this is not an Afe.
Luc. Come, come, Antipodes, we dine to late.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse us all, My wife is fireswell when I keep not howres; Say that I linger'd with you at your shop To fee the making of her Caroanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charged him with a thousand marks in gold, And that I did enemy my wife and house. Thou drunkard thou, what dost thou meane by this ?
E. Dro. Say what you wil say, but I know what I know. That you beat me at the Mart I hau'e your hand to sow; If my skin were pquaret, & y'know you were myk. Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E. Ant. I thinke thou art an affe.
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appear.
By the wrongs I suf're, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kickt, and being at that place, You would keepes from my heeler, and beware of an affe. E. Ant. V'art fid signor Balthasar, pray God our cher. May answer my good will, and my good welcome here. Bel. I hold your dainties cheap fur, & your wellcom deer.
E. Ant. Oh signior Balthasar, either at flesh or fish.
A table full of wellcome, makes some one dainty dish.
Bel. Good meat fit is common that every house affords.
Ant. And welcome more common, for that nothing but words.
Bel. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie leafe.
Ant. I, to a muggishly hoft, and more sparing guest; But though my cares be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart. But loffe, my doore is lockt, goe bid them let vs in.
E. Dro. Truthe signior Balthasar, no bourn.
S. Dro. Mame, Mistletoe, Capon, Coxcombe, Iddiot, Patch, Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch : Doft thou coniure for wenches, that I call for suchtoore. When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porters? my Master stays in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left he catch cold on his feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within thare? has open the doore.
S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me whether.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep't mee out from the bowse I love?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time sir, and my name is Dromes.
E. Dro. O villain, thou hast done both mine office and my name,
The one never got me credit, the other mickle blame
If thou hadst bene Dromes to day in my place,
The Comedy of Errors

1. 

For six his without a science, a sow without shelter, 
If a crown help viv a fires, we'll pluck a crow together. 

Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron Crow. 
Balb. Be at peace, sir, let me not be so, 
Herein you warre against your reputation, 
And draw within the compass of suspicion. 

Th'envioulated honor of your wife. 
Once this your long experience of your wife's doings, 
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty. 
Placed on your part some cause to you unknown; 
And doubt not sir, but she will well escape 
Why at this time the dores are made against you. 
Be ruled by me, depart in patience, 
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner, 
And about evening come your selfe alone, 
To know the trefem of this strange restraint. 
If by strong hand you offer to break in 
Now in the fluring passage of the day, 
A vulgar comment will be made of it; 
And that suppos'd by the common rout, 
Against your yet vanguiled clamour. 
That may with foule intrusion enter in, 
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; 
For flanger lies up vpon facefrom; 
For euery wound, when e't gets passion, 
And you have presv'd, I will depart in quiet, 
And in despit of mirth means to be marry: 
I know a wench of excellent discourse, 
Prattie and witty; wise, and yet too gentle. 
There will we dine: this woman that I mean 
My wife (but I protest without defect). 
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall: 
To her will we to dinner, get you home 
And fetch the chaine, by this I know tis made, 
Bring it I pray you to the Porportine, 
For there's the house: That chaine will I beflow 
(But e't for nothing but to plight my wife) 
Upon mine houfets there, good sir make haste: 
Since mine owne donte et relute to entertaine me, 
Ie knockes e're, where, to see if they'll defend me. 

Ag. Ie meet you at that place some howre hence. 
Ant. Do so, this left shall cost me some expence. 

Enter Iullian, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Indus. And may it be that you have quite forgot 
A husbands office? shall Antipholus 
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot? 
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate? 
If you did wed my fitter for her wealth, 
Then for her wealths-sake vie her with more kindnesse: 
Or if you like else-where doest it by stealth, 
Muffer your false love lose with some fiew of blindness: 
Let not your fitter read it in your eye: 
Be not thy tongue thy owne shame Orator: 
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disfloyaltie: 
Apparel vice like vertues harbinger: 
Bear a faire presence, though your heart be tainted, 
Teach finne the carriage of a holy Saint, 
Be secret falfe: what need the be acquainted? 
What fimple thiefes brags of his owne attaine? 
Tis double wrong to truants with your bed, 
And let her read it in thy lookes at board: 
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed, 
I'll deeds is doubled with an euill word: 
Alas poore women, make vs not belceue 
(Being compatt of credit) that you love vs, 

Though others have the arme, shew vs the scieue 
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs. 
Then gentle brother get you in againe; 
Comfort my fitter, cheer she, call her wife: 
'Tis holy spott to be a little vein, 
When the sweet breath of fitterle conqueers fittre. 

S. Ant. Sweete Miflirs, what your name is elfe I 
know not; 
Norby what wonder you do bit of mine: 
Left in your knowledge, and your grace you shoue not, 
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine. 
Teach me deree creature how to think and speake: 
Lay open to my earlie grosse conceit: 
Smothred in errors, feeleth, shallow, weake, 
The fouled meaning of your words deceit. 
Against my soulers pure truth, why labour you, 
To make it wander in an unknowne field? 
Are you a god? would you create me new? 
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ie yeld 
But if that I am, then well I know, 
Your weeping fitter is no wife of mine, 
Nor to her bed no hommage doe I owe: 
Fare more, fare more, to you doe I decline: 
Oh thaine may not swerre: Mermaid with thy note, 
To drowne me in thy fitter floud of tears: 
Singe Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote: 
Spread ore the fisuer wantys thy golden haires; 
And as a bud Ie take thee, and there lie: 
And in that glorious supposition thinke, 
He gains by death, that hath such meanes to die: 
Let Love being light, be drownded if the sinke. 

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so? 

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how doe I doe not know. 

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie. 

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire fun being by. 

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleare 
your sight. 

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night. 

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my fitter so. 

Ant. Thy fitter fitter. 

Luc. That's my fitter. 

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part: 
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deere heart; 
My fode, my fortune, and my sweete hopes ame: 
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claim: 

Luc. All this my fitter is, or eifie should be. 

Ant. Call thy fitter fitter, sweet, for I am thee: 
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life; 
Thou haue no husband yet, nor I no wife: 
Give me thy hand. 

Luc. Oh sotr fir, hold you fill: 
Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will. 

Exit. 

Enter Dromio, Siracusa. 

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where runt thou so 
fall? 

S. Drov. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my feller? 

Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy feller. 

Drov. I am a man, I am a womans man, and besides my feller. 

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy feller? 

Drov. Marrie sir, besides my feller, I am due to a woman: One that claims me, one that hunts me, one that will haue me. 

Ant. What
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What blame laies the to thee?

Dro. Mary he, such blame as you would lay to your horse, and shee would have me as a beast, not that I bear a beast she would have me, but that she being a verry beauteous layes blame to me.

Ant. What is thee?

Dro. A very reverent body: I fuch a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say fur reuerence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doth thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Mary he, she's the Kitchin wench, & al graffe, and I know not wha 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 she lives till doomsday, 'twill burne a weke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is the of?

Dro. Swart like my shoos, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she swats a man may goe ouer-shoos in the game of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No fir, it's in graine, Neat's flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell-Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Elv and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then the bears some breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippoc to hippoc: the is sphæral, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Mary fir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bagges.

Ant. Whose Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palace of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and recurred, making ware against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffs, but I could find no whitenesse in them, But garrie, it's flood in her chin by the falt rhume that ranne betweene France, and it.

Ant. Where Spain?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh fir, upon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Affetto the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carraoes to be ballast at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh fir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Dower laid claim to mee, call'd mee Dreame, (wore was affurd to her, told me what priuie marks I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I think, if my brest had no beene made of faith, and my heart of blood, she had transform'd me to a Curial dog, & made me turne i'th wheels.

Ant. Go thee thence presently post to the zode, And if the windes blowe any way from shore, I will not harbore in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Maret.

Where I will walke till thou returne to me: If everie one knowes vs, and we know none, Tis time I thinke to drudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. At from a Beare a man would run for life, So fie I from her that would be my wife.

Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabit here. And therefore this be the time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, even my soule Dost for a wife abhor. But her faire fitter Poffet with such a gentle fourieraigne grace, Of such impending presence and discoure, Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: But lest my selfe be guilty to felle wrong, I flie stop mine estes against the Mermaids song.

Enter Anges with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well I, loe here's the chaine, I thought to have thee at the Perpetuues, The chaine vnfinisht made me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe for: I haue made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me? I, before it not.

Ang. Not once, not twice, but twenty times you have: Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And come at supper time Ile visit you, And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you for receiue the money now, For feare you be thee chaine, nor many more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well. Exit.

Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell. But this I thinke, there's no man is to vaine, That would refuse to faire an offer'd chaine I see a man bee needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meeseles fuch Golden gifts: Ille to the Maret, and there for Dromio stay, If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit

Albus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Peneceoff the sum is due, And since I have not much import'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Perfuas, and want Gilders for my voyage Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even in't the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus, And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, at tisue a clocke I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Eplis/Dromio from the Countires. Off. That labour may you fam'e: See where he comes. Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou And
Enter Adriana and Lucio.  

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.  

Adr. He meant he did me none the more my sight.  

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.  

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.  

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.  

Adr. And what said he?  

Luc. That loute I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.  

Adr. With what persuasifion did he tempt thy love?  

Luc. With words, that in an honest fute might move.  

First, he did praise my beautye, then my speach.  

Adr. Did it-issue he faire?  

Luc. Have patience I beseech.  

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,  

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,  

ill-fac'd, worse bodied, that eclips every where.  

Vicious, vengeful, foolish, blunt, vain-kinde,  

Stigna.
The Comedie of Errors.

Adr. Ah but I think him better then I say: And yet would herein others eiecs were worse: Faree from her heft the Lapwing cries away; My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here goe: the deike, the purfe, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How haft thou loft thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell: A diuell in an everlastling garment hath him; On whose hard heart is button'd vp with fleece: A Feind, a Fairie, pitifule and ruffe: A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in bufe. A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermads The paffages of alleis, creekes, and narrow lands A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well, One that before the Judgment carries poor foules to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, he's reft on the eafe.

Adr. What is he accosted? tell me at whose foule?

S. Dro. I know not at whose foule he is accosted well; but is in a foule of bufe which refted him, that can I tell, will you send him Misstris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sifer: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt: Tell me, was he accosted on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing: A chaine, a chaine, do you not here it ring.

Adr. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone: It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The hours come backe, that did I neere here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any house meete a Serjeant, a turns backe for verie feare.

Adr. As if were came in debts: how fondly do'th thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankmoun, and owes more then he's worth to feaon. Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say, That time comes fhealing on by night and day. If I be in debt and thefe, and a Serjeant in the way, Hath he not reason to turne backe an hour in a day?

Exit Luciana.

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Enter Antipholus Strateshe.

There's not a man I meete but doth faulte me. As if I were their well acquainted friend, And caste one doth call me by my name: Some tender monie too me, one inuite me; Some other giue me thankes for kindneffes: Some offer me Commoditie to buy, Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop, And shou'd me Silkes that he had bought for me, And therswithall tooke meafure of my body. Sure these are but imaginacie wiles, And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Drome Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what haue you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam do'th thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prisons, hee that goes in the calzes-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behind you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you forfay your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No why'z a plaine eafe: he that went like a Bafe Viole in a cafe of leather: the man fir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a bob, and refets them: he fir, that takes pittie on decaed men, and giues them foules of durance: he that fets vp his reft to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pikes.

Ant. What thou mean'ft it officer?

S. Dro. Sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that thinkes a man alwayes going to bed, and fees, God giues you good reft.

Ant. Well fir, there reft in your pocket:

If there any fhips putt forth to night: may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an house fince, that the Barkes Experifion putt forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the Hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you feent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellows is diuerte, and so am I, And here we wander in illufions:

Some bleffed power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Curtian.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus: I fee fir you have found the Goldsmith now.

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?

Ant. Satan sueide, I charge thee remt monet, not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Misstris Sathun?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, the is woules, the is the diuels dam: And here the comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wench's fay God dam me, That's as much to fay, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wench's will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruialous merrie fir.

Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expetd spoon-meste, or bespeake a long poone.

Ant. Why Dromio?

S. Dro. Marse he must haue a long poone that must eate with the diuell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tell thou me of sup.

Thou art, as you are all a for creffe: (pang)

I confirme thee to lease me, and be goon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you hath at dinner.

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd, And Ile be gone fir, and not trouble you,

S. Dro. Some diuels ake but the parings of esnaife,
The Comedie of Errors.

a rush, a hurr, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-
stone: but the more courteous, would have a chaine: Ma-
ter be wise, and if you give it her, the diuell will shak
her Chaine, and fright e't with it.

Cur. I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
y hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. Ayant thou witch: Come Dreamies let vs go.

S. Dro. Fie pride saries the Pea-cocke, Misfris that
you know.

Cur. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Elle would he never so demean himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth forste Duckets,
And for the fame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present influence of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fit,
On purpose that the doores against his way:
My way is now to his home to his houle,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my houle, and tooke perperce
My Ring away. This course I firste choose,
For forste Duckets is too much to loofe.

Enter Antipholus Epis. with a tailor.

An. Fear me not man, I will not break away,
Ile give thee eere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am resolv'd for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be strach'd in Ephefus,
I tell you twill found harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Epis. with a roper end.

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the monie.
How now fit? Haue you that I lent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why fit, I gav the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villainse for a rope?

E. Dro. I lefe you fit five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee here he home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end fit, and to that end am I re-
turn'd.

Ant. And to that end fit, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good fit be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adver-
sitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whareon senfelesfe Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senfelesfe fit, that I might
not feel thy blows.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and
so is an Affe.

E. Dro. I am an Affe indeede, you may passe it by
my long ears. I have sete them from the houre of my
Natiuite to this instant, and have nothing at his hands
for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heateth me
with beating: when I am warme, he cooleth me with
beating: I am kow'd with it when I deep in it, rais'd with
it when I fit, drawn out of doors with it when I goe
home, welcomed home with it when I return home.

I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wooten her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lank'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Corinna, and a Schoole-
master, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-
der.

E. Dro. Misfris refutes sound, refεπt your end, or ra-
ther the prophetic like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talkes?

Dro. Breat Dro.

Cur. How lay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Ant. His incivility confirme no lesse;
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conurer,
Eftablish him in his true fence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, sod how harpe he lookes.

Cur. Mark, he now trembles in his cafe.

Pinch. Give me your hands, and let me feel your
pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee Nathan, how's within this man,
To yeeld pooffession to my hollie priates,
And to thy state of darknesse thee straitly,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace douring wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Ant. Oh that thou wert not, poor disaffrested soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are cherte your Cullomers?
Did this Companion with the fash on face

Reuell and feath it at my house to day,

While'll upon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you didn't at home
Where you would have remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these flanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Did didn't at home? Thou Villaine, what say'sst thou!

Dro. Sir tooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not the her selfe reuite me there?

Dro. San't Fable, fie her selfe reuite you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen inside sail, staff, and

scorne me?

Dro. Ceris she did, the kitchin vethfell scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I rage deport from thence? <

Dro. In vertie you did, my bones besaces wintriffle,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. 1st good to footh him in these courataries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vain,

And yeelding to him, humors well his frenchie.

Ant. Thou haft subborn'd the Godsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas, I lent you Monie to redeeme you,

By Dromio here, who came in hafft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might

But sirely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Went't not thou ther for a purse of Duckets.

Dro. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am wintriffle with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker bear me wintriffle,

That I was tant for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Misfris, both Man and Master is posset,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks,

They
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laied in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why doest thou denye the bagge of gold?

Agr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr. I receiv'd no gold:

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Dissembling Villain, thou speakest false in both.

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned packe,

To make a loathsome subject before me:

But with these naites, I plucke out these false eyes,

That would behold in this shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him:

Hee pruinse.

Agr. Oh bind he, binde him, let him not come neere me.

Punch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you morethou, thou tailor thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Matters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Punch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Agr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?

Haft thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and diferpleasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Agr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Bare me forthwith unto his Creditor,

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Mater Doctor fee him safe convoy'd

Home to his house, oh most whappy day.

Agr. Oh most whappie trumpet.

Dro. Mater, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Agr. Out on thee Villain, wherefore dost thou mad mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Mater, cry the divell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly doe they talke.

Adr. Go bear he hence, fitter go you with me:

Say now, what sue is the arreasted at?


Off. One Angelo's Goldsmith, do you know him?

Agr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Agr. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him:

Agr. He did bynde a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Curt. When as your husband all in rage to day

Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,

Of the Ring I saw upon his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Agr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.

Come tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Sirachus with his Raper drame,

and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Agr. And come with naked swords,

Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.

Knaue all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exeunt errors, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Countour, fetch our flixe from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith flay here this night, they will surely do vs no harme:

you faw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:

me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claims mariage of me,

I could finde in my heart to flay here full, and turne Witch.

Ant. I will not flay to night for all the Towne,

Therefore away, to get our flixe aboard. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindered you,

But I protest he had the Chaine of me,

Though mott dishonestly he doth denye it.

Mar. How is the man eell'd here in the Citie?

Gold. Of very eserent reputation sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,

Second to none that liues here in the Citie:

His word might bære my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speak softly, yonder as I think he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio again.

Gold. This is to: and that false chaine about his necke,

Which he former moft monstrosely haue.

Good sir draw neere to me, I le speake to him:

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandal to your selfe,

With circunstance and oaths, so to denye

This Chaine, which now you were to openly,

Befide the charge, the shame, imprisonement,

You have done wrong to this my honnest friend,

Who but for flaying on our Contourette,

Had hoffit fale, and put to sea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I think he had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denye it or forsware it?

Mar. These cares of mine thou knowst did thee see:

Fire on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st

To walke where any honnest men refert.

Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeche me thus,

Ile prouce mine honor, and mine honettie

Against thee prouently, if thou darst stand:

Mar. I dare and do defea thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courteync for others.

Agr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,

This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoeld.

Exeunt to the Priorie. Enter.
Enter Lady Abbess.

_A._ Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

_Lady._ To fetch my poor disconsolate husband hence.

_A._ You came in, that we may bind him fast, and bear him home for his recovery.

_Gold._ I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

_Mar._ I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

_A._ How long hath this possession held on him. This week he hath been so sober, sober I say, and much different from the man he was:

_But till this afternoon his passion

_Ne_ broke into extremity of rage.

_A._ Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of seas, buried some dear friends, hath not else his eye

_Stepy._ His affection in want of love, a fine pre-taining much in youthfull men, who give their eyes the liberty of going.

_Which of these sorrowes is he subject too?_ 

_A._ To none of these, except it be the last, namely, some love that drew him off from home.

_Lady._ You shou'd for that have reprehended him.

_A._ Why so I did.

_A._ But not rough enough.

_A._ As roughly as my fowlfele would let me.

_Happily in private._

_A._ And in assemblies too.

_A._ I, but not enough.

_A._ It was the copie of our Conference.

_In bed he slept not for my yirling it.

_A._ At board he fed not for my yirling it:

_A._ Alone, it was the subject of my Theme:

_In company I often glanced it:

_Still did I tell him, it was wild and bad._

_A._ And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

_The venome clamors of a jealous woman,

_Poisons more deadly than a mad dogges tooth._

_It feemes his sleepes were hindered by thy railing,

_And thereof comes it that his head is light._

_Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy brailles

_Sweet recreactions batt'd, what doth ensue

_But moodie and dally melancholy,

_Kinman to grim and comfortlesse displeare,

_And at her heltes a huge infecious troope

_Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

_In food, in sport, and life-prefering rest

_To be diffus'd, would mad or man, or beast:

_The confluence is then, thy jealous fis

_Hath fear'd thy husband from the vfe of wits._

_Luc._ She never reprehended him but mildly.

_When he demand'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

_Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?_ 

_A._ She did betray me to my owne reproofe.

_Good people enter, and lay hold on him._

_A._ No creature enters in my house.

_A._ Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

_A._ Neither: he tooko this place for sanctuary,

_And is fhall prulidg him from your heads,

_Till I have brought him to his wits againe,

_Or loose my labour fruitfully._

_A._ I will attend my husband, be his nurse, and

_Die the sicknesse, for it is my Office,

_And will have no attorney but my felfe,

_And therefore let me haue him home with me._

_A._ Be patient, for I will not let him sirre,

_Till I haue vs'd the approv'd means I haue,

_With whom solemse addits, drugges, and holy prayers

_To make of him a small man again._

_It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

_A charitable dutie of my order,

_Therefore depart, and leave him here with me._

_A._ I will not hence, and leave my husband here:

_And ill doth becomse your holiness

_To separate the husband and the wife._

_A._ Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

_Luc._ Complain into the Duke of this indignity

_A._ Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,

_And never eile vnsull my teares and prayers

_Have won his grace to come in person hither,

_And take perforce my husband from the Abbess._

_Mar._ By this I thinke the Disposal points at whom

_A._ I'm sure the Duke himselfe in person

_Comes this way to the melancholly vale;_ 

_The place of death, and forrige execution,

_Behinde the ditches of the Abbey here._

_Gold._ Upon what caufe?

_Mar._ To fee a reverent Sirachian Merchant,

_Who put unlockly into this Bay

_Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,

_Beheading publibly for his offence._

_Gold._ See where they come, we wil be old his death

_Luc._ Kneele to the Duke before he pale the Abbey._

Enter the Duke of Ephesus and the Merchand of Sirachian base head, with the Headman, & other Officers.

_Duke._ Yet once againe proclaims it publibly,

_If any friend will pay the fomme for him,

_He shall no die, so much we tender him._

_A._ Judie most fasted Duke against the Abbess.

_Duke._ She is a veruuous and a reverend Lady,

_It cannot be that she hath done the wrong._

_A._ May it please your Grace, Anispolus my husband,

_Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

_At your important Letters this ill day,

_A._ A most outrageous fosc of madnesse tooke him:

_That deplately he burried through the streete,

_With him his boundman, all as mad as he,

_Doing displeasure to the Citizenes,

_By rulning in their houses: bearing thence

_Rings, Jewells, any thing his rage did like.

_Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

_Whilit to take order for the wrongs I went,

_That heere and there his furie had committed,

_A._ I won not, by what strong escape

_He broke from thence that had the guard of him,

_And with his mad attendant and himselfe,

_Each one with itselfe passion, with dawse swords

_Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs

_Che'd vs away: till raising of more aide

_We came againe to bind them: then they fled

_Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,

_And beere the Abbess shuts the gates on vs,

_And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,

_Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence._

_Therefore_
Therefore most gracious Duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. 

_Duke._ Long since thy husband surv’d me in my ways, And lo thee ingag’d a Princess word, When thou didst make him Master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go some of you, knock at the Abbey gate, And bid the Lady Abbeffe come to me; I will determine this before I thrice. 

Euer a Meffenger.

Oh Miftres, Miftres, shift and faue thy selfe, My M’ster and his man are both broke loose, Beasten the Masts a ROUND, and bound the Doctor, Whose head they have stung’d off with brands of fire, And ever as it blazed, they threw on him Great pails of padded myre to quench the haire; My M’ preaches patience to him, and the while His man with Cizens nickes him like a foole: And fure (vaine if you send some prefent helpes) Betweene them they will kill the Comure. 

_Adr._ Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here, And that is false thou deft report to vs, Mift. Mift. on my life I tell you true, That he is breath’d almost since I did fee it. He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you, To scorcht your face, and to disfigue you: 

Cry within. 

Harke, harke, I here heare Miftres, flye, be gone. 

_Duke._ Come forth by me, fear nothing: guard with Halberds. 

_Adr._ Ay me, it is my husband: wintee you, That he is borne aboute miserable, Even now we know’d him in the Abbey here, And now he’s there, I think thought of humane reason. 

_Ever. Antiofphilus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus._ (Fiercely) 

_E.Ant._ Juflice most gracious Duke, oh grant me in: Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I beftride thee in the wars, and cocke Deepre scarce to faue thy life; even for the blood That then I loft for thee, now grant me juflice. 

_Mar.Far._ Vide the fear of death doth make me dote, I fee my fonne Antiofphilus and Dromio. 

_E.Ant._ Juflice (sweet Prince) against Woman there: She whom thou gaueft to me to be my wife; That hath defpif’d and difhonored me, Even in the strength and height of inuiure: Beyond imagination is the wrong That this this day hath thameffe threats on me. 

_Duke._ Discouer how, and thou fhalt finde me iuft. 

_E.Ant._ This day (great Duke) the fhout the doores upon me. 

While the whre Hartlos feafted in my house. 

_Duke._ A greuous fault: say woman, didst thou do? 

_Adr._ No my good Lord. My felfe, he, and my fitter, To day did dine together: So befell my fower, As this is not felle he burneth me withall. 

_Luc._ Ne re as I looke on day, nor feepc on night, But the cels to your Highneffe simplicitue. 

_Gold._ O perjur’d woman! They are both forsworne, In this the Madman iflantly chargeth them. 

_E.Ant._ My Liege, I am advis’d what I fay, Neither disturb’d with the effect of Wine, Nor headie-rath prouss’d with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wittier mad, 

This woman lock’d me out this day from dinner; That Goldsmith there, were he not pack’d with her, Could wintee it: for he was with me then, Who passed with me to go fetch a Chaine, Promifing to bring it to the Porpetnune, Where Bafibaf and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not comming thither, I went to fecke him. In the Street I met him, And in his company that Gentleman 

There did this penur’d Goldsmith Aeware me downe, That this day of his receiv’d the Chaine, Which God he knows, I faw not. For the which, He did arrest me with an Officer: 

I did obey, and fent my Peafant home 

For certaine Duckets: he with none return’d. Then fayrely I befpoke the Officer 

To go in perfon with me to my house. 

By th’ way, we met my wife, her fitter, and a tabble more 

Of wilde Confederates: Along with them They brought one Pincb, a hungry leane-face’d Vllaina; A mere Anatomie, a Mountebanke, 

A thred-bare Juger, and a Fortune-teller, A needy-hollow-ey’d, harp-looking wretch; A living dead man. * This pernicious flave, 

Fostropp tooke on him as a Comure: 

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pufe, And with no-face (as were) out-facing me, Cries out, I was poofte! Then altogether They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence, And in a darke and dankife vault at home 

There left me and my man, both bound together, Till ggnawing with my teeth my bonds in fnder, I gain’d my freedome; and immediately Ran hether to your Grace, whom I befeech 

To give me ample satisfaction. 

For these-deep frame, and great indignities. 

_Gold._ My Lord, in truth, thus far I winne with him: That he did not at home, but was lock’d out. 

_Duke._ But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no? 

_Gold._ He had my Lord, and when he ran in here, These people faw the Chaine about his necke. 

_Bell._ Ife, I will be worne these eafees of mine, Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him, After you first forswore it on the Mart, And thereupon I draw my fword on you, And then you fled into this Abbey here, From whence I thinkke you are come by Maretke. 

_E.Ant._ I neuer came within these Abbey walls, Nor ever did thoudraw thy fword on me: I neuer faw the Chaine, fo beleeve me heauen: And this is false you burneth me withall. 

_Duke._ Why what an irritate impetch is this? I thinkke you all have drunke of Circes cup: If heere you houes him, heere he would haue bin: If he were mad, he would not please to coldly: You fay he did at home, the Goldsmith there Denies that faying. Sirs, what fay you? 

_E.Dre._ Sir he did with her there, at the Porpet- 

殛. 

_Cor._ He did, and from my finger fracht that Ring. 

_E.Art._ Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her. 

_Duke._ Saw’st thou him enter at the Abbey herefor? 

_Cor._ As fute (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace. 

_Duke._ Why this is frasinge: Go call the Abbeffe hither. 

I thinkke you are all maeled, or blake mad.
Exit on to the Abbeys.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, you shall see me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Faith. Is not your name Sirachewam Antoine?
And is it that your Bondman Dromio?

E. Dromio. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he I thank him now is in two my cords,
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Faith. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our felues we do remember of by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Perchus patient, are you sir?

Father. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! grieveth shoul'nd'g me since you saw me last,
And carefull hours with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Acht. Noother.

Fa. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. No trust me faith, nor L.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sist, but I am sure I do not, and whateuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.

Faith. Not know my voice, oh times e trenty
Haft thou so crack'd and splited my poor tongue
In feuen shert yeares, that here my onely fonne
Knowes not my fervice key of vntan'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In fap-consuming Winters drieked snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wafting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe ears a little vie to heare:
All these old witnessed, lesse no more.
Tell me, thou art my fonne Antipholus.

Acht. I never saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But feuen yeares since, in Siracusa boy
Thou knowst we parted, but perhaps my fonne,
Thou ham'lt to acknowledge me in miferie.

Acht. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can wittens with me that it is not fo.
I ne'er was Siracusa in my life

Duke. I tell thee Siracusa, twenty yeares
Have I bin Patron to Antipholus.
Duro. During which time, heene he saw Siracusa:
I fee thy age and dangers make thee doe.

Enter the Abbeys with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbeys. Most mightie Duke, behold aman much wrong'd.

Allgather to hear them.

Acht. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me
Duke. One of these men is genious to the other:
And doth of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who disports them?

S. Dromio. I sit am Dromio, command him away.
E. Drom. I sit am Dromio, pray let me sty.

S. Ant. Egeon set thou not of else his ghost.
The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three years have I but gone in travaile;
Of you my sonnes, and till this present hour
My heavie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativitie,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with me,
After so long greexe such Nativitie.

Duke With all my heart, lie Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dramio's and
two Brothers.

S. Dro. Must I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E A. Dramio, what stuffe of mine haft thou imbarke
S. Dro. Your goods that lay at hoff sit in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Dramio.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. Exit
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my fitter, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their goshipping?
S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Dro. Wee I draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, 
lead thou first
E. Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother: 
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another

FINIS.
Much ado about Nothing.

A Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina. Inogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece with a messenger.

Leonato. I Learne in this Letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon, cometh this Night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice as sweet, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pedro hath performed much honor on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much depend'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnuckle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delivered him letters, and there appears much ioy in him, even fo much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a bag of bitternesse.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great meare.

Leon. A kinde overflour of kindnesse, there are no fates truer, then those that are fo wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping.

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedict of Padua.

Mess. He's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbots. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kill'd? For indeed, I promis'd to ease all of his killing.

Leon. Faith niece, you tace Signior Benedicte too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these warres.

Beat. You had nought vnhall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent Romacke.

Mess. And a good soldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stout with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stout man: but for the stouging well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (ft) mistake my Niece, there is a kind of mercy war between Signior Benedict, & her: they never meet, but ther's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last confict, foure of his huse went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him bare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with yeu next black.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarte now, that will make a voyage with him to the dueell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vp him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the skelter runs preffently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedicte, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You'll ne're run med Nece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicte, Balbafar, and John the jaffard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the like ene of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depst from me, sorrow abides, and happenesse takes his leave.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Benedick. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may gheffe by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her self: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Benedick. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for al Meiffing, as like him as live in.

Leonato. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedicke, no body marks you.

Benedick. What my decre Lady Difdaine! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Difdaine should die, while thee hath such meere food to feed it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must convert to Difdaine, if you come in her presence.

Leonato. Then is curtesie a turne-coute, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Benedick. A deed happinielle to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pernicious Sute, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather here my Dog bare as a Crow, than a man sware he loves me.

Leonato. God keep you my Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall feape a predefinite scratch face.

Beat. Scrattinge could not make it worsie, and twere such a face as yours were.

Leonato. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Benedick. A bird of my tonge, is better than a beast of your.

Leonato. I would my horse had the speed of your tonge, and so good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I have done.

Benedick. You alwaies end with a Ladesterke, I know ou of old.

Leonato. This is the summe of all: Leonato, Signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke; my deere friend Leonato, hath inquired you all, I tell him we shall play here, at the lease a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may de- taine vs longer: I dare sware hee is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leonato. If you sware, my Lord, you shall not be for sworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being re- conciled to the Prince your brothers: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Claudio. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughtier of signior Leonato?

Benedick. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claudio. Is she not so modest young Ladie?

Benedick. Doee you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my coutome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?
Much ado about Nothing.

Benv. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise gu'e her most humble thanks: but that I will have a receipte winded in my forehead, or haue my bugle in an inuisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my felle the right to trust none: and the fince is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will finge a Bachelour.

Pedro. I shall feethe re I die, look pale with lone. Ben. With anger, with ficknefe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with lone: proue that ever I looke more blood with lone, then I will get gaine with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brotheel-houfe for the figne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euery thon doth fail from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bollte like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the frage Bull dote behare the yoke. Ben. The flaughter bull may, but if ever the fensible Benedick beares it, pluckle of the bull horns, and set them in his forehead, and let me be widelie panned, and in fuch great Letters as they write, there is good horfe to hire: let them finifie vnder my figne, here you may fee Benedick the married man.

Clau. If this fhoulde ever happen, thou would be borne mad.

Pedro, Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quamer in Venice, thou wilt quafe for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will tempore with the houses, in the meane time, good Signior Benedick, report to Leonato, command me to him, and tell him I will not faine him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoft matter enough in me forfuch in Embaffage, and fo I commy you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my hiofe, if I had it.

Pedro. The fixt of lute. Your loving friend, Jemond. Ben. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly fasted on neither, ere you floure old ends any further, examine your confidence, and fo I leave you.

Exe. Clau. My Lige, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loute is thinte to teach, teach it but how, And thou fhalt fee how apt it is to learn.

Any hard Lefon that may doe thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any fonne my Lord?

Pedro. No child but Herne, he's his one heire.

Doft thou affec't her Claudio?

Clau. O my Lord.

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldiers eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand Than to drive liking to the name of loute: But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts Have left their places vacant: in their roome Is coming throtfing fent and delicate defires, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero's, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover prefently, A nature the hearer with a booke of words: If thou doft love faire Hero, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wait not to this end, That thou begin'd to twist fo fine a flor?&

Clau. How fweete do you minifer to love, That know loues griefe by his complication! But left my liking might too fodeine feme, I would haue faid it with a longer tranffe. I would have faid it with a longer tranffe.

Ped. What need 9 bridge much broder then the flood? The faireft granit is the necceffite.

Looke what will ferue, is fit: 'tis once, thou loueft,

And I will fit thee with the remedie,

I know we shall have reuelling to night, I will assume thy part in fome difguife,

And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosome I eneglape my heart,

And take her hearing prifoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous race:

Then after, to her father will I breake,

And the conclusion is, thee fhall be thine,

In prachtie let us put it prefently.

Exeunt

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is thy cofen your fon: hath he provifed this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dream not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the evenets flamps them, but they have a good couer: they fhew well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleafed alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince did confider of Claudio that he loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee foule her accordant, hee meant to take the prefent time by the top, and infantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will fend for him, and question him your felle.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dream, till it appears it felle: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if her adventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coollins, you know what you have to doe, O I crye you merry friend, goe you with mee and I will vife your skill good cofen have a care this busie time.

Exeunt

Enter Sir John the Baffard, and Corrado his companion.

Com. What the good yeare my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Job. There is no meaure in the occation that breeth therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Com. You should haue reafon.

Job. And when I haue heard it, what nelling bringeth it?

Com. If not a phefent remedy, yet a patient fufferance.

Job. I wonder that thou (being as thou faith thou an borne vnder Saturne) goeft about to apply a mortal me, to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee fad when I haue caufe, and smile at no mans lefts, eat when I haue fiomanke, and wait for no mans leife: Ipeep when I am drowzie, and tend nor no mans busines, laugh when I am merry, and clawn no man in his humor.

Com. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, till you doe it without controull, you haue of late
late flood out against your brother, and hee hath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe is needfull that you frame the fiction for your owne harneft.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loye from any in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man.) It must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trued with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a club, therefore I have decreeed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Can. Can you make no vfe of your discontent?

John. I will make all vfe of it, for I vfe it only.

Who comes here? what newes Barabith?

Enter Borachio.

Bar. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief on? What is bee for a soole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietness?

Bar. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bar. Even he.

John. A proper fquier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bar. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this t

Bar. Being entertain'd for a perffurer, as I was smoking a mafky roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should vvoe Hero for himselfe, and having obtained her, gue her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displesure, that young fcarr-vp hath all the glorie of my outthrow: if I can crotte him any way, I belefe my fleft evry way, you are both sure, and will affift mine.

Can. To the death my Lord.

John. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: shall we goe proue what to be done?

Bar. We'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Much ado about Nothing.

A New Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tardy that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burnt'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iuft in the mid-way betweene him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and is nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, even more tating.

Leon. Then halfe signior Benedick tongue: in Count John's mouth, and halfe Count Leo's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnlke, and money enough in his purtie, such a man would winnow any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be fo thredw of thy tongue.

Brother. Infall thee's too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more then curt, I shall leffe God sending that way: for it is said, God fends a curt Cow short horns, but to a Cow too curt he fends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will fend you no hornes.

But, if he fend me no husband, for the which bleffing, I am at him vpon my knees evey morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You myght light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? drive him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman: that heath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leffe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for me, and that is leffe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take fipeme in earneft of the Bertoft, and lead his Ape into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill mesure mee like an old Guckold with horns on his head, and fay get you to heaven Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's to place for you, and, so deliver me my Ape, and away to S. Peter: for the heavens, hee fwaytes mee where tie Batchelleris fit, and there line wee as metry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neere, I trufl you will be rafld by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cofens due to make curfe, and ly, as it pleafe you: and yet for all that cosin, let him be handfome fome, or elle make another curfe, and fay, ador, as it pleafe me.

Leonato. Well neere, I hope to fee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of fome other mettall then earth, would it not griue a woman to be over-maitned with fomes piece of valiant duft to make account of her life to a dood of woven marle: no vinkle, ife none: Adams fonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a fine to match in any kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe felicit you in that kinde, you know your answer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woerd o good time: if the Prince beet too important, tell him here is measure in euery thing, & to dance out the anfwe, for here I Hero, wooling, weding, & repeting, is a Scotch jegge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the firstflute is hot and husly like a Scotch jegge (and full as fafticall!) the wedding manner modest, (as a measure) all of state & puncberthy, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace fafter and fafter, till he finkes into his grave.

Leonato.
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudia, and Benedick, and Bathsheba, or dumb'd John, Mackers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? 
Bath. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company, 
Bath. I may say so when I please. 
Pedro. And when plenicd you to say so? 
Bath. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro. My vifor is Phiiesons rofe, within the house is Loue. 
Bath. Why then your vifor shall be thatoacht.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak love. 
Bath. Well, I would you did like me.

Claud. So would not I for your own fake, for I have same ill qualities.

Bath. Which is one? 
Pedro. I say my prayers slow'd.

Bath. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Claud. God match me with a good dauncer.

Bath. Amen.

Claud. And God keep him out of my fight when the dance is done: answcr Clarke.

Bath. No more words the Clarke is answered.

Vilufa. I know you well enough, you are Signior Arthroso.

Ath. At a word, I am not.

Vilufa. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ath. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vilufa. You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Ath. At a word I am not.

Vilufa. Come, come, doo thee thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can parte hide it selfe, & goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so? 
Bened. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who are you? 
Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainsfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signor or Benedick that said so.

Bened. What's he? 
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 
Bened. I pray you what is he? 
Beat. Why he is the Princes isther, a very dull foole, onely his gis is, in decyding imposible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanize, for hee both pleath men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorced me.

Beat. When I know the Gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Bened. Do, do, be't true, there's a companion or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laught) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Pendridge wing faied, for the foole will ease no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bath. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt

Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrew his father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borachio. And that is Claudia, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are verie necere my Brother in his loue, he is enamore d on Hero, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudia. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him sweare his affection.

Bened. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. 

Exeunt. 

Bened. Thus anwere I in name to Benedick, but heare these ill newes with the ears of Claudia: 'Tis certaine io, the Prince woes for himselfe: Friendship is soultant in all other things, Scarc in the Office and affaire of love. Therefore all hearts in loue with their owne tongues, Let curtie eye negotiare for it self, And truthe no Agent: for beautie is a witch, Against whose charmes, faith mellet into blood: This is an accident of hourly proofs, Which I mistrustfull of. Farewell therefore Her. 

Enter Benedick.

Bened. Count Claudia.

Claud. Yes, the same.

Bened. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bened. Even to the next Willow, about your owne businesse, Count: What fashion will you the Gar- land off? About your necke, like an Vluer's chappe? Or under your arm, like a Lieutenants scarfe? Must you were it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I with him joy of her.

Bened. Why that's spoken like an honest Droour, so they fel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold have lerued you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bened. Ho, now you strike like the blindman, was the boy that foule your meate, and you beat the poft.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. 

Exit.

Bened. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he crepe into fedges: But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah! It may be I goe under that title, because I am merrie: yes but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not fo repeate, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that putt's the world into her person, and so gives me out: well, I'll be reengaged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bened.
Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rood, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transfiguration of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he flees it.

Pedro. Will thou make a trufl, a transfiguration? The transfiguration is in the infeeter.

Bene. Yet it had not beene smifhe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue wonne himselfe, and the rod he might haue bestowed on you, who(as I take it) haue flothe his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and roftrone them to the owner.

Bene. If their finging answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her flet is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O the misfuide me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have answered her: my very vifor began to aflume life, and scold with her: she tolle told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Leffer, and that I was duller then a great haw, hudding left upon it, with such im-possible conceiuan upon me, that I froad like a man at a marke, with a whole army shootting at me: shee speaks poynyards, and euer word flabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north flare: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that Adam had left him before he transfirr, she would haue made Hercule haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infennall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while the is here, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a fanyary, and people finne vpon purpoe, because they would goe thither, lo indeed all diLiuent, honor, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudia and Beatrice. Lords, 

Pedro. Look here fire comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any feruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the flightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuice to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of Prefer Johns foot: fetch you a hayre off the great Beaus beard: doe you any em- bullage to the Piggyres, rather then holde three words conference, with this Happy: you have no employment for me? 

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heres a disf I love not, I cannot in-dure this Lady tongue. 

Exit. 

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Bene. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me while, and I gave him vfe for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lofte it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should proue the mother of foolees: I haue brought Count Claudia, whom you fent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? I fike! 

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor fike, nor merry, nor well: but ciuiti Count, ciuiti as an Orange, and some-thing of a jealous complexion.

Bene. If faith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ille be fwoorne, if he be fo, his conceit is fale: heere Claudia, I have weeded in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunee: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, you may to it.

Beat. Speake Count, is your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfect Hesitult of joy, I were but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my flete for you, and dost upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake count, or (if you cannot) fllop his mouth with a kiffe, and let not him speake neither.

Claud. Infanthy Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poor little foole it keeps on the windie side of Care, my cousin tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

Claud. And to the doth confin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes ever y one to the world but I am sun-born'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, rulest I might have another for working-daiets, your Grace is too coldly to waste euerie day: but I brefch your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, beft becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beat. No sere my Lord, my mother cried, but then there was a ftrafe daunt, and vnder that was I borne-cou- sins God giue you joy.

Leon. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Niece, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prison. By my tooth a pleasant Spirited Lady.

Leon. There's listle of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when the sleepeis, and not ever sad thenfor I have heard my daughter say, the hath often dreames of valupineffe, and waketh her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,
married, they would take themselves madde.

Counte Claudio, when mean you to goe to Church?

To morrow my Lord, Time goes on cruches, then Lloue have all his rites

Not till monday, my desire none, which is hence a suit feuen night, and a time too briefe too, to have all things answer minde.

Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe duly by vs, I will in the interim, undertake one of Hercules labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedicks and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, ther with thother, I would have haued it a match, and I doubt not but to passion is, if you three will but minister such affiance as I shall glasse you direcction.

My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

And my Lord,

You and you gentle Hero?

I will doe thy meanest office, my Lord, to helpe my cofin to a good husband.

And Benedick is not the unhopefull left husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved valour, and condemn'd freely, I will teach you how to humoure your cofin, that thee shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with you two helpers, will so prudence on Benedick, that in dispite of his quicke wit, and his queafie (tomake, hee shall fall in love.

Beauties: if we can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the onely love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Enter John and Bérachio.

It is so, the Count Claudio shal marry the daughter of Leonato.

Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

Any barre, any errosse, any impediment, will be medicable to me, I will sitke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes afterwards, ranges evayne with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Not honestly my Lord, but so courteously, that no dishonesty shall appearse in me.

Shew me briefly how.

I think I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

By your leave.

I can at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoynt her to look out at her Ladie chamber window.

What life is there to be the death of this marriage?

The poppy of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose affirmation do you mightly hold vp, to a contumelious fate, such a one as Hero.

What proofs shall I make of that?

Proose enough, to mislike the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for a any other issue?

Onely to displease them, I will endeavour any thing.

Goe then, finde me a meece howse, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of scale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brothers

honour who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to bee enmen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discouered; thus they willsecretly believe this without trial: offer them infames which shall beare no leffe likelihood, than to fee mee at her chamber window, her mee call Margaret, Hero: her mee Margaret terme me Claudio, and bring them to fee this the very night before she intended wedding, for in the meanme time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be abstent, and ther shall appeare such strong and true with Hero disloyality, that insoluite shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Grow this to what auerser issue it can, I will put it in praphise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bethou constant in the accluation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

I will prentinct goo learne their day of marriage.

Enter Benedick alone.

Boy. Signior.

Boy. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy, I am hither already sir.

I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here againe. I doo much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when hee dedicates his behaviours to loue, will after her hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorn, by falling in loue, & such a man is Claudio, I haue known when there was no musicking with him but the drum and the sife, and now had hee rather hear the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would have walkt ten mile afo, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carying the fasion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a fouldier) and now is he turn'd orthographo, his words are a very fantastickl banquet, juft so many strange differes: may I bee so correctted, & fee with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loye may transforme me to an oyter, but I take my oath on it, till he bee made an oyter of me, be shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wife, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich thee shall be, that's certayne: wife, or lie none vertuous, or me never cheepen her: faire, or me never looke on her: midle, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angel of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God, hoo? the Prince and Montague Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacky Wilton.

Come, shall we hearre this musick?

Yea my good Lord: how sill the evening is.

As hufft on purpose to grace harmonie.

Come, see you where Benedick hath hid him selfe?

O very well my Lord: the musick ended, wee'll fit the kid boxe with a penny worth.

Come Balbafor, we'll hearre that song again.

O good my Lord, sace not so bad a voyce, to flander musicke any more then once.

It is the winesse still of excellency,
Much ado about Nothing.

To Claudio. Let no more be said on this matter.

Prince. It is the wisest and most politic.

To put an end to this quarrel, I now pronounce you both free from guilt.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will give.

Since many a wiser doth consider his suit,

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,

Yet will he swear he loves.

Prince. Nay, pray thee come,

Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Balth. Before this I took my notes,

Thieves not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchetous that he speaks,

Noe notes for truth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine sire, now is his foule rauishment, is it not strange that three or four should have foules out of mens bodies? well, a horse for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Into nore more Ladys, nore more Ladys, are they more deceivers than a Sow in the Sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never,

Then sith not so, but let them goe,

And let you��he and beanie,

Concerning all your sounds of war,

Into boy nor noe.

Song no more distantes, song no more,

Of dampe's doth and briny,

The friend of men were ever so,

Since forrmer seft were leasly,

Then sith not so, etc.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill tinge, my Lord.

Prince. No, no, no faith, thou figgest well enough for a whift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howld thus, they would have hung'd him, and I pray God his good bosome boode no mischief, I had as lief he had heard the night-crown, some how that could have come alter it.

Prince. Yeas marry, dost thou hear Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. Exit Balthasar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, I talk on, flate on, the foule fatz. I did neuer think that Lady would have louted any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moost wonderful, that she should fote doct on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behauouris seemd euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? fisa the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an ingred affection, it is past the infinitude of thought.

Prince.—May be the doth but counterfeite.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeite? there was never counterfeite of passion, came to seare the life of passion as the discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion sheweth the

Claud. Raise the hooke well, this fishe will bene.

Leon. What effect doth this Lord? can you, you heard my daughter tell you how

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it bad my Lord, especialy against Benedick.

Bene. If I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knauery cannot fute hide himselfe in such reverence.

Claud. He hath tane this infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath thee made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and sweares the neuer will, that is her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, to you daughter failes: shall I, sate that, she haue so often encountered him with forme, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This failes thee now when there is beginning to write to him, for she'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will the slie in her smocks, till the hauet a shee of paper: my daughter tell us all.

Claud. Now you take of sate of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told vs of

Leon. O when she had write it, & was reading it ouer, she founde Benedick and Beatrice between the sheete.

Claud. That.

Leon. O the cor the letter into a thousand halfpenny, ralied at her self, that she should be so immodillly to write, to one that she knew would floure her: I measure him, faies she, by my owne spirit, for I should floure him if bee writ to me, yea though I love him, I shoul.

Claud. Then doone upon her knee the falls, weepes,

Sobs, beats her heart, reares her hayre, praies, curtes, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter failes so, and the exat faie hath so overcome her, that my daughter is fometime seard she will doe a desperate outrage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end: she would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, there's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suffisition) she is vertuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdome and bloud combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proooves to one,that bloud hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I have suffe caste being her Vnde, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would thee had bestowed this dargage on mee, I would haue daft all other respectes, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Claud. Here thinkes surely the wil die, for the faies the wil die, if she love her note, and thee will she ere thee make her loue knowne, and the will die if shee woor her, rather than shee will base one breath of her accustomed crotcheten.

Claud. She doth well, if she should make tender of her love,
Much ado about Nothing.

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love, 'tis very possible hee'll come in, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some parke that are like

Wil. Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Hellery, I affirme you, and in the managing of quarrels you may fee he is wife, for either hee awydes them with great discretion, or undertaketh them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If hee doe fear God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feece and trembling.

Prin. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large leafts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see Benedick, and tell him of her loue.

Clau. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, the may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will hear further of it by your daugh-
ter, let it cool the while, I loue Benedick, well, and I could wish he would modestely examine himselfly, to fee how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walkie dinner is ready.

Clau. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, the may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's doage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would fee, which will be merely a dumb fly: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt.

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was falsely borne, they have the truth of this from Hero, they seeme to pritice the Lady; it seemes her affections haue the full bent to loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am considered, they say I will beware my selfe proudly, if I perceive the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any signe of affection I did never thinke to marry, I must not feene proud, happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beware them winneffe; and veracious, frie, I do not reproovse it, and wife, but for louing me, by my truth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chace have some odd quirks and remnans of wittre broken on mee, because I haue rall'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indulge in his age. Shall quips and sentence, and these paper bulbets of the braine afe a man from the careare of his humour? No, the world must be peeped. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should live till I was married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, she's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Farewell Beatrice, I thanke you for your pains.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thofe thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yes I affe much as you may take vpon a knines point, and thoske a daw withall: you haue no stomache signior, fare you well.

Exe. Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for thofe thankes then you take paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, if I do not loue her I am a low, I will goe get her picture.

A dus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentleman, Margaret, and Viofala.

Hero Good Margaret tuns thee to the parlour, There thall thou finde my Coiin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudius, Whilipher her came, and tell her I and Viofala, Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is al of her, say that thou over-heardst vs, And bid her flese into the pleased bower, Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne, Forbidden the funne to enter: like favourite, Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will the hide her To listen our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leave vs alone.

Marg. Be he make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now Viofala, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must owne to be of Benedick, When I do name him, let it bee thy part, To praife him more then euer man did merit, My talke to thee must be how Benedick Is fike in loue with Beatrice: of this matter, It is little Gypide crafty arrow made, That owndy wounds by heart-fay now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runs Closte by the ground, to hearre our conference.

Viof. The pleasanter angels to see the fifth Out with her golden ores the bluer currence, And greedily dououre the treachers ouste bate; So angle we for Beatrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine curteur, Fear you not my part of the Dialogue

Her. Then go we neare her that her care loose nothing, Of the falles sweete bate that we lay for it, No truely Viofala, she is too disdainsfull, I know her spirits are so coy and wild, As Haggards of the rocke.

Viofala. But are you sure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Viof. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perswaded them, if they lou'd Benedick,
Much ado about Nothing.

1o with him wrangle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it, 

But why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deferve so full so fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

A Deferue. O God of loves! I know he doth deservce,
As much as may be yield to a man.

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart,
Ofpowerd'ruke then that of Beatrice:

Disdain and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mif-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it felle so highly, that to her
All matter else comes weaker: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor power'd of affection,
She is so felle inerated

But why do you think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love; left the make sport at it

A. Why you speak truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely terrors'd.
But she would ffill him backward: is faire fac'd,
She would fware the gentleman should be her fitter.

If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antice,
Made a foule blot; if tall, a launce ill headed:
I low, an agot very wildie cut.
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all winde,
If silent, why a blocke mowne with none
So furnes the every man the wrong fide out,
And neuer guies to Truth and Verite, that
Which simplendle an merit purchafe.

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

No, no, not to be so odde, and from all falphen,
As Beatrice it, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? If I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O the would laugh me
Out of my felle, preffe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like couered fire,
Consum'd away in highnes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with richnec,

Yet tell her of it heare what fire will pay.

No, no, the fay he will go to Benedick,
And couftume he to fght againft his passion,
And truly Ie deffe some honest flanders,
To flaine my cofin with one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impofion liking.

O do not doe your cofin such a wrong,
She cannot be fo much without true judgement,
Having fo swift, and exellent a wit
As the is prude to have, as to refuse
So rate a Gentleman as signior Benedick.

He. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudius.

I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For grace, for hearing argument and value,
Goes forth in report through Italy.

Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

His exellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you marred Madame?

Why euer day to morrow,come goeing,
Ie flew thee some attarce, and hate thy counfell,
Which is the beft to furnifh me to morrow.

She's tame I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

If proue fo, then looking goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. Exit.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn to much?
Contems, fare well, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lues behind the backe of fuch.

And Benedick, louse on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy losing hand:
If thou doft love, my kindesses shall incite thee
To bend our loves vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deferve, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but say till your marriage be comunfta-
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you vouch-
safe me.

Pro. Nay, that would be as great a soyne in the new
give of your marriage, as to fhow a child his new coat
and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with
Benedick for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirle, the hath twice
or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a hear assound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So fy I, methinkes you are fadder

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Pro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud
in men to be truly toucht with loue, if he bee fad, he wants
money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pro. Draw it,

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it firft, and draw it afterwards.

Pro. What? figh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worne.

Bene. Well, every one cannot matter a griefe, but bee
that he's.

Claud. Yet fy I, he is in loue.

Pro. There is in the worlde of nature no one man which is
not courted with fuch a woman, if he bee a fuch that he hath to
struggle difguizes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman
to morrow: vffle he that have a fance to this foolery, as it appears he hath, hee
is no foole for faire, as you would have it to appeare he is.

Claud. If he be not in loue with some woman, there
is no beleuing old fignors, a brushes his hat a morning,
What shoud that bode?

Pro. Hath any man feene him at the Barbers?

Claud. No, but the Barbers men hath benn seen with
him, and the olde ornament of his checke hath airele
flutt tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookses younger then hee did, by the
lofe of a beard.

Pro. Nay a rubs himselfe with Clout, can you smell
him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to fay, the sweet youths in
loue.

Pro. The greateft note of is his melancholy

Claud. And when was he crost to vwas his face?

Pro. Ye, or to paint himselfe for which the I hear
what they fay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his lefting spirit, which is now crept
into a late thing, and now gosred by tops

Prince.
Prum. Indeed that tells a beauty tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Claw. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despirit of all, dies for him.

Prum. Shall be buried with her face upwards.

Beest. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ske, old signors, walkes aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prin. For my lift to breake with him about Beattles.

Claw. "Tis even so, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beattles, and then the two Beares will not bite one mother when they meete.

Enter John the Baffard.

Baff. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prum. Good den brother.

Bass. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In private?

Bass. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may hear, for that I would speake of concernes, concerning him.

Prum. What's the matter?

Baffard. Measoe your Lordship to be married to-morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bass. I know not that he knows what I know.

Cla. If there be any impediment, I pray you discovert it.

Bass. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and sayme better at me by that I now will mriffe, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well), and in dearenesse of heart hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely fife ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prum. Why, what's the matter?

Baffard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened, (for the hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Claw. Who Here?

Bass. Even shee, Leonatous Here, your Hero, every man Hero.

Claw. Duloyall?

Bass. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say the were worse, thinke you of a worst title, and I will fite her to it: wonder not till further warrant goe but with mee to eight, you shall fee her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Prum. I will not thinke it.

Bass. If you dare not truth that you fee, confess not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have feene more, I must proceed accordingly.

Cla. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I blame her.

Prum. And as I woved for thee to obtaine her, I wold ynoe with thee to disgrace her.

Baff. I will disparee her no farther, till you are my witnesse, and I fee it coldly but till night, and let the issue show it selfe.

Prum. O day enowedly turned!

Claud. O mischief! strange thing happening!

Baffard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequele.

Enter Dogbery and his companions with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yes, or else it were pitty they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, gue them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most dastardly man to be Confable?

Watch. Hugh Ote-cake fit, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.

Watch 1. Both which Master Confable.

Dog. You have knew it would be your answere: well, for your favour why, give God thanks, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeares when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought here to be the most stenzel and fit man for the Confable of the watch: therefore bare you the fan-thornes: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are riddle of a knave.

Verg. If the will not stand when he is hidden, he is none of the Princes subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no soile in the freezes: for, for the Watch to babble and talkes, is most tollerable, and not to be intured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talk, we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not spolone, well, you are to call all the Aleshouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well fir.

Dog. If you meet a thee, you may suspeche him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kindes of men, the lye you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thee, shall we not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thee, let him shew himselfe what he is, and fleace out of your company.

Verg. You have bin alwaies call'd a merariable partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.
Much Ado about Nothing.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear you?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the we are that will not hear her Lame when she bates, will never answere a call when he bates.

Ver. Tis verily true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to prevent the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may slay him.

Ver. Nay birladie that I thinke I cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one out with ane man that knowes the Stature, he may slay him, marry not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to slay a man against his will.

Ver. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well masters good night, and there be ane matter of weighty charges, call vp me, keep your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare your charge, let vs go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I praze you watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great cople to night, adieu, be vigilant I beseech you.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bar What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, sir no.

Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bar. Master and my elowbo yth, I thought there would a strabble follow.

Con. I will owethee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bar. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drieffes raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bar. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villainy should be so deare?

Bar. Thou shalt find, I remember it was false, if it were possible anie villainy should be so rich, for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will,

Con. I wonder at it.

Bar. That false, thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a clacke, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is appliapell.

Bar. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bar. Truth, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed thefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a bas bin a vite thefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bar. Didst thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, I was the vaine on the house.

Bar. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hol-
Much ado about Nothing.

Here. God grieve me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be: heavier soone, by the weighth of more.

Here. Fie upon thee, are not: thou staid? The 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, having your reverence a husband; and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking. He offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I. think, and be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, as: the Lady Beatrice else, here the comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Here. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow. Sweet Here.

Here. Why now? do you speake in the firk time? Beat. I am out of all other time, me thinkes.

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 heele, then if your husband have fables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I: some; thafs what my heart.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke. cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my treth I am exceeding ill,
you ha. For a house, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that beginneth them all.

Mar. Well, and you be not: umT Turkie, there's no more slaving by the feature.

Beat. What meanes the feole trow?

Mar. Nothing, I, but God send every one their harts deftne.

Here. These glouses the Count fent mee. they are an excellent perfumes.

Beat. I am fluff cofin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and fluff! there's goddy catching of cold.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profet apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me raredly? Beat. It is not: some enough, you should wear it in your cap, by my: truth I am: sick.

Mar. Get you some of this: distill'd carduus benedixit and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a Paul.

Here. There's that pricketh her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedixit, why Benedixit? you have some morall in this Benedixit.

Mar. Morall? no by my truth, I have no morall meaning, I mean plainly to thistle, you may think percheon that I thynke you are in love, my: birtady I am not such a foolke to thynke what I list, nor I lift not to thynke what I can, nor indeed I thynke, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedixit was such an other, and now is he become a man, he: thirose he: would never marry, and yet now in delight of his heart he eate his meat without grudging, and how you may be countered I know not, but me thinkes you looks with your gaze as other women do.

Beat. What peace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vseuls.

Vseuls. Madam, withdrawe, the Prince, the Count, theor Benedixit, Don John, and all the gallants of the towns come to fetch you to Church.

Here. Helpe to dreffe mee good coze, good Marg. good Vseuls.

Enter Leonato, and the Confable, and the Headlorenge.

Leon. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Conf. Dog. Mary sir, I would have some confidence with you, that: doth you neate.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with mee.

Conf. Dog. Mary this it is ft.

Head. Yes in truth it is ft.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Conf. Dog. Goodman Verges ft, speaks a little of the matter; an: old man ft, and his wife is not to be bult, as: God helpe I would defire they were, but in faith honeft as the skin between tis: browes.

Head. Yes I think God, I am no honeft as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeft then I.

Conf. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palbras, honeft Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tendiens.

Conf. Dog. It pleastes your worship to say; but we are the poor Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were no redious as a King I could finde in my heart to bethow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnes on me, ah.

Conf. Dog. Yes, and twere a thousand times more than for, I here as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the City, and though I see but a poor man, I am glad to receive it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Mary for my watch to night, excerpting your worship's presence, I have taine a couple of our mans knownes as any in Meffina.

Conf. Dog. A good old man ft, bee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the: wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said fryth neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind, on honest true fryth frer, by my truth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worshipes, all men are not alike, as: good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Conf. Dog. Gifts that God gives,

Leon. I maff leave you.

Conf. Dog. One word ft, our watch frs have indeed: comprized two spitious persons, as we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great hafe, as: may appeare unto you.

Conf. It shall be sufficence (Exits.)

Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messinger. My Lord, they say for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. He wait upon them, I am ready.

Dog. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis: Scote, bid him bring his pen and inke to the: Galle: we are now to examine these men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisefull.

Dog. We will spare for no winner I warrant you: 

Beatrice,
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Prince, Baffard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedict, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fra. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doo.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be convoyed, I charge you on your fooles to vetter it.

Clau. Know you ane, Hero?

Fra. None, my Lord.

Frier. Know you ane, Count?

Leo. I dare make his answer. None.

Clau. O what many dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bens. How now! intercCTIONS? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave.

Will you with free and uncontrain'd souls Give me this maid your daughter?

Fra. As freely sorne as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Fra. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There Leonato, take her backe again.

Give not this rotten Oringe to your friend, Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid the blushtes here!

O what authoritie and shew of truth Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall! Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence, To witnesse female Vertue? would you not sweare All you that fee her, that she were a maide, By these exterior shewes? But she is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed: Her bludd is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,

Not to knit my foule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe, Have vanquishd the resistance of her yth, And made deafe of her virginitie.

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne You will say, she did embrase me as a husband, And for atraxate the forehand sinne: No Leonato I never tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his sister, flowed

Baffull facetie and comely love.

Hero. And soond I ever otherwise to you?
Much ado about Nothing.

Boo'r. How now cousin Hero? Fri'. What comfort, Lady. Lorr. Dost thou love me? Fri'. Yes, wherefore should she not? Lorr. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon her? Could she hence deny The story that she printk in her blood? Do not live Hero, do not one thine eyes: For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy frames, My selfe would on the reward of reproaches Strike as thy life Grieu'd I, I had but one? Chid I, for that as frugal Nature frame, O one too much by thee: why had I one? Why ever was 't thou loueliest in my eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand Took vp a beggats issue at my getter, Who fostered thus, and mir'd with infamie, I might have said, no part of it is mine: This shame deriues it selfe from vnoaking loines, But mine, and mine! loud, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on mine so much, That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine: Vselowing of her, why she, O she is faine Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her cleansse againe, And felt too little, which may seefon giue To her foule tainted feath. Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say. O. On my soule my cousin is belied. Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night? Bis. No truly: not although until last night, I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow. Lorr. Confirmd, confirm'd, O that so stronger made Which was before bar'd vp with ribes of iron Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie, Who lour'd her fo, that speaking of her foulness, Was't it with teares? Hence from her, let her die. Fri'. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene flent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt. A thousand blushing apperitions, To start into her face, a thousand innocent frames, In Angel whitenesse beare away those bluethes, And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire, To burne the errors that his Princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool, Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations, Which with experimental feale doth warrant The tenure of my booke: truft not my age, My reurcense, calling, nor diuinite, If this sweet Ladie Iye nor guiltlesse here, Vnder some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be: Thou feest that all the Grace that she hath left, Is, that she will not add to her damnation, A finne of perjury, the not denies it: Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse, That which appears in proper nakedness? Fri'. Ladie, what man's he you are accus'd of? Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none: If I know more of any man alive Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant, Let all my finnes lacke mercy. O my Father, Proove you that any man with me concern'd, At houres vnmeet, or that I yellemight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature, Refume me, hate me, torture me to death. Fri'. There is some strange misprision in the Princes. Ben. Two of them haue the vertic bent of honor, And if their widows be kill'd in this: The præfect of it lies in Ben the baftard, Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies. Leo. I know not: if they pekke but truth of hers, These hands shall teare her: if they wrong her honour, The proued of them shall we haere of it. Time hath not yet so drie this blood of mine, Not age so ease vp my intention, Nor Fortune made such hawkes of my meanes: Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends, But they shall finde, wak'd in such a kinde, Both strength of limbe, and politic of minde, Ability in meanes, and choice of friends, To quire me of them throughly. Fri'. Pause awhile: And let my counsell swaie you in this case, Your daughter here the Prince off (left for dead) Let her awhile be secretly kept in, And publiish it, that she is dead indeed: Maintain a mourning omtentation, And on your Families old monument, Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites, That appertaines unto a burial. Lorr. What shall become of this? What will this do? Fri'. Marry this wel carried, shal on her behalfe, Change flanders to remorse, that is some good, But not for that dreame I on this strange course, But on this trauaille looke for greater birth: She dying, as it must be to main'tain'd, Vpon the infant that she was accus'd, Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd Of every hearer: for it so falls out, That what we haue, we praze not to the worth, Whiles we enjoy it: but being lack'd and lost, Why then we rackage the value, then we finde The vertue that posession would not shew vs Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with Claudio: When he that heare the dye vp on his words, Th'Idea of her life shall sweety creepe Into his study of imagination, And every lovely Organ of her life, Shall come appar'd in more precious habit: More mowing delicate, and full of life, Into the eye and prospéct of his soule Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourn. If ever Loue had interest in his Liver, And with he had not so accus'd her: No, though he thought his accusation true: Let this be so, and doubt not but successe Will passion the euent in better shape, Then I can lay it downe in likelihood. But if all ayme but this be lesed failie, The supposition of the Ladies death, Will quench the wonder of her infamie. And if it fort not well, you may conceale her, As best befits her wounded reputation, In some reclusifie and religious life, Out of all eyes, tonges, minde and inuiries, Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Friar aduise you, And though you know my inward doxe and loue Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,  
As secretly and sullenly, as your foule  
Should with your bodies.  

Beat. Being that I flow in greefe,  
The smallest twine may lead me.  

Frier. This well confidered, presently away,  
For to strange ofes, strangely they straine the cure,  
Come Lady, to live, this wedding day  
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exit  

Beatrice. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?  
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.  
Beat. I will not defire that.  
Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.  
Beat. Surely I do beleue your fair cousin is wrong'd.  
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defece of me that would right her?  
Beat. Is there any way to shew such friendship?  
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.  
Beat. May a man doe it?  
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.  
Beat. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,  
is not that strange?  
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as  
possible for me to fay, I loued nothing so well as you, but  
beloue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor  
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.  
Beat. By my word Beatrice thou loue me.  
Beat. Does he not weare by that and eat it.  
Beat. I will weare by it that you loue me, and I will  
make him eat it that sayes I loue you not.  
Beat. Will you not eat your word?  
Beat. With no fawce that can be ducied to it, I  
protest I loue thee.  
Beat. Why then God forgive me.  
Beat. What offence sweet Beatrice?  
Beat. You have sayed me in a happy hour, I was  
about to protest I loued you.  
Beat. And doe it with all thy heart.  
Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none  
is left for thee.  
Beat. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.  

Beatrice. Kill Claudio.  
Beat. Ha! not for the wide world.  
Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell.  
Beat. Tarric sweet Beatrice.  
Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loute  
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.  

Beat. Beatrice.  
Beat. Infheet I will goe.  
Beat. We'll be friends first.  
Beat. You dare esieft be friends with mee, than fight  
with mine enemy.  
Beat. Is Claudio thine enemy?  
Beat. Is a not approv'd in the height a villain, that  
bath flandered, scorned, dishonored my kinwman? O  
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand till they  
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation  
encourag'd flanderously, or countenance her! O God that  
I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.  

Beat. Hear me Beatrice.  
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper  
setting.  
Beat. Nay but Beatrice.  
Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is flander'd,  
she is undone.  
Beat. Beat?  

Beat. Princes and Counsellors I ferch a Princely testi-  
momie, a goodly Count, Confident, a faire Gallant fre-  
lie, O that I were a man for his fake! or that I had  
yany friend would be a man for my fake! But manhood is mel-  
ted into curstes, valour into compliment, and men are  
oneile turned into tongue, and trim men too: he is now  
as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. I  
cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a  
woman with grieving.  

Beat. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loose thee.  
Beat. Vit it for my loue some other way then swearing  
by it.  

Bened. Think you in your soule the Count Claudio  
hath wrong'd Hero?  
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.  
Beat. Enough, I am engageed, I will challenge him, I  
will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand  
Claudio shall render me a deere account: as you are of me,  
so think of me: goe comfort your couin, I must say the  
is dead, and so farewell.  

Enter the Confables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerks  
in gowns.  

Kesper. Is our whole difamblly appeare d  
Cowley. O a foule and a caution for the Sexton.  
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?  
Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.  
Cowley. Nay that's certaine, we bee the exhibition  
to examine.  
Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be exa-  
mained, let them come before master Confable.  
Kemp. Yes marry, let them come before me, what is  
your name, friend?  
Bor. Borachio.  
Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.  
Kee. Write downe Master gentleman Conrade: malefa-  
cers doe you ferue God: malefactors, it is proued alreadie  
that you are little better than faffe knaves, and it will goe  
here to bee thought so shortly, how answer you for your  
offenders?  
Con. Marry sir, we saye we are none.  
Kem. A manuells witty fellow I affure you, but I  
goe about with him: come you hither firr, a word  
in your eare fir, I say to you, it is thought you are faffe  
knaves.  
Bor. Sir, I say to you, ye are none.  
Kem. Well, stand aside, Tore God they are both in  
a tale: have you writ downe that they are none?  
Sext. Master Confable, you goe not the way to exa-  
mine, you must call forth the watch that are their  
acucers.  
Kem. Ye marry, that's the effeft way, let the watch  
come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,  
saucce these men.  
Watch 1. This man said fir, that Don John the Princes  
brother was a villain.  
Kemp. Write down, Prince John a villain: why this is  
fast perius, to call a Princes brother villain.  
Bor. Master Confable.  
Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke  
I promise thee.  
Sexton. What heard you him say els?  
Watch 2. Marry that he had receiv'd a thousand Du-  
kates of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrong-  
fully.  
Keset.
A Hor Quintus.

Enter Leontes and his brother.

Brother. If you go on this, you will kill your wife, and she will work mischief thus to second griefs, against your wife.

Leom. I pray thee cease thy counsail, which falls into mine ears as pestilence, as water in a fine; give not me counsail, nor let no comfort delight mine ears, but such a one whose wrongs doth fume with mine. Bring me a father that so lost his child, whose love of her is over-whelmed like mine, and bid him speak of patience, measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, and let it inflame every strain for strain. As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, in every lineament, branch, stripe, and force; if such a one will flite and stroke his beard, and bow down, vagrige, crie hue, when he should groane. Patch griefs with proverb, make misfortune drunk, with candle-waxers: bring him yet to me, and I of him will gather patience; but there is no such man; for brother, man can counsail, and Speake comfort to that grief; which they themselves not feel, but casting it, their counsail turns so passion, which before,

Would give preceptual medicine to rage, better strong medicine to a sick child.

Charms ache with syre, and agony with words.

No, no, this was, men's office, to speake patience.

To those that were under the load of sorrow:

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so mortal, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsail,

My griefs cry louder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leom. I pray thee peace, I will be more and bloud.

For there was never yet Philosophers,

That could endure the tooth-anke patiently,

How ever they have with the file of gods,

And made a path at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your felle,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leom. There thou speakest reason, I will doe so,

My soule doth tell me, I tr Dudley,

And that shall Claudes know, so shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus disHonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brod. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Prim. Good den, good den.

Crow. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hearst you my Lords?

Prim. We have sone the haste of Leom.

Leom. Some haste my Lord! where are you wedd my Lord; Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Frua. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Brod. If he could write himselfe with quarrelings.

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry y doth wrong me, thou dissembler, thou,

Nor ever lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry behswore my hand,

If it should give thy age such cause of feare,

Infarth my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Truth, truth, man, never err, and set me.

I speake not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As under priviledge of age to bragge;

What I have done being young, or what would doe.

Were I not old, now Clauds to thy head,

Thou hast so wrongd my innocent child and me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by,

And with grey hairs and brune of many darts,

Doe challenge thee to trial of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And the lie buried with her ancestors

O infinite where never scandal flapp,

Save this of her, from d by thy villain.

Clau. My villain?

Leon. Thrice Claudus, thing I say.

Prim. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He prove it on his body if he dare,

Despit his fine fence, and his active prade,

His Male of youth, and sorne of lusthood

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you

Leo. Cant thou to daff me thou hast killed my child,

If thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win me and weep me, let him answeare me,
Come follow me boy, come Sir boy, come follow me Sir boy, ill whip you from your voying fenc, Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 

Lion. Brother.

Bro. Content your self, God knows I loud my neece, And she is dead, dander do to death by villaines, That dare as well answeer a man indeede, As I dare a serpente by the tongue.

Boyes: apes, braggers, lackes, milke-fops.

Lion Brother Anthony.

Bro. Hold you content, what man I know them yea And what they weigh, even to the stimo fleruple, Scambling, out-facing, fasion-monging boyes, That ly, and cog and bout, depreude, and slander, Goe antiquely and show outward hideousfesse, And speake of halfe a dozen dangeours words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, And this is all.

Lion But brother Anthony.

Ant. Come, its no matter, Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Prin. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience My heart is fearry for your daughter death: But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing But what was true, and very full of profe.

Lion. My Lord, my Lord,

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedick.

Lion. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Excusen ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will answeare it.

Prin. See, fee, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claw. Now signior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almoft come to part almoft a fray.

Claw. Wee had liket to have had out two notes fnaft off with two old men without teeth.

Pria. Leonia and his brother, what think it thouhad wee fough, I doubt we should haue been too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quartell there is no true valour, I came to fete you both.

Claw. We have beene vp and downe to fette the, for we are high profeus melancholisy and would faine have it beaten away, witt thou wte thy wit?

Ben. It is in my face brodb, shall I draw it?

Prin. Docthou wree thy wit by thy fide?

Claw. Neuer any did fo, though verie many have been before their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minifles, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an honewit man he looks pale, art thou feke, or angrie?

Claw. What, courage man: what though case kill'd a cat, thou haft minute enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chafe another subje.

Claw. Nay then chue him another flaffe, this left was broke crole.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Claw. The be he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Claw. God blesse me from a chalenge.

Ben. You are a villain, I left not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will provest your cowardise: you have kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall hezue on you, let me heare from you.

Claw. Well, I will mete you, so I may bave good chere.

Prin. What a fealt a fealt?

Claw. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head, and a Capen, the which if I do not causse molt curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. He tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true fakes thee, a fine little one: no said I a great wit: right fakes thee, a great groffe one: nay said I, a good wit: I aff said thee, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wife: certain said she, a wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue I said thee, for she swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forwore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did I shew them howe together tranfib thy particular verses, yet at laft thou concide with a figh, thou waft the propfeen man in lustie.

Good. For the which he wept beastely, and said thee car'd not.

Prin. Yes that the did, but yet for all that, and if thee did not hate him deadlie, thee would love him deely, the old man's daughter told vs all.

Claw. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we fet the Sausage Bulls homes on the fenible Benedick head?

Claw. Yes and text vnder-neath, here dwells Benedick the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your goosy-like humor, you break lefts as bygards do their blades, which God be thank'd hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank you, I must discontente your company, your brother the BAldard is fled from Moofia: you have among you, Kill a fucer and innocens Ladie: for my Lord Lachheard there, he and I shall mette, and till then grace be with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Claw. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challenge d thee.

Claw. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is when he goes in his doubler and hore, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Courat, and Berachi.

Claw. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but there is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be fad, did he not say my brother was feld?

Colpi. Come you fir, if I suffre, I cannot tame you, thee shall notere weigh more reasons in her baliance, say, and you behave a cunning hypocrite once, you must be looke to.

Claw. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Berachi on.

Claw. Markien after there offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Claw. Maffie
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Marrie sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken entrench, secondly they are flanders, first and lastly, they have belied a Lady, thirdly, they have verified vainit things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Prior. First I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what their offence, first and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claw. Rightlie reason, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning well filled.

Prior. Who have you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Confabulio is too cunning to be understand, what's your offence?

Bar. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you please me, and let this Count kill me ere I have deceived even your verie eyes: what your wife-domes could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light who in the night over-heard me conferring to this man, how Doyn John your brother incens'd me to slander the Lady Here, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in honest garments, how you disdair'd her when you should marry her: my villainie they have upon record, which I had rather fare with my death, then repent over to my shame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my master false accuation: and brieflie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villainie.

Prior. Runs not this speech like you through your blood?

Claw. I have drunke poisen whilst heuer'd I.

Prior. But did my Brother set thee on to this? Bar. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Prior. He is compos'd and stand of treachere,
And fled he is upon this villainie.

Claw. Sweete Here, now by image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I could'nt lift.

Conf. Come, being away the plaine-rise, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Siguror Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to speke when time & place shall serve, that I am an Aye.

Conf. 2. Here, here comes master Siguror Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villainie? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may ascribe him: which of thee is he?

Bar. If you would know your wrong, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the slauie that wish thy breath hast kild mine innocent child?

Bar. Yes, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villainie, thou belieft thy selfe,
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthe deeds,
Was bruely done, if you thinketh you of.

Claw. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choos ye your revenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your intention
Can lay upon mine, you find I dote,
But in my meaning,

Prior. By my soule noe I,
And yet to satisfy this good man,
Much ado about Nothing.

Act V, Scene 1

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bess. In so high a title Marguerite, that no man listing shall come out it, for in most comely truth thou dost unfit it.

Mar. To have no man come out to why, shall I wastes keep below th'aires?

Bess. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bess. A most manly wit Marguerite, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I glue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give vs the words, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bess. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legges.

Act V, Scene 2

Bess. And therefore will come. The God of loues that first above, and knows me, and knows me, how pittiful I desire. I mean in finging, but in loving, I cant under the good swimmer, Traillous the first implater of panders, and a whole booke full of these quamdem carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne immobile in the e.

Beatrice. I have tried, I can find out no time to Lady but baby, an innocent rime: for Scorne, borne, a hard time: for schole fools, a babbling time: verte, ominous endings, no, I was not borne at airing Planets, for I cannot worse in fleshfull tongues: Beatrice.

Enter Beatrice

Beatrice. would thou come when I calle thee?

Bess. Yes Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bess. O stay but till then.

Bess. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past between us and Claudo.

Bess. Oonely foule words, and thereupon I will kite thee.

Beatrice. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is nosome, therefore I will depart vakin.

Beatrice. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence, for forcible is this why, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudo undergoes my challenge and either I must freely hearst from him, or I will furthermore him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beatrice. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euloll, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first confess love for the?

Beatrice. Suffer loues a good epithet, I do suffer love indeed, for I love wise against my will.

Beatrice. In fright of your heart I think, as plaine heart, if you frighten for my fake, I will frighte it for yours, for I will never loue that which my friend hates.

Bess. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceable.

Beatrice. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twantie that will praise himself.
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom we render vp this woe. Exeunt.

Enter Leontes, Berenice, Mary, Ursula, old man, Hero, Eriphila.

Eriphila. Did I not tell you that was innocent?

Leontes. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her.

Her. Upon the sworn that you have heard debated:
But Maryart was in some fault for this,
Although against her will it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things fett fo well.

Her. And so I am, being eke by faith enforce'd
to call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leontes. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your felves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Eriphila. Frier, I must interest your paines, I think.

Frier. To do what Signior?

Eriphila. To bind me, or vnder me, one of them:
Signior Leontes, truth it is good Signior,
Your neceuce recommends to me an eye of favour.

Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Her. And I doe with an eye of love require her.

Leontes. The fighth whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Benedick. Your answer sir is Ensignall and,
But formy will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which(good Frier) I shall defire your help.

Eriphila. My heart is with your lying.

Frier. My and her help.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Frier. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Old. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:
We here attend you, you are yet determined,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claudio. Ile hold my minds were she an Ethiopie,

Old. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Frier. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter?
That you have such a Frenzie face,
So full of frost, of fumes, and cloudiness.

Claudio. I think he thinkes upon the loose bull,
Tethyl, fear not men, we'll tip thy horses with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoyle at thee,
At once Europa did at last Joyn,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Benedick. Bull fpoil'd, had an amiable love,
And some fuch strange bull kept your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that fame noble feast,
Much like to you, for you issue out of his bealth.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Morgan, Ursula.

Claudio. For this I love you here comes other recknights,
Which is the Lady I must feize upon?

Leontes. This fame is five, and I doe give you her.

Claudio. Why then firs mine, I'le not fee her face.

Leontes. No that you foll not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and vswear to marry her.

Claudio. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lovd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claudio. Another Hero!
Loues Labour's lost.

A ll us prim us.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Et Feme, that all haste after in their liues.

Live registred upon our brezen Tombes,

And then grace vs in the disgrace of death.

When sight of cromantant devouing Time,

Th'endeavour of this present brighth may buy:

That honour which shall base his fyther keen edge,

And make vs heyres of all eternity.

Therefore brave Conquerour, for so you are,

That warre against your owne affections,

And the huge Armie of the worlds defenses,

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.

Our Court shall be a little Achaemne,

Still and contemplative in living Art

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three yeeres terme, to live with me:

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those fames

That are recorded in this freacle here.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:

That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,

That violates the small fore branch herein:

If you are arm'd to doe, as I wyll to doe,

Subscribe to your depe oaths, and keep it to,

Longaville. I am resolved, 'tis but a three yeares falt:

The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,

Fat paunches haue leaner pates: and chinky bits,

Make rich the ribs, but basterin the wits.

Dumaine. My loving Lord, Dumaine is mortified,

The grozer manner of these worlds delights,

He throwes upon the grocer worlds bafer flames.

To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,

With all the living in Philosopher.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,

So much, deare Liege. I have already sworn.

That is, to live and study here three yeeres.

But there are other strik obstinacies:

As not to see a woman in that terme,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

And one day in a week to touch no foodes:

And but one meal so on every day before:

The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleepe but three hours in the night,

And not be seene to wink of all the day.

When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,

And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O these are burren tasks, too hard to keepe,

Not to see Ladies, study, left not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, so passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no more Liege, and if you please,

I onely swore to study with your grace,

And stay here in your Court for three yeeres space.

Long. You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay fir, than I swore in ief.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not.

Ber. Things bid & bard (you meane) is the common sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies good-like recomption.

Ber. Come on then, I will sweare to studie fo,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As this, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or study where to meet some Mistrefse fine,

When Mistrefses from common fense are bid,

Or having sworn too hard a keepping oath,

Studie to break it, and not breake my truth,

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Swears to this, and I will here say no

Ferd. Thoes be the stops that hinder studie quite,

And traine our intellects to vauncie delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vauncie, and that most vauncie

Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefullly to passe upon a Booke,

To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth fadely blinde the eye, light of his looke:

Light seekeing light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkness lies;

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes,

Studie me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who darling fo, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deep search'd with sawy lookers:

Small sawe continuall plodders ever wonne,

Sawe base authoric from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfatheres of heauens lights,

That give a name to every fixed Starre,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that wake and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but famer

And every Godfather can gueve a name.

Ferd. How well he's steed, to reason against reading.

Dum.
Loves Labours lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lom. Her wedes the corns, and full less grow the weeding.

Ber. The spring is averse when greenesse greffe is a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in time.

Fred. Berwme is like an emnous fneaping Frost, That bites the first borne infants of the spring.

Ber. Why say I am, when you should proud summer boast, Before the birds have any cause to sing? Why should I say in any abortive birth? At Christmas I no more desire a Rose, Then with a Snow in Muses new fangled showes: But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to flude now it is too late,

That were to cylyme ore the houfe to unlocke the gate.

Ber. Well, say you I am, go home Berwme: adue: Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworne to stay you. And though I have for barbarisms spoke more, Then for that Angell knowledge you can say, Yet confident I keepe what I have sworne, And bide the penance of each three yeares day. Give me the paper, let me read the fame, And to the firft leaf decrees I write my name.

Fred. How well this yielding refuces thee from blame.

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Lom. Fourde dayes egeoe.

Ber. Let's fee the penallie.

On paine of loosing her tongue,

Lom. Who deni'd this penallie?

Ber. Swerte Lord, and why?

Lom. To fright them hence with that dread penallie, A dangerous law against gentillesse.

Fred. Ilam, if any man be faine to talke with a woman within the terme of three yeares, hee shall induce fuch publiqueblame as the reft of the Court shall possibely defute.

Ber. This Article my Ledge you felle must breake,

For well you know here cometh Embassage

The French Kings daughter, with your felle to speake: A Maide of grace and compleat mifflifie, About ferment vp of Aquanies; To her decret, fickle, and bed-rid Father Therefore this Article is made in vaine. Or vainely cometh th' admired Princeffe hither.

Ber. What fay you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is overhot, While it doth fludy to haue what it would, It doth forget to doe the thing it should: And when it haue the thing it hunteh most, This won as townes with fire, fo won,fo loft. Fred. We muft of fource efcape with this Decree, She muft lye here on meer necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne

Three thousand times within this three yeares space: For every man with his effects is borne. Nor may mistresst, but by speciall grace. If he brake faith, this word shall breake for me, I am forsworne on meer necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name, And he that breaks them in the leaf degree, Stands in atainerde of eternal flame. Suggenions are to others as to me: But I beleue although I frame so well, I am the laft that will last keepes his oath. But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fred. That there is, our Court you know is hanted With a refined tracerie of Spans, A man in all the worlds new fashion planted, That hath a mint of pharises in his brave: One, who the musician of his owne vaine tongue, Doth rauish like incâning harmonie: A man of complements whom right and wrong Have chofe as vimpire of their morumine.

This childe of faire that Armado bight, For interim to our studies shall relate, In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight: From tawny Spans left in the world's debate, How you delight my Lords, I know not I, But I protest I love to heares him lie, And will we him for my Minstrelse.

Ber. Armado is a most illuftrious wight, A man of fire, new words, fations owne Knight.

Lom. Coflard the swaine and he, shall be our ipport, And fo to flude, three yeares is but short.

Enter a Conftable with Coflard with a Letter

Cof. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would it?

Cof. I my felle reprehend his owne person, for I am his grace Tharborough: But I would see his owne perfon in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Cof. Signore Arm, Armes commends you: That's villaine abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Ber. Sit the Companes threfore as touche tace.

Cof. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Ber. How low fasser the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lom. A high hope for low heaven, God grant vs patience.

Ber. To heare, to forbear hearing.

Lom. To heare meekly frs, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Fred. Well frs, be it as the ifte shall graue vs caufe to chime in the martifelle.

Cof. The matter is to me fr, as concerning laquetetor.

Ber. In what manner?

Cof. In manner and forme following for all those three.

I was scene with her in the manner house, sitting with her upon the forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now frs for the manner: It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Cof. For the following frs.

Cof. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Ber. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Cof. As we would heare an Oracle.

Cof. Such is the simplicitie of man to haken after the flesh.
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Loves Labour's Lost.

Ferdinand.

Great Duke, the Strikins, Viscount, and sole domin-
ator of Navarre, my soul is to the Earth, and bodies fo-
briyng patron:

Cæd. Not a word of Cædard yet.

Ferd. Sir it is.

Cæd. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true, but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Cæd. Be to me, and every man that does not fight.
Ferd. No words, I say.

Cæd. Of other men's secrets I believe you.
Ferd. So it is befleged with fable colour'd melancholy; I
did commend the blacking oppressing burnous to the most whole-
some Physician of thy health-giving eye: And as I am a Gentle-
mans, betook my self to walk at the time when about the first
hours, when beated most graceful, birds beg pied, and men
fit down to that nonsensical which is called supper: So much
for the time When, Now for the ground Where I which I
mean I walk open, it is help'd Thy Parks. Then for the place
Where I mean I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous
seat that doth spring from my snow-white pen
the ebon colour'd rake, which here two vaults, Shakespeare
...turne, or left.

Enter Armado and Mungo his Page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great signe, that he will look sad.

Armado. Boy, Why ladieftie is one and the selfe-same
dreamer.

Boy. No no, O Lord for no.

Armado. How canst thou part ladieftie and melancholy
my tender tomorrow?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough firens.

Armado. Boy, Why tough firens? Why tough firens?

Boy. Why tender tomorrow? Why tender tomorrow?

Armado. I spoke it tender tomorrow, as a congruent ap-
placation, appertaining to thy young dailes, which we may
nominate tender.

Armado. And I tough firens, as an appertinent title to
thy olde time, which we may name tough.


Armado. Boy, How meanes you if, I pretty, and my saying apt?
or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Armado. Thou pretty, because little.

Armado. Boy. Little prettie, because little wherefore apt?

Armado. And therefore apt, because quick.

Armado. Boy. Speake you this in my praffe Maister?

Armado. In thy condigne praffe.

Armado. Boy. I will praffe an Ecelle with the fame praffe.

Armado. What that an Ecelle is ingenious.

Armado. Boy. That an Ecelle is quick.

Armado. Boy, I doe say thout apt quick in answeres. Thou
heer'd my blood.

Armado. Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Armado. Boy. I loue not to be croft.

Armado. Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crofthes love not
Armado. Boy. I have promis'd to study in yeeres with the Duke.

Armado. Boy. You may doe it in a houre sir.


Armado. Boy. How many is one thicke told?

Armado. Boy. An ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Armado. You are a gentleman and a gameller.

Armado. Boy. I confess both, they are both the vanities of a
compleat man.

Armado. Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse
summe of deaf face amounts to.

Armado. Boy. It doth amount to one more then two.

Armado. Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Armado. Boy. True. Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study?

Armado. Boy. Now here's three studied, ere you'll thirde wits, & how
croset it is to put yeeres to the word, three, and thirde yeeres
in two words, the dashing hores will tell you.

Brags. A
Loves Labour's lost. 125

Eug. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prone you Cypher.

Eug. I will heereupon confide I am in louver: and as it is balse for a Souldier to loue: so am I in louver with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would dueller mee from the repugnaynt thought of it. I would take Defire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courier for a new defer'd curstie. I thinkcomence to fig, me thinke I should out-listreere Cyped. Comfort me Boy, what great men haue bene in louver?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Eug. Mofl sweete Hercules: more authority dear.

Boy. name more: and sweet my child let them be men of good repute and carraige.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carraige, great carraige: for hee carraige the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter, and he was in loue.

Eug. O well-knit Sampson, strong joyned Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier as much as thou didst mee in carrying gaules, I am in loue too. Who was Sampson love my deere Aths?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Eug. Of what complextion?

Boy. All of the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Eug. Tell me precisely of what complextion?

Boy. Of the feswater Greene fir.

Eug. Is that of one of the foure complextions?

Boy. As I have read fir, and the best of them too.

Eug. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to have a Loue of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was for fir, for she had a Greene wit.

Eug. My Loue is most immaculat white and red. My Loue immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Boy. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affitt mee.

Boy. Sweet innocencie of childe, most pretty and pathetick.

Boy. If thee be made of white and red, Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blith-un cheeke by faults are bred, And seares by pale white thone:
Then if the seare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For fill her cheeke postiffe the same,
Which nature the doth owne:

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 thinke now til not to be foroud or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Boy. I will have that subject newly write ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty prefident. Boy. I doe love that Country girls that I sooke in the Parke with the rational hindle Cyped: the defenses well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better louver then my Master.

Boy. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in louver.

Boy. And that's a great manuell, louing a light wench.

Boy. I say fing.

Boy. Forebear till this company be past.

Enter Cleone, Comalte, and Wench.

Com. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you kepe Cosy safe, and you must let him take no delight, not no penance, but hee must fail three days weke: for this Damned, I must keepe her at the Parke, beue is slowed for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Boy. I do betray my fells with blushing: Maide.

Tom. Man.

Boy. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Boy. I know where it is situat, Sir.

Maid. Lord bow wife you are!

Boy. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With what facet?

Boy. I love thee.

Boy. So I heard you say.

Boy. And so farewell.

Maid. Fare well weather after you.

Huet. Come loquemen, away.

Boy. Villaine, thou shalt fail for thy offences are thou be pardoned.

Clos. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full floridly.

Boy. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clos. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Boy. Take away this Villaine, shue him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing faue, away.

Boy. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will not being loose.

Boy. No Sir, that were loose and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Boy. Well, if ever I doe the mercy days of declamation that I have seene, some shall fee.

Boy. What shall some fee?

Boy. Nay nothing, Master Mad. But they what looke upon. It is not for prisers to be stent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thonke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Boy. I doe affect he very ground (which is base), where hee shew (which is baier) guided by her footes (which is base) doth tread. I shall be fortinworm (which is a great argument of fallhood) if I louse. And how can that be true louse, which is fallly attempted? Louse is a familiar. Louse is a Distel. There is no enuill Angell but Louse, yet Sampson was so temtsed, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salome to seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butchta is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much odes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not sue my tumbe: the Paffado hee respecteth not; the Duell he regards not; his discharge is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men: Adue Valour, such Rapier, bee full Drum, for thy manager is in louse: yeas bee loueth. Affich me some extemporal god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Duncis Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.
Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of Franer, with three attending Ladies and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits Consider who the King your father lends To whom he lends, and what it is his Embasce Your selfe, held precious in the worlds estate, To parler with the late inheritor Of all perfection that a man may owe Matchless Nature, the plea of no lefle weight Then Aquatame, a Dowier for a Queence, Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, its Nature was in making Greces desire, When she did stature the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. Queen. Good L. Boyet, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourith of your praise Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, Not vitned by base sale of chapmen tongues. Lam leffe proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wise, In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to take theasket, good Boyet, Prim. You are not ignorant all-singing fame Doth noyle abroad Natur hath made a vow, Till painfull studie shall out weare three years, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's fiction is a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates To know his pleasfsue, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthinesse, we single you, As our bell mouing faire soliciter Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On forious burmesse craning quick dispatch, Importunes personall conference with his grace Haffe, signifie so much while we attend, Like humble visag'd fusters his high will. Beg. Proud of imployement, willingly I goe. Exe. Prim. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow fellows with this vertuous Duke? Lor. Longwill is one. Princ. Know you the man? 1. Lady. I know him Madame as a marriage feast, Between L. Pengery and the beautious heire Of Layes Fauscumbridge solemnized. In Normandie saw I this Longwill, A man of foveraigne parts he is esteem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The ooly tytle of his faire vertues glasse, If vertues glasse will flaine with any folle, Is a sharp wit match'd with too bloute a Will. Whose edge hard power to cut whose will falls, It should none pace that come within his power. Prim. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so? Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know. Prim. Such short list'd wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest? 2. Lad. The young Durnawe, a well accomplit youth, Of all that vertue love, for vertue loved. Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill: For he hard wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though the had no wit. I saw him at the Duke Alansure once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthiness. Refa. Another of these Students at that time, Was there with him, as I have heard a truth, Because they call him, but a merrie man, Within the hont of becoming mirth, I never spent an hours talk withall, His eye begets occasion for his wit, For every obfict that the one doth catch The other turns to a mirth-mouing left, Which his faire tongue (conceit exposter) Dillurers in fuch spi and gracious words, That aged ears play resuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite raufhed, So sweet and voluble is his discoure Prim. God bless my Ladies, are they all in love? That every one her owne bath garnished, With fuch bedecking ornaments of praise Ma. Heere comes Bojet. Enter Boyet. Prim. Now, what admittance Lord? Boyet. Natur had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, Were all address to meete you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes here to besiege his Cour, There seeks a dispensation for his oath: To let you enter his unpropeled house. Heere comes Natur. Nat. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the Court of Natur Prim. Faire I give you backe grace, and welcome I have not yet: the roffe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine. Nat. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court. Prim. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither. Nat. Heere me dere Lady, I have sworn an oath. Prim. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he shall be forsworne. Nat. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will, Prim. Why, shall Iall break it will, and nothing els Nat. Your Ladship is ignorant what it is. Prim. Well my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance, I heare your grace hath sworn out Housekeeping: This deadly finne to kepe that oath my Lord, And finne to brake it: But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold, To teach's Teacher ill befemeth me, Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And consider my cause in my suit. Nat. Madam, I will, if sodainely I may. Prim. You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll prowe periu'd if you make me stay. Eorow. Did not I dance with you in Brabancte once? Refa. Did not I dance with you in Brabancte once?
His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animal only sensible in the dullest parts: and such barren plants are fret 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 vaine, indifrect, or a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But some bene say I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old sarina birth; that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hod. Dillifin man good Dul, dillifin man Dul.

Dul. What is dillim?

Nab. A title to Phebe, to Lune, to the Moone.

Hod. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no more. (frec.)

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to hue.

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hod. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polution holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say beside that, twas a Pricker that the Princeffe kill'd.

but. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporal Epytaph on the death of the Deare. and to humour the ignorant call d the Deare, the Princeffe kill'd a Pricker.

Nath. Percy, good M. Holetfornets, percy, so it shall please you to abrogate facillitie.

Hod. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facillitie.

The prayfull Princeffe peache and pricks
A priere pleaing Pricker,
Some say a Sorre but not a Sorre,
still now made for with boating
The Dogges did not part all to Sorre,
then Sorell tame from ribbet:
Or Pricker: fore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a boating.
If Sorre be ferm then all to Sorre,
makest fife more O forell:
Of one fore I am hundred make
by asking but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a fool
Lish extraaungt spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, ob
Ie, Ideas, apprehenions, motions, resolutions. There
begot in the ventricule of memorie, nouifhit in the
wombe of primate, and deliuered upon the mellowing
of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is
acure, and I am thankfull for it.

Hod. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my
parishioners, for their Sonnes are well touterd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. Me breke, if their Sonnes be ingenious, they
shall...
Lovers Labour's lost.

Enter Isoukunetta and the Clowne.

Isau. God give you good morrow M. Perfon.
Nath. Master Perfon, what Perfon? And if one should be perfed, Which is the one?
Cl. Master M. Scholameyter, hee that is liket to a hoghead.
Nath. Of perfing a Hoghead, a good lefser of concit in a ruch of Earth. Fire enough for a Flint. Peace enough for a Swine. This pratice, it is well.
Isau. Good Master Perfon be fo good as read mee this Letter, it was gien mee by Coflard, and sent mee from Don Arramado. I beleff thee read it.
Nath. Exellently peel, this, quando pecus omnis fab ununamnus, and so forth. An good old Munuau, I may speake of thee as the trauer doth of Verce, verchie, vercha, que non se vide, que non seerce. Old Munuau, old Munuau. Who vnderstandeth thee not, we fal la mi fa: Vnder pardon fir, What are the contentes or rather as Horace sayes in his, What my soule verfes.
Isau. I fir, and very lemmen.
Nath. Let me bene a fiddle, a fiddle, a verze, Leye doome.

If Ioue make me forsworne, how shall I swerve to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my felle forsworn, to thee I shal faithfull prove. Those thoughts to mee were Oxes, to the like Ofer bowed.

Studie his byas leaves, and makes his bookke thine eye, Where all stoef pleares live, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shal suffere. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorants that foule, that fees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praiie; that I thy parts admire; Thy eyne faint lightning beatres, thy voyce his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is mostike, and sweett fire. Celefhall as chou art, Oh pardoun love this wrong, That fings heauen praiie, with such an earthlie tongue.

Ped. You finde not the spotraphas, and fo misle the accent. Let me superfluie the canget.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeties worth: O- wadome! Gave that man, and why did Nafu, but for sounding out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the figures of invention imitatie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But Demofella virgo. Was this directed to you?

Lay. I fir from one mouther Beroune, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.
Tis the snow-white hand of the most-beautious Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellad of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladyships in all desired employment, Beroune.

Per. Sir Holfemeter, this Beroune is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the strange Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progress, had miscaried. Treat and

goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much: I stay not thy compleat, I forgue thy durtie, adue.

Maid. Good Coflard go with me:
Sir God face your life.
Coff. Have with thee my girl.
Hol. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously; and as a certaine Father faith.
Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father. I do feare colourables busts. But to returne to the Verfes. Did they please you sir Nathalia?

Nath. Mancourious well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Popul of mine, where if (being repast) I shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace. I will on my pludeli I base with the parents of the forefaide Childre or Pupill, vndertake your bien vouloir, where I will proue those Verfes to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poesie, Wit, nor Invention. I beleffe your Societe.

Nath. And thanke you for: for societe (faith the text) Is the happinesse of life.

Ped. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do impute you too, you shall not say me nay: pace vobis.

Away, the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. Excurs.

Enter Beroune with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deere,
I am courting my selfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am tryling in a pyxh, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe forrow; for to they saye the foule said, and so say I, and the foule: Well proued witt. By the Lord this Louse is as mid as Auge, it kills therepe, it kills me, I a therepe: Well proued against a my life. I will not loue; If I do hang me: ysfath I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lyse, and lyse in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hauh brought mee to Ryme, and to be mallichoues: and here is part of my Rime, and here my mallichoues. Well, she hath one a my Sonners already, the Clowne bore it, he, the Fool, gavethe, and the Lady hath it: Sweete Clouane, sweeter Foole, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groome.

He stands aside. The King entret.

Kyn. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen proceede the sweet Ciph, thou hast thumpet him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap in faith secretes.

King. So sweete a kilse the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rofe, As thye eye beames, when their fresh rayle have fmoar. The night of dew that on my cheakes downe flows. Nor shines the filter Moonie one halfe so bright; Through the transparent bosome of the deepes. As dou thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou thinkest in easy tearst that I doe weep.

No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that flye in me, And they shely through my griefe will show:

But
.Loues Labour's lof.

.133

But do we lose thy selfe, then thou wilt keepen
My teares for glydes, and still make me wepe.

O Queen of Queene, how faire doth thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shalt the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shadde folly, Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longueil. The King steps aside.

What Longueil, and reading : listen ear.
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more faire appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a picture, wearing paper.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard louseth another of the name.

Long. Am I the first ? have been periu'd so ? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou maketh the triumph the corner cap of cofetie.

The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp semplicitie.
Long. I esteeme that hubborn lines lacke power to move.
O sweet Mary, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hole,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This fame shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.

Did not the beauly Riverinche of thame eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot bold argument,
Perfouado my heart to this false perriorie !
Volus for the broke defaire we not punishment
A Woman I see faire, but I will prove
Thou being a Coddelle, I forswore not that
My Fow was earthy, then a beaulyly Loue,
Thy grace beene gaid, outh all diligence in me.
Volu's are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Excellat this vproor, vioe thee u it : us
If broken then, it is no fault of mine : us
If by me brake, Whose foole is not so wise
To lesse an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the huer veine, which makes fuch a ducry.
A greene Goole, a Coddelle, pure pure I doleary.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out ocbway.

Enter Dun-amont.

Long. By whom shall I send this (company) ? Stay.
Ber. All hud, all hld, an old infant play.

Like a demie God, here fit I in the skie,
And wreathed foolese seers heedfully ore-eie.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I have my wish.
Dunamont transfor'd, foare Woodcocks in a dush.

Durn. O mort diuine Kike.
Ber. O mort prophane coscombe.
Durn. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not corporall, there thou lye.
Durn. Her Amber haires for toule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber colourd Rauen was well noted,
Durn. As springt at the Cedar.
June. Stoope I say her shouder is with-child.
Durn. As faire as day.
Ber. I at some daies, but then no funne must shine.
Durn. Othat I had my wish?
Long. And I had mine.
Kim. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Ame, I had mine : is not that a good word?
Durn. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood why then incension

Would let her out in Sewers, sweet misprifon.

Durn. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once once Ile mark how Loue can vvar Wit

Dunamont makes his Sonnet.

On a day, each the day : Loue, whose Mounth is every May,
Sped a blofforme poifting faire
Playing in the wanton aire.

Through the Vletes, leaues the wodle.
All enweme, can passe fonde.
That the Louer fiche to death,
With benefic the heavens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) the steeves may blew,
Ayre, would I might triumph fe.
But alaske my bands be fworne.

Nere to plucke thee from thy thronne :
Vow alakke for yon Swome,

Thou as apt to plucke a fower,
Do not call it faene on me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
That for whom Loue would fworne,
Tuno but an Etting were,
And deny thepenfes for Loue.

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.
That shall express my true-loue falsing paine,
O would the King, Berowme and Longueil,
Were Louers too ill, to example ill,

Woulde from my forehead wipe a periu'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe done.

Lou. Dunamont, thy Loue is farre from charitie:
That in Loues griefe defer't societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping for.
Kim. Come fir, you blush: as his, your eafe is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.

I do not love Maria ? Longueil,
Woulde soone Sonet for his faime he
Not neuer lay his wreathed armes in thart
His loning bofone, to keepe downe he heart.
I have bene clesely throwed ded in this bushe,
And mark you both, for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, of ter'd you fashion:
Saw fighs stiue from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, fayer one ! O fower, the other eres !
On her haires were Gold, Chaffall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth,
And loue for your loue would infringe an oath.

What will Berowme say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did swear.

How will he scornow how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see.
I would not have him know so much by me.

Bern. Now rest I forth to whip hypocrifie.

Ah good my Ledge, I praty the pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reprooue
These vormes for losing, that are most in loue ?
Your eyes doe make no noches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.
You'll not be periu'd, 'tis a hateful thing.

Tud,none but Miftris like of Sonneting.
But are you not allhard ? say, are you not

All
Loues Labour's lost.

All three of you, to be thus much or so that?
You found his Moss, the King your Moss did see;
But I Besame doe finde in each of three,
O what a Scene of folly have I seen,
Of fighes, of groans, of sorrow, and of sheene:
I seate with what I finde, true I seate,
To see a King transform'd to a Great?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salome tuming a lykke?
And Nefer play at pulh-pin with the boyes,
And Crystick Tyms laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy gierie O tell me good Domains;
And gentle Longueil, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges! all about the brest:
A Candle has it.

Kim. Too bithe thy left.
Are we betrayed thus to thy outer-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it finite
To brake the vow I am engag'd in.
I betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of incostancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in time?
Or groce for Tame or spend a minutes time,
To prunung mee, when shall you heare that I will praise
a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a face, a brow, a brest,
a waite, a legge, a limme.

Kim. Soft, Whister a-way so fah?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go

Enter Lawquents and Clowns.

Larg. God bleffe the King.
Kim. What Prefent hast thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treason.
Kim. What makes treason here?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing fir.
Kim. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Larg. I befoere your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-guides it: it was treason he said.

Kim. Berewome, read it over. He reads the Letter.

Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Larg. Of Casbard.

Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Clo. Of Dun Adramado, Dun Adramado.
Kim. How now, what is in you? why doth thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not 
feare it.

Kim. Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's 
heares it.

Ber. It is Berewome writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ay you whereon loggethed, you were borne 
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kim. What?

Ber. That you three foole, lackt mee foole, to make 
up the meffe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I.
Are picke-puries in Loue, and we deuerie to die.
O dishonour this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even

Berewome. True true, we are foore: will thes Turtles 
be gone?

Kim. Hence far, away.
Clo. Walk abide the true solke, & let the traytors lay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
At true we are as flih and blooud can be,
The Sea will ebe and flow, heaven will fhew his face:
Young blooud doth not obey an old decreas.
We cannot croffe the caufe why we are borne:
There being of all kinds mart we be forworne.

Kim. What, did thefe rent lines shew some Soule of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who fees the heavenly
That, like a rude and fauage man of India,
At the first opening of the gorgeous Sea,
Bows not his vaflall head, and strooken blinde,
Riftes the baufe ground with obedient breath
What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her mafterie?

Kim. What zeal, what furie, hath mifpright thee now?
My Loue, (her Maister) is a gracious Monne.
Shee (an attending Starre) (scarce seems her eye.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, not I Berewome,
O but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complieisons the cul'd sovereigntie,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where fefual Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it felle doth fecke.
Lend me the Bournes of all gentle tongues,
Fe painted Rethoricke, O the needes it is not,
To things of fale, a sellers prizie belongs;
She paffes prye, then prays to gods doth bloud.
A withered Hermitte, fuceetower worne,
Might shake off fittie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infaniec.
O'tis the Soune that maketh all things vlaine.

Kim. By heaven, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berew. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuidue?
A wife of Such wood were felicitie.

O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may Iower Beauty doth beauty lacke
If that the learner not of her eye lookes
No face is faire that is not fulf dole.

Kim. O paradoxo, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.

Berew. Duels soonest temps refemblinge spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be decke,
It moven, that painting vluring hare
Should raunfeth doters with a faire alpet:
And therefore is the beme to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turnes the fission of the dayes,
For nations bloud is couered painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it felle blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chiminy sweepers blacke,

Kim. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

Berew. And Cithoys of their sweet complieison creeke.

Dum. Dark needs no Canclles now, for dark is light.

Berew. Your mistrefles dare never come in raine,
For feare their colours should be wild away.

Kim. Were too good yours dide: for sir to tell you plaine.
He finds a fairer face not wilds so day.

Berew. Ild praise her faire, or call me dooms-day here.

Kim. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as thee.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile fluffe so deere.

Kim. Looke, heer, styhly loue, my foot and her face fee.

Berew. O if the streets were pauid with thine eye,

Her
As bright Apollo's Lute, strong with his haire.
And when Loue speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowse with the harmonie.
Neuer durt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vniull his Inke were tempered with Loues lightes:
O then his lines would rauch fauage ears,
And plant in Tyrants mildre humilitie.
From womans eyes this doctrine I derive
They sparcle fill the right promethean fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Achademes,
That flown, containe, and nourish all the world.
Elle none stull in ought proves excellent.
Then foolest you were thesee women to forsworne;
Or keeping what is swarene, you will prove foole,
For Widsdomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues lute, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the authour of thesee Women.
Or Womans sake, by whom women are Men.
Let's once looke our oathes to finde our felues,
Or else we lose our felues, to keep our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charitie it selfe fulfils the Law:
And who can find love from Charity.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dall.

Pedant. Satire quid piaest?
Curat. I prais God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharp & sentimentous pleasant with some severall, witty without questione, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and frantage without herefore! I did conceive this quantum day with a compaign of the things, who is intiulted, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armadon.

But, Nunc hominum quasi quo, His humour is lofty, his discourses pompomous: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate mazurilla, and his general behaviour very ridiculous and trashoncal. He is too quick, too fincere, too odde, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.


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Curst. A most singular and choice Epistile, Drawn out his Table-book.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbofite, finer then the fliple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phatalisms, such incoable and point desult companions, such tacker's of ortographie, so to speake dioulttowhen he should ray double; det, when he hold pronounce debut: & c. not desyre the cleath a Calfe, Caffe: half, haufe, neighbour occes, nephew, nebeir abracheted: this is ab浓浓的, which he would call ab浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓浓
Loves Labour's lost.

Enter Lord, & let them dance the hey. Eem.'

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweethearts we shall be rich ere we depart, if fortune come thus plentifully.

A Lady 1st about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the lovely King.

Rey.' Madam, came nothing else along with that?' Qu. Nothing but this: you must exchange in Rome, and be cram'd up in their paper.

Write on both sides the leaf, marmont and all, that he was faine to sign on Cupid name.

Rey.' That was the way to make his godhead wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeares a Boy.

Kath. I, and a threadd whynp gallowes too.

Qu. You'll never be friends with him, a kild your father.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so dead: she had the like Light like you, of such a merrie nimble flaring spirit she might a bin a Granam ere the died. And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Rey.' What's your darke meaning moule, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rey.' We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mistre the light by taking it in fruffle: Therefore let darkely end the argument.

Rey.' Look what you do, you do it full ill darke.

Kath. So do you not, for you are a light Wench.

Rey.' Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, O'thats your care not for me.

Rey.' Great resolution: for as you cure, you shall cure.

Kath. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But I's a freind, you have a Favour too?

Who fencit it? and what is it?

Kath. I, I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be womanish.

 Nay, I have Vertue too: I think 'tis Done, The numbers true, and were the numbering true,
I was the fairest of gods on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand faire.

O he hath drawn my picture in his letter Qu. Any thing like?

Rey.' Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Besouete as lusty: a good conclusion.

Rey.' False a sea B, in a Coppie book.

Rey.' Wreff penfals, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominyell, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that left, and I befie all Shrewes.

But Katherine, what was sent to you

Qu. From faire Damasne?

Kath. Madame, this Gloire,

Qu. Did he not send you twine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and moreover,

Some thousand Vestes of a faithful Louer.

A huge translation of hypercrit, Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Qu. This, and three Pearls, to me sent Langsuau.
The Letter is too long by half a smile.

Qu. I think so; Deft thou with in hers

The Chaine were longer, and the Letters short.

Kath. I would those bands might never part.

Qu. We are wife girles to mocke our Louers so.

Rey. They are worse foole to purchase mocking fo.

That same Berouwse torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,

How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feeke.

And wait the fation, and ofervie the times,

And spend his prodigall wins in bootes times,

And thape his fervice wholly to my desire,

And make him proud to make me proud that lefts.

So peruerse like would I o'reway his flate,

That he should be my foole, and I his hate.

Qu. None are so freely caught, when they are catcht.

As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wife dome hatch'd:

Hath wife domes worsam, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wit owne grace to grace a learned Poole?

Rey.' The bloud of youth burns not, with such excelle,

As grassetts result to want one be.

Kath. Follie in Fools bears not so atone a note,

As foolry in the Wife, when Wit doth dote.

Since all the power thereof is doth apply,

To proove by Wit, worth in simplicite.

Enter Boy.

Qu. Here comes Boy, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O am I ab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?

Rey. Thy newes Boya. I

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare,

Arms Wench's arms, in encounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, digul'd a.

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd.

Mutter your Witt, stand in your owne defence,

Or hide your heads like Cowards, and die hence.

Qu. Saint Democ to S. Cupid. What are they,

That charge their breath against us? Say my Say.

Boy. Vnder the cool shade of a Sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to intercept my purpos'd diet,

To ward that shade I might behold admitt,

The King and his companions: westerly

I stole into a neighbour chicken by,

And over-heard, what you spake one here: That by and by digul'd thay will be here.

Their Herald is a pretty knave Page:

That well by heart hath cond'd his embassage,

Adion and accent: did they teach him there.

Thus much thou speake, and thus thy body bearre.

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence misselfish would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angel shall shew thee

Yet fear not thou, but speake so secretly.

The Boy reply'd, An Angel is not euill,

I should have fear'd her, had the heare a deluil,

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shouder,

Making the bold wagg by their Praisedholder.

One rob'd his elbow shut, and fre'd, and aware,

A better speech was never spake before

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd owa, we will not come what will come.

The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and dewme he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter so profound,

That in this pacience ridiculous appens,

To check their fully passions somene teas.

Qu. But why, but why do they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do: and are apparell'd thus,

Like Knaj courteous, or Ruflans, as I goffe.

Their purpose is to parleze, to courte, and dance,
And every one his Loues fowt will advance,  
Vnto his femeall Miftrix: which they'll know  
By favours feuerall, which they did befoe.  
Queen. And will they fow the Gallants mot be taskt;  
For Ladies: we will ever one be maskt,  
And not a man of them shall have the grace  
Defpight of fute, to fee a Ladies face.  
Hold Reafon, this Favour thou shalt ware,  
And then the King will court the for his Dese:  
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Beware take me for Reafon.  
And change your favours too, so by all your Loues  
Woo contrary, decedt by these removers.  
Rece. Come on then, wear the favours moft in fight.  
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?  
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croffe theirs:  
They doe it but in mocking meriment,  
And mocke for mocke is only my intent.  
Theire feuerall counsels they vnforme fhall,  
To Loues miswtoke, and fo be mockt withall.  
Upon the next occafion that we mette,  
With Villages displayd to talk and greete.  
Rece. But fhall we dance, if they deire not too?  
Queen. No, to the death we will not move a foot,  
Nor to their pen'd speech rendr we no grace:  
But while’ts spoke, each turne away his face.  
Boy. Why that contemp will kill the keepers heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.  
Que. Therefore 1 doe it, and I make no doubt,  
The reft will ere come in, if he be out.  
There is no fuch sport, as sport by sport othrawne:  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.  
So fhall we flag mockting enuyed game,  
And they well mockt, depart away with fhame.  
Sound. Boy. The Trompet founds, beamkys, the maskers come.

Enter Black mores with muffick, the Boy with a speech,  
and the reign of the Lords disguise.

Page. All hail, the nephew Beatties on the earth.  
Boy. Beatties no more than rich Taffara.  
Page. A holy powerfull of the faireft dames that ever carr’d  
their bachelors to mortall wives:  
The Ladies turne their bachelors to him.  
Boy. Their eyes vifiblize, their eyes.  
Page. That ever turn’d their eyes to mortall wives.
Out  
Boy. True, out indeed  
Page. One of your favours heavenly spirits whom safe  
Not to behold.  
Boy. Once to behold, rogue.  
Page. Once to behold with your Summe beamed eyes,  
With your Summe beamed eyes.  
Boy. They will not anwerte to that Ephryhite,  
You were bleft call it Daughter beamed eyes.  
Page. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.  
Boy. Is this your perfecibshee be gon you rogue.  
Rece. What would these strangers?  
Know their minds Boyet.  
If they doe fpeak our language, ’tis our will  
That some plaine mans recount their purposes,  
Know what they would?  
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?  
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.  
Rece. Why that they have, and bid them go fon.  
Boy. She fayes you have it, and you may be gon.  
Ken. Say to her we have meafur’d many miles,  
To tread a Meafure with you on the graffe.  
Boy. They fay that they have meafur’d many miles,  
To tread a Meafure with you on this graffe  
Rece. It is not fo. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile? If they have meafur’d many miles,  
The meafure then of one is effie told.  
Boy. If to come hither, you have meafur’d miles,  
And the miles this Princes bids you tell,  
How many inches doth fill up one mile?  
Boy. Tell her we meafure them by weary feps.  
Boy. She heares her felfe  
Rece. How manie weary feps,  
Of many weary miles you have oerne,  
Are numbered in the truell of one mile?  
Boy. We number nothing that we fpend for you.  
Our dutie is fo rich, fo infinite,  
That we may doe it fill without accompt.  
Vouchfafe to fthew the funshine of your face,  
That we (like fasses) may worship it.  
Rece. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.  
Ken. Bleffed are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do.  
Vouchfafe your bright Moone, and thefe thy stars to shine,  
(Those clouds removed,) upon our watterie eyne.  
Rece. Of vainie petitioner, beg a greater matter,  
Thou now requestes but Mooneshine in the water.  
Ken. Then in our meafure, vouchfafe but one change.  
Thou bidft me begge, this begging is not strange.  
Rece. Play muffick then: nay you must doe it lonne.  
Not yet no dance : thus change lke the Moone.  
Ken. Will you not dance? How come you thus e- 
stranged?  
Rece. You took the Moone at full, but now thes changed?  
Ken. Yet fill thes is the Moone, and I the Man.  
Rece. The muffick plays, vouchfafe some motion to it:  
Our ears vouchfafe it.  
Ken. But your legges should doe it.  
Rece. Since you are Strangers, & come here by chance,  
We’ll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.  
Ken. Why take you hands then?  
Rece. Onelfe to part friends,  
Curfie sweet hearts, and befo the Meafure ends,  
Ken. More meafure of this muffick be not nice.  
Rece. We can afford no more at such a price.  
Ken. Preie your felues: What buyes your company?  
Rece. Your abience onlefle.  
Ken. That can never be,  
Rece. Then cannot we be bought:and so adue,  
Turn to your Visore, and halfe once to you.  
Ken. If you derine to dance, let’s hold more chat.  
Rece. In private then.  
Ken. I am not pleas’d with that.  
Boy. White handed Miftris, one sweet word with her.  
Qu. Hony, and Milks, and Sugars there is three.  
Boy. Nay then two creyens, if you grow so fine  
Metheline, Wort, and Malmfry; well runne dice:  
There’s halfe a dozen sweetes.  
Qu. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg,  
I’ll play no more with you.  
Boy. One word in secreet.  
Qu. Let it be sweet.  
Boy. Thou grec’t my gall.
Qu. Gall, bitter.
Br. Therefore meet.
Da. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Daw. Fair Ladi:
Ash. Say you so to Fair Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lidy.
Da. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What was your wizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you see.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sit, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford me speechless wizard halfe.
Mar. Vearl quoth the Dutchman, is not Vearl a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Lidy?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let’s part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe.
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Lookes you how but your felfe in the sharpe mockes.
Will you give horses fait Lidy? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horses do grow.
Len. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Brest softly then, the Butter hears you cry.
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are asken
As is the Razors edge, inuible:
Cutting a smaller hair then may be feene,
About the fen of fonce to fensible.
Scenth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Flieeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, twister things.
Rof. Not one word more my maide, brake off, brake off.
Ber. By heauen, all dre better with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wench, you haue simple wits.
Exeunt.
Qu. Twenty adieu my frozen Muscoutes,
Are thefe the breed of wits so wondered at?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puff out.
Rof. Wel liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouretie in wit, Kingly poorc frou.
Wilt thou nor (think you) haveing them selves to night,
Or euer but in wards the vfe their faces?
This pert Berowe was out of countenance quite.
Rof. They were all in lamentable fases.
The King was vveeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. Berowe diad smeard himselfe out of all faite.
Mar Damaine was at my fervicer, and his sword:
No point (quoth I) my fervant Strait was mute.
Ka. Lord Longwell said I came or his hart:
And told you what he call’d me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Ka. Yes in good faich.
Qu. Go fcheiden as thou art.
Rof. We better wits have wrought plain flatteur caps,
But wilt you heare the King is my loue sworn.
Qu. And quicke Berowe hath plentiful faith to me.
Kat. And long will was for my ferviser borne.
Mar. Damaine is mine as any as base on tree.
Boy. Madam, and prectee millesfes give ease,
Immediately they will againe be heares
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digfe this hart ungratious.

Qu. Will they return?
Boy. They will they will, God knows.
And leape for loy, though they are lame with blowes.
Therefore change Feauours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweete Roses, in this summer sires.
Qu. How blowe? how blowe? Speake to bee under
Boy. Faire Ladys, maskt, are Roses in their bod.
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture blowen,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplextie: What shall we do.
If they return in their owne shapes to wo?
Rof. Good Madam, if by me you be beauties,
Let’s mocke them still as well knowne as disguis’d.
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguised like Muscovites in shapeleffe geare.
And wonder what they were, and to what end.
Their shalow blowes, and Prologue wildly pen’d
And their rough carriage for ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to wo.
Boy. Ladys, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Qu. Whip to our Tents, as Roses runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reft.
King. Faire Sir, God faue you. Whet is the Princece?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Malefte the command me any seruice to her?
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will I, I know my Lord. Exit.
Ber. The fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pape,
And vters it againe, when Iesu doth plesse.
He is Wits pedler, and retails his Wares.
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth kno,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wrenches on his fleue.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carre too, and liffe: Why this is he,
That kiff away his hand in courtfe.
This is the Apo of Forme, Monfeur the nice.
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice.
In honorable teemes: Nay he can fing
A meane moft meanly, and in Vifiering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The faires as he treads on them kiffe his fete.
This is the flower that signifies on euer one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And confences that will not die in debt.
Pay him the dutie of honeie-tongued Boys.
King. A blifter on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put Annasboft Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladys.
Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what weren’t thou,
Till this madman thew’d thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madam, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Hallie is foule, as I conceive.
King. Contrue my fpeeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then with me better, I will glue you leu.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and fo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in peruer’d men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which thou prouoke.

The
The vertue of your envy must breake my och.

Qu. You nickname vertue: wise you should haue spoke.

For vertues office never breakes men troth,
Nor by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsatisfied Lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I shoulde endure,
I would not yeeld to be your house-guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, rowd with integritie.

Kyn. O you have liud d in detolation heere,
Unseeane, unvisitd, much to our shame.
"Qu. Not to my Lord, it is not to I sweare,
We have had all times here, and pleasant game,
A meffe of Ruffians left but of late,
And how madame Ruffians?
"Qu. I in trueth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of flate.

Refl. Madam speake true: it is not to my Lord:
My Lade (to the manner of the daies)
In cursifte gutes vndeferning praffe.
We foure indeed confonred were with foure
In Ruffia habet: Here they stayed an houre,
And talk'd space: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not dleve vs with one happy word.
I desire not call them foules; but this I think,
When they are thirthe, foolees would faie haue drinke
In this lefl is drie to me. Gentle soure,
Your wits make wife things foolish when we greece
With ees beft seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looke light: your capaciteit
Of that nature, that to your huge floore,
Wife things feeme foolish, and rich things but poore.
Refl. This proues you wife and rich: nor in my eie
Brr. I am a foole, and full of pouerzie.
Refl. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snitch words from my tongue,
"Qu. O, I am yours and all that I poiffe.
Refl. All the fooles mine.
Brr. I cannot give you leffe.
Refl. Which of the Viraz do what is that you wore?
Brr. Where? when what Viraz?
Why demand you this?
Refl. There, then, that wizard, that superficioues cafe,
That hid the worfe, and sheu'd the better face.
Krm. We are diviured,
They'd mocke vs now downwright.
Dv. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a left.
Quy. Amass'd my Lord? Why lookes your Hiugeres
Sadde?
Refl. Help me hold his browes, he'll found: why lokke you
pale?
Sea-fike I think comming from Muffouche.
Brr. Thus poure the stars downe plaguees for peritry.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heree fland I, Ladee dar st skill arme.
Bruise me with fcorne, confounde me with a floute.
Thruft drye sharpe wit quite through my ignorance
Cut me to pieces with thy keenest conceit;
And I will with thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruffian habit dance.
Of newing you I truft to speeches would,
Nor rothe motion of a Schoole-bones tongue
Nor neuer come in wizard to my friend,
Nor wooe in time like a blind-harpers tongue,
Taffara phrases, filken targees precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedantick, these summer flies,
Hauke blowne me full of maggot offentration
I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white Soule (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooring moodes shall be expreft
In rudle yeares, and honest kerse noe,
And to begin Wench, to God helpe me lawe,
My loue to thee is found fane cracke or fnew
Refl. Save, sante, I pray you.
Brr. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
I leue it by degrees: soft, let vs fee,
Write Lord haue mercy on vs, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies.
They haue the plague, and clought it of your eyes:
The Lords are witted, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.
Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to vs.
Brr. Our rates are for free, seeken not to vs
Refl. It is not so; for how can this be true.
That you (and forsett, being those that sue
Brr. Peace, for I will haue to do with you.
Refl. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Brr. Speake for your felers, my wit is at an end.
Kings. Teach vs speare Madame, for our rude teach.
Nod, some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confedion.
Were you not here but soon now, digest'd?
Kyn. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well advis'd?
Brr. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heree,
What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?
Kings. That more then all the world I did respect her.
Qu. When these shall challenge this, you will reiect her.
Kings. Vpon mine Honor no.
Qu. Peace peace, forbear:
your oath once broke, you face not to forbear.
Kings. Defpise me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will, and therefore keep it,
Refl. What did the Ruffian whisper in your ear?
Refl. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare.
As precious eye-dight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding there to morrowe,
That he vould Wed me, or else die my Louer.
Qu. God gueve thee joy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphould his word.
Kings. What meanes you Madam?
Brr. By my life, my truth,
I never swore this Ladee such an oath.
Refl. By heaven you did, and to conforme it plain,
you gave me this: But take it for again.
Kings. My faith and this, the Princesse I did guue,
I knew her by this lewel on her fleue.
Qu. Pardon me, this,
And Lord Bronwne (I thank him) it is my desire
What? will you have me, or your Pearle againe?
Brr. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heree was a conien,
Knowing aboard of our agreement,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some plese-man, some flight Zante,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when the fis dispods.
Told out intents before: which once disclo’d,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the signes, wo’d but the signe of the
Now to our perrity, to addle more terror,
We are againe forsworn in will and error.
Much upon this tis: and might not you
Forsake our speer, to make vs thus varrie?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by th squire?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe fir,and the fire,
Hold your trefcheur, jesting, merciell?
You put our Page out: go, you are slowe.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your frownd.
You leve upon me, do you? There’s an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merily hath this brave manager, this careere bene earn.

Ber. Looke, he is taking straignt. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowe.

Welcome pure wit, thou past a faire fray.

Cle. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthis shall come in,or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Cle. No fir, but it is varie fine,
For currie one parturens three.

Boy. And three times thricc is nine.

Cle. No fir, but vnder correccion fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot bege vs fir, I assure you fir, we know what we know: I hope thir times thricc fir.

Boy. It is true fir.

Cle. Vnde correccion fir, wee know where-varrille is doth ammount.

Boy. By Jove, I always tooke three threart for nine.

Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning fir.

Boy. How much is it?

Cle. O Lord fir, the partes themselfes, the aters fir will thew where-varrille it doth ammount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) Pompey the great fir.

Boy. Art thou one of the Worthis?

Cle. I pleased them to thinke me worthis of Pompey the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Wortheire, but I am to stand for him.

Boy. Go, bid them prepare.

Cle. We will turne it finelly off fir, we will take somecare.

King. Berowme, they will shamevs.

Let them not approach.

Boy. We are frame-proofe my Lord: and tis some policie, to have one thir worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kei. If say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeso flouris to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of which it presents:
Their fame confoundes, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Boy. A right description of our sport my Lord,

Enter Braggart

Brag. Annotated, I intemple to much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will vster a brace of words.

Que. Doth this man fave God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speakes not like a man of Gods making.

Boy. What is all one my faire sweet bonie Monarch.

For I profess, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical.

Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put in (as they say) to Fortune deplague, I wish you the peace of minde moit royall supplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthis; He professes Histors of Troy, the Sweyne Pompey 7 great, the Parthis Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules, the Pedant Iudas Machabes: And if these fourt Worthis in their first sheu thrise, these foure will change habiters, and present the other five.

Ber. There is fute in the first sheu.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not fo.

Boy. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Fool, and the Boy,

Abase throw at Novum, and the whole world againe.

Cannot pricke out fute such, take each one in’s vaine.

Kin. The ship is under faile, and here she comes again.

Enter Pompey.

Cle. I Pompey am.

Ber. You he, you are not he.

Cle. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said old moeker,

I must needs be friends with that,

Cle. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam’d the big.

Dis. The great.

Cle. It is great fir: Pompey surnam’d the great:

That of in field, rich Targe and Shield,

Did make my see to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lauff of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thanks Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thankes great Pompey.

Cle. This is not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect.

I made a little fault in great.

Dis. My hat to a half-pence, Pompey proues the best Wortheire.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv’d, I was the worlde’s Commandir.

By East, West, North, & South, I bred my conquering might.

My Scotchman plains declares that I am Alisander.

Bauer. Your noble saiers, you are not?

For I stand too right.

Bera. Your noble saiers, in this most tender smelingknight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dissaid:

Proceede good Alexander.

Curt. When in the world I liv’d, I was the worlde’s Commandir.

Bauer. Most true, tis right: you were so Alisander.

Bera. Pompey the great.

Cle. Your servaut and Cprowad,

Boy. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cle. O sir, you have euer throwne Alisander the conqueror: you will be fyrp’d oure of the printed cloth for this.
Loues Labour's lost.

this: your Lion that holds his Pelias sitting on a close stool, will be giv'n to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Runnie away for shame Alyfander. There an't hall please you: a fool-ish mild man, an honest man, looke you, & soom daft. He is a marvellous good neighbour inooth, and a venge good Bowler: but for Alyfander, alas you see, bow'rs is a little ere-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minds in some other fort

Exe. Cu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedan for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hereclus is prented by this Impe, Who is Club'd Cerberus that three-headed Cane. And when he was a babe, a child, a Shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpains in his Mans, Spantia, he femeath in miniature, Ergo, I come with this Apologie. Keep some flate in thy eare, and vanish. Exit Boy. Ped. Judas I am.

Dum A Iudas?


Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou proud Iudas?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you Iudas.

Ped. What meane you for?

Ber. To make Iudas hang himself.

Ped. Begin for, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder. Ped. I will not be put out o'countenance.

Ber. Because thou haft no face.

Ped. What is this?

Ber. A Citerne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deathes face a mirrour.

Lam. The face of an old Roman comma, scarce see.

Bai. The pumuell of Caesar Fauchion.

Dum. The card'd-bone face on a Flukete.

Ber. S George's haife cheere in a brooch.

Dum. 1. And in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worn in the cap of a Trowe-drawer. And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance. Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falle, we have geuen thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou were a Lion, we would do fo.

Ber. Therefore as he is, an Afe, let him go. And fo adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why doth thou stay? Dum. For the latter end of this name.

Ber. For the Afe to the Iude: give it him. Judas way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. Ber. A light for evensent Iudas, it growes dark, he may humble.

Que. Alas poore Machabaeus, how hath he beene bated.

Enter Bragg gue.

Ber. Hide thy head Aribile, here comes Hector in Armes.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be meere.

King Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Dum. But is this Hector?

Ken. I think Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Lam. His legge is too big for Hector.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Ber. No, he is beft inducted in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Bragh. The Armypotent Mars of Larenos the almighty, gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gift Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lam. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No cloues.

Bragh. The Armypotent Mars of Larenos the almighty, gave Hector a gift, the beire of Illon, A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight. ye. From morne till night, out of his Pavilion I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mist.

Long. That Collambine.

Bragh. Sweet Lord Longam felne thy tongue.

Lam. I must rather give it the reigne: for it runnes against Hector.

Dum. I, and Hector's a Grey-hound.

Bragh. The sweet War-man is dead and rotted.

Sweet chuckers, beat not the bones of the bureau. But I will forward with my device; Sweet Royalist bellow on me the fence of hearing.

Brown flies forth.

Sue. Speake braven Hector, we are much delighted.

Bragh. I do adore thy sweet Graces flippers.

Ber. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. Thou Hector farre from bounty Hounball. The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Bragh. What meanes thou?

Clo. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poor Wench is cast away; she's a quick, the child brag is in her belly already; it's yours.

Bragh. Doft thou infamous me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Suwentia that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pempey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moftr rape Pempey.

Bai. Renowned Pempey.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pempey. Pempey the huge.

Dum. Pempey trembles.

Ber. Pempey is moved, more Ares more Ares stare them, or flitte them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a hate no more mans blood in's belly, then will fap it Flee.

Bragh. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I will not figh with a pole like an Northman man: Ile flath, ile do it by the sword: I pray you let me hrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my Shirt.

Dum. Moftr resolute Pempey.

Page. Matter, Iet me take you a button hole lower.

Do yon not see Pempey is screwing for the comb: what more.
Varying in figure as the sithichough,  
To every varied object in his place:  
Which partie-coated precevices of looee love  
Put on by vs, if in your heavenly cier,  
Haste misbecom'd our eastes and gravities.  
Theo besumblie  
some that looks into these faults  
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies  
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes  
Is likewise yoncs. We to our felues provecke,  
By being once false, for ever to be true  
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.  
And even that falsehood in justice a time,  
Thus purifies it false, and turns it to grace.  

2. We have reciev'd your Letters, full of Loue:  
Your Favours, the Amabulators of Lone,  
And in our maiden consul late them  
At courtship, pleasant left, and curtesie,  
As bumble and as lining to the time:  
But more devout then these are our refpects  
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.  
Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then left  
Lett. So did our looks.  
Ref. We did not cost them so.  
Knt. Now at the laste minute of the houre,  
Grant vs your loues.  

Qu. A time me thinkske too short,  
To make a world-without-end bagainge in:  
No, no my Lord, your Grace is pen'd much,  
Full of deare guiltenesse, and therefore this:  
If for my Loue (as there is no such caufe)  
You will do  
Of your soule, and framed to for your Loue,  
Your oth, as the exiprations of the yeare,  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these defects,  
And by this Vir gin palme, now kiling thine,  
I will be thine: and till that infant fruit  
My woffull selfe vp in a mourning house,  
Raining the teares of lamentation,  
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.  
If this thon do denie, let our hands part,  
Neither intitiled in the others hart.  
Knt. If this or more then this, I would  
To flatter vp these powers of mine with ref,  
The fonde hand of death close vp mine ele.  
Hence ever the, my heart is in thy brest.  
Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?  
Ref. You must be purged too, your sins are sack'd.  
You are attaint with faults and perturile:  
Therefore if you my favor meanes to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and neuer reft,  
But seek the wearie beds of people farke.  
Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?  
Knt. A wife is a beard, fare health, and honefite,  
With three fold lone, I with you all these three.  
Du. O (shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?  
Knt. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,  

Enter a Messenger. Monsieur Marcade.  
Mar. God sue you Madame.  
Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that, thou interruptest our merriment.  
Marc. I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is  
beautie in my tongue. The King your father  
Qu. Dead for my life.  
Mar. Euen fo, my life is told,  
Ber. Worthies away, the scene begins to cloud.  
Brig. For mine owne part, I breach breake breath:  
I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole  
of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.  

Excus Worthies  

Kin. How fare your Maiestie?  
Qu. Boyer prepare, I will away to night.  
Knt. Madame not fo, I do before thee you stay.  
Qu. Prepare I say, I thank you gracious Lords  
For all your faire endeavours and entreats:  
Out of a new sad-goule, that you vouchsafe,  
In your rich widoome to excute, or bide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits,  
If our-Boldly we have borne our felles,  
In the conuere of breath (your gentlenesse  
Was guilte of it,) Farewell worthie Lord:  
A beaue heart beares not a humble tongue.  
Excuse me fo, comming fo short of thanks,  
For my great fafe, fo easily obtain'd.  
All caues to the purpose of his speed:  
And ofte at this vertue loose decides  
That, which long proccesse could not arbitrate.  
And though the mounching brow of progenie  
Forbid the smilling creature of Loue:  
The holy fute which faine it would conuine,  
Yet fince loues argument was first on foon;  
Let not the cloud of forrow affult  
From what it purpof'd: fince to waife friends left,  
Is not by much fo wholesome profitable,  
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.  
Ou. I vnderstand you not, my greene are double.  
Ber. Honest plain words, beft pierce the ears of griefe  
And by theo badges vnderstand the King,  
For your faire fake we have neglected time,  
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautee Ladies  
Had much deformed vs, faking our humors  
Euen to the oppofed end of our intents,  
And what in  
Euen hem'd ridiculous:  
As Loue is full of unbeckning stranges,  
Alot wander'd as a childe, skipping and valace.  
Form'd by the ele, and therefore like the ele.  
Full of flaying shapes, of tabies, and of forms
Plough for her sweet love three years. But most esteem'd greenes, will you hear the Dialogue that the two
Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our
new.

Kin. Call them forth quickly: we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is Heint, Winter.

This For, the Spring; the one maintained by the Owle,

The other by the Cuckow.

Per. begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Ladi's-mockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mokes married men, for thus sung he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnhappening to a married eare.

When Shepheardes pipe on Osten frawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rockes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their Lume ley mockes.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mokes married men; for thus sung he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnhappening to a married eare.

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the wall,
And Dickes the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beates Logges into the ball,
And Milke corner frozen home in pail:
When blood is mpt, and water be fowlie,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,
While greate Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And cossing drowes the Parfons sawe;
And birds fit brooding in the snow,
And Marriotts note looks red and saw:
When rosted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,
While greate Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mureutie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; weethis way.

Enter others.

FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hora
Draows on space: faire happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes: She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans renewew.
Hippolita. These daies wil quickly steep the fuses in nights
Fourte nights wil quickly dreae away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a fitter bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philoctete,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merrimentes,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I wou'd thee with my sword,
And wone thy loute, doing thee merryes.
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with rewelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
And Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

The. Thans good Egeus: what's the newes with thee? Ege. Full of vexation, corne I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Lysander,

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Demetrius.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe.
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rites,
And interchang'd love, toke em with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With fairing voice, verdes of fairing love,
And flown the impression of her face,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawudes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, Nofe-gates, sweet meares
Of strong previsement in unhardened youth.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

For so will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin parent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose unwifhed yoke,
My foule confts not to give foueraignty.
Thefe days to paufe, and by the next new Moon
Thefe dayes betweene my loue and me,
For entertaining bond of fellowship:
Upon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or clle to wed Demetrius as she would,
Or an Dianas Altar to prostrate
For fea, authority, and fingle life.
Dem. Recquit sweet Hermia, and Lyfander, yelde.
Thy craied title to my certaine right.
Lyf. You hate her fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me hate Hermia: do you marry him,
Egdon. Scornfull Lyfander, true, he hath my Loue,
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do efface unto Demetrius.
Lyf. I am my Lord, as well deri'd as he,
As well poiffibl: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes every way as faifie rank'd
(If I be most with vantage) as Demetrius;
And (which is more then all these boast can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then profecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile wouch it to his head,
Made loue to Nedaris daughter, Heloia,
And won her soule and the (sweet Ladies) dores,
Deepest, dores, dores in Idolatry,
Upon this spectred and inconstant man.
Thee, I must confesse, that I have known so much,
And with Demetrius thought, I have spoke thereof:
But being overfull of felfe-affaires,
My minde did leave it. But Demetrius come,
And come Ego, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your feles,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athenes yelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of fingle life.
Come my Hippolito, what eare my loue?
Demetrius and Egoe go along;
I must, Ileproy you in news bullesse
Againf our mutuality, and converse with you.
Of something, neereall that concerns your soules.
Egdon. With dute and defire we follow you. Exeunt
Lyfander, and Hermia.
Lyf. How now my Loue? Why is your cheeck so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Relike for want of raine, which I could well
Betemeen them, from the tempest of mine eyes
Lyf. For sough that euer I could reade,
Could euer hear by tale or historie,
The course of true loue never did run smooth,
But euer it was different in blood.
Her. O croffe too high to be embracht to loue.
Lyf. Or else misgrafed, in respect of years.
Her. O sight too old to be inag'd to yong
Lyf. Or else instead upon the choufe of merit.
Her. O hell! to choose loue by another, eie.
Lyf. Or if there were a fapanthire in choife,
Warre, death, or ficknefe, did lay fiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a found.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the colde night,
That (in a flenece) yeilds both heaven and earth:
And euer a man bath power to fay, behold,
The loues of darknefe do devoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confufion
Her. If then true Loues have beene ever croft,
It stands as an edift in define:
Then let vs teach our trall patience,
Because it is a fomatru ficke crofe,
As due to loue, as thoughts and dreames, and fighs,
Worfe and truths, poore fancies followers.
Lyf. A good perfonation: therefore heereme Hermia,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seven leagues,
And he reflects me, as her only fonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ftars Atenian Law
Cannot pufue vs. If thou loue me, then
Stelle forth thy fathers house to morrow night
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meet thee once with Heloëa,
To do obfervance for a morrow of May)
There wil I fay for thee
Her. My good Lyfander,
I were to thee, by Cupids ftrongfet bow,
By his fleft arrow with the golden head,
By the fimplictie of Venus Dones,
By that which knoeketh foules, and perfaes loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the faffe Troyan under faine was fente,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(Number more then euer women spake)
In that fame place thee halfe appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyf. Keeps promife loue. looke here comes Heloëa.

Enter Heloëa.

Her. God speedes faine Heloëa, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me fairest that faire against vafay,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loofefaires, and your tongue sweet eye
More tuneable then Larks to the fheardes ear.
When wheate is greene, when hauhorne buds appear,
Stickesfle is cajching: O were I fauer fe,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia are I go,
My eare should catch your voyce, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your voyces words, felodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bared,
The refte ftle glute to be to you translated
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You fway the motion of Demetrius bane,
Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loues me ftil.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my files
fuch fkill,
Her. I gueue him curfes, yet he gueues me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affeccion move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I hate, the more helookupes me.
Her. His fally Heloëa is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beuty, wold that fauer were mine
Her. Take comfort, he was no more full by my face.
Lyfander and my felfe will fie this place,
Before the time I did Lyfander fee,
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That heath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lys. *Here to you my minde we will unvield,
To morrow night, when *Phoeb* doth behold
Her siluer vifage, in the watry glaffe,
Decking with liuid pearls, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flinges doth full declare)
Through Athena's gates, have we deuid'd to sleepe.

Hor. *And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faine Primrose beds, were wont to lay,
Emptying our botomes, of their counsell weld:
There my *Lysander*, and my felf shall meere,
And thence from *Athens* turn'd away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strangue companions,
For we sweeple play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrie*
Reape word *Lysander* we must flarie our fight,
From leuers foode, till nowr deep into the night.

Exit *Herma*.

Lys. I will my *Herma*. *Helena* staye,
As you on him, *Demetrie* doth goe on you. *Exit Lysander*.

Hel. How happy some, are others some can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrie* thinkes not so:
He will not knowe, what all, but he doth know,
And as his errand, doting on *Herma* eyes.
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things bale and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can trasnporte to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the mindes,
And therefore is wing'd Captiv'd pain'd blinde.

Nor hath loues mindes of any judgement saile:
Wings and no eyes, figure, wherby halle.
And therefore is Loue said to be a child.
Because in choife he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boye Loue is periuer every where.

For ere *Demetrie* look'd: on *Herma* eyes,
He bal'd downe onkes, that he was onely mine.
And when this Halle some heat from *Herma* felt,
He disfolk'd, and showeres of oasses did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Herma* flight.
Then to the wood will he, too morrow night
Purfeuer; and for his intelligence,
If I hate the man, it is a despaire pace:
But herein meanes I to enrich my paine;
To haue his fight baxter, and backe again.

*Exit*.

Enter *Quince* the *Carpenter*, *Snug the Joiner*, *Bottom* the *Weaver*, *Flute the Bellows-mender*, *Snout the Tinker*, and *Starveling the Taylor*.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the *serulle* of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our *Enserule* before the Duke and the Dutchs, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the *Actors*: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable: *Comedy*, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good piece of workes I assure you, and a
Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fair. Our hill, our vale, through bath, through brier, Our park, our pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander every where, swifter then $\text{Moons sphere}$; And I reave the Fairy Queen, to dwell in her orbs upon the The Cowflips tall, her penitenti, (green) In their gold coats, spots you see, Tho$e$ be Rubies, Paine fayers, In those freckles, like their favor, I may go seek some dewdrops here, And hang a pebble in every cowflips ear.

Farewell you Lob of spirits, I be gone, Our Queen and all her Elves come hear anon.

Rob. The King doth keep his Revels here to night, Take heed the Queen comes not within his sight, For Oberon is passing soft and wrath, Because that he, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy, (alone from an Indian King, She ne'er had) to sweet a chiding, And jealous Oberon would have the childe, Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde, But he (perforce) with holds the loud boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her toy, And now they never meer in grove, or greene, By fountain clear, or spangled far-light shine, But they do figure, that all their Elves for fear Crepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fair. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that flower'd and knaught spirit call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not here, That fights the maids of the Villagere, Skim mole, and sometime labour in the querne, And bootlegs make the breathlesse huswife chere, And sometime make the drinkke to break no barne, Mislike night-wanderers, lauging at their harme, Tho$e$ that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. Are not you he?

Ober. Thou speakest right; I am that errant wanderer of the night: I left to Oberon, and make him smile; When I a fire and beam'd fires beguile, Neighing in likeforme of a fally sable, And sometime lurk In a Cowflips bole, In very likeness of a rosalved crab: And when the drinks he, against his lips I bob, And on her wither'd dewlop poure the Ale, The weist Aunt telling the faddles tale, Sometimes for three-four fable, rostaketh me, Then flip I from her bum, downe topples the, And tailour cries, and falls into a cote, And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose, And wash in their mirth, and pree, and swear, A merrier hour was not wafted there. But noon the Fairie, here comes Oberon Fair, And heere my Mistres: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Faeries at one door with his traine, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud Tytania.

Ober. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy ship hence. I have forsworne his bed and companie. Ob. Terriesth Wanton: am I not thy Lord? Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou wast alone away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of Corn, late all day, Playing on pipes of Corn, and verting lone To amorous Phoebus. Why ast thou heere Come from the farthest strepe of India? But that forsooth the bounding Amazun And Mars with his Miferere, and ye clare Warrior lobe, To Tiflon must be Wedded: and you come, To give his bed toy and prospertie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for Dame Tytiana, Gance at my credite, with Hippocrene? Knowing I know thy love to Tiflon? Didst thou not take him through the glistening night From Perigena, whom he raffhied? And make him with faire Eagles breke his faith With Arden, and Atropa.

Ober. These are the forgeries of selensuse, And never since the middle Summers singing Mew on hill, in vale, forest, or race, By paused fountain, or by rushe brooke, Or in the beachest margin of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling Windes, But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reever, huee suck'd vp from the sea Contagious logges: Which falling in the Land, Hath eerie pety River made to proud, That they have over-borne their Conquerors. The Oxe hath therefore fresht his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath raddeted, ere his youth attaint a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crowes are fattest with the mutton flocke,
The nine men Morris is fild vp with mud.
And the quaint Mazines in the wancon greene,
For lacke of tread are vndiftinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (in gourennesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the sere; 
That Rheumatiske diseases doe abound.
And through this distemper, we fee
The feason alter; hoered headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimon Roie,
And on old Hyms shines and Ieie crownes,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds!
Is as in moody feft. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueres, and the mazed worlds;
By their increas, now knownes not which is which.
And this same progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our disention.
We are their parents and originall.

Other. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do bur beg a little changeling, boy,
To be my Henchman.

On. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyer not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the speed of Indian aire, by night
Full often hath the ghostly by my side.
And fare with me on Neptune yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the fables conceive,
And grew bog belliged with the wanont wipne:
Which she with pretties and with swimming gate,
Following (her womebe then rich with your yong squire)
Would imitate, and faile upon the Land,
To fetch me stillest, and returne againe.
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe receaue her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay
Perchance till after Thefus wedding day.
If you patienly dance out in Round,
And see our Moone-light recules, goe with vs;
If not, shun me and I will parte your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy and I will goe with thee.

Ob. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome Fairies away;
We shall chide downe right, if longer play.

Ob. We go thy way, thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou rememb'rest
Since once I se vpon a promotory
And heard a Mearse-maiden on a Dolphins backe}
Vesuing such dulcer and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew stillist at her song,
And cernine flares then madly fra their Spharees,
To heare the Sea maids musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid arm'd; a certaine sime he tooke
At a faire Veftall, throned by the Weft,
And loo'd his louse-shaft sharply from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see yong Cupid fiery shaft

Quench't in the chaste beams of the watry Moore;
And the imperrall Votesse pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark't I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little westorne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loutes wound,
And maidens call it, Lowns in violetne.
Fetch me that Bowers the hens I shew'd thee once.
The iyue of its, on sleeping eye- lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly done
Upon the next bitt creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearse, and be thou here againe,
Ere the Lenathan can swim a league.


Other. Hasting quicke this iyue,
I will watch Tuana, when the is asleep,
And drop the liquor out in her eyes.
The next thynge when the waking lookes upo
(Beat on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe or Bull,)
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the foul of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her fight
(As I can take it with another heare)
I heeke her render vp her Page to me,
But who comes here? I am inuincible,
And I will over- hear their conference.

Exit Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lyndy, and faire Hermia?
The one Ie flye, the other flyeth me,
Thou toldst me they were flowne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hath. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not, iron, for my heart
Is true as little, Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power so follow you.

Dem. Do you long within this wood intend you stay
Or rather do I not in planchet truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hath. And even for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Ve me but as your spaniel; spare me, strike me,
Neglect me, louse me; onely give me leaue
(Being worthy as I am) to follow you,
What wouuer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vied as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am fickke when I doo looke on thee.
Hath. And I am fickke when I loue not on you.

Dem. You doe impesch your modesty too much,
To leave the Civill, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To raft the opportunity of night,
And the irrelevant of a defert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hath. Your venere is my privelidge: for that
It is not night when I doo see your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.

N.3 For
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

For you in my secret are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone.
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. He run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildef hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo thus, and Daphne holds the chafe;
The Duke pursues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speeds,
When cowardlifie pursues, and valoure flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I am the Temple in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Eye Demetrius,
You wrongs doe fill a scandall on my face:
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
We shoule be woor'd, and were not made to woe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymphe, ere he doe leave this grove,
Thou shalt fiue him, and he shal fecke thy love,
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.
Puck. I, theret is
Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxtips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannoped with luxurious woodbine,
With sweet muske rotes, and with Eglantine;
There sleepest Tyranys, sometime of the night,
Lust in these flowers, with dances and delight.
And thers the snake throwes her enamelled skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the wyce of this Ile freake her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasties.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in love
With a dinnishfull youth: annoit his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies.
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then fiue upon her love;
And looke thou meet me eere the frie Cocke crow.

Puck. Yeare not my Lord, your servants 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 me keero beds,
Some with wreate and Rememel, for their letherman wings,
To make my small Elyes coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly howes and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now a sleepe.
Then to your offices, and let me reit.

Fairies Sing.

Yea floutted Snakes with double tongue,
Thurvy Hodgepogge he was grene,
News and blinde women do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Quene.
Phantast with melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Never harme, purfle, nor charme,
Come our lovely Lady wyce,
So good night with Lullaby.

L. Fairy. Meaning Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spiders, hence.
Beetles blackes approach not neere;
Worms nor Swylde doe no offence.

Enter Oberon.
Ober. What thou feeest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Londe take:
Londe and language for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Bear,
Pard, or Boare with brisled bize,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'r, it is thy dese,
Wake when same vile thing is nearet.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fairie lour, you faint with wandering in these woods
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
We'll ret vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Herm. Be it vs Lysander; finde you out a bed, for I vs this bane, will ret my head.

Lys. One tis sue flatisere as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bolomes, and one troth.

Herm. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my dese
Lie further oft yet, do not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the fence lour, of my innocence.
Londe takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meant that my heart onto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make off,
Two bolomes interchanged with an oast,
So then two bolomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lyse.

Herm. Lysander riddles very prettie;
Not much brewe my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to lay, Lysander lied,
But gentle friend, for love and courteous
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separacion, as may well be laid,
Becomes a vertuous bathealour, and a maide,
So farre be diffant, and good night sweet friend:
Thy londe nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end londy,
Here is my bed, sleepe glie thee all my reit.

Herm. With halfe chat with, the wifhers eyes be prest.

Enter Puck.
Puck. Through the Forreit have I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whole eies I might apprave
This flowers force in stringuing love.
Night and silence: who is here?
Widowes of Athenian doth weare
This he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And hence the maiden sleeping found,

On
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

On the dainty and dainty ground
Press'd souls, see, durst not fly,
Near this lacke-loue, this kill-curtsey.
Charlie, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepc his feste on thy eye-lid
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius
Do. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
Do. Stay on thy pettill, alone I will go.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the fler is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore shee lies;
For the vast blessed and express eyes,
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If no, my eyes are often wash't then hers.
No, no, I am as vigour as a fierce;
For bests that mete me, ruine away for fear,
Therefore no martially, though Demetrius
Do at a monitory, file my prudence thus.
What wicked and diffigling glass of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia {phery eye}?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Deade or asleep? I fee no bloud, no wound,
Lyfander, if you live, good far awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Enter Helena trembling.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason wavy'd:
And reason faies you are the worship Maide.
Things growing are not rype until their reafons;
So I being yong, tall now rype not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reafon becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I do lookke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore wase I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deferve this fene?
If not enough, if not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deferve a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency.
Good truth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disfainfull manner, me to wreake.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of fine meaning
Should of another therefore be abus'd

Lyf. She fees not Hermia; Hermia sleepe thou there,
And never maifs thou come Lyfander neere;
A Midsummer night's Dream.

asquest you, or would entreat you, not to feare, not to
tumble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither
in Lyon, it was 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 Snug
the joiner.

Qun. Well, it shall be so; but there are two hard
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-
ber, you know, P尽管tas and Thduey meece by Moon-
light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
play?

Bot. A Calendar, a Calendar, looke in the Almanack,
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Puggage.

Qun. Yet, he doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great
chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone
may thine in at the casement.

Qun. For else one must come in with a bush of thorns
and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to pre-
sent the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another
thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber, for Pi-
raone and Thduey (sies the story) did talke through the
chinkle of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you
Betome?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let
him have some Platter, or some Lome, or some rough
cast about him to fille the wall; or let him hold his fing-
ers thus; and through that cranny, shall P尽管tas and
Thduey whisper.

Qun. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit
downe every mothers sone, and rehearse your parts.
P尽管tas you begin; when you have spoken your speech,
enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his
cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagge-
ring here?

Somere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene?

What a Play toward? He be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Qun. Speake P尽管tas Thduey stand forth,

Pur. Thduey, the flowers of odious sauors sweete.

Qun. Odours, odours.

Pur. Odours flowers sweete,

So harsh thy breath, my dearest Thduey deare.

But harke, a voyce; stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exeunt P尽管tas, the😴

Thuey. Mufse I speake now?

Pet. I marry mufse you. For you mufse understand,
goest but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come a-

Thuey. Most radiant P尽管tas, most Lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,

Moift brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely leven,

As true as trueft horef, that yet would never tyre,

Ile meete thee P尽管tas, at Nimtie toomebe.

Pet. Nimtie toomebe man: why, you mofte not speake
that yet; that you answere to P尽管tas: you speake all
your part at once, cues, and all. P尽管tas enters, your cue is
past; it is never tyre.

Thuey. O, as true as trueft horef, that yet would never tyre:

Pet. If I were faire, Thuey I were only thine.

Pet. O monstruous, O strange. We are haued; pray
masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clowns all Exit.

Peke. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,

Through bogge, through buls, through brake, through

Sometime a horte ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer,

A horse, a headsle head, sometimes a fire,

And neig, and baue, and great, and roar, and burne,

Like horfe, hound, hog, bee, fire, at every turne. Exit.

Enter P尽管tas and with the Alfe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauey
of them to make me afeard. Enter Snug.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What do I see on
there?

Pet. What do you see? You see an Alfe-head of your
owne, do you?

Enter Petur Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee Bottom, blesse thee; thou art tranf-
scended.

Exeunt Quince. Quince.

Bot. I see their knauey; this is to make an alfe of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not fritte from
this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe
here, and I will fing that they shall heare I am not a
fraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of heau,

With Orenge, tawny bill.

The Throte, with his note fo true,

The Wren, and little eule.

Thuey. ANgell wakes me from my flowy bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,

The plainfong Cuckow gray;

Whafe note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not anfwere, nay.

For indeede, who would let his wit to fo foolish a bird?

Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,

Suer fo?

Thuey. I pray thee gentle mortall, finge again.

Mne exer is much enamored of thy note;

On the frift view to fay, to fware I love thee,

So is mine eye enthralld to thy fhape,

And thy faire vertues force (perfonde) doth move me.

Tin. Me-thinks merrie to, you fhand hafe little reafon for that:

And yet to fay the truth, reafon and

Love keepe little company together, now-adays.

The more the pittie, that some honeft neighbours will

not make them friends. Nay, I can gleake uppon oc-

Thuey. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. No, I neither: but if I had wit enough to get

out of this wood, I hauie enough to ferue mine owne

Thuey. Out of this wood, do not deffe to goe,

I hauie that remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer fhall doth tend upon my flate,

And I doue love thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile gieue thee Faeries to attend on thees,

And they fhall fetch thee Jewels from the deeps,

And Jing, while thou on prefled flowers deft sleepe

And I will purge thy mortal groffeneff fa,

That thou fhall like an aire spiritual go.

Enter Pduey, Coghe, Math, Minard-


Fare. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe?
Thou, be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,

Fedde him with Apricocks, and Dewedberries,

With purple Grapes, greene Pigs, and Mulberrys,

The hone-sage cluster from the humble Bees,

And for night I'pors upon the wakeneth, thinner,

And light them at the fire. — Glow-wormes eyes,

To blaze my love to bed, and to shine:

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,

To fan the Moone-comes from his sleepings eies

Not to him Eluse, and doe him curties.

1. fast. Haile mortall, haile,

2. fast. Haile.

3. fast. Haile.

But. I cry your worshipes mercy hardly; I belewe your worshipes name.

Cob. Cobweb.

But. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my hanger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Pef. Pefophoie. But. I pray you commend mee to misstrice Squawd, your mother, and to Master Pefofed your father. Good master Pefophoie, I desire of you more acquaintance to your name I belewe you.


But. Good master Mussard fiedes, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gants-like One bees hath deuoured many a gentlemans of your house. I promise you, your kinde-red hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mussard-fiedes.

Thou. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a warlike eye,

And when the weeps, weeps euerie little flower,

Lamenting such enforced chaflitte.

Tye vp my lowers tongue, bring him softly. Exeunt King of Phoebes, folos.

Ob. I wonder if I tonia be awake;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which the miste dont-en, in extremities.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger shew now me spirit,

What nightes-move new about this gauzy ground?

Puck. My Mabius with a monster is in loud,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she in her skull and sleeping bower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechaniaus,

That workes for bread vpon Athenam Falls,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Intended for great Tophus nuptial day:

The hollowell thick-skyn of that barren for.

Who Parnassus pretended, in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this advantage take,

An Assenoble I fixed on his head.

And when his Tophus me be anwered,

And forthe my Maboeke cometh: when they hie (See, as Wilde-geno, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or ruffted-pated choughes, many in for.

Rifling and cawing at the gun report)

Steue themselves, and madly swepe the sky:

So at his fight, away his fellows fly,

And at our stafme, there are and onee one falls;

He murther criest, and helpe from Athenam cast,

Their fante thus wasted, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made f needlelitt things begin to do them wrong.

For briars and thores at their apparel stanch,

Some fleecs, some hats, from yeenders all things catch,

I led them on in this duerled faire,

And left sweete Firmanus transtaled there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

Tourney waked, and flaightway lound an Aafe.

Ob. This faus our better then I could desire:

But haft thou yet lacht the Athenianes eyes,

With he loue yncce, as I did bid thee doe?

Puf. I tooke him sleepeing (that is finisht,

And the Athenian woman by his side,

That when he wak, off force the mult be eyde.

Enter Demeterus and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloe, this is the fame Athenian.

Rom. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?

Lay brefast so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I shut chide, but I should wil thee worse.

For thou (I feare) haft giuen me cause to curse,

If thou haft blame Lyfander in his sleepe,

Being ore choos in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and hill mee too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,

As ha to me. Would be have stolen away,

From sleepe Hermia? I beleue no as one

This whole earth may be hord, and that the Moone

May through the Center creep, and do displease

Her brothers noote-side, with the Antipodes,

It cannot be thou haft murdred him,

So should a murdorer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdeter looke, and so should I,

Perfit through the heart with your steare cruelty.

Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,

As yonder Uneas in his glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?

Ah good Demeterus, will thou giue him me?

Dem. I de rather giue his carkeffe to my hounds.

Her. Oues dog, out cur thou drue not me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Haft thou flame him then.

Henceforth benemserd small no man,

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,

Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?

And hast thou kill'd him sleepeing? O brave turch:

Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: for with double tongue

Then that's (thou serpent) never Adder (tong)

Dem. You spend your passion on amisses d mood,

I am not guiltie of Lyfander blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilidge, never so i se memor;

And from thy baref preserf part, I see me no more

Whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,

Here therefore for a while I will remaime,

So forrowes beaunifie doth hether growe:

For debt that bankroht flip dot doth forrow owre,

Which now in some light measure it will pay,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mislooked by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pages see?
Lord, what foole these mortals be!
Oh. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That mutt needs be sport alone:
And those things doe bar please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?
Sorne and derision never comes in teares:
Looke when I vowe I weeppe; and vowes do become,
In their naature all truues appear.
How can these things in me, seeme soone to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O disdaind holy tray?
These vowes are Hermia. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me. (put in two fables.)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde. now you give her ore.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you. Aua.
Dem. O Helena, goddesse, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what my loue, shall I compare thine eye.
Chriftall is muddie, O how ripe in flow,
Thy lips, those kisning cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white high Taurus know,
Fan'd with the Eastern winde, turns to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse
Thus Princeless of pure white, this scale of blisse.
Hel. O fairest! O hell! I fee you are all bent
To let against me, for your errriment:
If you were ciuil, and knew curtesse,
You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must voyne in soules to make me to?
If you are men, as men you are in flow,
You would not vie a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swayre, and superimyse my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rival, and love Hermia.
And now both Rival to make Helen.
A strie exploit, a manly enterprise,
To confute tears up in a poore smale eyes,
With your derision. none of noble fort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, al to make you sport,
Lys. You are vnkind Demetrius: be not fo,
For you loue Hermia this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia love I yeeld you wp my part.
And yours of Helen, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers wait more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia. I will none:
Here I loue her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guett-witte foretold,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.
Dr. Dispare not the faith thou dost not know,
Left in thy perill thou aside it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The rare more queke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing faire,
It pieres the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander found,
Mine ears (I thanke it) brought me to that found,
But why vnkindly didst thou leave me fo? (go to)
Lysan. Why should she stay whom Loue doth preffe
Her. What love could preffe Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander! louse (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helen; who more engilds the night,
Then all your fierce oes, and eyes of light.
Why feek't thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leae thee fo?
Her. You spake not as you think' it cannot bee,
Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they have conoeyd all three,
To fathion this falle sport in spight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, moe vngrateful maid,
Have you confir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counfellt that we two have fhad't,
The sisters vowes, the hours that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hafty footed time,
For parting vs I, is all forgot?
All schooldesies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sittin on one cullion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minde
Had bee incorporat. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,

Two
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heralt.
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient Loue Lysander,
To Ioyn with men in feareting your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for,
Though alone doe feel the injure.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I fcorne you not; It feemes that you fcorne me.
Hel. Have you not yet Lysander, as in fcorne
To follow me, and praise my eies and face?
And made your other loue, Demetrius
(Who euen but now did fprue me with his foeke).
To call me goddeffe, nimph, diuine, and rare.
Precious, eelefliall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Dene your loue, (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forfooth) affechon,
But by your fettling on, by your content?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with loue, fo fortunate?
(But miferable mooll, to loue vnload')
This you should pittie, rather then defiphe.
Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this,
Hel. I doe, perseruer, counterfeitt sad lookes,
Make monthes upon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete left vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled,
If you have any pittie, grace, or manner,
You would not make me fuch an argument:
But faire ye well, is partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abience foomne shall remedie.
Lys. Lay gentle Helena, heare my excuse.
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.
Hel. O excellent! 
Her. Sweere, do not eorm her fo.
Dem. If fie cannot entrette, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then the entrette,
Thy threats haue more fligntene then her weak prais.
Helena, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I fwear by that which I will love for thee,
To proune him faltie, that faries I loue thee not.
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can doe.
Lys. If thou lay lo, with draw and proue it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Hel. Lysander, wherefore tends this all?
Lys. Away, you Eriope.
Dem. No no, Sir, feeme to breake loose.
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tane man, go.
Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bullie thing let loose,
Or I will flake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you gronwe fo rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?
Lys. Thy loue? our awny Tartar out;
Outloched medicines; O hated poifon hence.
Her. Do you not left?
Dem. Yes foot, and fo do you.
Lys. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond for I percieve
A weak ond hond holds you; Hee not craft your word.
Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Hee not harme her fo.
Her. What, can you do my greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was eere while.
Since night you loued me, yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
Taceamet, shall I lay?

Lys. I, by my life;
And never did desire to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: its no left,
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.
Her. O me, you tugger, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue; What, have you come by night,
And holne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine yealt:
You have no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bas finfinite; What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fic, fie, you counterfeit, you puppy, you.
Her. Pupper? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I percieve the fhath made compare
Betwene our.fxtures, the hath urg'd her height,
And with her perionage, her tall perionage,
Her height (forfooth) the hath prais'd with him.
And are you groome to high in his effecme,
Because I am to dwarfsith, and fit low?
How low am I, thou pousted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet fo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was euer curt:
I have no gift at all in fherewillniffe;
I am a right made for my cowardize.
Let her not flrike me: you perhaps may thinke
Because she is something lower then my felfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harkeagine.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be fo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you Hermia,
Old euer keepe your counsells, euer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto Demetrius,
I told him of your fbealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, far loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, fprune me, nay to kill me too; and
Now, fo you will let me quiet go,
To Sithen will I bear my foly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You see how fimple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone? who if that hinderes you?
Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leave here behinde.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid, the fhall not harme thee Helena.
Dem. No fir, the fhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when she'se angry, this is keene and fhrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to Schoole,
And though fhe be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to fave me thus?

Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You minimus, of hindring knot-grafffe made,
You beadle, you acorne.
Dem. You are too ofhious,
In her behalfe that forsoes your services.

Let
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Ne'er so little she'll love of love in her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lyf. Now the holds me not,
Now I follow if thou don't, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is moit in Helena.

Dem. Follow me. Nay, I goe with thee chekke by 

owl's. Exit Lyfander and Demetrius.

Har. You Mistress, all this coyle is long of you,
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not tru f you I,
Nor longer stay in your curt company.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thine negligence, still thou mistak't,
Or else commit'th thy knaves willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistooke,
Did not youwell I, should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamable poxes my enterpize,
That I have notied an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad it do to fort,
As this their istangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou feelest these Lovers seek a place to fight,
Here therefore Robin, overcall the night,
The starrs Welkin corner thou anon,
With drooping foage as blacke as Athenow,
And lead these celestial Ridus so saffry,
As one come not within another ways.
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Thenointe Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius
And from each other looke thee lead them thus,
Till ore their brows, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth errepe;
Then craft this heart into Lyfander's eie,
Whose liquors hath this verquisite propriety,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bala role with woned fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and frusille vision,
And backe to Athen shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee impy,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And then will I her charmed eie releafe
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Faire Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And ev'ry thinge Aurora harbinger
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards; dammed spirits all,
That in crosse-wais and flouds have buriall,
A niede to their worme beds ate gone;
For fierce leaft day should looke their thames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And mist for eye confort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another for:
I, with the mornings light have oft made sport,
And like a Porreter, the groues may tread,
Even till the Easterne gate all fierie end,
Opening on Niphon, with faire blested beams,
Turnes into yellow gold, his fald greene trimmeyes.

But notwithstanding halfe, make no delay
We may effect this business, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, Vp and downe, I will lead
Them Vp and downe: I am feard in field and towne.

Oberon, lead them Vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to planter ground,

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou run away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some busie: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the fairs,
Telling the bushes that thou lookout for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
Ile whip thee with a tod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Exit Lyf.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter hearted then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;

Puffing places,
That fallen am I darke unknown way,
And here will ref till me. Come thou gentle day:

Lyf. I am here.

Dems. Nay then thou mock it me; thou shall buy this deere.

If ever I thy face by day lights fee,
Now goe thy way: I cannot be constrained mee,
To mesure out my length on this cold bed,
By days approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houses, shine comforts from the Eafi,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light.
From thence that my poor companie detest,
And sleepe that sometime flouts vp forrowes eies,
Stene me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleep.

Rob. Yet but three! Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, eier and sad,
Cupid is a knaues lad.

Enter Hecuba.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Hec. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and tome with briers,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heavens shielde Lyfander, if they mean a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe found,

I appeal your eie gentle lour; remedy,
When thou wake, thou tak'ft
True delight in the light of the former Ladies eye,

And
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.


Musick Tast, Barall Musick.

Tita. Or saue sweete Lune, what thou defireft to eat. Cleor. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could much your good dry Oates. Me-thinks I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Titania. I haue a venturous Fairy, That fhall freke the Squirrels hoard, And fend thee new Nuts.

Cleor. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried peafe. But I pray you let none of your people firre me, I haue an expofition of sleep come upon me.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wink thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honsuckle, Gently entwist, the female Joy to Enting the baryke fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I doe on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin: Seeft thou this sweet figh? Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty. For meeting her of late behinde the wood, Seeking sweet fauors for this hatefull foole, I did vpbrail her, and fall out with her. For the her hauty temples then had rounded, With corone of firs and fragrant flowers, And that fame dew which fometime on the beds, Was wont to well like round and orient pearles; Stood now within the pretty flouretts eyes, Like tears that did their owne disgrace bewaile. When I had at my pleafure taunted her, And fhe in milde termes beg'd my patience, I then did aske of her, her changing childe, Which ftraight the gave me, and her Fairy fent To bear me to my Bowre in Fairy Land. Now I doe the knowe, I will endeavour This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. And gentle Pucke take this transformed fcape, From off the head of this Athenian fwayne: That he awaking when the other doe, May all to Athenians backe againe reparer, And think no more of this nights accidents. But as the fierce vexation of a dreame. But ifth I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou woulft want to be; See as thou woulft want to fee. Dance, bed, or Cupake flower, Hail such force and blefed power.

Now my Tuamia wake you my sweet Queene, Titania. My Oberon, what visions haue I scene? Mef-thought I was enamour'd of an Affe. Ob. There lies your love, Titania. How came these things to passe? Oh, how mine eyes dooth loath this village now? Ob. Silence a while, Robin take off his head. Titania. Mufick call, and strike more dead Then common fleeppe; of all thefe, the fente. Titania. Mufick, no musick, fuch as charmer fleeppe. Mufick fitt.

Robin. When thou wak'lt, with three owne feetles ryes pearl. Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with And rocke the ground whereon these fleepers are. Now thou and I are new in myt, And will to morrow midnight, solemnly Dance in Duke Thrice's house triumphably, And bleffe it with all faire postherry. There flall the pairs of faithfull Lovers be Wedded with Thrice's, all in solitty. Robin. Fair King attend, and marke, I doe heare the morning Lyke. Ob. Then my Queene in silence fad, Trip we after the nights shade; We the Globe can compleatly, Swifter then the wandring Moone. Titania. Come me Lord, and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night, That I fleeping here was found.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

With these morsels on the ground.

Wend Horns.

Enter Theseus, Egenus, Hippolita and all his train.

Theseus. Go one of you, find out the Forrester;
And from hence we haue the vaward of the day;
My Louse shall heare the musick of my hounds.
Vaccoule in the Wettene valley, let them goe;
Dispatchat I say, and finds the Forrester,
We will faire Queene, ye to the Mountains top.
And marker the musicall confusion
Of hounds and echoes in confusion.

Hip. I was with Heredit and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Cretes they bayed the Besse
With hounds of Sparta; never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the growes,
The skyes, the fountains, every region neere,
Seeme all one mutuell cry. I never heare
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flewd, so fandand, and their heads are hang
With ears that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thesebians Bulls,
Slow to purifie, but madel'd in mouth like bells,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with home,
In Crete, in Spartan, nor in Thesebians.

Judge when you heare. But stoof, what nimphs are these?
Egenes. My Lord, this is my daughter heere allsoope,
And this Isander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, oldt Nedars Helena,
I wonder of this being heere together.
Theseus. No doubt they rese ye vp early, to observe
This matter of my designe and hearing our intent.
Come hither in grace of our solemnity.
But speake Egenes, is not this the day
That Hermia should give an fower to her choice?
Egenes. It is my Lord.

Theseus. Goe bid the knights men wake them with their horses,
Horses and they wake.

Shaw within, they all flert vp.

Theseus. Good morrow, friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin the sheepe birds but to couple now.

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Theseus. I pray you all fland vp.

I know you two are Rusell enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from jealousie.

To fleete by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,
Halfe fleete, halfe waking. But as ye, I wares,
I cannot truly say how I came heete.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;
I came with Hermia bither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord; you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head.
They would have fleote away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to have defaced you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my content;
Of my content, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair Elego told me of their health,
Of this their purpose bither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Fair Heloia, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To Hermia (molded as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gate,


Dram. These things seems small & undifingufhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see thee things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hyp. So me-thinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It feemes to me,
Thus yet with sleep and slumber.
Do you not thinkes
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yes, and my Father,
Hyp. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Then we re awake; less follow him, and
By the way let vs recount our dreams.

Bottom wakes.

Cle. When my que cometh, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire Paphus. Hey ho Peter Quineo?
Flote the hollowes mender? Snow the tinker? Starveling? Gods my life! Stole hence, and left me stoper: I haue had a most rare vision. I had a dream past, the wit of man, to say, what dream it was. Man is but an Asle, if he goe about to expound this dream. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quineo to write a ballat of this dream, it shall be called Bottomes Dream, because it hath no bottomes, and I will sing it in the latter order of play, before the Duke. Persuerture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quinas, Flatte, Thibei, Soon, and Starveling.

SQun. Have you sent to Bottomes house? is he come home yet?

Sram. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt here is transported.
Enter Song the Lyner.

Song. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport has gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thes. O sweet bully Bottoms! thus hath he lost Expence a day, during his life, he could not have spared Expence a day. And the Duke had not given him Expence a day for playing Pirusam, be he hang’d. He would have deferred it: Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing. Enter Bottoms.

Bass. Where are these Ladies? Where are these hearts? Quin. Bottoms, o most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bass. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs hear, sweet Bottoms.

Bass. Not a word of recall that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath din’d. Get you your appertail together, good strings to your boards, new ribbons to your pumps, mop-prentice at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any cafe let Titus have clean linen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most darse Actors, eate no Onion, nor Garlicke; for wee are to riter sweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away. Exeunt.

Exeunt the Sean, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. This is strange my Theseus; these louers speake of. These. More strange then true, I never may believe. These snuffke fables, not these Fairy toys, Lovers and mad men have such feething brains, Such laping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunatikke, the Louter, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One fees more duets then vally hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louter, all as franticke, Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt, The Poets eye in a fancie frenzy roling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things, Unkowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gives to site nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong Imagination, That it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some faire, How faire is a bush hoppes’d a Byeere? Hip. But all the stories of the night told ouers, And all their minds transfigur’d do together, More wittesfeth than fancies images, And growes to something of great confiancie; But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter letters, Lyfander, Demetrius, Herion, and Helen.

The. Here come the letters, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wait in your royall walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have, To ware away this long age of three hours, Between our ater fopper, and bed-time? Where is our visuell manager of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, To take the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus. The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening? What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile The lattie time, if not with some delights? Ege. There is a breefe how many sportes are rife: Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first. Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe. The. We’ll none of that. That haue I told my Loun In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tipis Bachanals, Teasing the Thracian finger, in their rage.

The. That is an old deuise, and it was plaid When I was From Thess: came I a Conqueror. Lys. The thirce three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceas’d in beggerie. The. That is some Satire keene and critical, Not forting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lys. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus, And his loue Theseby; very tragical mirth. The. Merry and tragical? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee finde the concord of his discord? Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long. Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apr, one Player fitterd, And tragical my noble Lord it is: for Piramus Therin doth kill him selfe. Which when I saw Rehears’d, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more mettles tears, the passion of loud laughter Never shed.

The. What are they that do play it? Ege. Hard handes men, that work in Athens here, Which neuer laboured in their minde till now: And now have toyled their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

This grisy beast (which Lyon night by name)  
The trusty Thoby, coming still by night,  
Did fearre away, or rather did affright:  
And as the fled, her mother the she fell;  
Which Lyon yile with bloody mouth did strange  
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his Thoby, Mandle Sainte;  
Whereas, with blade, with bloody blome full blade,  
He bravely brings his boiling bloody breast,  
And Thoby, carrying in Mulberry Onde,  
His daguer drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lyon, Mandle Sainte Wall, and Louers twaine,  
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.  

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder ifhe Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aces doe.

Exit Lyon, Thoby, and Moonshine.

Wall. In this same Intervene, it doth beseal,  
That one Sower (by name) presents a wall;  
And such a wall, as I would have you think.  
That had in it a crammed hole or chunk;  
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thoby  
Did whisper often, very secretely.  
This leaves, this rough-est, and this stone doth shew,  
That I am that same Wall, the truth is so.  
And this the cunynge is right and saffinite,  
Through which the tearful Louers are to whisper.  
Thes. Would you desire Linus and Hause to speake better?

Deme. It is the vvittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. Tyrannus draws near the Wall. Silence.

Enter Tyrannus.

Per. O grim look night, o'rnight with hues to blacke,  
O night, which ever art, when day is not;  
O night, o' night, slacker, slacker, slacker,  
I fear my Zephias promise is forgot.

And thou o'vral, thou sweeter and lowely wall,  
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,  
Thou wall, o'vral, o'vral and lowely wall,  
Shew me thy chunke, to blinke through with mine eye.

Thanks courteous wall. Thou shalt shew thee wall for this,  
But what see I? No Thoby doe I see.  
O wicked vral, through whom I see no blisse,  
Curst be thy chunkes for this deceiving mee.  
Thes. The vral me-thinkes being fisible, should curse againe.

Per. No in truth sir, he should not  
Discovering noe,  
Is Thoby vext she into enteer, and I am to spy  
Her through the vral. You shall see it vvall still.

Enter Thesibis.

Per as I told you; wonder the comes heard.

Thes. O vral, full often haue thou heard my mones,  
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.  
My cherry lips have often kist thy chunkes;  
Thy chunkes with Lime and Hauv skipt in thee.  
Per. I saw a voyce now vall dot the chunke,  
To spy and I can heare my Thesibis face. Thesibis?  
Thes. My Louers thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Per. Think what thou vvil, I am thy Louers grace,  
And like Louisa am I truly full.  
Thes. And like Helen till the Faces me tell.  
Per. Not Shafalies to Procrus, was too true,  
Thes. As Shafalies to Procrus, I to you.
Enter Pardon.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, I thank thee Moone, for shining now so bright.

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I trust to taste of sweet Tempest light.

But stay: O Iught! but marke, poore Knight, What dreadful dole is heere? Eyes do you see! How can it be -

O dauntie Duke: O Deere; Thy mantle good: what stain with blood! Approach you Piratmu &

O Fate! come, come: Cut thred and thrum, Quaile, crub, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend, Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Du. Befrew my heart, but I plitte the man.

Pyr. Wherefore Nature, didst thou Lion frames? Since Lion wilde hath heere debour'd my deare: Which is no, no, which was the fairest Dame That li'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer. Come enares, confound: Our sword, and wound The pap of Piramus:

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop !

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky, Tongue lost thy light, Moone take thy flight, Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an se for him: for he is but one. Life. Lesse then an see man. For he is dead, he is no thing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Afe.

Du. How chance Moone:Shine is gone before? Thuby comes backe, and finds her Louers.

Enter Thuby.

Duke. She will finde him by farre-light, Heere he comes, and her passion ends the play.

Du. Me thinkes thee should not vs long one for such a Piramus: I hope the will beares.

Dem. A Moth will turne the BLLance, which Piramus which Thuby is the better.

Lys. She hath spiesd him already, with those sweete

Dem. And thus the meanes, videcere.

Thus. Alcipe my Loue? What, dead my Doue? O Piramus arise:


These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
These yellow Cowflip cheeks
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mones:

His eyes were green like Leekes.
O flutters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you have shore
With threes, his thred of folke.

Tongue not a word: Come truly word;
Come blade, my breath in true:

Enter Thuby.

Thuby. This is old Nouns tomb: where is my love?

Pir. Oh.

Thuby runs off.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone: I, the man in the Moone; this thorne butt, my thorne butt; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne; for they are in the Moone: But silence, here comes Thuby.

O 3 And
A Midsummer Night's Dream

And farewell friends, thus Thysbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu,

Dark, Moon-shine & Lion are left to bury the dead.
dem. 1, and Wall too.

But, No, I assure you, the walls is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue,
or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all
defad, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid Pyramus, and hung himselfe in Thysbe's
garter, it would have bene a fine Tragedy; and so it is
truly, and very notably discharget. But come, your
Burgomaster: let your Epilogue alone.

Now smil the break of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed will go,
Which by us all blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the blessed 
Nature's bond,
Shall not on their issue stand.
Nevermore hurtful, nor fearre,
Nor mark no prediction, such as are
Defy'd in Nature's
Shall open their children's
With this field dew conferenc.
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each general chamber blest.
Through this Pastors with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trye away, make we fly;
Meet me as by brake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but stumbeled here,
While these visions did appeare,
And this wakeke and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Puck,
If we have sinned ample,
Now to appease the Serpents tongue,
We will make amendes are long; Else the Puck a lyar call.

No good night voto you all.
Gie me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amendes.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salorino, and Salario.

Antonio.

Thus I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: 'tis true it wearies you.
But how I caught it, or found it, or came by it,
What flufh 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learn: and such a want-wit feedneffe makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is coasting on the Ocean
There where your Argosies with pertly sail
I like Signori and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pagesant of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That curste to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Salorino. Believe me Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grattes to know where fis the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peeces, and rodes:
And every object that might make me foure
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the fandie houre-grattes runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in fand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs,
To kisse her burial; Should I go to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straigt of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vesels side
Would fascer all her spries on the stormes,
Enrothe the roaring waters with my fikes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and hew I lacke the thought
That such a thing becommed would make me sad?
But sell me now, I know Antanlio
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize

Salario. Believe me no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Yet to one place: not is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Antonio. Fig, fig,

Sal. Not in love neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'were as saffe
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed jams,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like Pussas at a bag-piper.
And other of such vices aspec,
That they'll not throw their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nefer scarce the left be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio,
Your most noble Kindman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Earyewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sal. I would have itold till I had made you merry.
If worthier friends had not preceded me.
Antonio. Your worth is very deare in my regard,
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace this occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

(Later)

Bassanio. Good signours both, when shall we laughest?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our levyers to attend on yours,
Exemn Salorino, and Salario.

Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in mind where we must meete,

Bassanio. I will not faile you.

Gratiano. You lookes not well signior Antonio,
You have too much respect vnpon the world:
They loose it that doe buye it with much cost.
Believe me you are marvellously chang'd.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A flage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my Leter rather heate with wine,
Then my heart conde with mortifying groans
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfater, cut in Alablaff?
Sleep when he waketh? and creep into the soules
The Merchant of Venice.

By being penuish? I tell thee what Antony, I love thee, and it is my leue that speaks: There are a fort of men, whose vifages Do create and mandle like a standing pond, And do a willfull finnesse entertaine, With purope to be dreft in an opinion Of wife dome, gravitie, profound conceit, As wholely say, I am an Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dogge bark, O my Antony, I do know of thefe, That therefore once are reputed wife, For saying nothing; when I am vefure If they should speake, would almost dam those cares Which hearing them would call their brothers foole: He tell thee more of this another time, But if not with this melancholy bate For this foole Gudgin, this opinion: Come good Lorenzo, faywell a while, I end my exhorstion after dinner. 

Let. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of thefe fame dumbe wife men, For Gratiano never let me speake.

Gra. Well, keep my company but two yeares moe,
Thou that not know the found of shine owne tongue. Are. Faire you well, I'll grow a talker for this grate.
Gra. Thankes ifhath, for fience is onely commendable In a neate tongue dri'd, and a maide not vendedible. Ext. Are. It is that any thing now.

Baf. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reafons are two grains of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe, you shall fekke all day ere you finde them, & when you have them they are not worth the feaht.

Are. Well: I tell me now, what Lady is the fame To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage? That you to day promis'd to teell me of? 

Baf. Tin not knowne to you Antony.

How much I have disabled mine eftate,
By some thing vewing a more dwelling port.
Then my faint meane would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make monie to be abridg d! From such a noble rate, but my chefe care Is to come fairely off from the great debts Within my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you Antony I owe the molf in monie, and in love,
And from your love I have a warrantie
To vnbur; hen all my plotts and puropofes,
How to get ecleere of all the debts I owe.

Are. I pray you good Baffano let me know it, And if it stand as you your felle flill do,
Within the eye of honour, be affur'd My purfe, my perfon, my extremity meanes Lye all unvlock'd to your occafions.

Baf. In my schoole days, when I had left one that I fot his fellow of the felfe fame flight.
The felfe fame way, with more admited watch To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both, I of found both. I urge this child-hoods proofs, Because what followes is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and like a willfull youth, That which I owe is loft: but if you pleafe To shooe another arrow that felle way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the syne: Or to finde both, Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully reft deber for the fift.
Are. You know me well, and herein spend but time To winde about my love with circoncidence, In making queftion of my vtermoft
Then if you had made waife of all I have: Then do but fay to me what I fhould doe That in your knowledge may be me done, And I am prift vato it; therefore speake.

Baff. In Belmondo is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and faire then that word, Of wondrous vertues, fometime from her eyes I did receive faire speechlesse meffages:
Her name is Portia, nothing underraved To Call's daughter, Bruna Pietra,
Nor is the wofe world ignorant of her worth,
For the four wednes blow in from every cost Renowned futors, and her funny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleeree, Which makes her beat of Belmondo ftrond, And many Jaffo come in quaff of her.

O my Antony, had I but the meanes To hold a ritual place with one of them, I have a minde prefage me fuch thriift, That I fhould questionlesfe be ffortunate.

Areb. Thou knoweft that all my fortunes are at fea,
Neither have I monie, nor commodity To raife a prefent fumme, therefore goe forth Try what my credit can in Portia doe,
That fhall be rack even to the vtermoft, To furnish thee to Belmondo to faine Partia. Goe prefently enquire, and do foful,
Where money is, and I no queftion make
To have it of my truft, or for my fake.

Portia. Good fentences, and well pronouncd.

Areb. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as eafie as to know what was good to doe, Chappells had been Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes: this is a good Divine that follows his owne inftructions; I can efteem teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuife lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is maddnefe the youth, to stop ore the meathes of good counfale the cruppel; but this reafon is not in fation to chaffe me a husband: O me, the word chaffe, I may neither chaffe whom I would, nor refufe whom I diflike, for it is the wil of a living daugther cur'd by the wil of a dead father: it is not hard N riftia, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Areb. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good infpirations, therefore the letters that he hath devifed in these three chefts of gold, fluer, and leade, whereof who choothes his meaning, choothes
chooses you, will no doubt, never be chosen by any right- 
ly, but one who you shall rightly love, but what warmth 
there is in your affections towards any of these Princes 
eters that are already come?

Per. I pray thee overname them, and as thou namest 
them, I will describe them, and according to my descrip-
tion last will at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Per. That's a collus indeed, for he doth nothing 
but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appro-
riation to his own good part's that he can shoo him 
himself; I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid falls 
them Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Per. He doth nothing but frowe (as who should 
say, and you will not have the choose, he heares meric 
tales and smiles not, I feare he will prove the weeping 
Philofother when he growes old, being so full of en-
mannerly fadness in his youth.) I had rather to be marri-
ed to a deaths bed with a bone in his mouth, than to 
either of these: God defende me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monnifer 
Le Bouzoi?

Per. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a 
man, in trut I know it is a sune to be a moaker, but he, 
why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a bet-
ter bad habit of frowning then the Count Palentine, he 
is every man in no man, if a Tarfell fang, he fads ftraight 
a capning, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should 
marry him, I should marry myne husbands; if hee 
would deffine me, I would forgive him, for if he love me 
to madneffe, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faumbridge, the young 
Baron of England?

Per. You know I say nothing to him, for hee under-
sstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, 
nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & I here 
that I have a poor penite worth in the English, hees a 
proper man picture, but alas who can concerne with a 
dumb sow? how odly he is futed, I thinke he bought 
his doublet in Italy, his round hole in France, his bonnet 
in Germany, and his behaviour ever where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neigh-
bout, Faumbridge?

Per. That he hath a neighbourly charite in him, for 
he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishman, and 
swore he would pay him againe when hee was able; I 
thinke the Frenchmen became his furiete, and feald vnder 
for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of 
Saxonis Nephew?

Per. Very wildly in the morning when hee is fobet, 
and most wildly in the afternoone when hee is drunkne: 
when he is bift, he is a little worfe then a man, and when 
he is worfe, he is little better then a beast: and the worfe 
fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make that to goe with-
out him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right 
Casker, you should refuse to performe your fathers will, 
if you should refuse to accept him.

Per. Therefore for feare of the worfe, I pray thee let 
a deep glasse of Reinh-wine on the contrary Casket, for 
if the duell be within, and that temptation without, 
I know he will choose it; I will doe any thing 
Nerissa 
ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the havint of any of 
their Lords, they have acquainted me with their deter-
minations, which is indeed to returne to their home, 
and to trouble you with no more fute, unless you may 
be won by some other for them your Fathers imperfectio-
ns, depending on the Caskets.

Per. If I like to be as olose as Silvia, I will dye as 
chaffe at Diomus valefse I be obtained by the manner 
of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so 
reasonable, for there is not one among them but I 
doste on his verne abfence, and that with a faire de-
parture.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fa-
thers time, a Venetian, a Scholler and a Souldior that 
came hither in compaine of the Marquesse of Monmo-
serre?

Per. Yes yes, it was Bassania, as I thinke, so was hee 
called.

Ner. True Madam, bee of all the men that ever my 
foolifh eyes look'd vpon, was the best defcriving a faire 
Lady.

Per. I remember him well, and I remember him wor-
thy of thy praisse.

Enter A Servingman.

Ser. The four Strangers fecke you Madam to take 
their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fit, 
the Prince of Moroone, who brings word the Prince his 
Maifer will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good 
heart as I can but the other fourew farewell. I should 
be glad of his approch: if he have the condition of a Saint, 
and the complection of a dwuilt, I had rather hee should 
figure one then wine me. Come Nerissa, go before: 
whiles wee shut the gate upon one woower, another 
knocks at the door.

Exeunt.
Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Iam debating of my present store,
And by the seere geffe of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

Twice a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but fort, how many months
Doe you require? Lest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Skylcock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe want of my friend,
He break a cushion: is he yet possess'd
How much he would?

Sby. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Sby. I had forgot, three months, you told me to.

Well then, your bond; and let me see, but hear you,
I me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Sby. I doe never vse it.

Sby. When Jachob graz'd his Vncle Laban's sheepe,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wrothe in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Sby. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Jacob did,
When Labon and himselfe were comprymes'd
That all the eanalings which were freakead and pied
Should fall as Jacob lter, the Ewes being ranc Innend of Autumn turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene sheepe woollie breeders in the art,
The skillfull shepered pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the deed of the deed of kindes,
He sthucke them vp before the fullsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jachobs.

This was a way to thune, and he was blest:

And thriif is blessing if men stle it not.

Ant. This was a venture fit that Jachob us'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But say'd and falsion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this inferred to make interest good?

Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Sby. I cannot tell, I make it breedes as swift,
But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this Bassifone,
The duell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An eull foule producing holy wittnesse,
I like a Villaine with a smilling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

What a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Sby. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well Skyllock, shall we be beholding to you?

Sby. Signior Antonio, many a time and once,
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my vances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For obliuion is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throate dog,
And yet upon my feith gaberdine.

And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appears you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you came to me, and you say,

Skylcock, we would have moneys, you say fo:
You that did void your sume upon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curte
Over your threshold, moneys is your oute.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curte should lend three thousand ducats, or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With blazed breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: Faire sir, you spere on me on Wednesday last,
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog: and for these curtesies
Ie lend you thus many moneys,

Ant. Am I as like to call thee fo againe,
To spere thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of baneine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who he breaketh, thou shalt with better face
Exacte the penalties.

Sby. Why looke you how you forse,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have flaind me with,
Supply your present want, and take no doate
Of vance for my moneys, and youll not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Sby. This kindnesse will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there
Your fingle bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaire me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sume or sumes as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated of the equall pound
Of your faire fleshes, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ie seal to such a bond,
And say ther is much kindnesse in the Iew.


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Bass. You shall not make to such a bond for me, I shall not dwell in my deceit.

Shy. Why, he is not a man, I will not forfeit it.

With these two months, that's a month before this bond expires, I do expect return.

Of thirce times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are, whole owned hard dealings teaches them suspicion.

The thoughts of others: Praise you tell me this, if he should break his word, what should I gain.

By the evasion of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man, is not to estimable, profitable neither.

As he of Mustio, Bees, or Gostes, I say to buy his favour, I extend this friendship,

If the will take it, for I am a thief.

And for my love I praise you wrong men.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seale unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,

Give him direction for the mercie bond,

And I will goe and purse the ducats there.

See to my house left in the特色社会 garden

Of an vnflattering knave, and pretentiou.

Exit be with you.

Ant. Hie the gentle Jew. This Hebrew will serve Christian, he grows kinde.

Bass. Think not faire shrew, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dispute,

My Shippes come home a month before the date.

Exit.

Enter Morosquio a counsell Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their trunks.

Enter. Corinets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadowed huerie of the burnish't sunne,

To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.

Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,

Where Probus fire scarce 'thaues the ycieles,

And let vs make incision for your loue,

To prove whole blood is redder, his or mine.

I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine

Hath heard the valiant, by my loue I swear'e.

The beft regarded Virgins of our Counys,

Have loud it to: I would not change this true,

Except to state your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tears of choise I am not sollicite,

By nice direction of a maidens eies:

Besides, the lotrerie of my dexterity.

Bates me the right of voluntary choosing:

But if my Father had not feanted me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld me false

His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;

Your false (renowned Prince) than floud as faire

As any commer I have look'd on yet

For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you,

Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets

To tye my fortune: By this Symmetrye

That few the Sophis, and a Persian Prince

That won three fields of Sulian, Solyman,

I would ore-flare the sternet fies that look: 

Out-brate the heart mitt'ring on the earth:

Plucke the yong sucking Cub from the fire Beare,

Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray

To win the Ladie. But alas, the while

If Hercules, and Lycurgus plaise at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is Alcides beaten by his rage,

And so may I, blinde fortune leading me

Maffe that which one unworthy may attaine,

And die with grieving.

Por. You must change your chance,

And either not attempt to choice at all,

Or swears before you choose, if you choose wrong

Never to speake to Ladie afterward.

In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,

To make me blest or curst among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Cloune alone.

Clo. Certainly, my confience will serve me to run

From this Jewe my Master: the fiend is at mine elbow,

And tempts me, saying to me, Jobbe, Launcelet, Lobbe, good

Launcelote, or good Lobbe, or good Launcelote, or good Lobbe, or good Launcelote, or good Jobbe,

To your legs, take the fiar, run away: my confience fayes

no; take heed honest Launcelote, take heed honest Jobbe,

or as afore-said honest Launcelote, doe not runne,

frone running with thy hedes; well, the moft caragiou-

s fien bids me packe, fia fayes the fiend, away fayes

the fiend, for the heavens roufe vp a braue minde fayes

the fiend, and run; well, my confience hanging about

the necke of my heart, fayes were wisely to me: my hon-

est friend Launcelote, being an honest mans fonne, or ra-

ther an honest womanes fonne, for where my Father did

In any manner of thing, sometime running with thy hedes; he had a kinde of

taste, wel, my confience fayes, Launcelote, bouge not, bouge

fayes the fiend, bouge not fayes my confience, confience

fay I you couneffe well, fiend fay I you couneffe well,

to be told by my confience I shold fay with the Jew

my Mafter, (who God bleffe the maker) is a kind of di-

uell: and to run away from the Jew I shold be ruled by

the fiend, who faying your reverentne is the diuell him-

selfe: certainly the Jew is the verie diuell incarnation, and

in my confience, my confience is a kind of hard

confidence, to offer to couneffe me to fay with the Jew;

the fiend gives the more ffriend confine: I will ruyn

the fiend, my heele are at your commandement, I will

runne.

Enter old Gobio with a Staffe.

Gob. Mafter yong-man, you I praise you, which is the

dale to Mafter Tomes?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who

being more then hand-blinde, high gruel blinde, knowes

me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Mafter yong Gentleman, I praise you which is the

dale to Mafter Tomes.

Lan. Turne upon your right hand at the next run-

ning.
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ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; make at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indiretly to the Jew's house.

Gob. Be God's fonnes twill be a hard warre to hit; can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Take you of yong Master Launcelot, make me now, now wilt I safe the waters; take you of yong Master Launcelot.

Gob. No Master for, but a poore man sone, his Fa-

ther though I sayt is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to love.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, ye take of yong Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

Lan. But I pray you erge old man erge I bewitch you, take you of yong Master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, and please your mastership.

Lan. Erge Master Launcelot talk of as master Launce-

lot Father for the young gentleman according to faces and deffines, and forth odde sayings, the fiders three, & such branches of learning, is unsuret decessed, or as you would faie in plaine words, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the vertue stiffe of my age, my vertue prop.

Lan. Do I look like a suggell or a howell-poll, a fasse or a prop? do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle-

man, but I praye you tell me, is my boy God rest his foule alive or dead.

Lan. Do you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am fand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might faie of the knowing me: it is a father that knows his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your bleffing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sone may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praye you fit stand vp, I am fure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Lan. Praye you let have no more fooling about it, but giue mee your bleffing: I am Launcelot your boy that was, your sone that is, your childe that shall be,

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sone.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Launcelot the leares man, and I am fure thine wife is your wife.

Gob. Her name is Margareta indeede. He be sworne if thon be Launcelot, thou art none owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might he be, what a beart hal thon got; thou haft got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my philosophas as on his tale

Lan. It should ferme then that Dobbins tale groves backward. I am fure he had more hair of his tale then I haue of my face when I loof saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gee you now.

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my refi to run ouawe, so I will not refrf till I haue run some ground: my Master's a very lewe, giue him a pre-

sent; giue him all the trew you are, I am fambted in his feruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your pretente to one Master Baffanie, who indeede giues race new Lucories, if I ferue not him, I will run as far as God haas ane ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew, if I ferue the Jew untel longer.

Enter Baffanie with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be so hafted that supper be privacie at the farthest by foue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lucories to making, and defire Gratians to come anon to my lodg-

ing.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worship.

Baff. Gremercie, would it shoue ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sone fit, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fit, but the rich Jewes man that would fit my Father shall speffe.

Gob. He hath a great infection fit, as one would lay to ferue.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I ferue the Jew, and haue a defire as my Father shall speffe.

Baff. His Master and he(foming your worshipes reue-

ence) are faffe of your haert.

Lan. To be brefte, the vertue truth is, that the Jew hauing done me weong, doth cause me as my Father be-

ing I hope an old man shall frustifie you to.

Gob. I haue here a diff of Doubes that I would bethow

upon your worship, and my suit is.

Lan. In vertue brefte, the fute is impertinent to my felle, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I fay it, though old man, yet poore my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you firs.

Baff. That is the vertue defect of the master firs.

Baff. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suitie, Shylock thy Master spake with me this day, and hath prefeth'd thee, if he be preferrment To leue a rich Jewes ferverce, to become

The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Cla. The old prouerbe is vertue well parted between my Master Shylock and you firs, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. I hou speake it well; goe Father with thy Son, Take leue of thy old Master, and enquire

My lodging out, giue hime a Lucerie

More garded then his fellows. See it done.

Cla. Father in, I cannot get a lewere no, I haue here a tongue in my head, well: if one man in Italie have a faiers table which doth offer to fware upon a booke, I fhall have good ffortunes; goe too, here's a fimple line of life, here's a small triffe of wise, alas, fatterne wise is nothing, a leuen widowes and nine mates is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to bepe drowning thrice, and to be in perl of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are fimple capes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wenche for this gere: Father come, I take my leue of the Jew in the trembling.

Enter Clowns.

Baff. I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this, These things being bough and orderly befallowed Remove in hafhe, for I doe fcaft to night

My boy, oftend him acquaintance, be the hee goe

Lan. My beft endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratians.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Enter Fonders.
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Leon. Yonder is he walks.

Gra. Signior Bassano.

Baf. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a fuse to you.

Baf. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not desist me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Baf. Why then you must, but hear thee Gratiano, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,

Put, that becomes thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:

But where they are not knowen, why there they show
Something else liberall, pray thee take pains
To allay with some cold drops of modestie,

Thy skipping spirit, leal thy wilde behaviour
I be misconfir'd in the place I goe to,

And loofe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassano, hear me,

If I do not put on a lober habite,

Talk with respect, and sweare but now and then,

Wear prayer books in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hooind mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and figh and say Amen;

We all the observances of cwerplicity,

Like one well studied in a sf ordinent.

To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Baf. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barce to night, you shall not gage me

By what we doe to night.

Baf. No that were putte,

I would intertise you rather to put on

Your boldeste lince of mirth, for we have frends

That purpose merriment: but far you well,

I have some busineffe.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rell,

But we will visithe at supper time. Exit. Ieffia.

Enter Ieffia and the Clowne

Ieff. If am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,

Our house is bell, and thou a merry dwelle,

Did'st rob it of some taste of cedouhtifesse

But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,

And, Amor, ame, at supper sheat thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new Master's guest,

Gius him this Letter, doe it secrete,

And lo farwell: I would noothe my Father

See me talke with thee.

Clo. Adieu, adieu, the sense of my tongue, most beautifull

Pagans, most sweete few, if a Christian doe not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu, these foolish drops doe somewhat drawne my mainly sprit


Enter Lascalo, Alacke, who thanes faire is stiin me.

To be a shame to be my Fathers childe,

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manner: O Lorenzo,

If thou keepe promisse I shall end this strife,

Become a Christian, and thy loynying wife

Exit. Lascalo, Alacke, Lorenzo, Sallerio, and Salano.

Lor. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time.

Diagnose vs at my lodging, and returne all in an hour

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sel. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sel. 'Tis vile vnisse it may be quantely ordered,

And better in my minde not vnnderoote,

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two hours

To furnish vs; friend Lancelot what's the newes.

Enter Lancelot with a Letter.

Lor. And it shal please you to break vp this, that it seeme to signifie

Lor. I know the hand, in fayth 'tis a faire hand

And whether then the paper it writ on,

I the faire hand that writ,

Gra. Love newes in fayth

Lor. By your leave sir

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lor. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Jew to sup

To night with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Ieffia

I will not saile her, speake it privately,

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night.

I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne.

Sel. I marry, he be gone about it straight.

Sel. And so will I.

Lor. Mencenio and Gratiano at Gratiano lodging

Some houre hence.

Sel. 'Tis good we do so.

Sel. Was not that Letter from faire Ieffia?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, the best directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,

What gold and jewells she is furnished with,

What Pages shew she hath in reading

If ere the lew her Father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughters sake,

And never dare misfortune crosse her foot,

Vnlesse she doe it under this excufe,

That she is infecto a faithlesse lew

Come goe with me, perufe this as thou goest,

Faire Ieffia shall be my Torch-bearer

Exit. Ieffia.

Enter Ieffia, and his man that was the Clowne

Ieff. Well, thou shall fee, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassano;

What Ieffia, thou shalt not gurmandize

As thou hast done with me: what Ieffia?

And sleepe, and more, and read apparel out.

Why Ieffia I say

Clo. Why Ieffia

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call,

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me

I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieffia.

Ieff. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to suppe Ieffia,

There are my Keys; but wherefore should I goe

I am not bid for love, they flatter me,

But yet I goe in hate, to seek upon

The prodigall Christian. Ieffia my girlie,

Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,

There is some ill a bruing towards my reft,

For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you fir goe, my young Master

Doth expect your reprooch.

Shy. So doe I.

Clo. And they have conspired together, I will not say

you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday.
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Ieffica above.

Ieff. Who are you, tell me for more certainty, albeit Iessewere that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

Ieff. Lorenzo certain, and my loue indeed, for who loue I so much? and now who knowes, but you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou art.

Ieff. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains, I am glad tis night, you do not looke on me, for I am much affam'd of my exchange.

But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see.

The pretty follies that themselues commit, For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blufh.

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Defend, for you must be my torch-beare.

Ieff. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames? They in themelues good-foot are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery Loue, and I should be obfcur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet. Euen in the loutely garnish of a boy but come at once, For the close night doth play the run-away, and we are rai'd for at Bassiano's feast.

Ieff. I will make't the doores and guild my selfe, With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Bethow me but I loue her, heartyly,

For she is wife, if I can judge of her,

And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, is the baviest hert felte:

And therefore like her felte, wife faire, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant foule.

Enter Ieffica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen awaie,

Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.

Enter Anthonie

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonie?

Ant. Ieff, Ieff, Graiano, where are all the rest?

Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,

No maske to night, the winde is come about,

Bassiano prefently will goe aboard,

I have sent twenty out to feke for you.

Gra. I am glad on's, I defire no more delight

Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night.

Enter Porcia with Marcho, and both their traues.

Por. Goe, draw side the curtaines, and discover

The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:

Now make your choyfe.

Mard. The frift of gold, who this inscriptions beares,

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men define,

The second floure, which this promife carries

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defires.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,

How shall I know if I doe choo[e the right?

Por. The
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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.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will run all the inscriptions, backe again:
What sport is this legen casket?
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Muft give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all:
Do in hope of faire advantages:
A golden mind, floops not to shows of dross,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What fakes the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defends.
As much as he defends; pause there Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beft rated by thy estimation.

Thou dost defend enough, and yet enough.
May not extend so faire as to the Lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deserted.
Were but a weak thing of my life.
As much as I defend, why that's the Lady.
I do in birth defend her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
More but these, in love I do defend,
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's fee once more this floating grave in't.

Who chooseth me shall game what men defend:
Why that's the Lady, all the world defends her:
From the four corners of the earth they come:
To kife this thine, this mortal breathing Saint.
The Hecatomd deferts, and the valie wildes:
Of wide Arabia are as throughfanes now.
For Princes to come view faire Portia.
The waster Kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spots in the face of heaven, is no bate.
To float the faire spirits, but they come:
As o're a brooke to fee faire Portia.
One of these three contains her heaviness picture.
Is't like that Lead contains her? were damnation
To think to base a thought, it were too groze.
To rib her searchless in the obscure grave:
Or halt I think in Silver the immure'd.
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O full thick, thoughts, never too rich, the same
Was set in worfe then gold? they have in England.
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angel
Stamp'd in gold, but that is infrump'd upon:
But here an Angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
How do I choose, and thrive as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haste we here, a carson death,
Within whose empiete eye there is a written scroule:
Ile reade the writing.

All that giveth is not gold,
Often haue you heard that said;
Many a man his life hath fold.
But my outside to behold;
Guilfed tender doe wandres infold;
Had you beene an wife at hold,
Tong in limes, in judgement old,
Your anothe had not beene infold,
Farre you well, your faith is gold.

Mor. Cold indee, and labour lof't,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froft:
Portia adew, I have too greuel'd a heart
To take a tedious leafe, I thus lookest part.

Por. A gentle riddance; draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me fo.

Exit Salano and Salano.

Flor. Curnets.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffano undre fayle;
With him is Graziano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sal. The villain faw, with outenes paid the Duke.
Who went with him to fearch Baffano ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfail;
But there the Duke was given to vnderfland:
That in a Gondilo were fome together.

Lorenzo and his amorous Leffa.

Befides, Antonio certified the Duke;
They were not with Baffano in his ship.
Sal. I never heard a passion so confound'd,
So strange, outrageous, and fo variable.
As the dogge faw did vitter in the streets;
My daughter, O my duca's, O my daughter.
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian dukates.
Justice, the law, my dukates, and my daughter;
A feated bag, two feated bags of dukates,
Of double dukates, ftrone from me by my daughter,
And twelues, two ftones, to rich and precious flones.
Stone by my daughter: justice, finde the girle,
She hath the flones upon her, and the dukates.
Sal. Why all the boxyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his flones, his daughter, and his dukates.
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 seas that part.
The French and English, there mischafed.
A vell'sell of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And with in silence that it were not his.

Sal. Yo were belif to tell Antonio what you fee.
Yet do not fuddainely, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman tread not the earth,
I saw Baffano and Antonio part.
Baffano told him he would make fome speed.
Of his returne, he answered, doeth not so.
Slubber not busineffe for my fake Baffano,
But fay the very striving of the time,
And for the former bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be mett, and employ your chiefeft thoughts.
To courtship, and fuch faire offents of love.
As Hall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with tears.
Turning his face, he put his hand behind his head,
And with affection wondorous fensible.
He wrung Baffano hand, and fo they parted.

Sal. I thinke he onely loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced beautie.
With some delight of other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Nerijes and a Servant.

Por. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain straie,

P. 2

The
The Prince of Arragon hath taken his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.

Flr. Caront.

Par. Behold, there stand the caskets 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 enjoin'd by oath to observe three things;  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket was I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage;  
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Per. To these inunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthiess selfe.

Ar. And to have I address'd me, fortune now  
To my heart's hope: gold, silver, and base lead.  
Who chooseth me must quibe and hazard all he hath.  
You shall look faire ere I judge or hazard.  
What fates the golden chef, ha, let me see:  
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire;  
What many men desire, that many may be meant  
By the foole's multitude that choose by show,  
Not learning more then in the fond eye doth teach,  
Which prizeth not to th'interior, but like the Martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and rode of cozenshie.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,  
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,  
Tell me once more, what title thou dost berte:  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he doeth:  
And well said too; for who shall goe about  
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable  
Without the flame of merit.let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity:  
O that extases, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deri'd corruptly, and that cleare honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer;  
How many then should covet that stand bare?  
How many be commanded that command?  
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned  
From the true feede of honor? And how much honor  
Pickt from the chaufe and ruin of the times,  
To be new vacuum? well, but to my choise,  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he doeth.  
I will assume defect; guie me a key for this,  
And instantly unloake my fortunes here.

Per. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blincking idiot  
Presenting me a fideule, I will reade it:  
How much unlike art thou to Portia?  
How much unlike my hopes and my desurings?  
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he doeth.  
Did I deferue no more then a foole, head  
Is that my price, are my deferts no better?  
Per. To offend and judge are distinct offices,  
And of oppos'd natures.

Ar. What is here?

The first seven times tried this,
Sol. I would it might prove the end of his losse.
Sol. Let me say Amen before, lest the devil creaste my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.
How now Shylock, what news among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.
Shy. You know none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.
Sol. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings the flew withal.
Shy. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fled'd, and then it is the completion of them all to loose the dam.

Sol. She is damn'd for it.
Shy. That's certain, if the diuell may be her judge.
Sol. My own flesh and blood as well.
Shy. And upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeere.
Sol. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Shy. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, then betweene law and foure, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and wynn'd
Sol. Tell me, doth ye know whether Antonio have had am losse at sea or no?
Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigell, who dare feare shew his head on the Rythyr, a beggar that was vifd to come so sure upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was went to call me Viner, let him looke to his bond, he was want to lend money for a Christian curse, let him look to his bond.
Sol. Why am I sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?
Shy. To best fit this withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revengey, il hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me half a million, laught at my losse, mockd at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemie, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, elements, fenses, affections, passions, fed with the same foodde, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is: if you pracke vs doe we not blinde? if you stickle vs, doe we not laugh? If you poison vs doe we not diete? and if you wrong vs, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will reffemble you in that. Ifa Jew wrong a Christian, what's his humillity, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what's his suf- ferance? by Christian example, why revenge? The vil-laine you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio
Gentlemen, my master & Antonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.
Sol. We have beeene vp and downe to seeke him.
Enter Tubal.
Sol. Here comes another of the Tribes, a third cannot be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe name Jew.

Enter Gentlemens,
Shy. How now Tubal, what news from Grassallhall thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came, where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.
Sol. Why there, there, there, there, a diamonde gone call me two thousand and ducats in Frankfolt, the curst ne-uer fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand dutces in that, and other precieous, preci-

ous jewelively I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare; would she were heart at my footes, and the duckess in her coffyn: no newes of them, why Scand I know not how much is spent in the search: why shoue losse upon losse; the theife gone with so much, and so much to finde the theife, and no satisfac- tion, no revenge, nor noill luck flirring but what lights a my Shoulders, no sithes but a my breathing, no states but a my flidding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, Antonio as I heard in Genova.
Tub. Hath an Argolica caft away comming from Tri- polis.
Shy. I thank God, I thank God, Is it true, Is it true? Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.
Shy. I thank thee good Tubal, good newes, good newes; ha,ha, here in Genova.
Tub. Your daughter spent in Genova, as I heard, one night fourteen ducats.
Shy. Thou flick't it a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourteen ducats at sixtng, fourteen ducats.
Tub. There came ducers of Antonio creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but break.
Shy. 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 Moncke.
Sol. Out upon her, thou tortur'd me Tuball, It was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Bachebler: I would not have given it for a wilderesse of Monckies.
Tub. But Antonio is certainely vndone.
Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tubal, see me in Officer, doe speake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forseit, for we are out of Ve- nince, I can make what merchandise I will: goe Tubal and meete me as our Sinagoge, good Tubal, at our Sinagoge Tubal.

Enter Gentlemens, Portia, Curious, and all their traine.
Per. I pray you sirrah, paute a day or two
Before you hazzard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your company, therefore forbear a while,
There's something sets me, but it is not love,
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsells, but not in such a quallitie;
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would desire you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I never be, so nay you misuse me,
But if you do, you make me with a finne,
That I had beene forsworne: Behovr your eyes,
The same ore-looks me and deuided me,
One halle of me is yours, the other halle yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these deuiceful times,
Pure bars betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, nor yours (prove it so).
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to pricze the time,
To leis, and to draw it out in length,
To fray you from election.

P 3
Bass. Let me choose, 
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Per. Von 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 feare the endeavouring of my love:
There may as well be amity and life,
Twenne snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Per. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Bass. Promife me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Per. Well then, confesse and live.
Bass. Confesse and love 
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my sufferer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Per. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the reft, fland all aloofe,
Let mutick feconde while he doth make his choice,
Then if he looke he make a Swan-like end,
Fading in mutique. That the compasion
May fland more proper, my eye shall be the flame
And watter death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is mutique then? Than mutique
Even as the floufih, when true subiefts bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such is it,
As are those dulet founds in breakes of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes ear,
And surnom him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leffe presence, but with much more love
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeem
The vigiine tribute, paid by howling pens
To the Sea-monster: I fland for facrifice,
The reft aloofe are the Dardanian wives:
With beared visages come forth to view
The issue of the exploit: Give Hercules,
Lieve thou, I live with much more difmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'dt the fray.
Here Mufick.

A Song the whiff Bassanio comments on the Caskets to his selfe.

Tell me where is fairer bred, 
Or in the heart, or in the head: 
Flow begun, how nourished.
Replie replie.
It is engraven in the eyes, 
With razing fed, and fameous dusts, 
In the cradle where a list, 
Let us all ring Fervous knell. 
Ile begin it, 
Ding dang, bell, bell.

Bass. So may the outrawd showes be leaff themselves.
The world is still decci'du with ornament.
In Lawe, what Plea so tanted and graciuous, 
But being fean'd with a graciouss voice, 
Obstructs the show of eulog? In Religion, 
What dammed error, but some sober brow 
Will bleffe it, and approve it with a text.
Hiding the grofenesse with faire ornament: 
There is no voice to simple, but affumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as fulls
As flayers of fand, weare yet upon their chine.
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward feareth, have lyers white as milke,
And thefe affume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubtled: Looke on beautie,
And you shall fee 'tis pitcht by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare moft of it: 
So are those crisp'd snakers golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon suppos'd fairenesse, often knowne
To be the downe of a fecond head,
The fuell that bred them in the Sepulchers,
Thus ornament is but the guiled thore
To a most dangerous fea: the beautifull fairensse
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wilte, 
Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Medus, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee pale and common drudge
'Twere men and men and men, but thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then doth blemifh ought,
Thy palentene moves me more then eloquence,
And here choofe I, to be the consequence.
Per. How all the other passion flies to lyte,
As doubltfull thoughts, and raffh imbrac'd depaire:
And fuddering fear, and greene-eyed zealoufie.
O loue be moderate, alway thy oxaffe,
In meafure raise thy joy, leave this excele.
I feel too much thy blefing, make it leafe,
For feare I furfeit.
Bass. What finde I here? 
FAIRE LADY as counterfeite. What demie God 
Hath come to ferue creation, move these ies? 
Or whether riding on the bals of mine 
Seeme they in mounion? Here are few'd lips 
Passed with fager breath, to write a barre 
Should funder fuch fweet friendes there in her harees 
The Painter plates the Spider, and hath wouen 
A golden meath't intrap the hearts of men 
Falier then gnats in cobwebes: but her cyes, 
How could he fee to doe them? hauing made one, 
Met thinkes it should have power to fleace both his 
And leave it felfe unfurnifh'd: Yet looke how faire 
The fubfantine of my praye doth wrong this shadow 
In overprizing it, fo faire this shadow 
Doth lince behind the fubfantine. Here's the scroule 
The continent, and fummarie of my fortune.

Tom that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose at true;
Since this fortune fells to you,
Be content, and feke no more.
If you be well pleaf'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bleffe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And clame her with a louing leffe.

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to giue, and to recetue.
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples icles
Hearing applauze and vnmeurtall thou.
Giddie in spirit, flall gazing in a doubt
Whether those pales of praiue be his or no.
The Merchant of Venice.

So three faire Lady stand I even so,  
At doubtfull whetber what I fe be true,  
Virtue confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.  

Par. You fee my Lord Bassiano where I stand,  
Such as I am though for my selfe alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish my selfe much better yet for you,  
I would be trilled twenty times my selfe,  
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times  
More rich, than only to stand high in your account,  
I might in vertues, beauties, luings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full forme of me  
Is sum of nothing: which to term in groffe,  
Is an unlearned girl, vnmarked, vnperfected.  
Happy in this, she is not yet to old  
But she may leame: happier than this,  
She is not fed to dold but she can leame:  
Happier of all, is that her gentle spirit  
Commits it felle to yours to be directed,  
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King,  
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord  
Of this faire manor, master of my feruants,  
Queene ote my felle: and even now but now,  
This house, these feruants, and this fame my felle  
Are yours; my Lord, I glie them with this ring,  
Which when you part from, leave, or give away,  
Let prefage the ruine of your loue,  
And be my vantage to exclaime on you  
Baff. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my bloud spake to you in my vaines,  
And there is such confusion in my power,  
As after some occation falsely spake  
By a beleued Prince, there doth apperse  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where every thing being bent together,  
Turnes to a wide of nothing, faire of joy  
Express, and not express, but when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,  
O then be bold to say Bassiano's dead.  

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time  
That have floowed by and fecne our wishes prosper,  
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.  

Gra. My Lord Bassiano, and my gentle Lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:  
For I am sure you can winne from me:  
And when your Honours meanes to solenmize  
The bagaine of your faith: I doe beseech you  
Even at that time I may be married too.  

Baff. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.  

Gra. Thank you Lordship, you gave me one.  
My eyes my Lord can look at twiift as yours;  
You saw the matter was sufficient:  
You saw'd, I saw'd for intermission,  
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you:  
Your fortune floowd upon the caskets there,  
And do did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing heere untill I fawd agane,  
And wearing till my vray cloth was dry  
With othes of loue, at last, if promifte laft,  
I got a promifte of this faire one heere  
To hauie her loue: prouided that your fortune  
Andtche'd her filleffe.  

Par. Is this true Nerissa?  

Ner. Madam it is so, fo you stand pleased withall.  

Baff. And doe you Guslano mean good faith?  

Gra. Ye s faith my Lord.  

Baff. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.  

Gra. We cle play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.  

Ner. What and take downe?  

Gra. No, we shall here win at that sport, and take downe.  

But who comes hear? Lorenzo and his Infidell  
What and my old Venetian friend Salario?  

Enter Lorenzo, Isabella, and Salario.  

Baff. Lorenzo and Salario, welcome hether,  
If the youth of my new interested here  
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave  
I bid my vere friends and Countrymen  
Sweet Portia welcome  

Par. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome  

Lor. I thank you honest, for my part my Lord,  
My purpose was not to haue beene you heere,  
But meeting with Salario by the way,  
He did intreate mee past all saying ny  
To come with himalong.  

Sal. I did my Lord,  
And I haue reason for it, Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you.  

Baff. Ere I open his Letter  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.  

Sal. Not fickle my Lord, vnleffe be in minde,  
Nor well, vnleffe in minde: his Letter there  
Will shew you his estate.  

Openeth the Letter.  

Gra. Nerissa, chere yeond stranger, bid her welcome.  
Your hand Salario, what's the news from Venice?  
How doth that royall Merchant good Antonio,  
I know he will be glad of our floreste,  
We are the Lords, we haue won the fleete,  
Sal. I would you had won the fleete that hee hath lost  

Par. There are some strange contents in yond same paper.  
That stales the colour from Bassiano cheere,  
Some desire friend dead, self nothing in the world  
Could do me so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worfe and worse?  
With leve Bassiano I am halfe your selfe,  
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing  
That this same paper bringes you.  

Baff. Of sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the amiablest words  
That euer blow'd a paper. Gentle Lady  
When I did first impaire my loue to you,  
I freely told you all the wealth I had  
Ran in my vaines I was a Gentleman,  
And then I told you true: and yeed deere Ladie,  
Razing my selfe at nothing, you hall see  
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you  
My selfe was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worfe then nothing: for indeed  
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,  
Ingeg'd my friend to his more enemy  
To feede my meanes. Here is a Letter Ladie,  
The paper as the bodie of my friend,  
And euerie word in it a gaping wound  
Issuing life bloud. But is it true Salario,  

Hath
The Merchant of Venice.

Hath all his ventures faid, what not one hit, From Tropolis, from Mexico and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and Indias, And not one vessel escape the dreadful touch Of Merchants-marine rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord, Beriages. it should appear, that if he had The present money to discharge the Jew, He would not take a nearer did I know A creature that did bear the shape of man So keen and greedy to confound a man He plies the Duke at morning and at night, And doth impeach the freedom of the state If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants, The Duke himself, and the Magnifiers Of greatest part have all persuaded him But none can drive him from the envious plea Of forfeiture, or justice, and his bond. Jeoff. When I was with him, I have heard him swear To Tubal and to Cline, his Countrymen, That he would rather have Anthony's flesh, Then twenty times the value of the summe That he did owe him: and I know my Lord, If law, authority, and power deme not, It will goe hard with poore Anthony. Par. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble? Jeoff. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, The best condition'd, and unsavour'd spirit, In doing courtesies: and one in whom The ancient Romanes honour more appears Then any that draws breath in Italy. Per. What summe owes he the Jew? Jeoff. For me three thousand ducats. Per. What, no more? Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond: Double fixe thousand, and then trouble that, Before a friend of this description Shall lose a halfe through Antonio's fault. First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend. For neuer shall you lie by Portia side. With an enuiues faulte. You shall have gold To pay the petty debt twenty times over. When it is payd, bring your true friend along, My maid Nerissa, and my selfe meanest time Will live as maids and widowers: come away, For you shall hence upon your wedding day: Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere, Since you are deere boughs, I will love you deere. But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my shipes have all miscarried, my Creditors grow clam, my estate is very lowe, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should line, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, of your love does not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Per. O alone dispatch all business and be gone. Bass. Since I have your good leave to goe away, I will make haste but till I come againe, No bed shall bee guilty of my stay, Nor reft be intercourse with vse of vaine. Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Taylor. Ierm. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy.

This is the fool that lends out money grand. Taylor, looke to him. 

Ant. Here are ye good Shylock, Ierm. He have my bond, speake not against my bond, I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond: Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a soule, But since I am a dog, beware my phangs, The Duke shall grant me justice, I do wonder Thou naughty Taylor, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him as his questew. Ant. I pray thee heare me speake. Ierm. He have my bond, I will not hear thee speake, Ihe have my bond, and therefore speake no more. He not be made a ghost and drild ey'd fools, To shake the head, relent, and figh,and yield To Christian intercessors: follow not, He have no speaking, I will have my bond. Exit TAYLOR. Sal. It is the most impensurable curse That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone, Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers: He seekes my life, his reason well I know; I oft delier'd from his forfeitures Many that have at times made me to, Therefore he hates me. Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold. Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law For the commoditie that Strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the Justice of the State, Since that the trade and profit of the city Confineth of all Nations. Therefore goe, These greeves and losses haue for barred mee, That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh To morrow, to my bloody Creditors. Well Taylor, on, pray God Bajfano come To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a man of Portia.

Let. Madam, although I speake it in your presence, You have a noble and a true conceit Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly In bearing thus the absence of your Lord. But if you knew to whom you shew this honour, How true Gentleman you are to requite, How deere a loue of my Lord you husband, I know you would be prouder of the worke. Then cunomioue bounty can enforce you. Per. I never did repente for doing good, Nor shall not now: for in companions That do converse and waste the timetogeather, Whose foules doe brace an egal yoke of lous, There must bee needs be like proportion Oflyniaments, of manners, and of spirities, Which makes me thinke that this Anthony Being the boosome louer of my Lord, Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so, How little is the cost I have bestowed In purchasing the semblance of my soule: From out the state of hellish cruelty, This comes too neere the praising of my selfe, Therefore no more of it: here other things Lorenzo I commit into your hands.

The
The Merchant of Venice.

The husbandry and marriage of my house, 
 Until my Lords returne; for mine owne part
 I have toward heaven breathed a devout vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Onely attended by Norefia heere,
 Untill her husband and my Lords return:
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to doe this imposition,
 The which my louse and some necessity
 Now layes upon you.

 Lorenzo. Madame, with all my heart,
 I shall obey you in all faire commands.

 Per. My people doe already know my minde,
 And will acknowledge you and Ieffia
 In place of Lord Buffano and my felle.
 So far you well till we shall meet again.

 Lorenzo. Fare thoughts & happy hours attend on you.
 Ieffia. I with your Ladiship all hearts content.

 Per. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
 To with it backe on your: fare well you Ieffia. Exeunt.

 Now Balthazar, as I have ever found thee honest true,
 So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
 And wile thou all the aduantaige of a man,
 In speed to Marius, fee thou tender this
 Into my cofins band, Doctor Belarrio.

 Lorenzo. And looke what notes and garnements he doth give thee,
 Bring them I pray thee with imagin’d speed
 Unto the Prince, to the common Priarie
 Which trades to Venice; wast not one in words,
 But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

 Balthasar. Then I goe with all convenient speed.

 Pero. Come on Norefia, I have wrought in hand
 That you yet know not of; we’ll fee our husbands
 Before they think of us?

 Norefia. Shall they fee vs?

 Pero. They shall Norefia: but in such a habit,
 That they think we are accomplished
 With that we lacke; I le hold thee any wager
 When we are both uncovered like young men,
 He prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And were my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speake between the change of man and boy,
 With a serene voyce, and turne two mining steps
 Into a manystride; and speake of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quitant lies
 How honourable. Ladies bought my louse,
 Which I denying, they fell fickle and dead,
 I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
 And wish for all that, that I had not kill’d them;
 And twenty of these punye Ises Ile tell,
 That men shall fwear. I have disconcentrated school,
 About a twelve month; I have within my minde
 Accompanied with these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will prative,

 Norefia. Why shall wee come to men?

 Pero. Fear, what a questions that?

 I how you were neer a lewd interpreter:
 But come Ile tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coask, which stays for vs
 At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to day.

 Exeunt.

 Enter Clunes and Ieffia.

 Cluns. Yes truly; for looke you, the states of the Fa-
 ther are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise
 you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so
 now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
 good cheer, for truly I think you are damn’d, there is
 but one hope in it, that doe you anie good, and that is
 but a kind of bastard hope neither.

 Ieffia. And what hope is that I pray thee?

 Cluns. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father
 got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter
 Ieffia. That were a kind of bastard hope indeed, so the
 sons of my mother should be visited upon me.

 Cluns. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
 ther and mother, thus when I thinke Scilla your father,
 I fall into Cheribdis your mother; well, you are gone both
 waies.

 Ieffia. I shall be foud by my husband, he hath made me
 a Christian.

 Cluns. Truly the more to blame, we were Christians
 know before, the as many as could well have one by an-
 other; this making of Christians will raise the price of
 Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-carers, wee shall not
 shortlie have a rather on the coales for money.

 Enter Lorenzo.

 Lorenzo. I tell my husband Lancio what you say, here
 he comes.

 Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly Lancio,
 if you thus get my wife into corners?

 Cluns. Nay, you need not fear vs Lorenzo, Lanciolet
 and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me
 in heaven, because I am a lewes daughter: and he fayes
 you are a good noo member of the commonwealth, for
 in connecting lewes to Christians, you raise the price
 of Porke.

 Lorenzo. I shall answare that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel-
 lie: the Moore is with childe by you Lanciolet?

 Cluns. It is much the Moore should be more then
 reason: but if the belesse then an honest woman, thee
 is indeed more then I tooke her for.

 Lorenzo. How everie foole can play upon the word, I
 think the bell grace of witte shall shortly returne into fi-
 nesse, and discurso grow commendable in none onely
 but Parrat: goe in fris, bid them prepare for dinner?

 Cluns. That is done, they haunt all romasses?

 Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a withe-shapper are you,
 then bid them prepare dinner

 Cluns. That is done to fit, oneley couer is the word

 Lorenzo. Will you cover than fit?

 Cluns. Not so far neither, I know my dure.

 Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
 shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an infant: I pray
 thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellows, bid them couer the table, serve in the
 meat, and we will come in to dinner.

 Cluns. For the table fit, it shall be fere’d in, for the
 meat fit, it shall be covered, for your comming in to
dinner fit, why les it be as humorus and conceits shall go-
erne.

 Exit Cluns.

 Lorenzo. O dese discreation, how his words are futed,
 The foole hath planted in his memory
 An Armie of good words, and I doe know
 A many foolest that hand in better place,
 Garnish like him, that for a trickie word
 Deifie the matter, how cheere full thou Ieffia,
 And now good sweet fay thy opinion,
The Merchant of Venice.

How doth thou like the Lord Bassano's wife? Inq. Past all expressing, it is very meete. 

The Lord Bassano live an upright life. For having such a blessing in his Lady, he findeth the joyes of heaven here on earth. And if on earth he do not mean it, is reason he should never come to heaven? Why, if two gods should play some heavenely match, and on the wager lay two earthly women, and Partans one: there must be something else Joind with the other, for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow. 

Let. Even such a husband hast thou of me, as she is for a wife. Inq. Nay, but ask my opinion to of that? Let. I will anone, first let us goe to dinner. Inq. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack? Let. No praze thee, let it serue for table talke, then how from ere thou speakest among other things, I shall digg it? Inq. Well, I lie set you forth. 

Altus Quatrus.

Entr the Duke, the Magnifico, Antonio, Bassano, and Gratiano. 

Duke. What, is Antonio here? 
Ant. Ready, to please your grace. 
Duke. I am forry for the, thou art come to answere a forme aduerteyr, an inhuman wretch, Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty. From any dram of mercie. 
Ant. I have heard Your Grace hath taken great partie to qualifie his rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate, and that no lawful means can carrie me out of his enimes reach, I do oppose my patience to his fury, and arm'd to suffer with a quietnesse of spirit, the very tyranny and rage of his. 
D.U. Go one and call the Iew into the Court. 
Seb. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord. 

Enter Shylock. 

D.U. Make roome, and let him stand before our face. Shylock the world thinkes, and I thinke to to That thou but leaft this fashion of thy mallice to the last hour of ait, and then 'tis thought Thou'lst shew thy mercy and remorse more strange, than is thy strange apparent cruelty; and where thou now exact the penalty, which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh, thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture, but touch'd with humane gentlinesse and louse: Porgue a maytie of the principall, Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, that have of late so budled on his backe, Enow to preferre a royall Merchant downe: and pluck commification of his state From bratle boomes, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborne Turkes and Tarten never travailed To offices of render curtsey, we all expect a gentle answer Iew? Iew. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose, and by our holy Sabbath have I tworne to haue the due and forfeit of my bond. If you denie it, let the danger light Upon your Charite, and your Cities freedome. You'ltake me why I rather choose to haue a weight of carrion fleth, than to receuie Three thousand Ducats? Ie not answere that: But say it is his rumor? Is it answere? What if my house be troubled with a Rat, and I be pleased to give ten thousand Ducates to haue it bain'd? What are you answere'd yet? Some men there are lousy not a gaping Pigge: Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat: and others, when the bag-pipe singes ith noise, Cannot contain their Vaine for affection. Matters of passion sware to the moode. Of what it likes or loosths, now for your answer: As there is no firme reason to be reured Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge? Why he a harmfille necessarie Cat? Why he a woollen bag-pipe; but of force Must yield to such irreuable flame. As to offend himselfe being offended: So can I goue no reason, nor I will not, More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A looking suite against him? Are you answere'd? 

Baff. This is no answer thou unfeeling man, To excuse the curtant of thy crueltie. Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer. 

Baff. Do all men kill the things they do not loue? Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Baff. Euerie offence is not a hate at first. Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent the like twice? 

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew: You may as well goe stand upon the beach, And bid the maine flood bate his visuall height, Or euen as well vfe question with the Wolfe, The Ewe bleate for the Lambe: You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise When they are fretted with the gult of heauen: You may as well do any thing mo hath hard, As fecke to loten that, then which what harder? His Iewish heart. Therefore do befeech you Make no more offers, vfe no farther meaning, But with all briefe and plaine consentience Let me have judgiment, and the Iew his will. 

Baff. For thy three thousand Ducates heereth fit. 

Iew. Ieuerie Ducat in five thousand Ducates were in five parts, and euery part a Ducate, I would not draw them, I would haue my bond? 

D.U. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendering none? Iew. What judgiment shal I tread doing no wrong? You have among you many a purchas flate, Which like your Asser, and your Dogs and Mules, You do make abred and in flawed parts, Because you bought them. Shall I toy to you, Let them be free, marrie them to your heires? Why sweate they vnder burthen? Let their beds Be made as soft as yours: and let their palletts Be feason'd with such viands: you will answere
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The Shrews are ours. So do I answer you. The pound of flesh which I demand of him is secretly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it. If you deny me, I see upon your Law, there is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgment, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court, Veltia's Bellario a learned Doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to day.

Sal. My Lord, here stands without A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor, New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Baf. Good cheer Antonio. What man, Coragio yet? The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tained Weather of the Rocke, Meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruitie. Drops earliest to the ground, and so I rest; You cannot better be employ'd Baffio. Then to live ill, and write mine Epistle.

Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both, My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Baf. Why doth thou when thy knife so earnestly? Jew. To cut the forfeititure from that bankrout there. Gra. Not on thy sole; but on thy sole harsh Jew. Thou mak'th thy knife keene: but no mettall can, No, not the hungmans Axe beare half the keenesse Of thy sharpe enuy, Can no prayers pierce thee? Jew. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make. Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexcusable dogge, And for thy life let justice be accus'd: Thou almost mak'th me waver in my faith; To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That foules of Animals infufc themselves Into the trunkes of men. Thy curiit hpirit Gouen'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter, Even from the gallowes did his fell sole fleet; And whist'th thou layest thy villain wed dam, Infus'd it felie in thee: For the defires Are Weati'd, bloody, stiired, and raurenous. Jew. Till thou canst rule the scale from of my bond Thou but offend it, Chungs to speake so loud: Repaire it, if thou good youth, or it will fall To endlesse ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth command A young and Learned Doctor in our Court; Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by To know your answer, whether you'll admit him. Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you Go give him curious conduct to this place, Mean ite the Court till he arrive Bellarios Letter.

Y Grace shall understand, that at the receitce of your Letter, I am very satis: but in the inquiet that your messenger came, in loving visitation, was with me a young Doct. of Rome, hou name is Balthasar: I squatted him with the cause in Controversie, betweene the Jew and Antinomo the Merchant: We turn'd so many Books together: he is surpris'd with my opinion, which better'd with his owne learning, the greatest whereof I cannot enough commend; comes with him at my importunity, to tell upon your Grace request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend advancement: for I never knew so young a body, with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose true heart better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duk. You hear the learnd Bellario what he writes, And herif I take it is the Doctor come. Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place; Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Du. Antinomo and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Jew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fute you follow; Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law Cannot impugne you as you do proceed. You stand within his danger; do you not?

Ant. I, fo he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muft the Jew be merciless.

Jew. On what compulsion muft I Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not straing'd, It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest, It bleffeth him that giveth, and him that takes; This is mightie in the mightie, it becomes The throned Monarch better then his Crowne. His Scepter shews the force of temporall power, The attribute to awe and Maffifie, Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of Kings: But mercy is above this feted sway, It is entronced in the hearts of Kings, It is an attribute to God himselfe; And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods When mercy reasons Justice. Therefore Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this, That in the course of Justice, none of vs Should see accusation; we do pray for mercy, And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea: Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law, The penalitie and forfeite of my bond, Por. Is he not able to discharge the money Baf. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court

Yes, twice the summe, if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times oare, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart If this will not suffice, it must appeare That malice bears a downright truth. And I beseech you With once the Law to your authority, To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel duell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: Twill be recorded for a President,
The Merchant of Venice.

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

lew. A Daniel come to judgement, yea a Daniel.

O wife young judge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

lew. Here is most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Stylple, there's a discretion thy monie offered thee.

Shy. And so, an oath, I have an oath in heaven
Shall I lay perjurie upon my soule?

No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeitt.

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off.

Neereft the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thyrty thy monie, but me tresse the bond.

lew. When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge:

you know the Law, your exposition.

Hath beene meest found. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-Descriuing pillar.

Proceede to judgement: by my foule I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:

you must prepare your boosome for his knife.

lew. Noble judge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalitie,
Which here appearde due upon the bond.

lew. Tis verie true: O wife and vypright judge,

How much more elder art thou then thy lookers?

Por. Therefore lay bare your boosome.

lew. I, his breit,

So fayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Neereft his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there ballance here to weigh the
flieht?

lew. I have them ready

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Stylple, on your charge
To stop his wounds, leest he should bleed to death.

lew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is no (so expres: but what of that?

T were good you do somuch for charitie.

lew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. Eat little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand. Bassiano, face you well.

Grecue not that I am faine to this for you:
For here in fortune Ghesews her felie more kinde
Then is her cufome. It is full her vie
To let the wretched man out-luce his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which ingraining penance
Of such miferie, doth fhe the cut off me:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceed of Antinoh's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her bejude,
Whether Bassiano had not once a Love:
Repeat not you that you flall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.

If for the Jew do cut but deepre enough,
He pay it infantly, with all my heart.

Bass. Antinoh, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eftem'd about thy life.

I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this deuill, to deliver you

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that

If the were by to heare you make the offert.

Gra. I have a word an oath, I have an oath in heaven
I would the were in heaven, fo the could

I treat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ver. 'Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The wish would make elfe a vain quitte house.

(ter

lew. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh.

Would any of the flocke of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.

We wills tyme, I pray thee purifie lenence.

Por. A pound of that fame merchants flesh is thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

lew. Here is the money.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.

The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

lew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,

This bond doth giue thee here to no t of blood,

The words expresly are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou doth feld
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods

Are by the Laws of Venice confiscate

Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vypright judge.

Marke Jew, o learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the law

Por. Thy felie shall see the Ael:

For a soun vypright judge, be sol'd.

Thou shalt haue justitce more then thou defirest.

Gra. O learned judge, mark Jew, a learned judge.

lew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thence,

And let the Christian goe.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justitce, lest no hafe,

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an vypright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe nor more

But suff a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Of leffe then a just pound, be it so much.

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the defucion of the twentieth part

Of one poore [crapule, say if the faile dooc turne]

But in the fromation of a hyare,

Thou dett, and all thy goods are confiscate.


Now miffell I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy fortiertce.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refud it in the open Court.

He shall have meere justitce and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel fille I say, a second Daniel,

I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the fortiertce,

To be taken so thy peril Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devill giue him good of it

He say no lenger questioning.

Por. Tarry
The Merchant of Venice

At the Saint Lew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
That he that be proved against an Alien,
That by force or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth continue,
Shall forfeit one half his goods, the other halfe,
Comes to the priuie coffet of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice,

In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to.

I thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haft inured
The danger formerly to merchants.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

That thou maist have leave to hang the selfe,
And yet thy wealthe being forfeit to the state,
Thou haft not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

That thou shalt fee the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou askst it:
For halfe thy wealthe, it is.

The other hafe comes to the general state,
Which humblyesse may drue within a fine.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

You see my pardon, and render it.

Do not meddle with my house,
That I have not left alone.

And when the time is past
I ten my life.

That is, I will haue nothing of you.

And now methinks I have a minde to.

There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The desre ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

I see sir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd,
That ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor gue, nor lose it.

If you will have nothing of me,
And your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deru'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.

Enter a Gentleman

You and I, my L. Baffano, let him haue the ring,
Let his deatures and my love withall
Be valued against your wusses commandement.

Goot Grattino, run and ouer-take him;
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antebas house, away, make haste.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early we will both
Fite toward Belmont, come Antebas.

Enter Basso and Nerissa.

Enquire the Jews house out, give him this deed,
And let him figne it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Faire sir, you are wel ore-tape:
My L. Baffano upon more suade,
Hath ten you heart this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner this night.

That cannot be:
His ring I doe accept most thankfully
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylocks house.

That will I doe.

Sir, I would speake with you:

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A Bus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this, When the sweet winds did gently kisse the trees, And they did make no noise, in such a night Trojans I thinkest mounted the Troian walls, And sight'd his house toward the Grecian tent. Where Croesus lay that night.

Ief. In such a night Did Jessica fearfully ore-trip the dewe, And saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe, AndANCE DISMayed away.

Loren. In such a night

Stood Did with a Willow in her hand Upon the wilde sea banke, and wist her Loue To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs That did renew old Eos.

Loren. In such a night

Did Jessica fetch from the wealthy Iewes, And with a Vnfrith Loue did runne from Venice, As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo Ieware he lovd her well, Stealing her soule with many oares of faith And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night

Did pretty Jessica (like a little throw) Slander her Lone, and he forgave it her.

Ies. I would out-night you did no body come: But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes to fall in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend? or your name I pray you

Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word My Mistrefle will before the breake of day Be here at Belmont, the doth stray about By holy crostes where the kneels and prays For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermite and her maid: I pray you if my Master yet remond'd? Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him, But goe we in I pray thee Jessica, And cetoemoniously let vs vs prepare Some welcome for the Mistrefle of the house.

Enter Clowns.

Clo. Sola, sola, wo ho ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola, sola. Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clo. Tell him ther's a Poft come from my Master, with his home full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet foule.

Loren. Let is sin, and there expect their comming. And yet no matter: why should we go in? My friend Stephen, signifie pray you Within the house, your Mistrefle is at hand, And bring your musick foot in the syre. How sweet the moones light flees upon this banke, Heere will we rest, and let the sounds of musick Crepe in our ears soft silenes, and the night Become the tutches of sweet harmony: Sit Jessica, looke how the floore of heauen Is chisse inlayed with patterns of bright gold, There's not the smallest orb which thou behold? But in his motion like an Angel spings, Still quiuing to the young eyed Cherubins; Such harmony is in immortal soules, But whilst this muddy vexture of decay Doch greatly close in it, we cannot heare it: Come how, and wake David with a hyme, With sweetest tutches peace your Mistrefle ear, And draw her home with musick.

Ies. I am never merry when I heare sweet musiquo Play musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirites are attendane: For doxe but note a wilde and wanton heart Or race of youthfull and unhanded colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their blood, If they but heare perches a trumpet found, Or any syre of musickte touch their ears, You shall perceiue them make a mutuall Hand, Their sauge eyes turn'd to a modest gaze, By the sweet power of musickte: therefore the Post Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods, Since naught so flockish, hard, and full of rage, But musickte for time doth change his nature, The man that hath no musickte in himselfe, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet founds, Is fit for treasons, flatagems, and spoyles, The motions of his spirit are dull at night, And his affections darke as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musickte.

Enter Paris and Nerissa.

Per. That light we see is burning in my hall: How farre that little candell throwes his beams, So thines a good deed in a naughty world. (diet)

Ner. When the moones toone we did not see the can Per. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse, A subtrifute thines brightly as a King

Vntil a King be by, and then his state Empties it (elle), as doth an inland brooke Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musickte.

Ner. It is your musickte Madame of the house Per. Nothing is good I see without respect, Methinks it finds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence before that venire on it Madame Per. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the larke

When
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When neither attended: and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Wren;
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection;
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with Endimion,
And would not awak'd

*Musick confess'd*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia;
Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bed voice.
Lor. Decree Lady welcome home
Por. We haue bene praying for your husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not seen.
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.
Por. Go in Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Infuria for you.

*A Tucket founds*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tale Madam, feare you not,
Por. This night methinks is but the day light skie,
It lookes a little paler, its a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Lucio.

Por. We shoul hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abencc of the sunne,
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be lights,
For a light wife doth make a saucy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me,
But God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You shoul in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am wel acquit of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other letters when words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curteisie.

Gra. By younder Moone I swear you do me wrong,
Infact I gaue it to the Judges Clearkes,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Lowe so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel how alreadie, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poems was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; Louis me, and live enimor.

Ner. What talkes you of the Poetrie or the vawel:
You sweare to me when I did sweare it you,
That you would sweare it till the hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene respectfull and haue kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clearkes: but well I know
The Clearkes will nere sweare harte on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if the lie to be a man,
Nerissa, I is a woman line to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a yould,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed 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 it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you.
To part so lightly with your wisues first gift,
A thing flucke on with oates upon your finger,
And so riueted with faith unto your self.
I gaue my Loues Ring, and made him saue;
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leaue,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiana,
You giue your wife too vnder a cause of griefe,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassano gaue his Ring away,
Vnto the ludge that begd it, and indeede
Defer'd it too: and then the Boy his Cleark
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine;
And an other man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiued of me,
Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so vouch is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I gaue see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how willingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the value of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pless'd to have defended it
With any terme of Zeale: wanted the modelie
To venge the thing held at a cerimonie:
Nerissa teaches me what to beleue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?
Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Duccates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Event he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was incourag'd to send it after him,
I was better with shame and curteisie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much bemare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by the blesse of God fill'd with delight,
Had you bene there, I think you would haue begg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.

Q: Por.
FINIS.
As you Like it.

Act i, scene i. Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand Crownes, and as thou safest, charged my brother: on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadness: My brother Sagart he keeps at Schoole, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruttically at home, or (to speak more properly) It ays me here at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the flattering of an Ox? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their managge, and so that end Riders deerecly hid'd: but I (his brother) gain no thing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, bars mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within mee, begins to mutine against this sedent, I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife readily how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother, Orlando. Goe a part Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will flique mee vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you here?

Ori. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What will you there for?

Ori. Marry sir, I am helping you to make that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliver. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlando. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eate huskies with them? what prodigious portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Knew you where you are sir?

Ori. O sir, very well: here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Ori. I, better then him I am before knowes mee, know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me; the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confess your comming before me is nearer to his reuerence.


Ori. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay handes on me villaine?

Ori. I am no villaine: I am the yeongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that dares such a father before villaines: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou haft raied on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Misters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Ori. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father chargd you in his will to give me good education: you haue train'd me like a peazant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growse strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow mee such exerçises as may become a gentleman: oth wise I will tell you some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Oli. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dogge

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my eldest, he would not have spoke such a word. Ex. Ori. Ad.

Oli. Is it even fo, begin you to grow vp on me? I will phyllick me your ranckenells, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Duke Wrestling here to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Oks. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good morrow Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the eldest newes that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four leaving.
As you like it.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Col. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Coz, be merry.
Cef. Dear Celia! I know more mirth then I am mistred of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could reach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Col. *Heere I see thou lookest mee not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Vacle thy banished father had banished thy Vacle the Duke my father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could have taught my loue o tace thy father for me; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were to righteouely remov'd, as mine is to thee.

Col. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.
Cef. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he die, thou shalt be his heire, for what he hath taken away from thy father performe, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I brake that oath, let mee turne monster, therefore my sweet Ros., my dear Cef., be merry.

Col. From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Louse?
Cef. Marry I preache thee, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with saftety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off saigne.

Col. What shall be our sport then?
Cef. Let vs sit and mocke the good houeswife formes from her wheele, that her giftes may henceforth bee beloweved equally.

Col. I would were could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplace, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mislike in her giftes to women.

Cef. *This true, for those that she makes faire, she feare makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illsoyled.

Col. Nay now thou goest from Fortune offire to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Col. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument?
Cef. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature naturall, the cutter off of naturall wisit.

Col. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Nature, who perceiue thy naturall wisit too dull to reason of such goodnes, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone, for alwaies the dulnesse of this foote, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wand'rest thou?

Col. Misstrefle, you must come away to your father.
Col. Were you made the messengers?
Cef. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.
Ref. Where learned you that oath false?
Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Muffard was naught: Now I stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muffard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.
Clo. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?
Ref. I marry, now vnmutzle your wisdome.
Clo. Stand you both forth now: broke your chinnes, and iware by your beards that I am a knave.
Ref. By our beards if we had them) thou art.
Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I was: but if you wære by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knave iware by his Honor, for he neuer had ane; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he saw these Pancakes, or that Muffard.
Clo. Prethee, who is that thou meanes't?
Ref. One that old Fredericke your Father loves.
Ref. My Father loves is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipst for treason on one of these daisies.
Clo. The more pitte that fooles may not speak wise-
ly, what Wemen do foolishly.
Clo. By my troth thou saest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men have makes a great newe; Here comes Monfieur the Beau.
Enter le Beau.
Ref. With his mouth full of newes.
Clo. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeones feed their young.
Ref. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.
Clo. All the better: we halfe the more Marketable.
Bouc-sau Monfieur le Beau, what's the newes?
Le Beau. Faire Princesse,
you haue loft much good sport.
Clo. Sport: of what colour?
Le Beau. What colour, Madame? How shall I an-
fwer you?
Ref. As wit and fortune will.
Clo. Or as the deffines decrees.
Ref. Well saied, that was laid on with a crowsell.
Clo. Nay, if I kepenot my rynke.
Ref. Thou lookest thy old finell.
Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good warffling, which you haue loft the fight of.
Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Warffling.
Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the beff is yet to doe, and where you are, they are comming to performe it.
Clo. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.
Clo. I could match this beginning with an old tale.
Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.
Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.
Le Beau. The eldest of the three, warffled with Charles the Dukes 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 fured the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their Father, making such pitifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.
Ref. Alas.
Ref. But what is the sport Monfieur, that the Ladies haue left?
Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.
Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euer day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies.
Clo. Or I, I promise thee.
Ref. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his fides? Is there yet another dozes vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this warffling Caesar?
Le Beau. You must if you fit hear, for heere is the place appointed for the warffling, and they are ready to performe it.
Clo. Yonder sute they are comming. Let vs now say how and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lord, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intrested
His owne perill on his forwardnesse.
Ref. Is yonder the man?
Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.
Clo. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully.
Or. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the warffling?
Ref. I my Lige, to please you ges vs leave.
Or. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challegen-
youth, I would frame dissuade him, but he will not bee enrag'd. Speake to him Ladies, fee if you can moose him.
Clo. Call him better good Monseuer Le Beau.
Duke. Do so: I'll not be by.
Le Beau. Monseuer the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.
Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.
Ref. Young man, haue you challenging Charles the Warffler?
Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the general challenger,
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strenght of my youth.
Clo. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeres: you have feene cruell proofe of this mans strenght, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your judgment, the feare of your adven-
ture would couznd you to a more equall enterprize. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne safete,
and glue ouer this attempt.
Ref. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprisned: we will make it our sute to the Duke, that the warffling might nor go forward.
Orl. I beleech you, punish mee not with your harder thoughts, wherein I confeste me much guile to dente to faire and excellent Ladies ane thing. But let your faire elys, and gentle wishes goe with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foill'd, it is but one sham'd that was never gracious: if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to love: meer the world no purpose, for I have nothing; onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emptie.
Ref. The little strenght that I have, I would it were with you.
And mine to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you well, praise heaven I be decei'd in you.

Col. Your hearts defines be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so
defious to lie with his mother earth?

Oro. Readie Sir, but his will hath run a more modest
working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat
him to a second, that have so mightily perused him
from a shift.

Oro. You meant to mocke me after: you should not
have mockt me before: but come your waists.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speedie young man.

Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fel-
low by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent young man.

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who
should down the brave Sowr.

Duk. No more, no more.

Oro. Yes I beeche your Grace, I am not yet well
breath'd.

Duk. How doth thou Charles?

Le Bru. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Besore him awaie:

What is thy name young man?

Oro. Orlando my Liege, the youngest sonne of Sir Ro-
land de Bys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene so to some man else,

The world eeries thy father honourable,

but I did finde him full mine enemies:

That should it haue better pleased me with this deede,

Had I thou defenced from another house,

But faire thee well, thou art a gallant youth,

I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit Duk.

Col. Were is my Father (Cooze) would I do this?

Oro. I am more proud to be Sir Roland sonne,

His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling

To be adopted heire to Frederick.

Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule,

And all the world was of my Fathers minde,

Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,

I should have given him tares vnto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have venur'd.

Col. Gentle Cofen,

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him.

My Fathers rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well defered,

If you doe keepe your promises in loue;

But fully as you have exceed ed all promise,

Your Militirs shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,

Wear this for me: one out of fortunes with fortune

That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes,

Shall we goe Coze?

Col. I caste you well faire Gentleman.

Oro. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts

Are all throwne downe, and that which here hand's

Is but a quintime, a mere litlee blokke.

Ref. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,

He askes him what he would? Did you call Sir?

Sir, you have wrastled well and ouerthrown

More then your enemies.

Col. Will you goe Coze?

Ref. Haue with yon: fare you well

Exit.

Oro. What passion hangs these waights vp mytoon?

I cannot speake to her, yet the vs'd conference.

Enter Le Bru.

O poore Orlando I thou art ouerthrown.

Or Charles, or something weaker matters thee.

Le Bru. Good Sir, I do in friendship counselst you

To leave this place; Albeit you have detru'd

High commendation, true applause, and loue;

Yet such is now the Duke's condition,

That he misconfers all that you have done:

The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede

More liutes you to conceale, then I to speake of.

Oro. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

That here was at the Wristling?

Le Bru. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,

But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,

The other was daughter to the banished Duke,

And here detru'd by her vs'ring Vance.

To keepe his daughter company, whose loues

Are deter from the natural bond of Sistres.

But I can tell you, that of late this Duke

Hath taken displeasure against his gentle Niece,

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praisse her for her vertues,

And prittie her, for her good Fathers sake;

And on my life his malice against the Lady

Will foadily breake forth: Sir, fare you well,

Heresafter in a better world then this,

I shall direct more oue and knowledge of you.

Oro. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

Thus much I from the sixsake into the smother,

From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.

But heauenly Rosaline.

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline

Col. Why Cofen why Rosaline: Cupidhauz merzie,

Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away

Upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame me

With reasones.

Ref. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the

one should be bind'd with reasones, and the other

mad with out any.

Col. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childe Father: Oh

how full of briers is this leaueing day world.

Col. They are but burs, Cofen, throw vpon thee

in holiday foolerie, if we waite nor in the croiden

paths our very petty-cotes will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them vpon my coate, these burs

are in my hart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Col. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrastler then

my selfes.

Col. O a good wish upon you: you will trie in time.
As you like it.

Duk. You are a fool: you Neice profane your selfe.
If you out staye the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the graudsome of my word you die.

Exit Duke.

Col. O my poor Refalines, whether will thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieved then I am.
Ref. I have more caufe.
Col. Thou hast not Cosen,
Precheth be cheerful; knowit thou not the Duke
Hath banished mee his daughter?
Ref. That he hath not.
Col. No, hath not? Refalina lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be funded? shall we part two girls?
No, let my Father feke another here:
Therefore defile with me how we may flee
Whether to goe, and what to bear with vs,
And doe not leake to take your change vpon you,
To bear your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out
For by this heaven, now as our forrowes pale
Say what thou canst, He goe along with thee.
Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?
Col. To feeke my Vnkle in the Forrest of Arten
Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trastel forth so farre?
Beatrice proueth theeues fooner then gold.
Col. Hee put my selfe in poore and meane attires,
And with a kinde of vmbre (fire my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir affaylaneous.
Ref. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common toll,
That I did ferue me all points like a man,
A gallant curtela on my thigh,
A borespeare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a swalwinge and a mayshall outside,
As manie other mannish cownses have,
That doe caufe it with their freames.
Col. Whatshall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ref. Hee have no worde a name then four owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Gannied.
But what will you by call'd?
Col. Something that hath a reference to my fate.
No longer Cols, but Altea.
Ref. But Cofen, what if we affaid to fteale
The clownish Fool of our Fathers Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our trastel?
Col. Hecke goe along cre the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our grellas and our wealth together,
Custe the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from purfufe that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Angers, and two or three Lords
like Forrester.

Duk Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile;
Hath not old Custom made this life more sweete

Then
As you like it.

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the enuious Court?
Here feel we not the penitacie of Adam,
The lesions difference, as the Eiecchange
And curishful chiding of the wintiers wunde,
Which when it bites and blowes vp my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smite, and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of watert Maze.
Which like the road, ougly and venemous,
Wears ye a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publicke baunt,
Finades tongues in trees, booke in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornenesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a site.

Du Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it iske me the poore dampled foolees
Becoming nauyie Burgers of this desert City,
Should inthite owne confines with foriked heads
Have their round hanches gored.

A. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholique Lagenes grace at that,
And in that kinde seares you doo more vnrpse
Then doth your brother that hath banished you.
To day my Lord of Amenis, and my felle,
Did steale behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose antique rooste peppe out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred fag
That from the Hunters aine had tane a hurt.
Did come to languish: and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall hearted forth such groanes
That their discarge did retcheth his leathern coat
Almost to buftling, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nole
In piteous chafe: and thus the harrie foole
Much marked of the melancholique Lagenes,
Stood on his extremest verge of the twist brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du Sen. But what said Lagenes?
Did hee not moralize this spectacle?

A. Lord. O yes, into a thousand familys,
First, for his weeping into the needlel fireames.
Poore Deeke quoth he, thou maist a settlement
As worldlings doe givin thy tun of more
To that which had too muft: then being there alone,
Left and abandonned of his vsetr friend;
This night quoth he, thus miferie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a cardeff Heard
Full of the pafffure, rung along by him
And neuer flares to greez him. I quoth Lagenes,
Sweeps on you fat, and gracie Citizen.
'Tis tulf the fashion: wherefore doe you looke
Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inurectly he piercing through
The body of Country, Citie, Court.
Yes, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere wurfperes, syrants, and whatso worse
To fghts the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their aflign'd and nature dwelling place.

Du Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

A. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commeting
Upon the fobbing Deeke.

Du Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cople him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

Lord. He bring you to him vrate.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some vallaines of my Court
Are of content and suffrance in this.

Lord. I cannot hear of any that did fee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vnreafurd of then Mistris.

Lord. My Lord, the royntif Clown, whome to
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hilfera the Princess Gentlewoman
Confesses that the secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wadluer
That did but lately loke the synonome Charles,
And the beleuves where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither.
If he be aife, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let no search and inquisition quilke,
To bring againe these foolish runaways.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, oh yee meemorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be fo fond to overcome
The bonne prifer of the humoroue Duke?
Your prase is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, so seeme kinde of men,
Their graces ferue them but as enemies.
No more doe yours; your vertues gentle Master
Are landishd and holy traitors to you
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enemous him that bears it?
Why, what is the master?

Ad. Oh unhappy youth,
Come not within these dooors: within this rooffe
The enemie of all your graces liues.
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your prases, and this night he messees,
To burne the lodging where you vile to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you oft,
I outher heard him: and his praises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie,
Abhorre it, hate it, do not enter it.

Add. Why wherther Adam would't thou use me got
Add. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Ori. What, would't thou have me goe and beg my food,
Or with a base and boistious sword enforce
A thorough living on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will sublike to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Add. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The dithrift hire I faced under your Father,
Which I did store to be my sister Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbaishfull forhead woe,
The means of weaknesse and debility,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Froshie, but kindely: let me goe with you,
He doe the seruice of a younger man
In all your businesse and necessitie.

Ori. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meade:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do chosake their seruice vp,
Even with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun't a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeilde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy wares, weeke gone along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weeke light vpone some fetled low content.

Add. Master goo on, and I will follow thee.
To the laff gaft: with truth and loyalte,
From fauentie yeeres, till now almost fourscore
Here liued I, but now hure here no more
At fauentie yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourscore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Cymbeline, Celis for Allena, and
Clowns, alias Touchstone.

Ref. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Cl. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
weare.
Ref. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparet, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker yeafell, as doublet and hose ought to shou it
selfe corageous to pettie-coate; therefore good
Alena.

Cl. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur
ther.

Cl. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no croffe if I did beare
you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Cl. I now am in Arden, the more foole I, when I
was at home 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 solemnme talkes.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still,

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knewst how I do love her.

Cor. I partly gueffe: for I have lou'd erere now.

Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not gueffe,

Though in thy youth thou waft as true a lover
As euer sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
Becau's thy love were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man love so:

How many actions most ridiculous,
Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thoufand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thoufand did thou neuer loue so harfely
If thou remember not the flightieft folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.

Or if thou haft not falt as I do now,
Wearing thy huerer in thy Misfitis praiue,
Thou haft nor lou'd,

Or if thou haft not broke from compaigne,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not lou'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Ref. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.

Cl. And I mine: I remember when I was in love,
I broke my word vpon a fhone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to Jane Smife, and I remember the kif
ning of her bater, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the weening
of a peacold instead of her, from whom I took two
coz, and giving her them again, saide with weeping
teares, were these for my fake: wee that are true
Lovers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall
in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou speake't wiser then thou art ware of,

Cl. Nay, I shall neere be ware of mine owne witt, till
I break my fmins againft it.

Ref. Jane, Jane, his Shepheard passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

Cl. And mine, but it growes something stale with me.

Cl. I pray you, one of you question you'd man,
If he for gold will gueve me any foodes,
I faintalmoft to death.

Cl. Holls; you Clowne.

Ref. Peace foole, he's not thy kisfman.

Cor. Who talks?

Cl. Your betters Sir.

Sil. Else are they very wretched.

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 prethee Shepheard, if that louse or gold
Can in this defent place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may ref our felues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much opprefted,
And fains for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pritte her,
And with for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releufe her;
But I am fhepheard to another man,
And do not there the Fleeces that I graze:
My matter is of curfifiis disposition,
And little wretches to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hostipall.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feece
Are now on fale, and at tooe Sheep-coat now
By reafon of his abence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come fer,
And in my voice nowt moft welcome fhall you be
Ref. What is he that fhall buy his flockes and pastur? Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw here but cre-
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ref. I pray then, if it stand with benefite,
Buy thou the Couage, pasture, and the flockes,
And thou fhalt have to pay for it of vs.
Cor. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waiten my time in it.
Cor. Affuredly the thing is to be foid:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The fole, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right foidaily. 

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Isares, & others.

Song.
Under the greene wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And inne his merrie Note,
Uns the sweet Birds chanson.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Stere, Stere, Stere he fce no enemies,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Amy. More, more, I pre thee more.

Isar. It will make you melancholy Monfieur Isares.

Amy. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can lufke melancholy out of a song,
As a Wecerl lufkes egges: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you,

Amy. I do not defire you to pleaffe me,
I do preffe you to fing:
Come, more, more, another flanze: Call you em flanzos.

Amy. What you will Monfieur Isares.

Amy. Nay, I care not for their names, they oweme nothing.
Will you fing?

Amy. More at your requent, then to please my falfe.

Amy. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ie thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog Apes. And when a man thankes me hardly, me thankes I hate given him a peine, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come ling; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ie end the song. Sirs, cover the while,
The Duke wil drinke vnder this trey; he hath bin all this day to look you.

Isar. And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too diuiputable for my compaine:
I thanke of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thankes, and make no boaff of them.

Come, washe, come

Song. Alidether here,
Who doth ambitiofmume,
And loves to love th't Summer.
Seeking the food be eaies,
And pleased with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here heall befe, And.

Amy. Ie give you a verfe to this note,
That I made yester day in defpite of my Invention.

Amy. And Ile fing it.

Amy. Thus it goes,
If he do come to paffe, that any man has Affe:
Lossing his wealth and safety,
A flauthouse wil to please,
Ducdame ducdame, ducdame,
Here heall be see, goffe foots he se,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Isar. Tis a Greek innovation to call fools into a cirlc:
He go sleep if I can; if I cannot, Ile rade against all
the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go fecke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Here lie I downe,
And meafeure out my graue. Farewel kind Master.
Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater hearth in thee.
Lye a little, confort a little, cheere thy felfe a little.
If this vnoch Forreft yeild any thing iuaug,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for fooed to thee
Thy conceite is neater death, then thy power.
For my falke be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will heere be with thee prefently,
And if I bring thee not something to care,
I wil give thee leaue to die: but thou dieft
Before I come, thou art a macker of my labor.
Wal faid, thou look't cheerly,
And Ie be with thee quickly, yet thou lef't
In the bleak air. Come, I will beare thee
To come sheller, and thou shalt not die.
For lacke of a dinner,
Ithere lie any thing in this Desert.
Cheerefly good Adam.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

Lord. My Lord, he is, but eu'n now gone hence.
Here was le see me, hearing of a song.

Du. Sen. If the compact of isres grow Musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go speak him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Legues.

1 Lord. He taues his laver by his own approack.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must worrie your companie.
What, you looke merily.

1. Aqu A Foute, a foute! I met a foole th Forteek
An moore Foute (a mirable world:)
And I doo be like to foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bade him in the Sun.
And raide on Lady Forteek in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good mordow foole (quoth I.) No Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he dew a daill from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wiely, it is ten a cloake:
Thus we may fee (quoth he:) how the world waggles:
'Tis but an hour agoe, since it was nine,
And after one hour more, twill be eleuen,
And so from hour to hour, we tipe, and tipe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale, When I did heare
The motley foole, thus mortall on the time.
My Lungs began to croun like Chantileete,
That Foole should be so deede comEMALEPLIATE:
And I did laugh, fans intermission.
An house by his disli. Oh noblie foole,
A worthy foole. Motley's the only weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

1. Aqu O worthy Foole. One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They have the gift to know it, and in his brasse,
Which is as dote as the remainder basker.
After a voyage: He hath strange places cramp'd
With obseruation, the which he vents.
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

1. Aqu. It is my enly tuise,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wife. I must have libertie
Withall, as large a Chister as the winde.
To blow on whom I please, for fo foilous haue:
And ye that are most guiled with my folly,
They mock most laugh. And why far must they so?
The why a plainse, as way to Paras Church.
Hee, that a Foute doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart.
Seemeth cleeneleffe of the bob. If not,
The Wife mans foile is anathemia'd.
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.
As you like it.

"Duke. Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church, And fast at good mens feastes, and wip'd our eyes Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred: And therefore set you downe in gentilenesse, And take upon command, what helpe we haue That to your wanting may be ministr'd."

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while: Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne, And gibe it food. There is an old poor man, Who after me, hath many a weary steppe. Limp't in pure love: still be he first suffc'd, Opprest with two weake euls, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.

"Duke Sen. Go finde him out, And we will nothing waffe till you returne.

Orl. I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie: This wide and vniuerse fall Theatere Prefereth more wofull Pageants then the Scane Wherein we play in.

"All. All the world's a stage, And all the men and women, merely Players; They haue their Exit and their Entrance, And one man in his time plays many parts, His Acht being seven ages. At first the Infant, Newling, and puking in the Nurseries armes Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell And whining morning face, creeping like snailie Vwillingly to Schooele. And then the Lover, Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad Made to his Mistrefse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, Icelous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell, Seeking the bubble Reputation Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Justice. In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd, With eyes feerne, and beard of formall cut, Full of wife fawer, and moderne influencing, And so he plays his part. The first age Flits Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloone, With spectacles on nose, and pouche on fide. His youthfull hole well faid, a world too wide, For his frizzle flanke, and his bigge manly voice, Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes, And whistles in his loud. Laff Scene of all, That ends this strange eventfull historie, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, Sats teeth, eyes, ears, taste, every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adm.

"Duke Sen. Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thank you soft for him. Ad. So had you neede, I scarce can speake to thank you for my selfe.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you, As yet to question you about your fortunes: Gius vs some Musick, and good Cozening.

Song.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so zeale, as many ingratitude Thy tooth is not to keen, because thou art not keen, although thy breath be rude."
Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheardes life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitarie, I like it virtie well: but in respect that it is prouite, it is a very vird life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleased me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my Romaneke. Ha's no Philosopher in the Shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one shall meet, the worse at ease he is: and that life that wantes money, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That the project of raines is so wet, and fire to burne: That good pastoure makes fat shepe: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may compraine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clow. Then thou art damnd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clow. Truly thou art damnd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clow. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw't good manners: if thou never saw't good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnaition: Thou art in a palious face Shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrie, as the behaviour of the Countrie is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you abate not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courteous would be vncomely if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Insance, briefly I come, insance.

Cor. Why are we still handling our Ewes, and their Flocks you know are greffe.

Clo. Why do not your Couriers hands sweate? and is not the greffe of a Muscon, as wholesome as the sweate of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better insance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more founde insance, come.

Cor. And they are often tear'd out, with the surgery of our Shepe: and would you have us kisse Tarte? The Couriers hands are perfound'd with Cluet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes moiste in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: leame of the wife and perpend: Cluet is of a bafher birth then Tarte, the verie vncomely fluxe of a Cat. Mead the insance Shepheard?

Cor. Have you too Courily a wit, for me, Ile rell.

Clo. Wilt thou rell dam'd God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I treate that I state: owe no man hate, enuie no mans happy: glad of other mens good content with my hame: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lumbes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple finne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bred to a Beltweather, and to betray a thee Lumb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable chance. If thou be not damn'd for this, the duell himselfe will have no shepheards, I cannot see with how thou shouldeft (cape).

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Gautine, my new Mistriifes Brother.

Enter Rosland.

Ros. From the east to westorne land, no jewel is like Roslande, Her worthe being mancnd on the windes, through all the world weare Roslande, All the pictures of our fat Ewes, are but blocks to Roslande: Let no face bekept in mind, but the face of Roslande.

Clow. Ille time ye goe, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleepeing hours excepted: it is the right Better woman, thanke to Market.

Ros. Of our F ooIe.

Clo. For a title.

If a Harp doe lacke a Hande.

Ros. Let them feare Roslande:

If the Cat will after hende, be so fare well Roslande:

Wristed garments must be linde, so must flender Roslande:

They that reap must tarry and bind, then to say with Roslande.

Sweetest was, both forrest tyme, and fat nut is Roslande:

He that sweetest roe shall finde, must finde ever pricks, & Roslande.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why do ye infect your fayles with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeilded bad fruites.

Ros. Ile grace it with you, and then I shall grace it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieste fruit of this countrie: for you be rotten ere you be halfe ripe, and that is of the vertue of the Medler.

Cor. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Medler judge.

Enter Cola with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my litter reading, stand aside.

Col. Why should the Defert fee, for it is unpeopled? Nay:

Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree, that hath small sayeing of felow.

Some, how briefe the Life of man, runs his erring pilgramage.

That the fleisch of a fapan, bucketh in his famme of age.

Some of isolated vowers, sweeten the faylers of friend and friends.

But upon the fairest bones, or at courtesie enuier and...

Will Roslande write, teaching all that reade, to know

The quintessential of course flowes, heaven would in little show.

Therefore becast Nature thearg d., that one bodie should be full d.

With all Graves wise enuier d. nature presently dipthy d.

R 2
As you like it.

Helen cheekes, but not bis heart,
Cleopatra's Maiestie;
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Medallie.

Thou Rofalinde of many parts,

by Heavenly Synde was deni'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
to bane the touchers dearst pried.
Heuen would that thee these gifts should have,
and I to line and die her flame.

Ref. O moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious honioulfe of
Loue hau'e you wearied your passionizers withall, and
neuer cridle, hau'e patience good people.

Cle. How now backe friends: Shephard, go of a lit-tle
: go with him Sirrah.

Cle. Come Shephard, let us make an honorable re-
treat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
serip and frippage. 

Ref. Didst thou hear these verfes?

Ref. Yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more merte then the Verfes would
beare.

Cle. That's no matter: the feet might beare 3 verfes.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselves without the verfe, and therefore folid lame-
ly in the verfe.

Cle. But didft thou hear without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and carued upon thote trees?

Ref. I was fute of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: fo looke heere what I found on a
Palme tree: I was neuer fo berim'd fince Pitybegarow time
that I was an Iffin Rat, which I can hardly remeber.

Cle. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cle. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
change you colour?

Ref. I prethee who?

Ref. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meet; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-
quakes, and do encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Ref. Is it polite?

Ref. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary ve-
hemence tell me who it is.

Cle. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
wonderfull, and yes a gaine wonderful, and after that out
of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complection, doft thou think though
I am expafion'd like a man, I have a doublet and hofe in
my diffipation? One inch of delay more, is a South-fer
of discourse. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and
speakes space: I would thou coul'dft fammer, that thou
might it powere this concea'd man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle neither too
much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Coke
out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy cydnges.

Cle. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Ref. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee
thankful: let me fay the growth of his beard, if thou
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cle. It is young Orlando, that tripe vp the Wraftlers
heecles, and your hert, both in an instant.
As you like it.

against whom I know most faults.

Iag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best virtue: I am weariest of you.

Iag. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looks but in, and you shall see him.

Iag. There I shall see mine own figure

Orl. Which I take to be either a Foolie, or a Cipher.

Iag. Ietaric no longer with you, farewell good signor Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: A dieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I will speake to him like a Fawcie. Lucky, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you bear Forre.

Verie well, what would you? (efter.)

Ref. I pray you, what's a clocke?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forre.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forre, else sifting euerie minute and groaning euerie houre would detect the Iazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means for; Time travels in divers paces, with divers perons: Itele you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who stands still withal.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry he trotshard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interm be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it feemes the length of ten yeares.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Ianine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowe: for the one fleeces easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merely because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of Iease and wasteful Learning the other knowing no burthen of hussie tedious penury. Thefe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a thefere to the gallows; for though he goe as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who straies it full withal?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vocation: for they sleepe betweene Termes and Trena, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ref. With that Shepheardesse my fister: here in the skirts of the Forre, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you fee dwell where thee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in the remouing a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told so many: but indeed, an old religious Vocnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in loue. I have heard him read many Letters against it, and I thank God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offerings as he hath generally tax't their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal events, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstros, till his former faults came to light it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physicke, but on those that are ficker. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that debauches our yong plants with carousing Rosalind on their barks; hanges Oades upon Hauhtornes, and Elegies on brambles: all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Loue upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles marks vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which case of suches, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ref. A leane checke, which you have not: a blew eie and sunken, which you have not: an unquesionable Ipisit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply having in beard, is a younger brothers reheuenew:) then your housed shoulde be vngracer'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your fleecue vnbuckted, your shoe vntied, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no man: you are rather point desirous in your accoutrementes, as louting your selfe, then seeing the Louer of any other.

(1 Loue,)

Orl. Fare you well, I would I could make thee better.

Ref. Mee beleue it. You may affone make met hat you Loue beleue it, which I warrant the is apter to do then to confess the do's: that is one of the points, in the which when fill gius the lie to then conquestes. But in good fouth, are you he that hangs the veres on the Trees, where in Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am he that, that unfortunite he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your times speake?

Orl. Neither time nor reason can express how much.

Ref. Loue is mereely a madness, and I tel you, desuues as well a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profess it curing by it selfe.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hec was to imagine me his Loue, his Misiris: and I fech'd euerie day to woome. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grccce, be effeminable, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertaine him, then forsware him; now weep for him, then put at him: that I drew my Sucto from his mad humour of loue, to a lusing humour of madness: and forsoocher the ful stream of y world, and to live in a nooke meeily Monasick: and thus I cured him, and this way will I take you mee to wash your Liuer as clean as a found fheepes heart, that there should not be one spot of Loue in.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come euerie day to my Cour, and woe me.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, 
and Inques.

Clo.  Come space good Audrey, I will fetch vp your
Goates, Audrey; and how Audrey am I the man yet?
Dost my simple feature content you?
And.  Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?
Clo.  I am here with thee, and thy Goates, as the most
capricious Poet honest Odil was among the Goates.

And.  Do you not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
de ed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo.  No truile: for the truile Poetrie is the most faie-
ning, and Lovers are guien to Poetrie: and what they
swear in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, do feigne.

And.  Do you with then that the Gods had made me

Poetical?

Clo.  I do truly: for thou swearest to me thou art ho-
nest: now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope
thou didst feign.

And.  Would you not have me honest?

Clo.  No, truly. vnelffe thou were hard fauour'd: for
honeste coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a fawce to
Sugar. A material fool.

And.  Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
Gods make me honest.

Clo.  Truly, and to call away honestie uppon a foule
flit, were to put good meate into an unelesse dish.

And.  I am not a flut, though I thankne the Goddes I
am foule.

Clo.  Well, praised be the Gods, for thy soulnelle, flut-
thinnefe may come hereafter. But bee, as it may bee,
I will marri thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir
Oliver, the Vicar of the next village, who hast promis'd me to meete in this place of the Forrest, and to
couple vs.

And.  I would faine see this meeting.

And.  Well, the Gods give vs toy.

Clo.  Amen. A man may if he were of a fester heart
flagger in this attempt: for here wee have no Temple
but the wood, no assembly but horte-best. But what
though? Courage. As hones are odious, they are neces-
Sarie. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods;
right: Many a man has good Hones, and knows no end of
them. Well, that is the downe of his wife, 'tis tone
of his owne getting; hones, even so poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ra-
call: I st the fringern is therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd
Towne is more worther then a village, it is the fore-
head of a married man, more honourable then the bare
brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet-
ter then no skill, by so much is a horse more precius
then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver. Mar-text you are
well met. Will you dispatch vs here under this tree, or
shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol.  Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo.  I will not take her on guilt of any man.

Ol.  Truly the must be guin, or the marriage is not
lawfull.

And.  Proceed, proceede: I be heres.

Clo.  Good even good Mr what ye ca'n: how do you
Sir, if ye are well mee met: ged did ye for you left
company, I am very glad to see you, esyn a toy in hand
here Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.

And.  Will ye be married, Motley?

Clo.  As the Ox he bowd fr, the horse his curb, and
the Falcon her bels, so man hath his defiles, and as
Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

And.  And will you (being a man of your breeding) be
married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church,
and have a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is,
this fellow will but joyne you together, as they joyne
Wainfetn, then one of you will prove a Drakne pamel, and
like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo.  I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee
married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-
rive mee well: and not being well married, it will be a
good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

And.  Goethou with mee,
And let me counsell thee.

Ol.  Come sweete Audrey,
We must be married, or we must lie in haudey.
Farewel good Mr Oliver: Not O sweet Oliver, O braue
Oliver: leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee
gone I say, I will not to wedd with thee.

Ol.  'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knowe of them
all that flowes me out of my calling.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Refaelid & Colie.

Ref.  Never talk to mee, I will wepe.
Col.  Do I preache, but yee have the grace to consider,
that tears doe not become a man.
Ref.  But hate I not caste to wepe?
Col.  As good cause as one would deserve,
Therefore wepe.
Ref.  His very haine
Is of the dissembling colour.
Col.  Something browner than Judeces:
Marrie his kites are Judeces owne children.
Ref.  Thath his haires is of a good colour.
Col.  An excellent colour:
Your Cheelfrur was uerte the onlye colour:
Ref. And his kiffin is so ful of fancifte,
As the touch of holy bread.
As you like it.

Col. Hee hath bought a paire of calf lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisst not more religiouslie, the very yee of chastity is in them.

Rof. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Rof. Doe you think so?

Col. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purfe, nor a horse-dealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke he is conscious of a coured goble, or a Wrome-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in loue?

Col. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Rof. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Col. Was, is not: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster; they are both the commrider of false reckonings, he attends here in the forrell on the Duke your father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laught and let mee goe. But what talkt wee of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Col. Othars a brave man, hee writes brave verses, speakes brave words, sweares brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traurers allwarhs the heart of his louer, as a puffyn Tiber, y spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staffe like a noble goose; but alls brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistrefse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of Loue, Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdeffe That was his Mistrefse.

Col. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale completion of true Loue, And the red glowe of fcone and proud disdaine, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduet you If you will mark it.

Rof. O come, let vs remoue, The fight of Louers feedeth thofe in loue: Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say He prove a busie actor in their play.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe doest not come me, do not Phebe Say that you loue me not, but say not so In bitterness: the common executioner Whole heart that's accustom'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humberd neck, But first begs pardon: will you ferner be Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou call'dst me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty faire, and very probable.

That eyes that are the rafliest, and forseth things, Who shat their coward gates on stomyes, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murthorers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee. Now counterfeit to sawnd, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not: oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murthorers: Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarre of it: Leane upon a ruff The Cicatrice and capable impresse Thy pale some moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I have darte at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe, If ever (as that ever may be neere) You meet in some fresh chekke the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wouuds insufible That Loues keene arrowes make.

Phe. But till that time Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy moakes, pity me not, Aftill that time I shall not pitty thee.

Rof. And why I pray you who might be your mother That you inulf, exult, and all at once Over the wretched? what though you hau no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you Then without Candle may goe darkes to bed: Must you be therefore proud and pittifull? Why what means this? why do you looke on me? I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures false-worker'ods my little life, I thinke the means to range my eyes too: No faith proud Mistrefse, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inke browes, your blacke flake hair, Your bulge eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame That can enterme your spirits to your worship: You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her Lile a foggy South puffing with winde and raine, You are a thousand times a properer man Then she a woman. 'Tis such foolises as you That makes the world full of ill-ajouard children: 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her, And out of you shee sees her selfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can show her: But Miftriss, know your selfe, downe on your graces And thanke heaven, faeting, for a good mans loue; For I must tell you friendly in your eare, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foulbe is most foulbe, being foulbe to bee a fofcer So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I praye you chide a yere to gether, I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Rof. Hee faire in loue with your founifie, & she'll Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast As the anwerson thee with frowning looke, ile faze Her with bitter words: why lookes you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Rof. I praye you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am faller then vowes made in wine: Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of Olivies, here hard by:

Will you goe Sifer? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come.
As you like it.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then languishing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modeste censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then tis good to be a poete.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Multians, which is fantastical: nor the Counters, which is proud; nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick; nor the Ladies, which is nice. nor the Louers, which is all three: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples extracted from many objects, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travels, in which by often rumination, weaves me in a most humours fadneffe.

Ros. A Trueler: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I feare you have fold your owne Lands, to see other men; then to have ferne much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gaine'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me mette, then experience to make me mad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happynesse, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Orl. Farewell Monsieur Traveller: looke you live, and weare strangre suetes: disdaine all the benefite of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your naturaltie, and almost chide God for making you that countenane you are; or I will fcarce thinkke you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a louer? and you serue me such another trucce, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue, hee that will diuade a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute, in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but he warrant him heat hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay, and you be fo carte, come no more in my sight. I had as little be wo'd of a Snake.

Orl. Of a Snake?

Ros. 1. Of a Snake: for though he comes slowly, he carrie his housie on his head: a better inoyse I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his dehine with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why horses: wch 'as you rate faine to be holding to your wirties for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the fander of his wife.

Orl. Verite.
As you like it.

Ori. Verue is no horse-maker: and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rof. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleaseth him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer then you.

Rof. Come, woode me, woode me: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to content: What would you say to me now, and I were your vext; verie Rosalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spake.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grasse'd, for lack of matter, you might take oc- casion to kisse verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louts, lacking (God wane vs) matter, the cleanefff Shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be demide?

Rof. Then the puts you to entertain, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Rof. Marieth that should you if I were your Mistris, or should think my honesty ranker then my witt.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suite.

Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be taliking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you. Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poor world is almoff six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (end) in a loue cause: Troubles had his braines deff'd out with a Grecian club: yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. Lawnder, he would have hu'd many a faire yeere through. Hero had cur'd Nun: if it had not bin for a hot Midlomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forthe wash him in the Hel- lishpont, and being taken with the crampes, was drown'd, and the foolish Chronicles of that age, found it was Hero of Cefos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I profeet her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fife: but come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more counting-dis- position: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me Rosalind.

Rof. Yes faith will I, fritades and fasterdies, and all.

And wilt thou have me?

Rof. I, and twentiie fuch.

Orl. What saith thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come fitter, you shall be the Priest, and marry vs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you say fitter?

Orl. Pray thee marry vs.

Rof. I cannot say the words.

Orl. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Rof. Go to: if you Orlando have to wife this Ros- alind:

Orl. I will.
pate: we must have your doubles and hole plucks out; your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fasthame deepes I am in love: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugal.

Col. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as youe affection in, runs out.

Ref. No, that fame wicked astard of Venus: that was begot of thought, conceiued of spleenes, and borne of madnesse, that blindes every sould boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deep I am in love: Ile call thee Alcina. I cannot be out of the light of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and fight till he come.

Col. And Ile beepee. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iago and Lords, Forrester.

Iag. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Iag. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman Conquerour, and it would doe well to let the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lords. Yet Sir.

Iag. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noytle enough.

Musick. Song

What shall he have that killed the Deare?

His Leather Skene, and horns to wear;

Then fling him home, the red and blood bear this burden;

Take these no scars to wear the borne,

It was a creft ere thou wert borne,

Thy fathers father was it,

And thy fathers bore it,

The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,

Is a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Roderick and Clerk.

Ref. How lay you now, is it not past two a clock?

And here much Orlando.

Col. I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath eate his bow and arrows, and is gone forth To speepe: looke who comes here.

Silv. My extant is to you, faire youth,

My gentle Phoebe, did bid me give you this:

I know not the contents, but as I guessifie

By the steame bowe, and walship action

Which she did use, as she was writing of it,

It beares an angry tenure: pardon me,

I am but a guiulstife messenger.

Ref. Patience her felle would flarte at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, bestre all:

Shee fates I am not fane, that I lacke mannes,

She calls me proud, and that shee could not love me

Were man as rare as Phenix: o'ds my will,

Her love is not the Hart that I doe hunt,

Why writes shee to me? well Shepheard well,

This is a Letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I protest, I knew not the contents,

Phoebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a foole,

And turn into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,

A steellone coloured hand: I verily did thinke

That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands:

She has a hufwines hand, but that's no matter;

I say the neuer did impute this letter,

This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is heets.

Ref. Why, is a boy withers and a cruell stile,

A stile for challengers: why, she defies me.

Like Tubke to Christian: womans gentle进来

Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,

Such Ethiope wordes, blacker in their effect

Then in their countenance: will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleafe you, for I neuer heard it yet:

Yet heer'd too much of Phoebe cruelise.

Ref. She Phoebe meke: make how the tyrant writes.

Read. Aris thou god, to Shepheard turn?

That a madmen heart hath burn'd

Can I woman rule thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ref. Read. Why, to be judical and apart,

With itbow with a women's hear?

Did you ever heare such railing?

While the eye of men did woe me,

That could be so vengeose to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the forme of your bright sun

Home power to raise such louer in me,

Abate, in me, what strange effect

Would they works in mildse effect?

Whilees you chide me, I did howe,

How then might your prayers move me?

He that bringis this love to thee,

Litle knowes the Loue in me:

And by him faileth up by minde,

Whether that thy youth and kindes,

Or did the faultfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him not more dense,

And then he findes how to doe.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Gif. Also poore Shepheard.

Ref. Do you pity him? No, he deferves no pity:

wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument,

and play false strains upon thee not to be enow'd. Well, goe your way to her, (for I see Louchast

made thee a tame inske) and say this to her: That if the loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she

will not, I will never have her, vssue thee inquest for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Olu.

Olu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you

Where in the Purlfews of this Forrest, stands

A
A steep coast fenced about with Olive-trees.

Col. West of this place, down in the neighboring town
The rank of Oziers, by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand, brings you to the place
But as this hour we, the house doth keep it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description.

Such garments, and such yeeres: he is the fairest,
Of seemly favour, and beflowes himselfe.

Like a ripe fist, the woman low
And brownet then her brother: are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Col. It is no boisle, being ask'd, so say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth how calls he his Rufand.

He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Or. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my frame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was flain'd.

Col. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return againe
Within an house, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter farcie,
Loe what benefite: he threw his eyes aside,
And mark what object did present it selfe

Vnder an old Oake, whose bowes were moss'd with age
And high robb'd, with drie antiquitie:

A wretched ragged man, one-grown with hair
Lay sleeping on his back about his necke

A greene and guided snake bad wright'd it selfe
Who with his head, nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth: but sudainly
Seeing Orlando, it unkind'd it selfe,

And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under which bushes thade

A Lyonnaise, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowching head on ground, with cachke watch
When that the sleeping man should liette: for tis

The royal disposition of rhet besit
To prey on nothing, that doth feeme as dead:
This scene, Orlando did approche the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Col. O hauce heard him speake of that lame brother,
And he did render him the moat vnstatrull
That liue'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might sto doe,
For well I know he was vnstatrull.

Oli. But to Orlando: did he issue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnaise?

Or. Twice did he tum his backe, and purpos'd so:
But Kindnesse, nobility cured then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his self occasion,

Made him give barcell to the Lyonnaise:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

From miserable flumber I awaked.

Col. Are you his brother?

Or. Was't you here refuse d?

Col. Was't you that did so oft contribute to kill him?

Oli. Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetely tasted, being the thing I am.

Or. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Defers place.

I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me rest, and entertainment,
Committing me into my brothers love,
Who led me stately into his Caue,

There styleth himselfe, and hereon his arm
The Lyonnaise he did some feith away,
Which all this while had bled: and no heainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rufandini.

Briefe, i recover'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He fent me better, stranger as I am

to tell this story, that you might escaue
His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Died in this bloud, into the Sheperd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rufandini.

Or. Why how now Gamined, sweet Gamined.

Oli. Many will swoone when they do look on bloud.

Or. There is more in it; Cofen Gamined.

Oli. Look he recoveres.

Or. I would I were at home.

Col. We'll lead you theither:

I pray you will you take him by the arm.

Oli. If you be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Or. I doe so, I confesse it.

Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited.

I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Or. This was not counterfeit, there is too great renomm
In your complexion, that it was a passion of ours.

Or. Counterfeitz, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to a man.

Or. So I doe: but yea, I should have beene a woman by right.

Or. Come you looke pale and after pray you draw homeward: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: I must beare an swore backe

How you escaue my brother, Rufandini.

Or. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Enter Clowne and Ambrose.

Clown. We shall finde a some Ambrose, patience gentle Ambrose.

Amb. Faith the Brief was good enough, for all the old gentlemen sayning.

Clown. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Ambrose, a most in

Mar. And, Ambrose, is there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Amb. 1, 1 know who his, he hath no interest in me.

Enter William.

Col. It seemes and drinkke to me to see a Clowne, by
Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is’t possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but feeming, you should love her?

And loving woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you perseuer to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddiness of it in question; the pourretie of her, the small acquaintance, my fadosune wooing, nor sodaine containing: but say with me, I love Alena: say with her, that she loves me: content with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the retournenew, that was old Sir Rowlands will I eftake upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: bithiter will I invict the Duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Alena: for looke you, here comes my Rosalinda.

Ref. God lase you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere Orlando, how it grieues me to fee thee wearie thine heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thyn heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyled to find, when he thow’d you my handkercher.

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never anything fo sodaine, but the flight of two Rammes, and Olyar’s Thraffoncall bragget of Iane, savs, and overcome. For your brother, and my self: no sooner met, but they look’d: no sooner look’d, but they look’d; no sooner looke’d, but they fight’d: no sooner fight’d but they ask’d one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they fought the remedie: and in those degrees, they make a pair of slaues to marriage, which they will clime incetment, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbers cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bittter a thing it is, to lookke into happiness through another manes eye: to much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heaminate, by how much I that think my brother happie in haung what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne for Rosalind?

Orl. I can nie no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good concett: I speake not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge: informath (I say,) I know you are neither that, or labor for a greater esteem then may in some little measure draw a beliefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleive then, if you please, that I can do strange thing: I have since I was three yeare old conuerfed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you doe loue Rosalind so neere the heart, as your ycaste citeth it out: when your brother marries Alena, shall you marrieth. I know in to what straights of Fortune they are driven, and is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you,
As you like it.

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to set her before your eyes to morrow humane as she is, and without any danger.

Ori. Speak it thou in sober meanings?
Ref. By my life I do, which I render dearly, though I say I am a Magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and so Refaided if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phoebe.

Looke, here comes a Loutre of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much vengenteness, To shew the letter that I sent to you. Ref. I care not if I have: it is my fiddle To seme delpightful and vengent to you? you are there so well by a faithfull shepherd, Looke upon him, loute him: he worshipes you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what is to lose. Sil. It is to be all made of slyges and tears, And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so am I for Refaided.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and serviance, And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so am I for Refaided.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, dure, and obseruance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatiences, All purpose, all trall, all obseruance?

And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so am I for Refaided.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to lose you? Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to lose you? Ori. If this be so, why blame you me to lose you? Ref. Why do you speak too, Why blame you me to lose you?

Ori. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of a thin Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me atongeth: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and lie be married to morrow: I will fastifie you, if I ever the same day, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you; and you shall be married to morrow: As you love Refaided meet, as you love Phoebe meet, and as I love no woman, I might meet: so fare you well: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Hee not fait, If I live.

Phe. Nor 1.

Ori. Nor 1. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clesine and Audrey.

Cle. To morrow is the joyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do defire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest defire, to defire to be a woman of world?

Heere come two of the banished Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.


Clu. By my troth well met. come, fit, and a song.

3. Pa. We are for you. fit 'tis middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clap into 'toundly, without hauing, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

3. Pa. I faith, y faith, and both in a tune like two gypises on a horse.

Song.

It was a Loutre, and his lover, With a boy, and a bo, and a boy munito. That as the grove corne fold did pate.

In the spring time, the earth pretty rang time. Where Birds do say boy ding a ding ding. Sweet Loutres love the spring.

And therefore take the present sent, With a boy, and a bo, and a boy woman, For love is crowned with the prime. In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rie, With a boy, and a bo, & a boy munito: Though you should walk with a dog, &c.

This Carrell they began that houre, With a boy, and a bo, & a boy munito: If a life was but a Flower, In spring time, &c.

Clu. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the diste, yet y note was very nuntiable.

1. Pa. you are deued Sir, we kept time, we loff not our time.

Clu. By my troth ye: count it but time lost to here such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Andre.

Excurs. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior. Amiens, Jaques, Orlando. Oliver, Clelia.

Duc. Sen. Doist thou belleue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Ori. I sometimes do believe, and somtimes do not, As those that fare they hope, and know they fare.

Enter Refaided, Silvius, & Phoebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our copact is set by: You say, if I bring in your Refaided, You will beftow her on Orlando here he?

Duc. Sen. That would I had, I had one kingdoms to give with her. Ref. And you say you wil have her, when I bring her? Ori. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King. Ref. You say, you marrie me, if I be willing. Phoe. That will I, ande I die the house after. Ref. But if you do refuse to marrie me, You'll give your selfs to this most faultfull Shepherd. Phe. So is the bargaine. Ref. You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.
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As you like it.

Ref. I have promised to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter.
Keep you your word  
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keep your word Silvia, that you may marital
If the refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. Exit Ref, and Celia.

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some light touches of my daughter's humour;
I like the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this boy is Forrester borne,
And hath bin tutor d in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his wits;
Whom he reports to be a great Magistrate.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obstructed in the circle of this Forrester.

Iag. There is sure another flood toward, and these
Couples are comming to the Aske. Here comes a payre
Of vertue strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
Foolies.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Molesley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in
the Forrester: he hath bin a Courier: he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purritation, I have trod a measure, I have flavoured a Lady,
I have bin politick with my friend, I smooth with mine
enemie. I have wondred three Tailors, I have had four
quarters, and like to have fought one.

Iag. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the seventeenth cause.

Iag. How seventeenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God did you sir, I desire you of the like: I preffe
in herefor, amongst the rest of the Country capitation
for swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds
and blood breaks: a poore virgin sin, an ill-favor'd thing
but, mine owne, a poore humour of mine sin, to take
that was no man else will: till honesty dwells like a mis-
fer sin, in a poore house, as your Pearl in your toule oy-
yster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and senterious
Clo. According to the footold bolt sir, and such dulce
diletes.

Iag. But for the seventeenth cause, How did you finde
the quarrell on the seventeenth cause?

Clo. Upon a lye, seven times remeured: (beside your
bodie more seeming Audrey) as thus sir: I did dislike the
cut of a certain Couriers beard: he sent me word, if I
said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it
was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him
word againe, it was not well cut, he would send me word
he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip model.
If asaigne, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgmen:
this is called, the reply churlsish. If assigne it was not well
cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the
reproofe valiant. If assigne, it was not well cut, he would
say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarellisme:
and so to lye circumstantial, and the lye direct.

Iag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well
cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:

nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so were mea-
sur'd swords, and parted.

Iag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees
of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
have booke for better manners: I will name you the de-
gress. The first, the Retort courtesous: the second, the
quip-model: the third, the reply churlsish the fourth,
The reprove valiant: the fifth, the Counter-checke quare-
llisme: the fixt, the lye with circumstances: the se-
venth, the lye direct: all thee you may avoyd, but the
lye direct: and you may avoid that too, with an If.
I knew whenfen Iuljices could not take vp a Quarell,
but when the parties were met themselves, one of them
thought but of an If: as if you sayd so, then I saide so:
and they spoke hands, and sware brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vies his folly like a walking-horse, and un-
der the presentation of that he shooes his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Sallen Musick.

Hymen. This is there sixth in beares,
When earthly things made even,

Aione together,

Good Duke receiv'd his daughter,

Hymen from Heaven brought her,

Tis brought her better.

That those might ionye his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom it.

Ref. To you I give my felle, for I am yours.

To you I give my felle, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in fught, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in fught, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. Ifight & Shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ref. Ile have no Father, if you be not he:
Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not free:

Hy. Peace hoo: I bare confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these mottl strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ionye in Hymen bands,

Ifrth holds true contents,

You and you, no croffe shall part;

You and you, are harto in hart;

You, to his loue must accord,

Or have a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlock Hymne we sing,

Feede your felues with questionings.

That reason, wonder may diminith

How thus we met, and these things finisht.

Song.

Wedding a great line crown,
O blisfud bond of board and bed;

'Tw Hymen peoples evere townes,
High wedlock beHonore

Honer, body beat and renown
To Hymen, God of evere Towne.

Du. Se. By my decree Necess, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesser degree.
As you like it.

Pho. I will not cate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my face to thee both combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me sue audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth restor'd to this forrest,
Address a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, pupposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skitts of this wide Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some quschion with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his bastard Brother,
And all the Lands settlor'd to him againe
That were with him extil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

2. Bro. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To use his lands with-hold, and to the other
A land it selue at large, a potent Duke'some
First, in this forrest, let us do those ends
That heere were well begun, and well begon:
And after, every of this happy number
That have entred threwe d dates, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their flates.

Meanes time, forget this new false digustie,
And fall into our rusticke revelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With mesure Heap'd in troy, so to Measures fall.

The Duke hath put a Religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Pho. Hebath.

1. Bro. To him will I: out of these concertes,
There is much matter to be heard,and learnt:
you to your former Honor, I beseech
your patience, and your vertue, well defereus It
you to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and love, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deferced bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving yeage.
Is but for two moneths vndesir'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.


1. Bro. To see no pathme, I: what you would have,
Ie fray to know, as your abandon'd cause.

2. Bro. Proceed, proceed: well I begin these rights,
As we do truft, they end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue:
but it is no more vhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bulsh, its true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vie good bulshes: and good
plays proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What is a good play, that is neither a good Epilogue,
or cannot infirmate with you in the beaule of a
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Bagger, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to conuere
you, and Ie begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your
shimping, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleas'd me, complections that lik'd me, and breathes that
I de not de: And I am sure, as many as have good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breathes, will for my kind
offer, when I make curst, bid me farewell.

FINIS.
THE Taming of the Shrew.

A H us primus. Scena Prima.

Enter B egger and H oestes, C hristopheno Sly.

B egger.

Le phece you intality.

H oest. A paire of Stockes you rogue.

B egger. Yes a baggage, the Sieur is no Rogue. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Congeror: chequer P aule p allabius, let the world see: S ecca.

H oest. You will not pay for the glass fre you have bought?

B egger. No, not a deniere: go by S. lorenzim, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

H oest. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

B egger. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, he anfwered him by Law. De nor buge an inch boy. Let him come, and kindly.

W inde bormis, Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

L ord. Huntsman I charge thee, render wet my hounds, Brush S errman, the poor Curre is imbott, 

And couple Clodder with the depe mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not how S ier made it good,

At the hedge corner, in the couleed fault, I would not lose the dogge for twentie pound.

H umst. Why Belman is as good as be my Lord.

He cried upon it at the meereft loft,

And twice to day pick'd out the dulleft fent,

Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

L ord. Thou art a Poole, if Eche were as leete,

I would extemne him worth a dozen fuch.

But sup them well, and looke unto them all,

To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

H umst. I will my Lord,

L ord. What's heere? One dead, or drinke? See doth he breath?

1. H um. He breaths my Lord, were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

L ord. Oh monftrous beast, how like a fwine he lyes.

G rim death, how foule and loathfome is chine image:

Sirr, I will preficte on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

W rap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers:

A molt delicious banquet by his bed,

And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,

Would not the begger then forget himfelfe?


2. H um. It would beem strange voce to him when he wake'd

L ord. Even as a daffing dreaeme, or worthles fancies. Then take him vp, and manage well the left:

Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foule head in warme duftfille waters,

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:

Procure me Musicke ready when he wake,

To make a ducce and a heutenant found:

And if he chance to speake, be ready straight

(And with a lowe fubmifion reuerence)

Say, what is it your Honor will command:

Let one attend him with afiller Baifen

Full of Rofe-water, and bellied w. with Flowers.

Another bear the Ewer: the third a Diaper,

And say wilt pleafe your Lordfhip cloyle your hands.

Some one be ready with a feofly furfe,

And ask him what apparel he will wear.

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,

And that his Lady mournes at his difafe,

Peradvent he that he hath bin Lutnacce,

And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs,

It will be paffime paffing excellent,

If he be huanboded with modiftie.

1. H umst. My Lord I warrant you we will pay our part

As he fhall thinke by our true diligence

He is no leffe then what we fay he is.

L ord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,

And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go fese what Trumpet is that found.

Belicefome Noble Gentleman that meanes

(Travelling fome journey) to repole him heere.

Enter S erving man.

H ow now? who is it?

Ser. An pleafe your Honor, Players

That offer fervice to your Lordfhip.

Enter Players.

L ord. Bid them come neere

Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Pl ayers. We thank your Honor

L ord. Do you intend to fay with me to night?

2. Pl ayer. So pleafe your Lordfhippe to accept our dutie.

L ord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he plaide a Farmers eledt fonne,

'Twas where you woud the Gentlewoman to well,

I have forgot your name but fure that part
The Taming of the Shrew

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Was aptly hered, and naturally perform'd.

Simple. I think twas Sara that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in heppie time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can stfft me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubfull of your modesties,
Left (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honot never heard a play)
You brake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you first,
If you should smite, he grows impatient.

Flat. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our felues,
Were he the veriey antick in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And guie them friendly well come euerone.
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholomew my Page,
And see me drest in all fuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkerd chambre,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladys
Into your Lords, by them accomplisht,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly courteous,
And say: What is your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him thet teares, as being ouer-joyed
To see her noble Lord yetor'd to bestial.
Who for this feuer yeares hath effectemented him
No better then a poore and lossthome begger:
And if the boy have not a woman guilt
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a thrift,
Which is a Noggin (being close coucled)
 Shall in defpite enforce a waterie eie
See this dischead with all the haunt thou cant,
Anon ile give thee more intuitions.

Exit a stranger.

I know the boy will wel vffe the grace,
Voice, geste, and action of a Gentlewoman
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my man will flay themzelfes from laughir,
When they do homage to this simple peafant,
Lie in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-emeeting pleasure,
Which other wife would grow into extremes.

Enter Alle the drunkard with attendants, fome with apparel,
Buson and Ever, & other appurtenances. Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale
1. Ser. wilt please your Lord drink a cup of facke?
2. Ser. wilt please your Honor taste of the Conserue?
3. Ser. what raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am Christopher Sly, call not me Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank facke in my life: and if you give me any Conserues, give me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment I will wear, for I have no more doub-

less then backes: no more Rocking then legges: nor
no more fhoes then feet, nay somewhat more fette then
shoes, or such shoes as my toe look through the o-
er leathers.

Lord. Heauen ceffe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such diftence,
Of such paffion, and fo high cffeeme
Should be infuffed with fo foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Chi-

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sopher Sly, old Siers fonne of Burton-heath, by a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmission a
Bera-heard, and now by preuent profession a Tinker.
Ask Marriot Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincote, if she
know me not: if she say I am not a hundre, on the score for
here Ale, score me vp for the lying knight in Chriftens
dome. What is I not bestrought: newes

3. Man. Oh this is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2. Man. Oh this is that makes your feluants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your
As besten hence by your strange Lunacie,
(houe
Oh Noble Lord, bethiske thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banishe this abidit lowlie dreams:
Looke how thy feluants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke,
Wilt thou have Musick? Harkie Apollo plaies, Mufick
And wente caged Nightingales do fing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wilt thou sleepe to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lufffull bed
On purpose trim'd wp for Semiramis,
Say thou wilt wake: we will bestow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be tramp'd,
Their harnes fludded all with Gold and Persele.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou haft hawkes will foare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And feeth shall echoes from the hellow earth,

1. Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as
Breathed Stags 1 fleeter then the Roe.

2. M. Doft thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee strait
A dolly painted by a running brooke,
And othres all in fedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the waving fedges play with Winde.

Lord. We'll shew thee as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As dulcie painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or Daphne running through a thornie woode,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear the bleeds,
And at this flght that Ida Apollo weeps,
So workmanship the blood and teares are drawnne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord.
Thou haft a Ladie faire more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waching age.

1. Man. And till the teares that the hath thed for thee,
Like emuous fquidors ore-run her loueoy face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?

Or do I dreamt? Or haue I dreamtill now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweete fraours, and I feel loff things:
Vpon my life I am a Lordindeed,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight,
And once again a pot o' th small Ale.
The Taming of the Shrew.

2. Mon. Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands:
Oh how we say to see your wit rebuff'd,
Oh that once men you knew but what you are:
These fifteen yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, to wak'd as if you slept.

 Beg. These fifteen yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I not speake of all that time?

Mon. Oh yes my Lord, but verse idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raiile upon the Hofffe of the house,
And say you would preuent her at the Leere,
Because the brought stone-dogs, and no feald quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

 Beg. 1. The woman made at the house.

Man. Why for you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up:
As Stephen Site, and old John Nop of Grecce,
And Peter Turgb, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as thefe,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

 Beg. 2. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with attendants

 Beg. I thank thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

 Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

 Beg. Martie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.

 Where is my wife?

La. Heree noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

 Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

 My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

 La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband.

I am your wife in all obedience.

 Beg. I know it well, what mulf I call her?

 Lord. Madam.

 Beg. Alex Madam, or Jane Madam?

 Lord. Madam, and nothing else, lo Lords all Ladies

 Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
 And slept above some fifteen yeeres at more.

 Lady 1. and the time feeme's thirty ynto me.

 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

 Beg. 'Tis much, felauants leave me and her alone

 Madam andrife you, and come now to bed.

 La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you

 To pardon me yet for a night or two.

 Or if not, 'till the Sun be fet.

 For your Phyficians have expressly charg'd,
 In penil to incure your former malady,
 That I should yet abfent me from your bed.

 I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

 Beg. It stands so that I may hardly tarry to long,
 But I would be loath to fall into my dreams againe:
 I will therefore tarry in delight of the flesh & the blood

 Enter a Mifer. 

 Mef. Your Honors Players hearing your amends,
 Are come to play a pleafant Comedie;
 For if your doctores hold it very miterate,
 Seeing too much fadneffe hath congeal'd your blood,
 And melancholly is the Nurse of ftreince.
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
 And frame your minde to match and merriment,
 Which bares thousand harms, and lengths life.

 Beg. Martie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trrice?

 Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleafing flufse.

 Beg. What, household flufse.

 Lady. It is a kind of history.

 Beg. Well, we fee's:

 Come Madam wife fit by my fide,
 And let the world fip, we fhall neere be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucienrco, and his man Tranio.

 Luc. Tranio, fince for the great defire I had
 To fee faire Padoa, nurfe of Arts,
 I am arrrud for ftrufullity Lambardie,
 The pleafant garden of great Italy,
 And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company.
 My truftie felvant well approvd in all,
 Here is the breath, andtopicly intuftrfe.
 A course of Learning, and ingenious fudies.
 Pifs renown'd for grace Citizens
 Give me my being, and my father first
 A Merchant of great Traffick through the world
 Vincentio's come of the Bernwold,
 Vincentiorone, brought up in Florence,
 It fhall become to fervue all hopes concern'd
 To decke his fortune with his veruifious deceas:
 And therefore Tramie, for the time I fludie,
 Verue and that part of Philosophie
 Will I apply, that treats of happineffe,
 By vertue pefonally to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy minde, for I have Pifs left,
 And am to Padoa come, as he that leues
 A shallow plaft, to plunge him in the deepes,
 And with facetious fqueaks to quench his thirffe.

 Tram. Me Pardonatone, gentle malter mine:
 I am all affefted as your felfe,
 Glad that you thus coninue your refolute,
 To fufke the fweets of Sweeete Philofophie.
 Onely (good malter) while we do admine,
 This vertue and this morsall discipline,
 Let's be no Stoickes, nor no fneakers I pray,
 Or to devote to Artificial cheere
 As Oud; be an ouf-caff quite abou'd:
 Balke Lodgick with acquaintanfice that you have,
 And praftice Rhetorick in your common talke,
 Mufick and Preffie vie, to quicken you,
 The Mathematick, and the Metaphyfickes
 Fall to them as you finde your ftomacke ferves you:
 No profit growes, where is no pleafure ranc.
 In briefe fir, fudio what you maft affeit.

 Luc. Gramercies Tranio, well doth thou adufe,
 If Baudello thou went come afore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a Lodging fit to entreitaine
 Such friends (as time) in Padoa (hall beget.
 But if a while, what companie is this?

 Tram. Master some fhow to welcome vs to Towne.

 Enter Baptifta with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,
 Gremo a Pantaloon, Hortensio fifer to Bianca.
 Lucian Tranio,brandly

 Bap. Gentlemen, impromptue me no farther,
 For how I firnitely am refole you now:
 That is, not to befow my young daughtuer,
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both love Katherine,
Because I know you well, and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure,
Great. To cast her rather. She’s too cough for me,
There, there Hortense, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you first, it is your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hortense. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlefe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. ‘Tis faith for, you shall never need to fear,
I wise it not halfe way to her heart,
But if it were, doubts not, her care should be,
To come your noodle with a three legg’d foolo,
And pain your face, and vfe you like a foolo.
Hortense. From all such duxels, good Lord deliver vs.
Great. And me too good Lord.
Tru. Hulfst matter, heres some good paleine toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderful froward
Luc. But in the others silence do I see,
Maides midle behaviour and fobriett,
Peace Tranio. 
Tru. Well said Mr. mom, and gare your fill
Bap. Gentlemen, that I mayloose make good
What I have said, Bianca get you in,
And let it not displeafe thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the left my girl.
Kate. A pretty peare, it is bell put finger in the eye,
And the knew why.
Bian. Sitter content you in my discontenent,
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;
My books and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looks, and prafifie by my lefe.
Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maalt hear Minerva speake,
Hortense. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca’s griefes.
Great. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the penance of her tongue,
Bap. Gentlemen content ye I am reduce
Go in Bianca.
And for I know the taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemafters will I kepe within my house,
Fit to inftruct her youth. If you Hortense,
Or signior Gremio you know any fanc,
Preferre them heiter: for to cunning men,
I will be verie kind and liberall
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And to farewell: Katherine you may kay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. Exit.
Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hoaros, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha
Ext. 
Great. You may go to the diuels dam; your guifts are
So good here’s none will hold you: Then loue is not
So great Hortense, but we may blow our nails together,
And faft it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I bearre my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a firc man to teach her that
Wherein the delights, I will with him to her father.
Hortense. So will I signior Gremio: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet near brook’d past,
know newe upon advice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe have acceffe to our faire Misfris, and
be happier rivals in Bianca’s love, to coloure and effect
one thing specially.
Great. What’s that I pray?
Hortense. Marrie fit to get a husband for her Sifter’s
Great. A husband: a duell.
Hortense. I say a husband.
Great. I say, a duell: Think’st thou Hortense, though
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a fool to be
married to hell?
Hortense. Tulf Gremio: though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarms, why man there thee
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Great. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the hir croffe euerie morning.
Hortense. Faith (as you say) there’s small choice in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so faire forth friendly maintain’d, till by help
ing Baptiste eldest daughter to a husband, we set his
yong set free for a husband, and then have too afferes.
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that ruymes
fattell, gets the Ring: How say you signior Gremio?
Gremio. I am agreed, and would I had givne him the
bell horse in Psalm to begin his woing that whoo
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
houte of her. Come on.
Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Laurenco.
Tru. I pray for tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a souline take fuch hold.
Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I flood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me secrect and as decre.
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I archieve not this young modell gyrlse
Confaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst
A shift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tru. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue have touch’d you, naught remaines but so,
Redime to captain quam quasi minacis,
Luc. Gramercies Leg. Go forward, this contents,
The reft will comfort, for thy counsells sound.
Tru. Master, you look’d so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark’d not what’s the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agnor had,
That made great loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kif the Cretan firon.
Tru. Saw you no more? Mark’d you not how brif sifter
Began to feald, and taffe vp such a storme,
That mortall cares might hardly induce the din.
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath the did perfume the eyre,
Sacriff and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tru. Nay, then vs time to flirce him to his trance
I pray awake him: if you loues the Maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to archieve her Thus it stands;
Her elder sifter is so curiit and ftrong,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must have a maide at home,
And therefore has be clofely men’d her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with futes.

Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruell Fathers he:
    But his who should aduiz'd, she rooke some care
To get her cunning Scholemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I fit, and now is plotted.

Luc. I haue it Tranio,

Tra. Master, for my hand
Both our inventions meet and bump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine fift
Tra. You will be schoole-mater,
    And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
    And be in Padua here Vincentio's fonne,
    Keep house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriens, and banquet them?

Luc. Bufta, consent thee; for I haue it full.
We have not yet bin scene in any honie,
Not can we be distinguisht by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus:
That done he must, thy workship?

{Keeps house, and port, and errand, as he should,
I will some other, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or moyers man of Piafo,
This hatches, and shall be fo: Tranio at once
Vncafe thee: take my Conlond hat and cloak,
When Biendella comes, he waies on sicke,
But I will charme him frift to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breede Sir, firth yr pleasure is,
And I am tryd to be obedient,
For to your father charg'd me to our parting
Be seruiece to my fonce (quoh he)
Although I think twas in another fence,
I am content to bee Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucinda,

Luc. Tranio be fo, because Lucinda isones.
    And let me be a flue, t'archieve that maide,
    Whose fadaine light hath thal'd my wounded eye.

Enters Biendella.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Bia. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master, he's my fellow Tranio; what's your cloathes, or you fhall his, or both? Pray what's the newes.

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to loofe,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio here to face my life,
Put my apparel, and my countenance out,
And I for my cleape have put on his:
For in a quarrell, since I came a thore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deforced:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to loose my life:
You understand me?

Bia. I fir, nee's a whit.

Luc. And then a lot of Tranio in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into Lucinda,
Bia. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I a faith boy, to have the next with after, that Lucinda indeede had Baptifia yongeft daughter.

But Sirra, not for my fak, but your matters, I advice you'f take your manners differentely in all kind of companies: When I am done, why then I am Tranio: but in all places else, you maffter Lucento.

Luc. Tranio let's go:

One thing more refles, that thy felf execute,
To make one among these woorers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. The Paffengers aboute frolick.

Luc. Ah, My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play

Run. Yet by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
    Comethere any more of it?

Luc. My Lord; 'tis but begun

Run. 'Tis a vifte excelleant piece of worke, Madame Ladie; would 't were done.
They fix and markes.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
    To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I strow this is his house:
Here enters Grumio, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke you sir? whom should I knocke? is there
    and man of that rebours? your worship?

Pet. Villaine I say knocke me heere foundly.

Grum. Knocke you faire sir? why sir, what am I fit,
    that I should knocke you here for.

Pet. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And I am well, or I knocke your masters pate.

Grum. My Mistresse groune quarellsome:
I should knocke you sirft,
And then I know after who comes by the worfe.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Fath sirrah, and you not knocke, I ring it,
    Ile the how you can Set, Fe, and fing it.

Grum. He rings him by the ear.

Grum. Help this helpe, my master is mad.


Enters Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My oude friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to pain the fray?

Comitats are bene broate, easy I say.

Hor. Ada efae a fafe bene venio misar bene rarissa
    or me Petruchio.
Ride Grumio, we will compound this quarrel.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter for, what he leges in Latine
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to loose his service, looke you for it. He bid me knocke him, & tap him friendly
    Well, was it for a servant to vfe his masters so,
    being perhaps (for euy I see) two or thirty, a peepet out? Whom would to God I had well knockt as fit,
then had not: Grumio come by the world.

Pet. A fencelette villaine: good Hortensio,
I bid the ratell knocke upon your gar.
    And could not get him for my heart to do.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heavens! speak you not these words plaine? Sirrah. Knocke me heere! rappe heeres:
    Knocke me well, and knocke him friendly?
And come you now with kinsmen at the gate?

Pet. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio I s'wangular
Why this a hessue chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truffe plesant servant Grumio,
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happes gude
Blows to you? Iada heere, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as feastes youngmen though't world.
The Taming of the Shrew.

To seek their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonius my father is deceas'd,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have and goods at home,
And I am come abroad to see the world.

Her Petruchio, shall I then comroundly to thee,
And with thee to a threwd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsel: Yet let me promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich, but 'tis act too much my friend,
And I le not with thee.

Petr. Signior Hortensio, twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is bursheh of my wrong dance)
Be she as soule as was Florow's Lucre.
As old as Sibyl, and as curt and horfrow'd
As Sacred Zeurops, or a worfe:
She moves me not, or not removes at least.
Affections edge in me. Were the is as tough
As are the swelling Adelisie fess.
I come to wite it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him Gold enough, and mannre to him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old tiot with he's a tooth in her head, though the hauer as mane diiffeas as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisme, fo monies comewhith.

Her. Petruchio, since we are frey though faire in,
I will continuall that I break'd in first,
Iean Petruchio help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beautious,
Brought up as beft becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her. Only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that the is intolerable curt,
And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all measure,
That were my flate faire worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou know'st not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and his enough:
For I will boord her, though the chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn cracke.

Her. Petruchio is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe Hortensio till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To guie you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie me thether.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A word, and I know him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a scor nauzet, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin on once, he f trait in his tope tracks. He tell you what fit, and the fland him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and do disfigure he with it, that thee shal have no more eyes to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Her. Tattie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptisa keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Jiewel of my life in hold,
His young daughter, beautiful Briose.
And her with-holdes from me. Other more
Suets to her, and rituals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina wil be wood:
Therefore this outer hath Baptista tane,
That none shal have access unto Briose,
Til Katharina the Curth, have got a husband.

Gru. Katharina the curth,
A title for a made, of all titles the worst.
Her. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me guyns'd in sober robes;
To old Briosa as a schoole-master
Well seen in Musike, to instruct Briose,
That in I may by this device at least
Have leasue and lereature to make lone to her,
And unspecked court her by her felle.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd,
Gruc. Heere's no knauete. See, to beguile the olde
Tooles, how the young tooles lay their heads together.
Mrixe, master, Jonke about you. Who goes there lha.

Her. Peace Gremio, is it the rival of my Loue.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Gremio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Grumio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note;
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them were fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, fee that at any hand,
And fce you reade no other Lectures to her:
You understand me. Over and besides
Signior Baptista liberalestie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And leme have them were wel perfumed;
For the is sweeter then perfume it felles:
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, I pleade for you,
As for my patron, fland you so affurd,
As firmly as your felle were still in place,
Yes and perhaps with more succeful words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler firt.
Gru. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Alle it is.

Ferr. Peace fir.

Her. Gremio mump: God fave you Signior Gremio.
Gru. We are wel met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola,
I promit to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the faire Briose,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this young man: For learning and behaviour
Fix for her turne, well read in Poeties
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Her. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promissed me to help one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Miftres,
So shal I no whate be behind in date
To faire Briose, so beloued of me.

Gru. Beloved of me and that my deeds shal prouce,
Gruc. And that his bags shal prouce.

Her. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loure,
Liten to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon
Upon agreement from vs to his liking. 
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine. 
Yes, and to marry her, if her dowre please. 

Gr. So said, so done, is well. 
Her. Have you told him all her faults? 
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: 
If she be all Masters, I hear no harm. 

Gr. No, sayst me fo, friend? What Countryman? 
My father dead, my fortune lyes for me, 
And I do hope, good days and long, to see. 

Gr. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange: 
But if you have a Damacke, too? Gods name, 
You shall have me assisting you in all. 

But will you woo this Wild-cat? 
Pet. Will I love? 

Gr. Will he woo her? I: tolle hang her. 

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent? 

Think you, a little dinne can daunt mine ears? 
Haue I not in my time heard Lions roar? 

Haue I not heard the fes, puff vp with windes, 
Rage like an angry Boare, cuffed with sweat? 

Haue I not heard great Ornanace in the field? 

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies? 
Haue I not in a pinched bartell heard 
Loud iursms, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue? 

And do you tell me of a womans tongue? 

That givs not halfe to greatly a blow to hear, 
At wil: a Cheffe-nut in a Farmers fire. 
Fus, fus, feare boyes with bugs. 

Gr. For he feares none. 

Grem. Hortensio hearke! 

Gr. Gentlemen is happily arriv'd, 
My mind presumes for his owne good, and yours. 
Har. I promit we would be Contributors, 

And before his charge of wooing whatforhe. 
Gremio. And fo we wil, promis that he win her. 

Gr. I would if were of a good dinner. 

Enter Tranio briate, and Biondello. 

Tran. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold 
Tell me I bafeech you, which is the readie way 
To the hoeue of Signior Baptista Minola? 

Har. That he hath the two faire daughters: if he you mean? 

Tran. Even he Biondello. 

Grem. Hearke you sir, you mean not her to — 

Tran. Perhaps him and her fir, what have you to do? 
Pet. Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray. 

Tranio. I loue no chiders fir: Biondello, let's away. 

Har. Well begun Tranio. 

Her. Sir, a word ere you go: 

Are you a fitter to the Maid you talke of, yea or no? 
Tran. And if be fir, is it any offence? 
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence. 

Tran. Why fir, I pray you are not the streets as free 
For me, as for you? 

Grem. But so is not the. 

Tran. For what reason I bafeech you. 

Grem. For this reason if you'll knoe, 
That she's the choife loue of Signior Gremio. 
Her. That she's the choiè of signior Hortensio. 
Tran. Softly my Masters: if I be Gentlemen 
Do me this right: here I have with patience. 
Baptista is a noble Gentleman, 

To whom my Father is not all unknowne, 
And was his daughter fairest then she is, 
She may more futors haue, and me for one, 
Faire Ladies daughter had a thouand wooers, 
Then well one more may faie Biondello haue; 

And so the shall: Lucretia shall make one, 

Tho' Paris came, in hope to speed alone. 

Gr. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all. 

Luc. Sir giue him hand, I know he'll proue a jade, 

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 

Her. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, 

Did you yet see Lee Baptist as daughter? 

Tran. No fir, but hawe I do that he hath two: 

The heone, as famous for a scolding tongue, 

As is the other, for beastous modeflie. 

Pet. Sir, the firft for me, let her go by 

Gr. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules, 

And let it be more then Alcina twelve, 

Pet. Sir undervand you this of me (infooth) 
The yongeft daughter whom you haueken for, 

Her father keepe from all access of futors 

And will not be pleade to any man, 

Till the elder fitter firft be wed. 

The yonger then is free, and not before. 

Transo. If it be fior, that you are the man 
Muft fleed vs all, and me amongt the rest: 

And if you break the ice, and do this fecke, 

Atchieue the elder: let the yonger free, 

For our accent, whole hap shall be to hawe her, 

Wil not to gracelefte be, to be inegrate. 

Her. Sir you say well, and weel do you conceive. 

And fir you do profle to be a fitor, 

You muft as we do, gratife this Gentleman, 

To whom all we ref left beholding. 

Transo. Sir, I fial not: be facke, in figne whereof, 

Pleafe ye we may coninue this afternoone, 

And quaffe carowies to our Miftrefse health, 

And do as aduerfaries do in law, 

Strue mightily, but care and drink as friends. 

Grem. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellows let's be gon. 

Her. The motions good indeed, and be it fo. 

Petruchio, shall be your Dein veneno. 

Enter. 

Enter Katharina and Biono. 

Bion. Good fitter wrong me not, nor wrong your felf, 

To make a bondmaide and a flave of thee, 

That I define: but for thefe other goods, 

Vnbind me hands, ile pull them off my felfe, 

Yes all my raiment, to my petticote, 

Or what you will command me, wil I do, 

So well I know my dutie to my elders. 

Kate. Of all thy futors here I charge tell 

Whom thou fould beft, if thou difpifle not. 

Biono. Believe me fitter, of all the men alive, 

I never yet beheld that special face, 

Which I could fannce, more then any other. 

Kate. Minion thou lyest: If not Hortensio? 

Biono. If you affecn him fitter, here I Sweare 

Ile pleade for you my felfe, but you ftall haue him. 

Kate. Oh then beleeke you fannce riches more, 

You wil haue Gremio to keep you faire. 

Bion. Is it for him you do enuie me fo? 

May then you left, and now I wel perceive 

You haue but lifted with me all this while, 

I prehede fitter Kate, vntie my hands. 

Kate. If that be left, then all the rest was so, Strike her Enter
Enter Baptista.

_Bap._ Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

_Bianca._ Stand aside, poore gyrl the sweeps: Go play thy Needle, meddle not with her. For shame thou Hiding of a dullish spirit. Why dost thou wrong her, that did never wrong thee? When did the croffle thee with a bitter word? _Kate._ Her flence flouts me, and I le rencung'd.

_Fires after Bianca._

_Bap._ What in my sight? Bianca get thee in. _Kate._ What will you not suffer me? Nay now I see She is your treasure, the must have a husband, I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day, And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell. Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe, Till I can finde occasion of reuenge._

_Bap._ Was ever Gentleman thus gree'd as I
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Phishe's with Thee, with his dog bearing a Lute and Bookes.

_Gremio._ Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

_Bap._ Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God sue you Gentlemen.

_Pet._ And you good sir: pray hase you not a daughter, cal'd _Katerina_, fair and veruous.

_Bap._ I haue a daughter sir, call'd _Katerina._

_Gremio._ You are too blind, go to it orderly.

_Pet._ You wrong me signior Gremio: glue me leaste. I am a Gentleman of Verona, That heerling of her beaute, her wit, Her affability and bashfull modestie: Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauior. Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the wittesse Of that report, which I so oft haue heard, And for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematikkes, 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 _Latine_, borne in _Albano._

_Bap._ Yee welcome sir, and he for your good sake. But for my daughter _Katerina_, this I know, She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

_Pet._ I fee you do not meane to part with her, Or else you like not of your company.

_Bap._ Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde, Whence are you sir? What may I call your name?

_Pet._ Petruchio is my name, _Antonio_'s Sonne, A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

_Bap._ I know him well; you are welcome for his sake. _Gremio._ Sayng your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners (speke too) _Bacaro_, you are meruouls foreward.

_Pet._ Oh, Pardon me signior _Gremio_, I would faie be doing. _Gremio._ I doubt it not sir. But you will carve Your woong neighbors; this is a gust. Very grateful, I am sure of it, to express The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene More kiledly beholding to you then any:

Freely give vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Bene long studying at Rome, as cunning
In Grecke, Latine, and other Languages;
As the other in Musick and Mathematikkes:
His name is _Cambo_: pray accept his seruice.

_Bap._ A thousand thanks signior _Gremio_: Welcome good _Cambo_. But gentle sir, Me thinks you walk like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming. _Tray._ Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne, That being a stranger in this Cittie here,
Do make my selfe austr to your daughter.

_Vnto Bianca, faire and veruous:_
Nor is your firme releuse vkwonewe to me,
In the presence of the eldester sirer.
This liberty is all that I request,
That up on knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome mongst the rest that woo,
And free express and fauour as the self. And toward the education of your daughters: I heere beows a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of Grecke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

_Bap._ Lucentio is your name, of Whence I pray. _Tray._ Of _Pyja_, fir, sonne to _Vincenzo_.

_Bap._ A mightie man of _Pyja_ by report, I know him well: you are verie welcome sir; Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes, You shall go see your Pupils prefently. Hollis, within.

Enter a Servant.

_Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen_ To my daughter, and tell them both These are their Tutors, bid them weare them well, We will go walke a little in the Orchard, And then to dinner: you are passifg welcome, And do I pray you all to thinke your felucc.

_Pet._ Signior _Baptista_, my businesse asketh haste, And verdie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me, Left folke here to all his Lands and goods, Which I have bettered rather then decreas, Then tell me, if I get you daughters love, What downe shall I haue with her to wife.

_Bap._ After my death, the one half of my Lands, And in possession twentie thousand Crownes. _Pet._ And for that downe, sfe a foor of Her widdow-hood, be it that the furnitures In all my Lands and Leafes whatsoever, Let specialties be therefore drawnne betwene vs, That covenantes may be kept on either hand.

_Bap._ I, when the speciall thing it well obtained, That is her loue: for that is all in all.

_Pet._ Why that is nothing: for I tell you father, I am as preemperate as the proud minded: And where two raging fires meete together, They do consume the thing that feedes them furie, Though little fire growes great with little wionde, Yet extreme guilt will blowe out fire and all: So I to her, and so she yields to me, For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

_Bap._ Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed. But be thou arm'd for some vnhandy words.

_Pet._ I to the profe, as Mountains are for winde, That flaketh not, though they blowe perpetually.

Enter _Hortensio_ with his head brake.
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Bap. How now my friend, why doth thou looke so pale?

Hor. For fear I promise you, if I looke so pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musician?

Hor. I thinke she'll sooner prove a fouldier, Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for fie hath broke the Lute to me: I did but tell her fie mitlooke her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When (with a most impatient dullest spirit) Frets call you thefe? (quoth fie) I fume with them: With that word fie broke me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I flood amaz'd for a while, As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, While fie did call me Raffael, Fidler; And twangling laffe, with twentie fuch vilde reaumes, As charm'd fiufh, that I faw fie was amaz'd.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a Jaffie Wenche, I loue her ten times more then ere I did, Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so difcomfited. Proceed in praife with your daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankfull for good tunes: Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs, Or fhall I fend my daughter Kate to you.

Pet. I pray you do, Ile attend her here, And woo her with some spirit when fie comes, Say that the traitre, why then Ile tell her plaine, She fings as fweetly as a Nightingall:
Say that the frowne, Ile fay fie looks as cleere As morning Rofes newly waft with dew:
Say fie be mute, and will not speake a word, Then Ile commend her volubility, And fay the vertreth piercing eloquence If fie do bid me packe, Ile gue her thankes, As though fie bid me fay by her a weke:
If fie the den to weed, Ile eare the day When Ile fhall fakke the bany, and when fie shall be married.
But here the comies, and now Petruchio speake.

Enter Kate, Kate, Good morrow Kate, for thatts your name I hear.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but fomthing hard of hearing:
They call me Kate, that is no tale of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plains Kate, And booy Kate, and fomtimes Kate the curft: But Kate, the prettie Kate in Chriftendome, Kate of Kate-hall, my fuper-dauntie Kate, For dainties are all Kate, and therefore Kate Take this of me, Kate of my confolacion, Hearing thy mildneffe prais'd in euer Tovent, Thy vertues speake of, and thy beautie founded, Yet nor fo deeply as to thee belonges, My felfe am mou'd to woon thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether Remove you hence: I know you at the fift
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A loyn'd boole.

Pet. Thou haft hit it: come fit on me.

Kate. Affes are made to beare, and fo are you,

Pet. Women are made to beare, and fo are you.

Kate. No fuch lade as you, if me you mane.

Pet. Alas good Kate, I wil not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for fuch a fhame as you can fetch,
And yet as heaue as my waige fhould be.

Pet. Should be, should: buze.

Kate. Will tame, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh how wing'd Turtle, thel a buzzard that he?

Kate. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Wafe, y'mafe you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be wafplif, beft beware my fing.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foonle finde where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Wafe does weare his fling? In his tale.

Kate. In his tongue?


Kate. Wholes, if you take of tales, and fo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tale.

Kay. Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman, That Ile trie.

Pet. I fware Ile cufe you, if you strike again.

Kate. So may you looke your armes, If you strike me, you are no Gentleman, And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy booke.

Kate. What is your Grelf, a Coorcombe?

Pet. A coombelle Cocke, fo Kate will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crook too lafe a reaume.

Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you mull not looke so frowe.

Kate. It is my fashion when I fee a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore looke not frowe.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then fhew it me.

Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would.


Kate. Well aym'd of fuch a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. Tis with cares, Kate I care not.

Pet. Nay hear you Kate. Infooth you scape not fo.

Kate. I chafe you if I turrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, no a whiff, I finde you paffing gentle:
Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and tullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleafant, gamefome, paffing courtous,
But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-timr flowers
Thou canst not flow me, thou canst not looke a fonce,
Nor bu't the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor bu't the pleafure to be croafe in tale:
But thou with mildneffe entertain'd thine woofers,
With gentle conferences, foft, and affabile.
Why does the world report that Kate dothilme?
Oh hand'rous world: Kate like the haze twlig
Is straight, and linder, and as brown in hue
As hale le nutts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt.

Kate. No foors, and whom thou keep it command.

Pet. Did ever Dian fo become a Groue
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Disse sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this godly speech?
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse elfe her fonne.
Petr. Am I not wife?
Kate. Yes, keep you warme.
Petr. Marry to I mean sweet Katherine in my bed:
And therefore letting all this chat aside,
Thus in line terms, your father hath conforted
That you shall be my wife; your dowry gree on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptifia, Gremio, Tragno.

For I am he am boone to time you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kate:
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I will, and will have Katherine to my wife, (daughter?)
Bap. Now Signior Perchino, how spred you with my
Petr. How but well ftrong but well
It were impossible I should spred amiffe. (dumps?)
Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your
Kate. Call me you daughter? now I promife you
You haue shewed a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one haflake Lunaticke,
A mad-cap Ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Petr. Father, tis thus, your filké and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiffe of her:
If she be curft, it is for politicke,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Douce,
Shoe is not hot, but temperate as the morn
For patience fhee will prove a second Grifell,
And Romane Lucrée for her chaittie:
And to conclude, we have greeed fo well together,
That upon funday is the wedding day.
Kate. Tis fee thee hang'd on funday first. (flift)
Gre. Iark Perchino, the faires fhee'ell fee thee hang'd
Trag. Is this your speeding? may the godright our part.
Petr. Be patient gentleme, I choose her for my felle,
If she and I be pleade, what's that to you?
This bairn's not twint twint a twain being alone,
That the hall still be curft in company.
I tell you tis incredible to beleue
How much she loves me: oh the kindlef Kate,
She hangs about my necke, and kiffe on kiffe
Shee vid't to fift, procfing path on path,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.
Oh you are notices, 'tis a world to fee
How came when men and women are alone,
A meacoke wrench can make the curft fwell:
Give me thy hand Kate, I will wonto Venice
To buy apparel' gainst the wedding day;
Proude the feafe father, and bid the guests,
I will be fure my Katherine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to fay, but give me your huds,
God lend you joy, Perchino, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra Amen fay we, we will witneffe.
Petr. Father, and wife, and gentleme adieu,
I will to Venice, funday comes apiece,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

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And kiffe me Kate, we will be married a funday,
Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt vp to fodayning?
Bap. Faith Gentleme now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a delicate Mars.
Trag. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
I will bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I feake, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Bapifia, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was fute frift.
Trag. And I am one that bate Biance more
Then words can witneffe, or your thoughts can gueffe.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not looe to deare as I.
Trag. Grey-head thy dooth doth freeze.
But thinke doth frite,
Skipper fland backes, 'tis age that nourifhet.
Trag. But youth in Ladies eyes that florifhet.
Bap.Content you gentleme, I will epond this flife
'Tis deeds muft win the prize, and he of both
That can affure my daughter greates downer,
Sho shee is a feme of the Infant Perchino.
Say signior Gremio, what can you affure her?
Gre. Fift, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnifhed with plate and gold,
Bafons and ewers to lare her dainty hands:
My hangings all of strait tapeflie:
In loury coifers I have flut my crownes:
In Cypryes chells my airs counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and Canopys,
Fine Linnen, Turky cuthions bolt with pearle,
Valesus of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brarte, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Six-score fat Oxeustanding in my fold,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My felle smstrooke in yeeres I muft confefse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whiff I live she will be only mine.

Trag. That only came well in: fir, lift to me,
I am my fathers heyre and only fonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I leare her houses three or fource as good
Within rich Pifs walls, as any old
Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides, two thoufand Ducckes by the yeere
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her ioyneter.
What, hauve I puncht you Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thoufand Ducckes by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to fo much in all:
That the hall hauve, besides an Argofe
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, hauve I chofett you with an Argofe?
Gre. Gremio, tis knowne my father hath no leffe
Then three great Argosies,besides two Gallajses
And twelue other Gallies, thele I will affure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offert more.
Gre. Nay, I have offert all, I have no more,
And the can have no more then all I hauve,
If you like me, the hall have me and mine.
Trag. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your promife promifte, Gremio is out vied.
Bap. I muft confefse your offer is the bet,
And let your father make her the affurance,
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She's is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tra. That's but a cauht: he is old, I young:
Ces. And may not young men die as well as old?

Top. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolved,
On Sunday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Re bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio,
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. Exeunt.

Ces. A dear good neighbour: now I feste thee out.
Sir, yong gasmer, your father were a foolo
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot under thy table: thus a toy,
An olde Italian face is not to kinde my boy. Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crasty withered hide,
Yet I have faie'd it with a card of ten:
Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucemio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Uneceio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children: but in this case of woing,
A child shall get a fire, if I saie not of my cunning. Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.
Luc. Full forlorn are you grown too Sir,
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcome'd you withal.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
They gave me leave to have prerogistice,
And when in Musick we have spent an hour,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Prepositorous Asse that never read so farre,
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his fatigues, or his wistfull paine?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, letre in your harmony.

Hort. Sir: I will not beseech these braves of shine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong.
To statre for that which refhesh in my choice,
I am no bretching scholler in the schoolies,
Ie not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lecteons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all fritter here for we downe,
Take you my instrument, play you the whistles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue it.

Luc. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

LUC. That will be never, tunc your instrument.

Bian. Wherefore left we last?

Luc. Here Madam: He hat Simiols, brace firta
But severa: Priam regna Cefa Sefua.

Bian. Confer them.

Luc. He hat, as I told you before, Simiols, I am Lu-
etio, hee, none into Vincentio of Pisa, Sigaret-
Hue, diffused this to get your love, he fritas, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooing, Priam, is my man Trani-
regna, bearing this my poit, Cefa Sefua that we might be-
guide the old Pantalone.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument is in tune.

Bian. Let's beare, oh fir, the tribble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tunc again.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can confert it. He is that fa-
nous, I know you not, blee firta ferra telli, I trust you not,
but kater premi, take heede he heeves not, regia pre-
sume not Cefa Sefua, despire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base kneau that is.

Luc. Now fiery and forward our Pedans is,
Now for my life the base doth court my loue,

Pedeste. I lie watch you better yet:
In time I may beleve, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure Facieides
Was Aeneas fio from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleve my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Laeto toyou:
Good matter take it not unkindly pray
That I have beene thus pleasanl with you both.

Luc. You may go walk, and giue me a leave while,
My Leasons make no musickie in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal fix, well I must wait
And watch withall, for but I be deceu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefe forst,
More pleasant, pitche, and effectual,
Then hath beene thus pleased with any of trade,
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hort. Yet read the gamouth of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamowb I am, the ground of all accord:
Arr, to plead Hortensio's passion:
Bene, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfex, that lowers with all affection;
D'sflre, one Chiffe, two notes haue I,

Bian. Show pitty or I die,
Call you this gamouth? but I like it not,
Old fisonis please me beft, I am not so fine
To charge true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messinger.

Necie, Messiframe, your father prays you leave your play
And help to dresse your fitters chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet master both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Misstrese then I have no caufe to stay
But I have caufe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks he looks as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To call thy wanding eyes on every side:
Seize thee that Lill, if once I find thee ranging.
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changel.

Exit.

Enter Baptifila, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and oth-
thers, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucento, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our sonne in law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome when the Priet attends
To speake the ceremonall rites of marriage?
What faites Lucento to this shame of ours?
Enter a new scene.

Bap. No shame but mine, I must forfooth be forst
To gaine my hand oppes'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudely, full of scence,
Who would in hate and meane to wed at leyture: I told you, he was swantickle toole,
Fling his bitter tills in blaste behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll wooke a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inzie, and proclisme the banes,
Yet neuer means to wed where he hath wo'd:
Now must the world point to poore Katherine,
And Tay, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
Hit would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Repirfil too,
Vpon my life Petruchio means but well,
Whatuer fortune plays him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him palling wife
Though he be merry, yet withall he's softest.
Ket. Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exeunt Bionello.

Bion. Mafter, mafter, newes, and fuch newes as you neuer heard of;

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no fir.
Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be hecche?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and fees you there.

Bap. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and
An old jerkin, a faire of olde breeches thricce turn'd;
A pair of bootes that have beene candle-cakes, one buckled,
Another lac'd: an olde rusty sword out of the
Towne Armory, with a broken hit, and chapeleffe with
Two broken points: his horfe hip'd with an old mothy
Foddle, and fitrops of no kindred: besides poisell
With the gladders, and like to move in the chine,
Troubled with the Lampsell, infected with the ffitlotts,
Full of Windegarls, sped with Spausins, razing with the
Yellowes, past cure of the Flues, farke spoyle'd with the
Staggers, begnaune with the Bots, Waid in the becke,
And shoulder-flotten, necer leg'd before, and with a
Hailechek Bicke, & a headdfall of theepe lether,which
Being reftain'd to keepe him from humbering, hath beene
Often burn'd, and now repaireth with knots; one girth five
Times peec'd, and a womanes Crupper of velare, which
Hath two leeters for her name, fairely fet down in fluds,
And heere and there peec'd with packhred.

Bap. Who come with him?

Bion. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capasion
Dide horfe; with a linnen flck on one leg, and
A kersey boot-hole on the other, gatserd with a red
And blew fiftan old hat, & the humer of forty fancies pricke
In for a feather: a monfer, a very monfer in apparell,
& now like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lackey.

Bap. This fome of in blunt apparel pricke him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bion. I am glad he's come how where he comes.

Bap. Why fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?
The Taming of the Shrew.

And watch our vantage in this business,
We'll outset-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow praying father Monela,
The quaint Musician, amorous Latu,
ALL for my master take Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?

Gremio. As willingly as ere I came from school.

Tro. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Grem. A bridegroom fay you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall finde.

Tro. Cutler then the why 'tis impossible,
Grem. Why he's a deuil, a deuil, a very fiend.

Tro. Why she's a deuil, a deuil, the deuils damme.

Grem. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a fool to him:
He tells you for Lucentio; when the Priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
I by gobg woones quoth he, and fwore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the bookes,
And as he flpoon'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom tooke him such a suffe,
That downe fell Prieff and bookes, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any lift.

Tro. What fault the wench when he roe againe
Grem. Tremebled and shooke: for why, he flamp'd and fwored,
as if the Viscard meant to oer him; but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene abord carousing to his Mates after a storme, quaff off the Muscadell, and threw the tops all in the Sextons face: having no other reason, but that his beard grew thyme and hungerly, and seem'd to ask him tops as she was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and lifted her lipps with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did echo: and I seeing this, came thence for my flame, and after me I know the rout is coming, such a mad marriage never was before: before, before, I heare the min呮e play.

Mufick plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepared great flore of wedding cheer,
But lo it is, my haffe doth call me hence,
And therefore here I meane to take my leave,

Bap. If't be possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intrest me rather goe then stay: And honest company, I thank you all,
That haue beheld me glaze away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tro. Let vs intrest you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Grem. Let me intrest you,
Petr. I cannot be.

Kat. Let me intrest you.
Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?
Petr. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me stay,
Petr. Groom, my horse.

Grem. If so be they be ready, the Oste has eaten the horses.

Kat. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day.
No, not to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open ther, there lies your
You may be loggins whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe
'Tis like you'll proue a solly furly groome,
That take it on you at the first forlornly.

Petr. O Kate content thee, preche be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what halfe thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall fay my leisure.

Grem. I marry fit, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to refit.

Petr. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command
Obey the bride you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, reuell and domincere,
Carowe full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, yor goe hang your fulces:
But for my bonny Kate, the muite with me.

Nay, look not big, nor flanne, nor flare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shie is my goods, my chattels, fis is my house,
My household-Giffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my ox, my shee, my any thing,
And heere the hands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudfeft he
That flaps my way in Padua: Gromo
Draw forth thy weapon, we are betel with theuces,
Receau the Mulfette if thou be a man:
Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ie buckler thee against a Million.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quifet ones. (ing

Grem. Wente they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tro. Of all mad marches never was the like.

Luc. Mulfette; what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly masted.

Grem. I warrant him Petruchio as Katd.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridg,
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no unkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgroomes place,
And let Bianca take her watches roome.

Tro. Shall sweet Bianca proue thee how to bride it?

Bap. She shall Lucentio; come gentlems let goe.

Enter Gromo

Exeunt.

Grem. If fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Matters,
All foule waies: was euer man fo bestern: was euer man fo rude? was euer man fo weyse? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: nowe were not I a little pot, & goodre hot; my verry lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the rooffe of my mouth, my heart in my bely, ere I should come by a fire to thawe me, but I with blowing the fire thale warme my felle; for considering the weather, a stoller man then I will take cold: Holla, has Causs.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grem. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulde to my heele, with no greater
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good Curtis. 

Car. Is thy master and his wife comming Grumio? 
Gru. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, call on no water. Curtis. Is the fire a thaw as they report. 
Gru. She was good Curtis before this frost; but thou knowst Winter takes man, woman, and beast: for this hath tamed my old master, and my new mistres, and my fellie fellow Curtis. 
Gru. Away you three inch fool, I am no beast. Curtis. Am I but three inches? Why thy horses is a foo and so long am I the lest. But wilt thou make a fire or shall I complain on thee to our mistres, whose hand (the being now at hand) thou shalt some feele, to thy cold comfort, for being in thy hot chamber? Curtis. I preche good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world? 
Gru. A cold world Curtis in every office but thine, and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Master and mistres is almost frozen to death. 
Curtis. There's fire real, and therefore good Grumio the newes. 
Gru. Why Jacke boy, no boys, and as much newes as wilt thou. 
Curtis. Come, you are so full of conicatching. 
Gru. Why therefore, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the horse trim'd, rushes fire'd, cobwebs swept, the furnishing men in their new sullen, the white flaxings, and every office his wedding garnement on? Be the Jackes faire within, the Gillis faire without, the Carplets laide, and cuttie things in order? 
Curtis. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes. 
Gru. Fiest knows my horse is tured, my master and mistres faire out. Curtis. How? 
Gru. Out of their saddles into the dust, and thereby hangs a tale. 
Curtis. Let's ha' good Grumio, 
Gru. Lend thine care. 
Curtis. Here. 
Gru. This is to feade a tale, not to hear a tale. 
Gru. And therefore 'tis ca'da sensible tale: and this Cufta was but to knocke at your care, and becresse luffing: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a foul hill, my Master riding behind my Mistres. 
Curtis. Both of one horse? 
Gru. What's that to thee? 
Curtis. Why a horse. 
Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not cott me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and the und er her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoit, how she left her with the horse upon her, how he beate me because her horse didumble, how she waded through the dust to pluck him off me: how she swore, how she praide, that neuer praid before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridile was burst: how I left my cupper, with many things of worthye memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returnest unexperienced to thy grave. 
Curtis. By this reckoning he is more threath than these. 
Gru. I and that thou and the pladell of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what tale I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Master Sagramor and the rest: let their heads bee tickely comb'd, their blew coats bruff'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtise with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masteres horse-tails, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie? 
Curtis. They are. 
Gru. Call them forth. 
Curtis. Do you heare bo? you must mete your master to countenance your mistres. 
Gru. Why the hath a face of her owne. 
Curtis. Who knowes not that? 
Gru. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to countenance her. 
Curtis. I call them forth to credit her. 
Enter Master and Mistres. 
Gru. Why the comes to borrow nothing of them. 
Nat. Welcome horte. 
Phil. How now Grumio. 
Car. What Grumio. 
Nick. Fellow Grumio. 
Nat. How now old lad. 
Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: follow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spuce companions, is all readie, and all things nece? 
Nat. All things are readie, how neere is our master? 
Gru. Enter hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master. 

Enter Petruchio and Kate. 
Pet. Where be this knaves? What no man at doore. 
To hold my fireтоп, hor to take my horse? 
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip, 
All for. Heere, heere sir, heere sir. 
Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir. 
You logger-headed and wpollifie groomes. 
What? no attendance? no regard? no duties? 
Where is the foolish knave I sent before? 
Gru. Heere sir, as foolish I was before. 
Pet. You peanz, swain, you horforn malt-horse dri'd, 
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke, 
And bring along these rafcal knawes with thee? 
Grumio. Nathaniel coste sir was not fully made, 
And Gabriel pumped were all vpink, I' th' heele: 
There was no Linke to colour Peteres has, 
And Walters daggers was not come from sheathing: 
There were none fine, but Adams, Rafe, and Gregory, 
The reeft were ragged, old, and beggarly, 
Yet as they were, heere are they come to meete you. 
Pet. Go rafcales, go, and fetch my supper in. 
Exit. 
Where is the life that late I led? 
Where are those? Sit downe Kate, 
And welcome. Sond, foud, foul, loud. 
Enter servants with supper. 
Why when I say? Nay good sweet Kate be merrie. 
Oft with my bootes, you rogues: you villaines, when? 
It was the Frier of Orders gray, 
As he forth walked on his way. 
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie, 
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. 
Be merrise Kate: Some water heere: what hoa. 
Enter one with water. 
Where's my Spaniel Trotfull Sirra, get you hence, 
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hisher: 
One Kate that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. 
Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water? 
Come Kate and waf, & welcome heartily: you horfon villaine, will you let it fall? 

Kate.


**The Taming of the Shrew.**

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horrid beelee-led flap-cerd d'knave:

Come Kate sit downe, I know you have a stomecke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?

What's this, Murton?

1. Ser. 1.

Pet. Who brought it?

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogges are ther? Where is the reall Cooke?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresler
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You headleffe soft-heads, and vnamman' d flaves.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight
Kate. I pray you husband be not so dilquiet.
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twa burnt and dried away,
And I expresly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planet anger.
And better twere that both of vs did fall
Since of our felues. our felues are chollencke.
Then feede it with fuch outer-rolled flesh:
Be patient, to morrow's flabbe mended,
And for this night we fall for compaine.

Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chambrer Exeunt.

Enter Servants several.

Nath. Peter didt ever see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humour.

_Grumio._ Where is he?

Enter Curtiss a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continene-
ce to her, and stiles, and sweates, and rates, that fhee
(pooue foule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke,
to speake, and fits as one newriven from a dreame.
A-waie, awaie, for he is comming hither.

Pet. Thus haue I politelie begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfullie:
My Faucon now is shapre, and passing emtie,
And til the flooos. the must not be full gorg'd,
For then the newer lookes upon her lure.
Another way I haue to marie my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and baite, and will not bee obedient
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night the flep not, nor to night the shal not:
As with the meate, some vnderfeared fault
He finde about the making of the bed,
And here ile fling the pillow, there the boulffer
This way the Courtelet, another way the fiscest:
I, and amidst this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, the final watch all night,
And if the chance to nod Deale and brawle,
And with the clamos keep her fill awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kind heffe,
And thus ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tawe a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

Exeunt.

**Tro.** If't be possible friend Lise, that mistris Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucetia,
I tel you fite, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satiety you in what I haue saide,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bionia.

Hor. Now Mistris, profite you in what you read?
Bian. What Mistifer reade you first, refuelve me that?
Hor. I reade, that I profess the Art to love.
Bian. And may you proue fit Mistifer of my Art.
Luc. While you sweet deeze proue Mistrefle of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durft swere that your mistris Bianca
Lou'd in the World fo well as Lucetia.

Tra. Oh delightfull Lise, voucourant womankind,
I tel thee Lise this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Lise,
Nor a Mistirian as I seeme to bee,
But one that commes to live in this disguife,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Collition;

Knows, that I am cal'd Horretfnio,

Tra. Signior Hortenio, I have often heard
Of your entire affeccion to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightneffe,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiffe and court: Signior Lucetio
Here is my hand, and heere I firmly vow,
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthy all the former fators
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfaileth oath,
Neuer to marry with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beauly the doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quire forsworn
For me, that I may furly keep mine oate
I will be married to a weathy Widdow,
Ee three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I one day. This proud disappointfull Haggard,
And for farewel signior Lucetio
Kindneffe in women, not theri beauteous looks
Shal win my loue, and do I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I sware before.

Tra. Mistris Bianca, bleffe you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessek eale:
Nay, I haue tane you nappening gentle Loue,
And have forsworne you with Hortenio.

Bian. Traio you left, but have you both forsworne me?

Tra. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Lise.

Tra. Th' leuk hee have a luftie Widdow now,
That flaile wou'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I and bee'c tame her.

Bion. He fayes fo Traio.

Tra. Faith he is gone into the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and Petrucho is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charne her chattering tongue.

Enter Bionela.

Bian. Oh Mistfer, mistfer I have watcht so long,
That I am dogge-weare, but as last I spied
An ancien Angel comming downe the hill,
Will ferue the turne.

Tra. What is he Bionella?

Bion. Mistfe, a Mercantile, or a pedane,
I know not what, but formal in apparel.

In gate and countenance fairely like a Father.

Lew. And what of him Tranio?

Tras. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to see me Vincentio,
And giue assurance to Baptista Muma,
As if we were the right Vincentio.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you sir.

Tras. And you sir, you are welcome,
Tranio you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tras. What Countryman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tras. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careless of your life.


Tras. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the ceufe?
Your ships are stalled at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel' twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly:
'Tis mutuel, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heare it eile proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I have bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliver them.

Tras. Wel sir, to do you courteisie,
This will I do, and this I will aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer been at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tras. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tras. He is my father sir, and footh to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you,
Bona. As much as an apple doth on eyerier, & all one.

Try. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor wil I doo you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio,
His name and credite that you undersate,
And in my house you shall be friedly lodge'd,
Looke that you take upon you as you should,
you undersate me sir: so fthal you stay
Till you have done your businesse in the Citie :
If this be corteisie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and will repute you euer
The patron of my life and liberie.

Tras. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you undersate,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
Twist me, and one Baptista daughter heere:
In these circumstances he instru'd you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Audulus Quarius. Scena Prima.

Enter Katharinna and Grumio.

Grum. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marrie me to dismish me?
Beggars that come into my fathers doore,
Vpon intrestie have a present almes.
How, elsewhere they meete with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intrest,
Nor never needed that I should intrest,
Am faru'd for meate, giddy for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept walking, and with brawling fed,
And that which frightes me more then all thes wants,
He does it under name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate.

I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be hollome, foode,

Grum. What say you to a Neat's foote?

Kath. 'Tis paling good, I prethee let me haue it.

Grum. I fear it is too cholerick a meate.

How say you to a flat Tripe finely broy'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell. I heare 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of Beefes and Mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do loue to feeke upon.

Grum. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then the Beefes, and let the Mustard reft.

Grum. Nay then I will not, you shall have the Mustard
Or else you get no beeves of Grumio.

Kath. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then the Mustard without the beefe,

Kath. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him.

That feed'lt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
Than triumph thus upon my misery:

Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensia with masse.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mott?

Hor. Mistis, what cheere?

Kath. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully upon me.

Here he Loue, thou feel how diligent I am,
To dress thee meate my felle, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindneffe merittes thankes.
What, no a word? Nay then, thou louest it not:
And all my painses is forced to no proffe.

Here take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest feruice is repaid with thankes,
And doth all mine before you touch the meate.

Kath. I thank you sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame?
Come Mistis Kate, He beare you companie.

Petr. Else it up all Hortensi, if thou louest me:

Much good do il vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eat peace; and now my bonie Loue,
Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,
And recollect it as bravely as the bed,
With fitten coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffs, and Farinagales; and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brawdy
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all thine knawty.
What haft thou din'd? The Tailor itis thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tito.

Comed.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you fit?

Ful. Here is the cap your Worship did blesse you.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a peronger, A velvet duit: Fies, fies, 'tis lewd and filthy, Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, An knacke, a toy, a trice, a babcies cap: Away with it, come let me have a bigger. 

Kate. It have no bigger, this doth owte the time, And Gentles seem weare such caps as these. 

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.

Hee. That will not be in haft.

Kate. Why sir ftr I may have leave to speake, And speake I will. I am no childle, no babe, Your betteres have indur'd me say my minde, And if you cannot, beft you flop your eares, My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, Or els my heart concealing it will breake, And rather then it shall, I will be free. 

Even to the watermolt I please to words. 

Pet. Why thou Talit true, it is palitie: A saddard coiten, a bauble, a filken pin, I loye thee well in that thou likst it not. 

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap, 
And it will have, or I will have none. 

Pet. Thy gowne, why is lie Tailor let vs see't. 

Oh merzie God, what making fluffe is here? 

What thus'le fluffe? It's like dem cannon, 

What, vp and downe ende'd like as apple Tarts? 

Heels flipp, and nip, and cut, and slip and slath, Like to a Centor in a barbers shoppe: 

Why doth a dealus name Tailor call thou this? 

Her. I fee flaces like to have neither cap nor gowne. 

Pet. You bid me make it orderlie and well, According to the fashion, and the time. 

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembered, I did not bid you make it to the time. 

Go hop me out every kennel home, For you shall hop without my couuente for: Be none of it: hence, make your selfe. 

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne, More quiet, more pleasing, more commendable: Belike you meanes to make a puppet of me. 

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee. 

Tall. She fairst your Worships meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrus arrogance. 

Thou lyeft, thou threed, thou thimble. 

Thou yard three quarters, half yeade, quarter, naile, Thou Plea, thou Nis, thou winter cricketers feet: 

Brut'd in mine owne house with a skene of third: 

Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant, 

Or I shall be mete thee with thy yard, 

As thou shalt thanke on standing whil' thou liift: 

I tell rhee I, that thou haft maft her gowne. 

Tall. Your worships decei'd, the gowne is made 

But as my master had direction: 

Grumio gave order how it should be done. 

Grum. He gave me no order, I gane him the fluffe. 

Tall. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grum. Master fir with needle and thread. 

Tall. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grum. Thou haft too'd many things, 

Tall. I have.
You are still crossing it, sir, let’s alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is,

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the furnace.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drift like Vincentio.

Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me.

Neer to дв‘ aged in Genea.

Tro. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus,
Tu well, and hold your owne in any case
With such authentick as longeth to a father.

Enter Bianculla.

Ped. I warrant you: but for here comes your boy,
Twere good he were school’d.

Tro. Fear ye not him: fare Bianculla,
Now doe your duty thoroughlie I advise you.
Imagine you were the right Vincentio.

Bian. Tut, feare not me.

Tran. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look’d for him this day in Padua.

Tran. That a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes Baptista: let your countenance fir,

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant bowed
And bare branched.

Tran. Signior Baptista you are hollie met?
Sir, this is the gentlemans I told you of,
I pray you find good father to come now,
Glie me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Softly: sir by your leave, having com to Padua.
To gather in some debris, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love betweene your daughter and Signior:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And thereto: let they hom not too long,
I ass content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you please for

Worse worse then I, upon some agreement
Me shall you finde ready and willing
With you confent to have her so belov’d
For curious I cannot be with you:
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainesse and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is yourHon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and the loue him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your fonne shall have my daughter with content.

Tran. I thank you sir, where then doe you know belov
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As withall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house Lucretia, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have mane servants,
Besides old Gremio is harkning still,
And happeir we might be interrupted.

Tran. Then as my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse privetely and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scrivener precentile,
The worff it this that to slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pitance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio he you home, and bid Bianca make her readie
To go.

And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio Father is arriv’d in Padua,
And how she’s like to be Lucentio wife.

Bian. I prase the gods the may well to my heart.

Tran. Dalle not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,
We come, one meffie is like to be your cheere,
Come fir, we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

Enter Lucentio and Bianculla.

Bian. Cambio.

Luc. What failest thou Bianculla.

Bian. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Bian. Biendelle, what of that?

Bian. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
To expound the meaning or morral of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bian. Then thus: Baptista is late talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitful sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Bian. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Prie. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bian. I cannot tell, expect they are buffetted about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her. Caeo proleigio ad imperium donum, to th’ church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Heer it throu Bianculla.

Bian. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as they went to the Garden for Parley to sushe a Rabbit, and so may you fir; and to adew fir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come you with your appendix.

Luc. I may ond will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas’d, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, I soonerly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Enter Perruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Perr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:

Good Lord how bright and godly shines the Moon:

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne, it is not Moonelight now:

Perr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Perr. Now by my mothers fonne, and that’s my selfe,
The Taming of the Shrew.

It shall be moone, or flaine, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house,
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Even more crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hers. Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.
Kare. Forward I prays, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunshine, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a ruff Candle,
Henceforth I owne it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay they you lie in it the blessed Sonne,
Kate. Then God be blest, it is in the blessed Sunne,
But suffer it is not, when you say it is not
And the Moone changes even as your mind
What you will have it nam'd, even that is it,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hers. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowles should
And not unluckily against the Bias
But soft, Company is coming here

Enter Ursula

Good morrow gentle mistres, where away?
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haft thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman
Such ware of white and red within her cheeks:
What stars do iangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovelie Maide, once more good day to thee
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hers. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe,
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his lovely bellow

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wincckled, faden, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou faies he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking ere,
That hauie bin so bedazzled with the sunne,
That rucye thing I look'd on cemeth groene
Now I perceiue thou art a reverent Father
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
Petr. Do good old grandfater, & wifhall make known
Which way thou trauell'st, if along with vs
We shall be softhy of thy companie.

Win. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistres,
That with your strage encounter much amaze me.
My name is called Vincentia, my dwelling Pisica,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visite
A fonne of mine, which long I have not seen.

Petr. What is his name?

Win. Luciana gentle sir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fonne:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intuite thee my oueing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Tay Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, the is of good eefume.
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthe birth,
Behide, so qualifed, as may befome
The Spoule of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentia,

And wander we to see thy honest fonne,
Who will of thy attuall be full joyous.

Petr. But is this true, or is it elle your pleasure.
Like plesant trauailors to break a leaft
Upon the companie you ovetake?

Hers. I doe assure thee father so it is.
Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first mettiment hath made thee sauis.

Hers. Well Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Haue to my Widdow, and to the froward
Then haft thou taught Harrimente to be onward.

Exit. Enter Biondella, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio

Biond. Sately and swiftly set for the Priest is ready.
Lucl. I fit Biondella; but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leave vs

Exit. Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
And then come backe to my mistres as soone as I can.
Gre. I mariaue Cambo comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentia, Gremio

Petr. Sir here is the door, this is Lucemonts house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you Sir;
You shall not chuse but drinke before you goe.
Thinks I shall command your welcome here.
And by all likehhood some cheere is toward.

Kreg. They be welcome, you were well knocke lower.

Petruchio looks out of the window

Ped. What's he hacknokkes as he would bate downe the gate?

Win. Is Signor Lucentio within sir?
Petr. He's within sir, but not to be spoken within.

Petruchio tells him, and himselfe goeth tomes.
Petr. Thow left his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Win. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, to his mother faies, I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman, why this is flat knaueer to take upon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this Citty vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondella.

Bion. I have seene them in the Church together, God send me good suppiing: but who is here? mine old Master Vincentia: now we are endone and brough to nothing.

Win. Comme thither crackhemp

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Win. Come thither you rogue, what haste you forget me?

Bion. Forgot you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Win. What, you norousis villaine, didst thou never seeth Mithris father, Vincentia?

Bion. What
Enter Petruchio, Baptista, Lucentio, Tranio, Bianci. 

The Servingman with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our larding notes agree, and time is when raging warre is come, to smile at facets and perils outblowne: My faire Bianca did my father welcome, while I with sellefame kindnese welcome thee: Brother Petrucho sistre Katerina, and thou Hortensio with thy lounge Widow: Fcalt with the bell, and welcome to my house, My Banket is to clofe our stakem vp after our great good cheere: praise you sit downes, for now we fit to that as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but fit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindnese, fonne Petruchio.

Perr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our fakes I would that word were true. Petr. Now for my life Hortensio feares his Widow. Wed. Then let me truft me if I be affead Petr. You are verie fensible, and yet you misse my frind:

I meene Hortensio is afraid of you.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. He thinks wide, the world turns round.
Kat. Mistress, how meet you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio?
Hor. My Widdow fairest, thus the conceives her rate.
Pet. Verie well - mended; kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He thinks wide, the world turns round.
I praise you tell me what you meant by that,
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures his husband's word by his voice.
And now you know my meaning.
Kat. A verie mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her Kate.
Hor. To let Widow.
Pet. Art hundred marks, my Kate does put her down
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer: harm to the lad.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quince - witted folks?
Gre. Beleave me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and bus an halfe witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and home.

Vin. 1 My Mistress Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ille sleepe agayne.

Pet. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better word or two.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bath.
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all,
Pet. She hath prevented me, here signor Tranio,
This bird you aim a'though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mis.

Tri. Oh sir, Lucetta flite me like his Grey-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Pet. A good wise timel, but something curst.

Tri. 'tis well for that you hunted for your life:
I thought thy Detre does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio busts you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio.

Confe, confesse, hast he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little galed me I confesse
And as the left did glance awaie from me.

T'is to one it maind you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse fonde Petruchio,
I thinke thou hast the versel threfl of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance.
Let's each one fend unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come as first when he doth fend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crownes.
Pet. Twenty crownes,
He venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then,
Hor. Content
Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe Biendello bid your Missitrs come to me,

Hor. I goe.

Bap. Sonne, be ye your halfe, Bianca comes.
Luc. Ilke have no halure: Ilke bearest all my selfe.

Biendello.

How now, what news?

Bian. Sir, my Missitrs sends you word
That she is buife, and she cannot come.
Pet. How? Where? She's buife, and she cannot come: is that answere?

Hor. Yes, and a kinde one too.

Praye God for your wife fend you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra Biendello, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Biendello.

Pet. Oh, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am affaid sir, doe what you can.

Biendello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bian. She faries you have some goodly left in hand.
She will not come: the bids you come to her.

Pet. Worre and worse, she will not come:
Oh wilde, intolerable, not to be indu'd;

Sira Gremio, goet to your Missitrs,
Say I command her come to me.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Biendello.

Bap. Now by my balldam here comes Katarina.
Kat. What is your will, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kat. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Pet. Goetch them hither, if they deny to come,
Swinge me them foundly forth into their husbands:
Away I saue, and bring them hither strait.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And for it: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marrie peace it boads, and liner, and quiet life,
And for the wonderes.

And to be short: what not, that's sweeter and happier.


Biendello.

Bian. Now faire bessal thee good Petruchio,
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Vnto their lotten twente thousand crownes,
Another downe to another daughter.
For shee is changd as the head neuer bin.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wages better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience.
Her new build vertue and obedience

Sire Biendello, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings yourward Wives
As prisoners to her wamanic persuasio
Katarina, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfoot.

Wid. Lord leve me newr have a caref to sith,
Till be brought to such a futile paffe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too

The widow of your dutie faire Bianca
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Pet. Katharina, I charge thee tell these head - Strong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husband.
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or fecke for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to ferue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hartes,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you frowarde and vnable worms,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and trowne for trowne;
But now I see our Launces are but frawes:
Our strengths as weake, our weakness falt compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed leafe are.
Then vale your frownackes, for it is no boote,
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.

Per. Why there's a wenche: Come on, and kisse me.
Kate. Luc. Well go thy wayes olde Lad for thou shalt ha'.
Vio. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But sharifs hearing, when women are froward,
Per. Come Kate, wee're to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio
Hortens. Now goeth wayes, thou haft tam'd a curst Shrow.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Allus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and
Helena, Lord Ladow, all in black.

Mother

Sir, delivering my sonne from me, I bury a second husband.

Ref. And I in going Madam, weep are my fathers death new; but I must attend his mai-
"shy command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find the King a husband Madame, you are a father. He that so generally is at all times good, mutt of neceffe holds his vertue to you, whose worthi-
ness would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Ms. What hope is there of his Maieslifes amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Philibotts Madame, won-
der whose praiseth he hath perfecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the procifce, but only the loosing of hope by time.

Ms. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how had a pagaffe tis, whose skill was almoft as great as his honeflie, had it stretch'd fio far, would have made nature immortal, and death fhou'd have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings fake we were liv-
ing, I think it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Ms. He was famous in his profession, and it was his great right to be: Gerhard de Norham.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madame, the King very lastlie spake of him admiringly; and mourningly: thee was skillfull enough to have liv'd thijs knowledge could fer vp againf mortalltie.

Ref. What is it (my good Lord) the King languihes of?

Laf. A Filifla my Lord

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. It would it were not notorious. Was this Gen-
tlewoman the Daughter of Gerhard de Norham?

Ms. Hor feare my Lord, and bequested to my over looking. I have thole hopes of her good, that her education promiseth her dispositions thee inherent, which makes faire gifts faster: for where an vnclene mind car-
ties vertuous qualities, those commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and trastors too: in het they are the better for their simplement; she derives her honeflie, and atcheues her goodnesse.

Laf. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Ms. This the beet brine a Maiden can fealon her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the turning of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheeks. No more of this Helena, go too, no more let it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have.

Hel. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceffe griece the enemie to the living.

Ms. If the living be enemie to the grieve, the excelle makes it foone mortall.

Ref. Maddam I defire your hollie wishes

Laf. How vnderfand we that?

Ms. Be thou bleff Bertram, and fucceed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truft a few, Doe wrong to none be able for thine enemie Rather up power then wifie; and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne hifes key. Be check for fience, But never tax'd for Speech, What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayses plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord,

Tis an vnfeafon'd Courtier, good my Lord

Adiue him.

Laf. He cannot want the beet

That shall attend his loue.

Ms. Heauen bleffe him: Farewell Bertram

Re. The hollie wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be fervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miftis, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell pretty Lady, you must hold the cre-
dit of your father.

Hel. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And thefe great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I fild for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but Bertram,

I am vnclene, there is no liuing, none,

If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,

That I should love a bright particular flare,

And think to wed it, he is fo aboue me

In his bright radience and colaterall light.

Must
I and withall Get dit Cold

Yet tie ten Away Virgin Hel. Pir.

It was once that you said, "I know the Virgin well."

There's no chance, and without you, you're not alone.

And for my part, I will not be afraid of you.

Yet you, and virgin, do you then think, I will not be afraid of you?

For you, I will not be afraid of you.
Get thee a good husband, and use him as fit he sees thee;  
So farewell.

_Hel._ Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward poll  
Our slow degrees, when we yet are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my soul to hie,  
That makes me lose, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings  
To soote like, and hit the like nature things.  
Impossible to change attempts so round-  
That weigh their pains in honor, and do suppole  
What hath beene, cannot be.  
Who euer freame  
To flue her merit, that did miss her love?  
(The King disaile.) my prove  
May deceive me,  
But my intents is fict, and will not leave me.  

_Flores his Cornets._  
Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

_King._ The _Florentines_ and _Sons_ are by these ears,  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving warre.

1. Lo C. So is reported sir.  

_King._ Nay, it is most credible, we here receive it,  
A certaine vouche from our _Cofin d'Alger_,  
With caution, that the _Florentine_ will move us  
For speéeple aye: wherein our dearest friend  
Presuces the businesse, and would licene  
To have us take denlal,  

1. Lo G. His love and wisdome  
Approved so to your Majestie, may pleade  
For amplest credence.

_King._ He hath arm d our answer,  
And _Florence_ is don'te before he comes  
Yet for our Gentleman that meanes to see  
The _Turks_ turmes, frely have they leave  
To flend on either part.

1. Lo E. It well may leue  
A Nurserie to our Gentrie, who are fickle  
For breathing, and exploit.  

_King._ What's he comes heere.

_Enter Bertram, Laffew, and Parolci._

1. Lo G. It is the Count _Krefnedo_ my good Lord,  
Yong Bertram.

_King._ Youth, thou bearst thy fathers face,  
Franke nature rather curious them in haft  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy fathers morall parts  
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to _Paris_.

_Ber._ My thankes and desire are your Majesties;  
_King._ I would I had that corporall foundnelle now,  
At when thy fathers, and my fete, in friendship  
First mid us our fouldrship, he did looke faire  
Into the ferue of the time, and was  
Discipled of the braueft. He laded long,  
But on us both did haggage Age fleale on,  
And wore vs out of all: It much repaires me.  
To take of your good father; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well obserue  
To day in your yong Lords. but they may left  
Till their owne fome return to them unnoted  
Ere they can hide their leuite in honour;  
So like a Courtie, contemptor not bittresse.

We're in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,  
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when  
Exceptation bid him speake: and at this time  
His tongue obey d his hand. Who were below him,  
He vid as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranke.  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praife he humbled: Such a man  
Might be a copie to thefe yonger times;  
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.  

_Ber._ His good remembrance for  
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe.  
So in approofoe lues not his Epitaph,  
As in your royall speech.

_King._ Would I was with him he would alwaies say,  
(He thinks I heare him now) his plauffue words  
He fatter'd not in cares, but grafted them  
To grow there and to beare: Let me not lye,  
This his good melancholy off began  
On the Catastrophe and heele of paftime  
When it was out: Let me not lye, (quothe hee)  
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the inupe  
Of yonger spirits, who alwayes are enuealous  
All but new things dillame, whose judgments are  
Meere fathers of their garments; whoe confumneys  
Expire before their fation: this he wish'd  
I after him, do after him with too;  
Since I nor wax nor home can bring home,  
I quickly were disfolued from my haue  
To guide some Labouers roome.

_L. S. E._ You loved Sir,  
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.  
_Kim._ I fill a place I know not long if Count  
Since the Phyffion at your fathers died?  
He was much fam'd.  

_Ber._ Some six months since my Lord  
_Kim._ If he were liuing, I would try him yet.  
Lend me an arm: the reall have worned me out  
With feuerall applications: Nature and fickenesse  
Debate at it their leisure. Welcome Count,  
My fonne nee detrent  

_Ber._ Thank you my Majestie.

_Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowes._

_Com._ I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-woman,  
_Sir._ Madam the care I hauve had euery conser,  
I wish might be found in the kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our Medallie, and make foule the cleanlye of our defrauing, whomof our fides we publish them.  

_Com._ What does this knave here? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I hauve heard of you I do not all beleue, 'tis my lowesse that I do not. For I know you lacke not fally to commit them, & have abilitie enough to make such knawes youres yours.  

_Cis._ Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poor fellow.  

_Com._ Well sir.  

_Cis._ No madam,  
Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of
of the rich are damn’d, but if I may have your Ladieship's good will to go to the world, **Isbell the woman and w**ill do as we may.

**Couns.** What thou needest be a beggar?

**Cel.** I beseeg your good will in this case.

**Couns.** In what case?

**Cel.** In **Isbell's** case and mine own: service is no heritage, and I think I shall never haue the blessing of God, till I have issue in my body: for they say barrennes be blessings.

**Couns.** Tell me why reason why thou wilt marry?

**Cel.** My poor bodie **Madam** requires it, I am driven only by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the dwell dryues.

**Couns.** Is this all your worships reason?

**Cel.** Faith **Madam** I haue other holie reasons, such as they are.

**Couns.** May the world know them?

**Cel.** I haue bene **Madam** a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I doe marry that I may repent.

**Couns.** Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse?

**Cel.** I am out a friends **Madam**, and I hope to haue friends for my wives sake.

**Couns.** Such friends are chine enemies knaue.

**Cel.** Ye are shalow **Madam** in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a ware of: he that ears my Land, spares my steame, and gues mee leve to inne the crop. if he be this cuddel here he is my drudge; he that confortes my wife, is the cherishe of my flesh and blood, hee that cherishe my flesh and blood, loe my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: hee that kicide my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no сфере in marriage, for yong **Charke** the Puritan, and old **Pasham** the Papist, how fonner their hearts are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may oule horns together like any Deare th' Herd.

**Couns.** What thou euet be a foule mouth'd and calamious knaue?

**Cel.** A Prophet I **Madam**, and I speake the truth the next waie for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by delinee, your dead knaues by knaude.

**Couns.** Get you gone sir, I eel talkle with you more anon.

**Stew.** May it please you **Madam**, that ye bid **Heaven** come to you, of her I am to speake.

**Cel.** Sirra tell my gentlewoman I will speake with her, **Heaven** I meane.

**Cel.** Was this faire face the caufce, quoth she, Why the Greecians foxed **Trey**, Pond done, done, done, was this King **P关怀** joy, With that she sighde as the blood, but And gave this sentence then, among none bad if one be good, among none bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

**Cel.** What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song sirra.

**Cel.** One good woman in ten **Madam**, which is a purifying asl' song: would God would ferue the world so all the yere, weede finde no fault with the vithe woman if I were the Parfon, one in ten quoth she, and wee might have a good woman borne but one euerie blazinge star, or an earthquake, I twould mend the **Lotterie** well, a man may draw his heart out ere a pluckle one.

**Cel.** You be begone sir, and doe as I command you?

**Cel.** That man should be at womens command, and yet no hurt done, though honettie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Superflu of humilitie over the blake-**Gowne** of a bigge heart: I am goeing forsooth, the businesse is for **Heaven** to somethether.

**Couns.** **Well** now.

**Stew.** I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

**Couns.** Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawfull make title to as much love as shee findes, there is more owne her than is paid, and more shall be paid her then sheeke demand.

**Stew.** **Madam**, I was very late more neere her then I thinke thee wifhit mee, alone thee was, and did communiciate to her felle her owne words to her owne ears, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they touch not ane thrauger fence, her matter was, shee loved your Sonne, Fortune shee said was no goddefe, that had put such difference betwix two yelates: I owe no god, that would not extend his might oneie, where qualites were leuell, Queen of Vir- 

**Stew.** You have dischar'd this honettie, keep it to your selfe, manie likebloudes inform'd mee of this before, which hung fo totring in the ballance, that I could neither believe nor mirdoubt: praise you leuse mee, stall this in your bofore, and I thank you for your honett care: I will speake with you further anon.

**Stew.** Enter **Heaven**.

**Old. Coun.** Even so let vowe with me when I was yongs If I ever we are nature, these are ours, this thorne Dost to our Rohe of yonge rightlie belong Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne It is the show, and feale of nature truth, Where loues strong passion is impr rept in youth, By our rememberances of daies forgon Such were our faults, or then we thought them none Her etis sicke on't, I obserue her now.

**Hell.** What is your pleasure **Madam**?

**Old. Coun.** You know **Heaven** I am a mother to you. **Hell.** Mine honorable **Miftris**

**Old. Coun.** Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I led a mother Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother, That you flate as it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of whose That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seen Adoption fritues with nature, and choise breedes A nature fip to vs from foraine feedes: You were oppresse me with a mothers groane, Yet I explede to you a mothers care, (Gods mercie maden) dos it curr thy blood To say I am by mother? what's the matter, That this distempered messenger of wet?
All's Well that ends Well.

Didoeu, in so true a flame of liking,
With chaffily, and love dearly, that your Duke
Was both her selfe and loue, O then givest
To her whose face is fuch, he cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to loose;
That feakes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, flies sweetly where she dies.

Cen Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To goe to Para?

Hell Madam I had.

Cen Wherefore truly.

Hell. I will tell truth: by grace it felle I sweare
You know my father left me some preface?
Of rate and proud'effe&ts, such as his reading
And manifelt experience, had collect'd
For general fou'ntage: and that he wil'd me
In heedful refolucion to know them,
As notes, whose faculties inclofe were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remem, appro'red, let downe,
To cure the desperall languishing whereof
The King is render'd lofe.

Cen This was your motive for Para, was it, speake,
Hell My Lord, your fonne, made me to think of this,
Elle Para, and the medicine, and the King,
Haddo in the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily brought about then.

Cen But think you Helen,
If you should tender your suppos'd aide,
He would receive it? He and his Phifhions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help, how fhall they credit
A poor unlanced Virgin, when the Schoole
Embowed of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it felle.

Hell. There's something in't
More then my fathers skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be finifh'd,
Both luckfull fates in heauen, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie fuccesse, 'tis venture
The well lofe life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, in houre.

Cen. Don't thou beleue it?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cen Why Helen thou fhalt have my issue and loue,
Mannes and attendances, and my louing greetings
To thault of mine in Court, lie flate at home
And prave Gods bleffing into thy attempt
Begun to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou fhalt not misfe.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with honourable Lords, taking leave for
the Florentines wars: Count, Raffio, and
Paroles. Floris Carius,

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you, and your Lords farewell.
Share the aduice bowes you, if both game, all
The guift doth flanch it felle as is receiv'd,
And is enough for b'th

Lord G. To our hopes, sir,
After well entred Soldiery, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady
That doth my life beflege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the fonnes.
Of worthy French men I let higher Italy
(Thou batest that inherent but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to woone honour, but to wed it, when
The brauest quellant enfranks: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L.C. Health at your bidding desk your Majesty,
King. That gentle of Italy, take heede of them,
They say your French lakence to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captuues
Before you freue.

Be. Our hearts recieve your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1. L.C.G. Oh my sweet Lord you ill stay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the Ipark
2. L.E. Oh this braue warres.
Parr. Most admirable, I have seene stope warres.
Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde fland too boy,
Scaele away bralyly.

Roffill. I fhal stay here the for- horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no word worse
But one to dance with: by heauen, ile stale away.

1. L.C.G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2. L.E. I am your acceryar, and so farewell.

Ruf. I grow to you & our parting is a tortude body.
1. L.C.G. Farewell Capitaine.
2. L.E. Sweet Mountier Parrelle.
Parr. Noble Heres; my sword and yours are kinne,
good Iparkes and luflrous, a word good metals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinill, one Capitaine
Sprone his fsoiretie, with an Embolme of waree here on
his finster cheeke; it was this very word entrench'd it:
fas to him I live, and obferve his reports for me,
L.C.G. We shal noble Capitaine.
Parr. Mari doone on you for his nouces, what will
ye doe?

Roff. I will stay the King.
Parr. Vfe a more spaciouse ceromnie to the Noble
Lords, you have restrain'd your felfe within the Lift
of too cold an aduice: be more expreffive to them: for they
were themselfes in the cap of the time, there do mutter
true gate; eat, fpeake, and movre under the influence of the
most receu'd Parrelle, and though the deuill leade the
measure, fuch are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Roffill. And I will doe so.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to proue most fin-
niewe sword-man. Exeunt.

Enter L af f.
L. L.aff. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my fildings
King. I lefe thee to fand vp. (pardon,
L. Laff. Then heare a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneeld my Lord to ask me mercy.
And that at my bidding you could so fand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pace

And askt thee mercy for's,

L.aff. Good faith a crofe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

L.aff. O will you eat no grapes my royllall fote?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royllall fote could reach them: I have fene a medicine
That's able to breath life into a fone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whole fimple touch
Is powerfull to make fy King Toppen, nay
To giue great Charlemaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a foure line.

King. What her is this

L.aff. Why do you fir this; my Lord, there's one atti'd,
If you will fee her: now by my fath and honour,
If Seriously I may confess my thoughts
In this my light delierance, I haue spoke
With one, that in her face, her yeere, fprofeffion,
Wildefome and conftancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her builnesse
That done, laugh well at me,

L.aff. Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend out wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookst it.

L.aff. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his fpeciaall nothing euer prologues.

L.aff. Nay, come your waires,

Enter Helen.

King. This haife hath wings indeed,

L.aff. Nay, come your waires,

This is his Maiestie, lay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maiestie feldome feares, I am Crifflis Vicne,
That dare leue two together, fay you well,

King. Now faire one, do's your buifines fowall sa?

Hel. I my good Lord,

Gerard de Narnow was my father,
In what he did profefse, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I fpare my praiifes towards him.
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many recells he gaue me, chiefe the one,
Which as the dearest of his practive
And of his olde experence, thonlie darling,
He bad me flore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more desire I haue fone,
And hearing your high Maiestie is rouch
With that malignani caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flands chiefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblercflf.

King. Wethanke you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leuu, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can never rafonmure
From her inasible effate: I fay we muft not
So ftraine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proftitute our past cure macladie
To empericks, or to diffuer fo
Our great felfe and our credit, to enforce
A fencelleffe helpe, when helpe paft fenc we deeme.

Hel. My
All's Well that ends Well.

Hell. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will, nor more enforce in mine office on you,
Humbly inquiring from your royal thoughts,
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leafe to be call'd grateful:
Thou thoughtst to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one need to doth to thee that with him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowst not past,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Act.

Hell. What can I doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you feepy your self gainst remedie:
He that of great wills is finifter,
Oft does not the weakest minifter:
So holy Writ, in babs hast judgement showed,
When judges have bin babiers; great floods have flowed
From simple sources: and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'll beene denied.

King. But what art thou vnder, dost thou be made,
Of expectation faiers, and moft oft there
Where moft it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldfell, and despair moft shifts.

Hell. Inspired Merit fo by breath is bath,
It is not fo with him that all things knowes
As'tis with vs, that fquare our guife by blowes:
But moft it is prefumption in vs, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Desir fit, to my endeavours give content,
Of heaven, not me, make an experimen.
I am not an Inposfture, that proclaim
My felfe againft the leuell of mine time,
But know I think, and thinke I know moft sure,
My Art is not paft power, nor you paft cure

King. Art thou fo confident? Within what space
Hopp't thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace tending grace,
Each twize the horfes of the fune shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring.

King. Art twize in murke and occidentall dampe
Moost Hipparch hath quench'd her fleepy Lampes:
Or foure and twenty times the Pyrolus glaffe
Hath told the theuefith minutes, how they paife:
What is infime, from your found pathes shall flie,
Health shall live free, and fickenesse freely dye.

Hell. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What don't thou want?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A fhriutted boldneffe, a divulged shame
Traduced by obious ballads: my maidens name
Sordr otherwife, or worse of worst extended
With vildefl torture, let my life be ended.

K. Methinks in thee fome bleffed spiritt doth fpake
His powerfull found, within an organ weake:
And what impoffibility would flay
In common frence, feene faues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wifedom, courage, all
That happiness and prime, can happy call
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monftrous defprete,
Sweet praifeifter, thy Phyficke I will try,
That minifters thine owne death if I die.

Hell. If I break my time, or flinch in properit
Of what I spoake, unspittted let me die,
Enter King, Heloïse, and servants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well: here comes the King.

Old L. Latrine, as the Dutchman says: He like a maide the better whilst'll I have a southe in my head: why he able to leadhe her a Carranto.

Par. Mel du veuger, is not this Heloïse?

Old L. Fore God I think so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court;

Sit my preuehre by thy patients side,

And with this healthfull hand whose banisht fence

Thou haft repeal'd, a second time receyued

The confirmation of my promis'd guilt,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide fend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell

Of Noble Baschellors, fland at my belowting,

One whom bothe Soueraigne power, and fathers voice

I have to vschy: franke election make,

Thou halfe power to choose, and they none to forfake.

Hel. To eack of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;

Fall when loute please, marry to each but one.

Old L. I'd gie bay custall, and his furniture

My mouth no more were broken then these boys,

And write a litte beard

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a Noble father

She addresseth her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reftor'd

the king to health.

All We understand it, and thanke heuen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthieth

That Iproeoff, I simply am a Maide:

Please yt your Maiestie, I have done already:

The bлаuflhes in my cheeckes slue whisper mee,

We bluflh that thou shouldft choose, but be refuide,

Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for euer.

We'll here come there again.

King. Make choiſe and selc;

Who thuns thy loute, thuns all his loute in mee

Hel. Now Diam from thy Altar do flie,

And to imperially loute, that God moff hight

Do my fighes threame: Sir, will you bearre my fuiere?

1. Lo And grant it.

2. Hel. Thanks fit, all the reft is mute

Old L. I had rather be in this choiſe, then throw

Anceſor for my life.

Hel. The honer fit that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too threateningly replyes:

I loue make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that fo wisheth, and her humble loue.

2. Lo. No better if you pleaſe

Hel. My wish receiue,

Which great loud garant, and fo I take my leve.

Old L. Do all they dense lier? and they were fons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would fend them to th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that your hand shoud take,

He never do you wrong for your owne fak,

Blesſing upon your vowe, and in your bed

Findes fitter fortune, if you ever wed.

Old L. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue
have here: true they are ballards to the English, the French near got em.

L. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your selfe a sonee out of my blood.

A. Lord. Faire one, I think not so.

O. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wone. But if thou be't not an elf, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

H. I dare not say I take you, but I gues Me and my service: yet whilst I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

K. Why then young Bertram, take her sires thy wife.

B. My wife my Leige! I shall beseech your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave tosie
The helpes of mine own eies.

K. Know'ft thou not Bertram what she's done for me?

B. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marrie her.

K. Thou know'lt she's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

B. But followers it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for your safety? I know her well: She is a gentle breding as my fathers charge.

A. Poor Physician, daughter to my wife? Disdain Rather corrupt me cier.

K. This onely title thou disdaine in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together.
Would quite confound confusion: yet stands off
In differences so mighty. If the bee
All that is verious (true what thou dislik'd)
A poor Physician's daughter, thou dislikst it
Of veruse for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place, wherein veruous things proceed,
The place is dignified by'th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and verue none,
It is drop'd honour. Good a lone,
Is good without a name: Virtue is so:
The propriety by what is it, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wife, faire,
In thee, to Nature shee's immediate here:
And these breed honour: that's honour's fource,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire:Honours thrive,
When rather from our selfs we them derive
Then our fore-gens: the meere words, a flate
Deborah's on earne tombes, on earne graves
A lying Trohee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of course it is, and she's a shame.

O. It so was den bornes indeed, what Should be said?
If shee canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the ref: Verue, and face
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from me.

B. I cannot love her, nor will friere to dote.

K. Thou wrong'd thy selfe, if thou shouldst friere to choose.

H. E that you are well bower'd my lord, I'me glad:
Let the ref go.

K. My Honors at the stake, which to defeate
I must produce my power: Herein, take her hand,
 Proud fromfull boy, a worchite this good gift,
That doth in vile misprision shake vp
My love, and her defers: that can't not dreame,
We positing vs in her деfeate, blue scale,
Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.
Par. I have not my Lord desert'd it.
Laf. Ye're good faith, curst dramme of us, and I will not bore thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. Even as foon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at it. If, Prince is incontinent. If, ever thou best bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may fix in the default, he is a man I know.
Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.
Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poore doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. Exit.
Par. Well, thou hast a foon shall take this disgrace off me; leary, old, filthy, leary Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no lettering of authority. He beat him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double, and double a Lord. He has no more pique of his age then I would have of—— He beat him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafi.
Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Milfsir.
Par. I most vainly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reparation of your wronges. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.
Laf. Who? God.
Par. I fir.
Laf. The dwelill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter up thy armes a such fashione? Dost make hose of thy fleeters? Do other fermen to? Thou werest best let thy lower part where thy nofe stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beate thee: mee-think't thou art a generall offence, and every man shold beat thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.
Par. This is hard and undeclared mesure my Lord.
Laf. Go too, sir, you were beaten in Lady for picking a kennel out of a Pomgranate, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more fawcere with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, ells'd I'd call you knave. Iesse you. Exit.

Enter Count Raffles.
Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.
Rafs. Vndone, and fooffed for cares for euer.
Par. What's the matter sweet-heare?
Rafs. Although before the solemn Priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.
Par. What? what sweet heart?
Rafs. Of my Parrelles, they have married me:
Ile to the Tuscan warres, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it is not receiv'd,
The trend of a mans foot: tooth warres.
Rafs. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.
Par. I that would be knowne: tooth warres my boy, tooth warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vsecente,
That hugges his kickie wickie heart at honec,
Spending his manlie marrow in her arms
Which should reforme the bound: and high curues
Of Maruey bettie fixed: to other Regions,
France is a flable, wee that dwelln't Iades,
Therefore too that way.
Rafs. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am set: Write to the King
That which I durt not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no Atre
To the darkhe house, and the detected wife.
Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?
Rafs. Go with me to my chamber, and induce me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ie to the warres, the to her single forrow.
Par. Why these halls bound, ther's noise in it. This hard
A yoong man marrie, is a man thkward.
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King's done you wrong: but hith'tus fo.

Exit.

Enter Helena and Cleome.
Hel. My mother greetes me kindly, is the well?
Cla. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thankes be given she's very well, and wants nothing in the world: but yet she is not well.
Hel. If the be very well, what do's the syle, that she's not very well?
Cla. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.
Hel. What two things?
Cla. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parrelle.
Par. Bleffe you my fortunes Ladie.
Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.
Par. You had my prayers to lede them on, and to keep them on, have them fill. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie?
Cla. So that you had her wrinkes, and her money, I would the did as you say.
Par. Why I say nothing.
Cla. Marry you are the wider man: for many a man
tongue blaze out his masters vndoing: 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, chart a knave.
Cla. You should have said fir before a knave, that's a knave, that's before me that art a knave: this had beene truth fir.
Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.
Cla. Did you finde me in your stede fir, or were you taught to finde me?
Cla. The seacch fir was profitable: and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.
Par. A good knave is wise, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A very violent dispute call’d on him:
The great prerogative and right of soule,
Which as your due time claims, he do’s acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell’d refrainer.
Whole want, and whole delay, is thrust’d with sweet
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the comming hour or flow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.
Par. What’s this will else?
Hel. That you will take your infant leave a’th king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apology you think
May make it probable need.
Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That having this obtain’d, you prefentifie
Attend his further pleaure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you come sirrah.

Enter Laffan and Bertram.

Laff. But I hope your Lordship thinkes not him a
souldier.
Ber. Yes my Lord, and of very valiant approoves.
Laff. You have it from his owne deliverance.
Ber. And by other warrant’d testimonie.
Laff. Then my Dialg goes not true, I tookke this Lake
for a banter.
Ber. Do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-
ledge, and according valiant.
Laff. I have then find’d against his experience, and
transgress against his valour, and my ftreets that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, I pray you maake vs friends, I will pur-
sue the amities.

Enter Pericles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.
Laff. Pray you sir, whose his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laff. O know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good wor-
man, a very good Tailor.
Ber. Is shee gone to the king?
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will shee staye away to night?
Par. As you shall haue her.
Ber. I haue writt my letters, cascket my treasure,
Glueen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
Laff. A good Traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three quarters, and ver.
A known truth to passe a thousand nothing with, should
bec once hard, and thrice beaten. God save you Cap-
taine.
Ber. Is there any vakindnesse bewteen my Lord and
you Monfeur?
Par. I know not how I have departed to run into my
Lord’s displeasure.
Laff. You have made shift to run into, bootes and
spurrets and all, like him that leap’t into the Cuffead, and
out of it you runne agane, rather then suffer question
for your residence.
Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.
Laff. And shall soever, though I tookke him at’s
prayers. Fare well my Lord, and believe this of
me, there can be no kernel in this light Nut: the sole
of this man is his cloathes: Trufly him nor in matter of
house consequnse: I have kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfeur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deferue at my hand, but
we must do good against suill.
Par. An idle Lord, I feare.
Ber. I thinke so.
Par. Why doe you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procure’d his issue
For present parting, onely he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not mervaise Helena at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Preap’d I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unfeild : This drivres me to intreate you,
That prittyly you take your way for home,
And rather make this then feeme,
And my appointements have in them a neede
Greatest then shews it seels at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
Twill be two daies ere I shall fee you, so
I leaue you to your wifedom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient retinue.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And thus shall
With true obseruance seek to eke out that
Wherin toward me my homely starrs have heald
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my hart is very great. Farwell:
His home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Not dare I say’t mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous thief, most faine would quake
What law does touch mine owne.
Ber. What would you haue?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do srand, and not kiffe.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to hore.
Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord,
Where are my other men? Monfeur, farwell.
Exit
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can fthane my sword, or hear the drummme
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Conaglo.

Adieu Terius.

Flameth. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troop of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard The
Enter Countess and Clowne.

Count. It hath happened all, as I would have had it, sue that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obedience I pray you.

Clow. Why he will locke upon his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffe and sing, ake questions and singing, pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly Mannon for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I have no minde to tesse since I was at Court, Our old Lings, and our Isbelf 2th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your libels a th' Court: The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loose, as an old man loses money, with no stomach.

Lad. What hue we haue.

Clow. In that you have there.

A Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, she hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and founde to make her not eternal. Thou haile I am coming away, know it before the report come. If there bee breath enough in the world, I will bold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate Sonne,

Bertram.

This is not well saith and unbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contept of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is havie newes within betwene two Saddlers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clow. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort your fonne will not be kild so soon as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kind?

Clow. So say I Madame, if you rune away, as I hear he does, the danger is in flanging too, that's the lofe of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part I lone hear your fonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Say you good Madam.

Helo. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French C. Do not say so.

La. Think you what patience, pray you Gentlemen, I have felt so many quirkes of joy and grieve,
That the first face of neither on the flart
Can woman me vntoo'. Where is my fonne I pray you

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to issue the Duke of Florence,

Wemet him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Helo. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Passport

When thou canst get the King upon my finger, which now shall come off, and shew me a child begotten by thy body, that I am father too then call me husband: but in such of (then)
I write a Newer.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

IG. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are forrie
for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheer.

If thou engrossed, all the greeves are thine;
Thou tooft me of a moity: He was my fonne,
But I do with his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my Childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a flouldier,

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vp him all the honor
That good commendation claims.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with theswiftest wing of speed.

Helo. Ill haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,

Tis bitter,

La. Finde you that there?

Helo. I Madam.

Fren. E. Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
is heart was not contenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, ynnit he have no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But onely the, and the defueres a Lord
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vp.

And call her hourly Miftirs. Who was with him?

Fren. E. A ferman onely, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometyme knowne.

La. Paraller was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verry tennented fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My fonne corrupt a well derived nature
With his indulgence.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deal of that,
too much, which holds him much to hate.

La. Ye are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my fonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honor that he loseth: more Ile intreate
you
you written to be read along.

Freem. We desire you Madam in that and all your worthies affaires.

L. No, so but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw near?

Hel. Till I have a wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife:
Thou shalt have none Raffia, none in France,
Then hast thou all again: poor Lord, it's I
That chase thee from thy Countrey, and expel
Those tender limbs of thine, to the event
Of the none-serving warre? And is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoothie Muskers? O pus leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speede of fire.

Fly with false stye, mouse the still-pering sire
That flings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer shoots at him, I let him there.
Who euer chargers on his forward brest
I am the Cattife that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was to effected: Better 'twere
I met the vanque Lyon when he co'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miserable which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home Raffia,
Whence honer but of danger winnes a faette.
As oft it looses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is; that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay here to dont? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradies did fan the haufe,
And Angles off'd all: I will be gone,
That pitifull rumour may report my flight.
To confolate thine eare. Come night, and day,
For with the dark (poore theafe) He steake away. Exit.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Raffia,
Drunken and trumpets, soldiers, Parodies.

Duke. The General of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll intreat to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.
As thy suspicious misfits

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drumme, hater of loute. Extct off

Enter Countess & Steward.

L. Aha! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending, I've a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Laugier Pilgrim, therer gone:
Ambitious love hath fo in me offended,
That base-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With painted flew my faults to have amende.

Write, write, that from the bloody coats of warre
My dearst Mollis your dearst name, may his,
Blisse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with sudden former justisia:
His taken labour bid him to forgive:
I his delightfull love to him forth.
From Countrey friends, with Campng flat to live,
Where death and danger doges the beaks of war.
He is too good and faire for death, and now,
Whom I my selfe embraco to set him free.

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rymade, you did never lacke advice so much,
As letting her paffe so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus the blast preuent.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene ore: tane: and yet she writes,
Purpsoe would be by yaine.

L. What Angell shall
Blisse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Vnleffe her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loues to grant, repreuze from the wrath
Of greatfull Justice. Write, write Rymade,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waif beauty of her worth,
That he do waif too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feel it, set downe sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger,
When hapy he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote again,
Led hitte by pure loue: which of them both
Is destitute to me, I have no skill in fence
To make distinc. prouide this Messenger:
My heart is deceipt, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue tears, and sorrow bids me speake.

A Tackes offarre off

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Violanta
And Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable feruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their grea't Commander,
And that with his owne hand he flew
The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,
They are gone a contrary waye hark,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Wid. Come let us returne againe,
And office our felues with the report of it
Well Diana, take heed of this French Earl,
The honor of a Maid is her name,
And no Legacie is for rich
As honifie.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeileft defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rosilidion, Parroittes, and the whole Armie.

Mr. The goddes forbidding the.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is Antonio the Duke's eldest Sonne,
That Estella.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dio. Hee.

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honeilest,
He were much goodlier.

Hel. I like him well.

Dr. 'Tis pity he is not honeilest: ponds that fame know
That leads him to these places: were I his Maidie,
I would poise that vile Rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dio. That Jacke anapes with fearcis. Why is hee
Melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt in battle.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's trawyly vexed at something. Looke he
has fpy'd vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you,

Mar. And your course, for a ring-carrier.

Exe. Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring
you, Where you shall hoft Of finynye pennteus.
There's fourte or five to great S. Iacques bound,
Alreadie at my houfe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thankynge
Shall be for me. and to requite you further,
I will bellow some preceptes of this Virgin.

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

Enter Count Rosilidion and the Frenchman,
at at first.

Cap E. Nay good my Lord put him too: let him have his way.

Cap G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

Cap E. On my life my Lord a bubble,

Bvt. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiued in him.

Cap E. Beleeue it ma Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge,
without any malice, but to speake of him
as my kinman, hee's a most notorious Coward, an infinite
and endless Liar, an hourley promise-breaker, the owner
of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap G. I were fit you knew him, least reposeing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some
great and truitive bunifies, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Brv. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you hears him so confidentely undertake to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly fur

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Xe

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price
prize him, such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemy, wee will binde and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose on other but that he is carri'd into the League of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present as his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compell of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfete of his soule upon oath, never trust my judgement in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he syes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottom of this successe in't, and to what purpose this counterfeyt lump of ours will be meted if you give him not John drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the ho

ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme flacks fore

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme. 

Par. But a drumme? Lift but a drumme? A drum so loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horses upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne fouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruices: it was a dishar of warre that Cajar him selfe could not haue prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue beene recovered. 

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of seruices is fildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, of besea"et. 

Ber. Why ifyou have a stomack, too't Monsieur: if you thynke your myteryie in that stage, can bring this infrument of honour made in his nature quakers, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you feele well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the victorſt syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muft not now flumber in it.

Par. Lie about it this evening, and I will prefently pen downe my dilemna, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation and by midnight looke to hearre further from me, 

Ber. I may be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know that's valiant, 

And to the possibility of thy fouldiership, Will subcrire for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. Exit

Cap. E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes him selfe to do, & dares better be damned then to doo'.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, ceretain it is that he will fleese him selfe into a mans eauout, and for a wecke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him ever af
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so feriuellie he dooes addresse him selfe unto.

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an in

uention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imboft him, you shall fee his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshiprespec.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we eate him. He was first linsked by the old Lord Lafow, when his difguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall fee this very night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my swiggles, 

He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As please your Lordship, He leasure you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The Laffe I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's boneste.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spake with his but once, 

And found her wondrous cold, but I lent to her 

By this fame Coscombe: that we haue to winde 

Tokens and Letters, which she did refend, 

And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, 

Will you go fee her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Helen, and Willdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not free, 

I know not how I shall assure you further, 

But I shal loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wide. Though my eftate be false, I was well borne, 

Nothing acquainted with these businessees, 

And would not put my reputation now 

In any declining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. 

First give me truth, the Count he is my husband, 

And what to your sworne counfaile I haue spoken, 

Is so from word to word: and then you cannot 

By the good asde that I of you shall borrow, 

Error in bellowing it.

Wide. I should beleue you, 

For you haue shew'd me that which well approves 

Yar great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold, 

And let me buy your friendly help thus fare, 

Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe 

When I haue found it, The Count he woes your daughter, 

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie, 

Refolue to carriage her; let her in fine content 

As weel direct her how 'tis beft to bear it: 

Now his important blood will naught denye, 

That she'll demand a ring the Countie wear'es, 

That downward hath succeded in his houfe
From some to some, some four or five dissenters,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most titch choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not feeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

\[\text{Le.} \] You fee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter eere the feemes as woman,
Defires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliers me to fill the time,
Her fente mofl shabby absent:

\[\text{To marry her, Ie add three thousand Crownes} \]
\[\text{To what is past already.} \]

\[\text{Thee yielded.} \]
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit to lawfull
May prove cohereent. Every night he comes
WithMusicke of all fott's, and longs compond'd
To her vnworthynesse: It nothing needs vs
To chide him from our eues, for he perfults
As if his life lay not.

\[\text{Hid.} \] Why then to night
Let vs affay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede; And lawfull meaning in a lawfull deed,
Where both not fame, and yet a fufinall fact,
But let's about it.

\[\text{Aegus Quartus.} \]

\[\text{Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fire or fixe other} \]
\[\text{soldiers in ambush.} \]

\[\text{1. Lord E.} \] He can come no other way but by this hedge corner:
\[\text{when you fallie upon him,} \]
\[\text{speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your} \]
\[\text{selues, no matter: for we must not feeme to vnderstand him,} \]
\[\text{vntill some among vs, whom wee must pro} \]
\[\text{duce for an Interpreter.} \]

\[\text{2. Sol.} \] Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

\[\text{Lor. E.} \] Are you not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

\[\text{3. Sol.} \] No sir I warrant you.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] But what finifie woulde thou to speake to vs againe?

\[\text{4. Sol.} \] Enuch as you speake to me.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] He must thinke vs some band of stranglers, 3th aduermaries entertainment.
\[\text{Now he hath a smacke of all} \]
\[\text{neighbouring Languages: therefore we muft every one} \]
\[\text{be a man of his owne fance, nor to know what we speak} \]
\[\text{one to another: so we feeme to know, is to know straight} \]
\[\text{our purpose: thoughts language, gabble enough,} \]
\[\text{and good enough. As for you interpreters, you muft feeme} \]
\[\text{very politicke. But couch oo, heere hee comes, to} \]
\[\text{begleue two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear} \]
\[\text{the lies hee forges.} \]

\[\text{Enter Parrelles.} \]

\[\text{Par.} \] Ten a clockes. Within these three hours I will be time enough to goe home. 
\[\text{What shall I say I have done? I must be a very plaifant invention that carries it:} \]
\[\text{They beginne to speake mee, and distract have of late, knockd too oft at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the fame of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.} \]

\[\text{Le. E.} \] This is the first truth that eere thine own tongue was quittie of.

\[\text{Par.} \] What the diuell should move mee to undertake the receuoure of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exp
toyet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the inffance. Tongue, I must put you into a Buxter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of Bonacetus Mule, if you prattle mee into these pettites.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Is it possible he should know what heer is, and be that he is

\[\text{Par.} \] I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] We cannot affoord you so.

\[\text{Par.} \] Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in firstagem.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Twould not do.

\[\text{Par.} \] Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Hardly soere.

\[\text{Par.} \] Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadel.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] How deece I

\[\text{Par.} \] Thirty fadome.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Three great oaths would feare make that be beleued.

\[\text{Par.} \] I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.

\[\text{Le. E.} \] You shall heste one anon.

\[\text{Par.} \] A drumme now of the enemies,

\[\text{Alarum within.} \]

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Thro' the townes, Caro, Curo, Curo.

\[\text{All, Caro, Caro, Caro,} \]

\[\text{Par.} \] O ranfome, ranfome,

\[\text{Do not hide mine eyes.} \]

\[\text{Inter.} \] Boku, thrummbold buke.

\[\text{Par.} \] I know you are the Mookes Regiment,

\[\text{And I shall loose my life for want of language.} \]

\[\text{If there be here German or Dane, Low Dutch,} \]
\[\text{Italian, or French, let him speake to me,} \]
\[\text{Ile discover that, which shall vndoe the Florentine.} \]

\[\text{Inter.} \] Boku, thrummbold, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue: Kerelybouts lie, berake thee to thy faith, for seveneene poyntes are at thy boforme.

\[\text{Par.} \] Oh.

\[\text{Inter.} \] Oh pray, pray, pray, pray,

\[\text{Stampe, stamp, stamp.} \]

\[\text{Le. E.} \] Offer this the unsaue, unsaue.

\[\text{Int.} \] The Generall is content to spare thee yet,

\[\text{And hooewinkt thee, thou shalt lead thee on} \]
\[\text{To gather thee from. Happly thou mayst informe something to do thy life.} \]

\[\text{Par.} \] O let me live,

\[\text{And all the secrets of our campe Ie shew,} \]
\[\text{Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ie speake that,} \]
\[\text{Which you will wonder at,} \]

\[\text{Inter.} \] But wilt thou faithfully?

\[\text{Par.} \] If I do not, damme me.

\[\text{Inter.} \] Accordante.

\[\text{Come on, thou are granted space.} \]

\[\text{A short Alarum within.} \]

\[\text{X 3} \]

\[\text{Le. E.} \]
All's Well that ends Well.

L.E. Go tell the Count Ruffian and my brother,
We have caught the woodcooke, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them. (muffled
Sol. Captain I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vs to our selves,
Informe on that.
Sol. So I will sir.
L.E. Till then Ile keep him darke and safely lockt.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called
Diana.
Ber. They told me that your name was Fannybell,
Diana. No my good Lord, Diana,
Ber. Titled Goddefe,
And worth it with addition : but faire foule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quick fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument.
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now : for you are cold and steme,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your owne selfe was got.
Diana. She then was honest,
Ber. So shold you be.
Diana. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife,
Ber. No more a thing:
I preache do not friue against my vowes
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loues owne sweet confirmament, and will for euer
Do thee all rightes of freinde.
Diana. I to you servaunt,
Till we creue you : But when you have our Roef.
You barely leave our rohnes to pricke our flues,
And mocke vs with our barrenesse,
Ber. How haue I wronge?
Diana. Tire not the many oathes that makes the truth
But the plaine fingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high ft to winneffe : then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Jome, great attributes,
I lou'd you dearerly, would you believe my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This is no holding
To sweare by him whom I proue to loue
That I will work against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnfeal'd
At length in my opinion,
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruel: Loue is holie,
And my integritie's, know the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more offf,
But giue thy selfe vs to me suche defires,
Who then accores. Say thou art mine, and ever
My loue as it beganes, shall perfeunte.
Diana. I see thinke men make roffes in such a scarce,
That we'll forsake our felues. Giue me that Ring.
Erge. He lend it thee my deere but haue no power
To give it from me.
Diana. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceftors,
Which were the greatest oblique th world,
In me to loue,
Diana. Mine Honors futh a Ring,
My chafltites the Jewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceftors,
Which were the greatest oblique th world,
In mee to loue.
Diana. Your Anceftors blesse th world,
In mee to loue.
a measure of his own judgement, wherein to curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preference must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the mean time, what have you of these Warders?

Cap. E. I have there an outrage of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count Raffilion do then? Will he trouble your higher, or return again into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, so should I be a great desire of his sake.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint Laure le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere and monastic accomplishments: and thus refiding, the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her griefs: in fine, made a groan of her last breath, & now the fings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne I esters, which makes her flight true, even to the point of her death: her death is false, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of this.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verite.

Cap. E. I am heartily fortie that be'el be gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightly some other times, were drowned our gains in tears, the great dignitate that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a flame as ample.

Cap. G. The weaving of our life, is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our verses would be proud, if our faults whip them not, and our crimes would displease if they were not cherish'd by our verses.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the three streets, of whom he hath taken a solemnie lease: his Lordship will next morning for France, The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendation to the King.

Cap. E. They shall be no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Raffilion.

Bar. They cannot be too sweete for the King's ratneffe, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, I'm not after midnight?

Bar. I have to night dispatch'd five soene businesse, a momeaths length a piece, by an abstract of success: I have consigned with the Duke, done my diese with his nearest, buried a wife, mournd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convey, & betweene those maine parcels of dispatch, affected many uses needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the business bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiar: Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, ha' deceived't me, like a double-meaning Prophetes.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's faire I flockes all night poore gallant knave.

Bar. No matter, his heele have defuer'd it, in vnfruing his fputres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The flockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstand, he weeres like a wench that had fixed her milke, he hath confess'd himselfe to A User, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance to this very instant disater of his setting I th flockes: and what thinke you he hath confess'd?

Bar. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken in, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship be int, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parodes with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muflelful he can say nothing of me: 'buth 'buth.


Par. He calls for the torture, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confess what I know without contraint, If ye pinch me like a Pally, I can say no more.

Int. Backe Chimene.

Cap. Bobliitado cheverumara.

Int. You are a mercifull General: Our General bids you answer to what I shall say you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and un-secureable: the troopes are all fatted, and the Commanders vere poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer for you?

Par. Do, take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will all's one to him.

Par. What a paff-saving face is this?

Cap. G. You are deceived, my Lord, this is Mouvement Parables the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the prafike in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sward cleanse, nor beleue he can have euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I fed, I will say true, or thereabouts for downe, for lie speaks truth.

Cap. G. He's very necer the truth in this.

Par. But I con him no thinke for't in the nature he deliv'r't.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thank you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are merestuous poore.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you so that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present house, I will tell true. Let mee see, Spanio a hundred &
All's Well that ends Well.

fytte, Sebasian to many, Corambo to many, Jugis to many: Guisliam, Cusmo, Lodowick, and Crosy, two hundred fytte each: Mine owne Company, Chispeher, Daunond, Bennet, two hundred fytte each: to that the mutter file, roten and found, bypon my life amounts not to f bitterness thousand pole, half of which, dare not shake the snow from off their Caslocks, leaft they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him have thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set done: you shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Dunsami bee'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valiout, honesty, and expertness in wares: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing fumes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? Do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dunsami?

Par. I know him, a was a Botther Prentiz in Paris, from whence he was whip for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a durne innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his branes are forbeite to the next tile that fits.

Int. Yet, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence's campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowe.

Cap.G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heart of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and write to me this other day, to turne him out at hand. I thinke I haue his Letter in my poc- ket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good faith I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Ten.

Int. Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be't or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dion, the Comus a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter fit: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rosillation, a foolish idye boy: but for all that very rutthif. I pray you set it wp against.

Par. I say, I read it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lafciuious boy, who is a whaile to Virginiy, and deuours vp all the fty he finds.

Diam. Darnable both-fidrs rogue.

Int. Let. When he swearres oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, be never prayes the score:
Halfe score in match well made match andwell make it,
His more pages after debts, take it before,
And say a fouler (Dio) told thee this:
Mere are to mistrust, boys are not to kis.

For count of this, the Count a Eolute I know it,
He pages before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as be vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Paral.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this time in's forehead.

Cap.E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals looks, we shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live fir in a dungeon, 'tis flokes, or any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may bee done, so you confeffe freely: therefore once more to this Captain Dunsami: you have wante'd his reputation with the Duke, and to his value. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloifter: for rapes and raunishment he paralels Neffus. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lyse sir, with such volubility, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, fer he will be twine-drinke, and in his sleep he does little harme, Aue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say of his honesty, he ha's euer thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man shoud haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of shine honestie? A por- vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in wares?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the Englih Tragedians: to beeke him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there caled Mile-end, to infruct for the doublling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Cap.G. He hath an out-villain'd villania to fure, that the satiety redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price. I neede not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardcuce he will fell the fee-Simple of his fulation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'istale from all remainders, and a perpetuall succeafion for it perpetu- ally.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Count Dunsami?

Cap.E. Why do's he ask me of him?

Int. What's he?

Par. Etur Crowf a's name fell: not altogether so great as the first in goodnefe, but greater a great deal in euil. He exels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the belt that is. In a retreate hee out-runnens any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. 1, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Rosillation.

Int. He whispers with the General, and knowes his pleasure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deterre well, and to beguile the suppo-
All's Well, That Ends Well.

Act I, Scene 1

Enter Hellen, widow, and Diana.

Helen. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suitor; for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel,
Time was, I did him a defined office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tarats bosome would peep forth,
And incontinent. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marckke, to which place
We have conuenient conuoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband he is home, where heauen aying,
And by the lease of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Helen. Gentle Madam,
You never had a suitor to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome,

Helen. Nor your Mirths
Enter a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dowerer,
As I hath fated her to be my motiue,

And helper to a husband. But O strangemen,
That can fuch sweet vie make of what they hate,
When favore trufing the cofin's thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so luff doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore inftructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Diana. Let death and honest fe
Go with your impostions, I am yours
Vpon your will to suffer,

Helen. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have feater as well as thones,
And be as sweet as thare: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuies vs,
All's well that ends well, still the fints the Crown;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Exeunt

Enter Cleome, old Lady, and Lefr.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was smiled with a snift
Asa fellow there, whose wallionous fbaron would have made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: you daughter-in-law had beene alue at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduan'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of

Laf. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentle woman, that ever Nature had prais'd for creating. If the had perstaken of my flesh and soft mee the d e e r t groanes of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, twas a good Lady. We may pieke a thousand fallets ere we light on such another heart.

Cleo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the fallet, or rather the heartbe of grace.

Laf. They are not heartes you knowe, they are nose- heartes.

Cleo. I am no great Nasuchtedwar, sir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether does thy professe thy selfe, a knave or a fool?

Cleo. A fool sir at a womens seruice, and a knave at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Cleo. I would coulen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his seruice indeed.

Cleo. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Cleo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cleo. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Cleo. Faith sir, he is a Frenchman, but his fynonotie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Cleo. The blacke prince sir, as the prince of darknesse, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purpe, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.
Cle. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwayes lou'd
a great fire, and the maller I speak of ever keeps a
good fire, but fure he is the Prince of the world, let his No-
bilite remaine in't Court. I am for the houfe with the
narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to
enter: some that humble themselves may, but the ma-
nie will be too chill and tender, and theye be for the
flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great
fire.

Laf. Go thy wayes, I begin to bee a wearie of thee,
and f tell thee befoe before, becaufe I would not fall out
with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horfes be well look'd
too without any tricke.

Cle. If I put any tricke vpon em ftr, they fhall bee
Indes tricke, which are their owne right by the law of
Nature.

Laf. A shrewd knawe and an vnhappy.

Lady. So is. My Lord that's gone made himfelfe
much fport out of him, by his authoritie he remaines
here, which he thinkes is a patent for hit favonifie, and
indeed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiff, and I was about
to tell you, fince I heard of the good I adies death, and
that my Lord your fonne was vpon his returne home. I
moued the King my maffet to speake in the behalf of
my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his
Majeftie, out of a fcele gracious remembrance did firft
propofe, his Highneffe hath promis'd me to doe it, and
to ftope vp the difpleasure he hath conceived againft
your fonne, there is no fitter matter. How do your
Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and with
it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneffe comes poff from Marcellus, of a
able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be here
to morrow, or I am deceu'd by him that in fuch intel-
ligence hath feldome falf'd.

La. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall fee him ere I
die. I haue letters that my fonne will be here to night:
I shall befeech your Lordfhip to remaine with me, till
they meete together.

Madam. I was thinking with what manners I
might safely be admitted

La. You neede but pleade your honourable privi-
ledge.

La. Ladi, of that I haue made a bold charter, but
I thankne my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne

Cleo. O Madam, yonderd my Lord your fonne with
a patche of veluet on his face, wher e there be a bear un-
der'd or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch
of Veluet, his left cheeke is a checke of two pyle and a
halfe, but his right cheeke is wore bare.

La. A faire nobly got,
Or a noble faire, is a good liu'rie of honor.
So belieke is that.

Cleo. But it is your carbinado'd face

La. Let ye go see
your fonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the young noble feldieur.

Clowne. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate
fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the
head, and nod at curie man.

All's Well that ends well.

Enter Helpe, Widow, and Dian, with two
Attendants

Hel. But this exceeding pofting day and night
Mift wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it
But fince you haue made the dates and nights as one,
To weepe your gentle limbs in mine affaires,
Be bold you do to grow in my requirall.
As nothing can vnroot you. In happe time,

Enter a gentle Affpringer,

This man may helpe me to his Maiftrefse ear,
If he would fpend his power. God faue you fir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have fene you in the Court of France.
Gen. I have beene fometimes there.

Hel. I do prefume fit, that you are not fake
From the report that goes vpon your goodnes.
And therefore goaded with moft fhirfe occasion,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vie of your owne ventures, for the which
I fhall continue thakful

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleafe you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And syde me with that store of power you have
To come into his prefence,

Gen. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not here fir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd lat night, and with more haft
Then is his fife.

Wid. Lord how we looke our paines
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time feeme fo aduerfe, and meanes vnfae:
I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gen. Marie as I take it to Raffhaw,
Whither am going.

Hel. I do befeech you fir
Since you are like to fee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I prefume fhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speed.
Our meanes will make vs meane,

Gen. This I lie do for you

Hel. And you fhall finde your fife to be well thank
what e're falles more. We muff to horfe againe, Go, go,
prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrellis.

Par. Good Mr Lauthit give my Lord Laffew this let-
ter, I haue ere now fir beeme better knowne to you, when
I have had familiaritie with frether clothes: but I am
now fir muddied in fortunet mood, and fmmel somewhat
from of her strong displeasure.

Cleo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttifh
if it fmmel fo strongly as thou fpeak it of: I will henceforth
eat no fhir of Fortunes butting. Pre thee flow the
winder.

Par. Nay you neede not to ftop your nofe fir: I fpake
but by a Metaphor

Cleo. Indeed fit, if your Metaphor linke, I will ftop
my nofe, or againft any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee
further.
Enter Lafeau.

Cla. Here's a purse of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mufcat, that has'll be into the venelane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he fayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, the Carpe as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rafically knave. I doe pitie his diſtref in my smilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly fcratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to pare her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knave with fortune that the Should fcratch you, who of her felfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaves thrive long vnder? There's a Cardex for you: Let the Juflices make you and fortune friends; I am for other bufinesse.

Par. I befeech your honour to heare mee one fingle word.

Laf. you begge a fingle penye more: Come you shall ha' fayn your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is Parrolel.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paſfon, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I infolent? And I was the firt that loft thee. Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Our vpon thee knave, doeff thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the duell: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had take of you left night, though you are a foolke and a knave, you shall ease, go to fellow.

Par. I praffe God for you.

Lawful. Enter King, old Lady, Lafeau, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kim. We loft a Jewell of her, and our effemee
Was made much poorer by it: but your fonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know
Her cflimation home,
Old La. 'Tis paff my Liege,
And I beleech your Maiﬆee to make it
Natural rebellion, done th' blade of youth
When oyle and fire, too strong for reafons force,
Ones beares it, and burnes on.
Kim. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shooze.

Laf. This I muft fay,
But firft I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiſtey, his Mother, and his Ladies
Offence of mighty note; but to himfelfe,
The greateft wrong of all. He loft a wife,
Whose beauty did affhioth the furuey
Of richet cies: whose words all cares toke captive,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to ferue,
Humbly call'd Mistref.
Kim. Praifing what is loft,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firft view fhall kill
All reprefentation: Let him not ask out pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuation, we do bure
Thence vning reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he fhould.
Kim. What fayes he to your daughter,
Hau'e you fpoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.
Kim. Then fhall we have a match. I have letters letten me, that lets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
Kim. I am not a day of feafon,
For thou maft fee a fun-fhine, and a shade
In me at one: But to the brighteft beames
Distracted clouds give way, fo fland thou forth,
The time is faire againe.
Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.
Kim. All is whole,
No one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the infantly by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'it decrees
Th'inaudible, and noifelesfe foot of time
Steaies, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firft
I glick my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Did not make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfingking,
Contempts his Scornfull Perfeuice did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of outie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreft it fiolne,
Extended or constrained all propritions
To a mock hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That the whom all men prais'd, and whom my felfe,
Since I haue loft, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.
Kim. Well excur'd:
That thou didst loue her, strikes some fcore away
From the great compe: but loue that comes too late;
Like a remorgful pardon flowly carried
To the great fender, turns a fowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rith faults,
Make truiall price of serious things we haue,
Not knowning them, vntill we know their grace
Of our difpleasures to our felues vniue,
Diftroy our friends, and after weare their duft:
Our owne loue waking, cries to fee what's done,
While flamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet Helens knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maidun,
The maine confents are had, and heere we'll stay
To fee our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the firft. O deere heavan blefe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Naturre ecefe.
Laf. Come on my fonne, in whom my house name
Must be digefed: give a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spiras of my daughter.
All's Well that ends Well.

That she may quickly come, By my old beard, And ev'ry hair that's on's, Helen that's dead Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, The last that e'er I took her leave at Court, I saw upon her finger. 

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, was fasten'd too't. 

This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, 

I bad her if her fortunes ever floode. 

Necessitied to help her, that by this token 

I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reuse her 

Of what should she dread her self? 

Ber. My gracious Sovereigne, 

How ere it please you to take it so, 

The ring was neuer hers. 

Old Lu. Sonne, on my life, 

I have seen her weare it, and the reckond it 

At her lies rate. 

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it 

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, the neuer saw it: 

In Florence was it from a easement thrown me, 

Wrp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name 

Which he threw it: Noble she was, and thought 

I stood ingred't, but when I had faber'd it 

To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, 

I could not answer in that course of Honour 

As she had made the ouverture, the cest 

In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer 

Receive the Ring againe. 

Kin. Plaus himselle, 

That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine, 

Hath not in natures mysterie more science, 

Then I have in this Ring. Twas mine, twas Helen's, 

Who euer gave it you: then if you know 

That you are well acquaint'd with your selfe, 

Conceale twas hers, and by what rough enforcement 

You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to swear, 

That she would neuer put it from her finger, 

Vanlisle she gave it to your selfe in bed, 

Where you have neuer come: or feint it vs 

Upon her great disfaster. 

Ber. She neuer saw it. 

Kin. Thou speakeft it falsely: as I love mine Honor, 

And makst conne(colorful feites to come into me, 

Which I would faine fix it out, if it should prove 

That these ar'to inhuman, 'twill not prove so: 

And yet I know not, thou di'dst hate her deadly, 

And he is dead, which nothing but to clofe 

Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue, 

More then to see this Ring. Take him away, 

My fore-fall proves, how ere the matter fall. 

Shall cage my fears of little vanitie, 

Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him, 

We'll fit this matter further. 

Ber. If you shall prove 

This Ring was ever hers, you shall as eafe 

Prove that I husband'd her bed in Florence, 

Where yet the neuer was. 

Enter a Gentleman. 

King. I am wrapp'd in dissimul thinkerings. 

Gen. Gracious Sovereigne, 

Whether I have seen too blame or no, I know not, 

Here's a petition from a Florentine, 

Who hath for foure or five months come short, 

To tender it her selfe. I vnderwrote it, 

Vanquish'd the ftrait by the faire grace and speech 

Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know 

Is heere attending: her businesse looker in her 

With an importune wifhe, and she told me 

In a sweet verbal break, it did conceive 

Your Highness with her selfe. 

A Letter 

Upon his many protestations to marrie me when his wife was 

dead, I blushe to say it, he wone me. Now is the Count Re- 

silion a Widow'ed, his vowes are forset to me, and my 

honors payd to him. Her state from Florence, taking no 

leave, and I follow know his Country for Justice: Grant 

us mee, O King, in you it rest let, otherwise a fuchen flau- 

gery, and a poore Maid is undone. 

Diana Capilet. 

Laf. I will buy me a Sonne in Law in a saire, and tolle 

for this. Ilenone of him. 

Ken. The heauenes have thought well on thee Lasfr, 

To bring forth this difficoure, feake these futes: Go speedily, and bring againe the Count. 

Enter Bertran. 

I am a-feard the life of Helen (Ladie) 

Was fowly catcht. 

Old Lu. Now juifice on the doers 

King. I wonder for, sir, wiuers are monfters to you, 

And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship, 

Yet you defire to marry. What woman's that? 

Enter Widow Diana, and Parrolles. 

Dia. I am your Lord a wretched Florentine, 

Derived from the ancient Capilet, 

My life as I do vnderstand you know, 

And therefore know how faire I may be pittied 

Wd. I am her Mothet sir, whose age and honour 

Both fuffer under this complaint we bring, 

And both shall ceafe, without your remedy. 

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Wo- 

men? 

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny, 

But that I know them, do they charge me further? 

Dia. Why do you looke so fraiinge upon your wife? 

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord. 

Dia. If you shall marrie 

You gaueway this hand, and that is mine, 

You gue away these vows, and those are mine 

You gaueway my selfe, which is known mine: 

For I by you am so embroidered yours, 

That the which marries you, must marrie me, 

Either both or none. 

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daugh- 

ter, you are no husband for her. 

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deep rate creature, 

Whom sometime I have laughe'd with: Let your highnes 

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, 

Then for to thinke that I would finke it here. 

Ken. Sir for my thoughts, you have them in't to friend, 

Till your deeds gaine them feamer: prove your honor, 

Then in my thought it lies. 

Dia. Good my Lord, 

Ask he upon his oath, if hee do's thinkke 

He had not my virginity. 

Kin. What saith thou to her? 

Ber. She's impudent my Lord, 

And was a common gamester to the Campe. 

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: if I were so, 

He might have bought me at a common prize.
Alls Well, that Ends Well.

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Do not bequeath him. O behold this Ring, Whole high respect and rich validity Did lack a Pantaloon; yet for all that He gavest it to a Commoner of the Camp I'll be one.

CATHOLIC HEAVENS, and his hit: Of the preceding Ancients, that Jesse Confer'd by testament to that frequent issue Hath it been owed and won. This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand proofs Of the preceding Ancients, that Jesse Confer'd by testament to that frequent issue Hath it been owed and won. This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand proofs

King. Me thought you faide You saw one here in Court could witness it. Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument, his names Parrellel.

LAF. I saw he man to day, if man he be, Kin. Find him, and bring him better Ref. What of him:

He is quoted for a most pernicious slave With all the spots a' th world, tact and deboath d, Whose nature tickens: but to speake a truth, Am I, or that or this for what he'v vts, That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours Ref. I think she has, certaine it is I lyk'd her, And bounded her sth wanton way of yorth She kaw her distance, and did angle for mee, Madding my eggeentle with her refraint, As all impidimentis and fancies course Are motions of more fancie, and in fin, Her infuse comming with her moderne grace, Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring, And I had that which any inferiour might At Market time have bought.

Dia. I must be patien.

You that have turn'd st a first so noble wife, May swiftly dyet me. 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 mine again.

Ref. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours? I pray you? Dia. So much like the fame upon your finger Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was of late Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed. Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him Out of a Cafement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. Enter Parrellel. Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boogle firewlidly, every feather flares you Is this the man you speake of? Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me firrath, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master. Which on your swift proceeding, I keep off By him and by this woman here, what know you? Par. So please your Majestie, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman Trickers hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did hee looke this woman? Par. Faith fir he did looke her, but how Kin. How I pray you? Par. He did looke her fir, as a Gent. looke a Woman Kin. How is that? Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-
Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid, I found you wondrous kind, these is your Ring, And looke you, heere is your letter: this is fayes, When from my finger you can get this Ring, And is by me with childe, &c. This is done, Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly, He loue her dearely, ever, ever dearely.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step betwixt eare and you. O my deere mother do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall wepe anon: Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher. So I thank me ther, walke on me home, He make sport with thee: Let thy curties alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this florie know, To make the even truth in pleasure fow; If thou beest yet a fresh vncreep flower, Chooshe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower. For I can guess, that by thy honest syde, Thou kept a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide Of that and all the progress more and leffe, Refolduedly more easefull shal expresse: All yet seremes well, and if it end so meare, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. Flowrfs.

The Kings a Begger, now the play is done, All is well ended, if she soe be wonne, That you expresse Content: which we will pay, With strifes to please you, day exceeding day: Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts, Your gentle bands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Caranto and other Lords.

Duke. Phalictick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excellese of it: that forsetting
The appetite may ticken, and so dye:
That frame again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ere my care, like the sweete found
That breathes upon a banke of violettes:
Scalping, and guing Oudour, Enough: no more,
'Tis not to sweet now, as it was before
O spirit of Love, how quicke and frenes art thou,
That now withstanding thy capacitie,
Receyveth as the Sea: Nought entereth there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ece,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; so full of shapes in fascie,
That is alone, is high fantasticall.

Ca. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Duke. What Carest

Ca. The Hart.

Duke. Why so I doe, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Osliain first:
Me thought the purd yeare of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a Hare,
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer.
The Element is felle, till seven yeares hearse,
Shall not beholde her face at simple view:
But like a Cloydtreffe shee will walke, and
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to feacion
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepes freth
And lafting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O the that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will the loue, when the rich golden haft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affection else
That live in her. When Luian, Braine, and Heart,
These foules and soules, are all herplyd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one felle king:
Away before me, to sweete beds of Floweres,
Lowe-thoughts lyce rich, when canopy'd with bowvres.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Salyors.

Viola. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinkes you Salyors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were faued.

Viola. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affure your selfe, after our shipp did split,
When you, and thofe poore number faued with you,
Hung on our draving boate: I saw your brother
Most proudent in peril, binded him selfe,
(Courage and hope both reaching him the practife)
To a strong Maffe, that fawd upon the fsea;
Where like Orans on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquainted with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Viola. For saying so, there is Gold:
Mine owne escape vndoldest to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech ferues for authorise
The like of him. Know it thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houses trauaile from this very place.

Viola. Who gouernes here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Viola. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino: I have heard my father name him,
He was a Barcellone then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then I wast freth in murrume (as you know)
What great ones do, the leve will prattle of;
That he did feake the loue of faire Olivia.

Viola. What is she?
Cap. A venruous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some weekes month since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly after dyed: for whose decrees loue
(They say) she hath abstured the sight
And company of men.

Viola. O that I were that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world.
Twelve Night, or What you will.

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my effaire is,
Cap. That were hard to compose,
Because she will admit no kind of fauce,
No, not the Duke.
\small{No.}

There is a faire behavoir in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beausous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charakter,
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Concele me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such difguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. lfe forese this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eumuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing.
And speake to him in many sorts of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely fpute thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you Eumuch, and your Mute llebee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Use. I thank thee: Lead me on.

\small{Exeunt.}

\small{Scena Tertia.}

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care is an enemie to life

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier a night: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Mar. 1, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limbus of order.

To. Confine? Ie confine my selfe no finer then I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and the bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will enforme you. I heard my Lady talke of it yesterdau: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to bee wither To.

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-chekke?

Mar. 1 he.

To. He is a tall man as any in Illyria.

Mar. What is that to th'o purpose?

To. Why he's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Mar. 1, but hee'thawe but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you say so: he plays o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or foure languages: word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, so alway the guilt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

To. By this hand they are soundrels and subsisters that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add more, he's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: He drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyfyllrill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his branes turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? Cagislone vugle: for here cons Sir Andrew Aguechekke.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now fit Toby Belch?

To. Sweet faire Andrew.

And. Bleffe you faire Shew.

Mar. And you too sir.

To. Accoff Sir Andrew, accoff.

And. What's that?
To. My Nieces Chamber-maid.

Mar. Good Millisses accoff, I desire better acquaintance.

To. My name is Mary sir.

Mar. Good millisses Mary, accoff.

To. You mistake knight: Accoff, is front her, boord her, woe her, afaile her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoff?

Mar. For you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou mightest never draw word a gen

And. And you part to millisses, I would I might never draw word a gen: I are Lady, doe you think you have foole in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not by th'o hand.

And. Marry but you thall have, and heete my hand.

Mar. Now sir, though it is free: I pray you bring your hand to o'th Buttrye barre, and let it drinke.

And. Wherefore (sweet-heart!) What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's a dry fit.

And. Why I thinke so. I am not such an sife, but I can keep my hond dry. But what's your self?

Mar. A dry self Sir.

And. Good millisses of them?

Mar. Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let you go your hand, I am baten.

Exit Maria.

To. O knight, thou lack'lt a cup of Canarie: when did I thee to put downe?

And. Neuer in your life I think, unless you see a Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Chriftian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

And. And I thought, I d'forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow for Toby.

To. Pur-guey my deere knight?

And. What is purgery? Do or not do? I would I had forsworn that tune in the tongues, that I have in fennel dancing, and beaste-baying: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then had I thou had an excellent head of hair.

And. Why, would that haue mended my hair?

To. Patt question, for thou seeft it will not coole my An.

And. But it becomes me well enough, doth not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flux on a diffister & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

And. Faith Ile home to morrow for Toby: you niece will not be noent, if the bee it's four to one, I'le none of me: the Comt himselfe here hard by, woos her,

To. She'll none o'th Count, she'll not march about his degree, neither in estate, yeares, not wit. I have heard her swears. T. but there's lie in man.

\small{And.}
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

And, 1. I'll stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest trades in the world: I delight in Masques and Reets sometimes altogether.

To, Art thou good at these kick-chesawes: Knights?

And, As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of better, & y'll I will nor compare with an old man.

To, What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And, Faith, I can cut a cape.

To, And I can cut the Mutton too.

And, And I think I have the backe-truckle, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To, Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take off, like mistiss Maleploture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carrano? My vertue walketh should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sucke-apace: What doest thou mean? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent confection of thy ligge, it was form'd & under the thare of a Galliard.

And, I, 'tis strong, and it differeth indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stockings. Shall we sit about some Reuelts?

To, What shall we do sile: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And, Taurus! That siders and heart.

To, No sir, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee cape.

Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Pedro an old attirn.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you Cesaris, you are like to be much aduanced, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

To. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. I am confirmt sir, in his favours. Val. No beleive me.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendants.

Val. I thank you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesaris but?

Val. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Duke. Stand you a while aloofe, Cesaris.

Tho' you know not this, but all: I have enrap't thee to the bookes even of my secret soles.

Therefore good youth, address thy gate unto her, be not denie'd access, stand at her doores.

And telleth them, these thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

Val. Sure my Noble Lord,

If he be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, the seer will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leape all aloude bounds,

Rather then make unprofesed returnes.

Val. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Duke. Other, woulde the passion of my love,

Surprise her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to act my wishes.

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nunto's of more grave affect.

Val. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Deere Lad, beleive it.

For they shall yet bode thy happy yeares,

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe

Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,

And all is fembatious a womens part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affaire: some foure or five attend him,

All if you will: for I my selfe am belt

When least in companie: prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Val. Ile do my best.

To wound your Lady: yet a barrefull of strife,

Who e'er I was, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brisle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her have more thee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to feare.

Mar. A good lenient anweare: I cant tell thee where I was, or in what way I hang'de, of thee none to feare colours.

Clown. Where good mistis Mary?

Mar. In the wars, & that may you be bold to say in thy fooleerie.

Clown. Well, God glue them wise dame that have let: & those that are foolees, let them wole therealnes.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be wand away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Mar. You are refere to then?

Clown. Not so neyther, but I am refere'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold: if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. APT in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if sir Toby would leaze drinking, thou wast as witty a piece of sawe and feath, as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more of that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were brest.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Mar. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good fooling those wiss that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove foolees: and that I am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wife man. For what false Quiniquaps, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God bleffe thee Lady.

Clown. Take the foole away.

Clown. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Clown. Go yoo, yoo're a dry foole: Ile no more of you-

Fiddles you grow dif-honest.

Clown. Two faults Malvolio, that drink & good counsell will amend: for give the dry foole drunke, then is the foole not dry: but the dishonesta man mend himself, he mend,

he is no longer dished: if he can, no, the Boucher mend him: any thing that's Mend'd, is but patch'd divers that sores, is but patcht with sime, and fin this a-

mends, is but patcht with verue. If that this simple Silligisme will ferue, so: if it will not, what remedy?

Y 3  A 5
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.
Ol. Sir, I bad them take’ away you.
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cuckolds now fact monachum: that’s as much to say, as I were not motley in my braine: good Madona, give me leave to prooue you a foole.
Ol. Can you do it?
Clo. Dexternously, good Madona.
Ol. Make you prooue.
Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Monse of ventue answeer mee.
Ol. Well set, for want of other idleneffe, I bide your prooue.
Clo. Good Madona, why mouenst thou?
Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.
Clo. I thinke his foole is in hell, Madona.
Ol. I know his foole is in heauen, foole.
Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers foole, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.
Ol. What thinke you of this foole Meladole, doth he not mend?
Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decayes the wife, doth ever make the better foole.
Clow. God lend you sir, a speeke Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be known that I am no Fox but he will not paffe his word for two peeces that you are no Foole.
Ol. How say you to that Maladole?
Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a baren rascall: I faw him put down the other day with an ordinarie foole, that has no more braine then a fhone. Louke you now, he’s out of his gard already while you laugh and ministier occasion to him, he is gag’d: I protest I take these Wifesmen, that cross so at these few kindes of foole, no better then the foole Zaner.
Ol. O you fierce of felfe-love Maladole, and rate with a diftemper’d appetite. To be generous, guillifie, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-boles, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ftran- der in an allow’d foole, though he do nothing but racle: nor no raling, in a knowne difcreet man, though he do nothing but reprooue.
Clo. Now Mercury induceth thee with leafling, for thou speakest well of foole.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentle- man, much defires to speake with you.
Ol. From the Count Orfino, is it?
Mar. I know not (Madam) ’tis a faire young man, and well attired.
Clow. Who of my people hold him in delay?
Me. Sir Toby Madam, your kinman.
Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman. Fie on him. Go you Maladole; If he be a fault from the Count, I am fickle, or not at home What you will, to defimitise it.

Exit Maladole.
Now you see fir, how your fouling grows old, & people differ in.
Clo. Thou hast speake for us (Madona) if th’etelde fonne should be a foole: whose felfe, Jone cramme with braine, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.
One of thy kin hath a moft weak Psa-masr.
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

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\[Volo.\] I see you what you are, you're too proud:
But if you were the duellist, you are faire
My Lord, and master loves you: O such love
Could be but recompened, though you were crowned
The non-parel of beautie.

\[Volo.\] How does he love me?

With adorations, fereil tears,
With groanses that thunder loue, with fighes of fire.

\[Volo.\] Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of spirits and staineleaff youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, 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.

\[Volo.\] If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffring, such a deadly life
In your demall, I would finde no fence,
I would not understand it.

\[Volo.\] Why, what would you?

\[Volo.\] Make me a willow Cabin to your gate,

And call upon my soule within the howse,
Write loyall Cantoons of contermed loue,
And ring, them lowd even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reverberate bullcs,
And make the babbling Gospell of the aire,
Cry out Olaus: O you should not rest
Between the elements of sære, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

\[Volo.\] You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

\[Volo.\] Above my fortunes, yet my state is well,

I am a Gentleman.

\[Enter Gentleman.\] Get you to your Lord:

I cannot love him: let him send no more,
Vixelle (prehance) you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: I spend this for me.

\[Volo.\] I am no friend posmil, Lady; keep your purle,

My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Louse make his heart of flint, that you bail love,
And let your sence of your master be,
Pleas'd with contempt. For well maye cruelite.

\[Exit Gentleman.\] What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well,

I am a Gentleman: I lie incorne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and pittance,
Do you think the truest bit: on not too faft, so fast,
Vixelle the Master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinks I feel this youths perfections
With an inferior, and subtle health
To creepe in as mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoo, Malvolio.

\[Enter Malvolio.\] Mal. Here Madam, at your feruice.

\[Enter Malvolio.\] Run after that fame pernicious Maffenger
The Countes man: he left this ring behinde him
Would I, or not, tell him, I neere none of it.
Defire him not to flatter with his Lord.
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him
That the youth will come this way to morrow.
I give him reasons for't: he thee Malvolio
Mal. Madam, I will.

\[Exit Malvolio.\] 0 I do! I know not what, and fear to finde
Mince eye too great a flatterer for my minde.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and this so.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my fathers shine darkly
over me; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps dif-
temper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave,
that I may bear my exils alone. It were a bad recom-
pence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No foot is for my determinate voyage is more
extravagant. But I perceive in you a excellent touch of
modelde, that you will not extort from me, what I am
willing to keep in a therefore it charges me in manners,
rather to express my selfe: you must know of me
then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo)
my father was that Sebastian of Messalina, whom I
know you have heard of. He left behind him, my selfe,
and a sister, both borne in an hour: if the Heavens had
been pleiad's, would we had to ended. But you sir,
alter'd that, for some hour before you took me from the
breach of the seas, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much refreshed
me, was yet of many accurs'd beautiful but thoug
I could not with such effimable wonder over fare be-
leance hast, yet thus faire I will boldly publish her, shee
bore minds that envy could not but call faire: Shee is
drown'd already sir with salt water, though I fent the
her remembrance gaige with me.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive you my trouble.

Ant. If you will not mutter me for my love, let mee
be your servant.

Seb. If you will not end as what you have done, that is
kill him, whom you have receiv'd; desire it not. Fare
ye well at once, my bosom is full of kindnede, and I
yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the
least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am
bound to the Count Orsino's Courte, farewell.

Ant. The gentlemenc of all the gods go with thee:
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Elife would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Violia and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you eun now, with the Countesse O-
line?

Vir. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since a-
ri'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (Sir) you might
have feared mee my pains, to have taken it away your
selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: I note to bee a bedseater
midnight, is to bee vp betimes, and Delitiste suferges, thou
knowst.

And. Nay by my troth I know stout, but I know,
to bee vp late, is to bee vp late.

To. A felle conclusion: I hate it as an vnshill'd Canne.
To be vp after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early;
so that to goe to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed be-
times. Does not our lives contil the foure Ele-
ments.

And. Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists
of eating and drinking.

To. That a Phillister; let vs therefore eat and drink,
Marchis I say, a fope of wine.

Enter Clesio.

And. Here comes the fool'es yafhit.

Qew. How now my hart: Did you ever see the Pic-
ture of we three?

To. Welcome sir, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foolc has an excellent breath.
I had rather then forty thillaings I had such a legge, and so
twice a breath to finge, as the foolc has. Infoshou was
in very gracious sobering last night, when thou spo'k't of
Pigromitum, or the Uapians passing the Equinoctial of
Quendus: 'twas very good yafhit I lent thee hue pence
for

Into a desperate assurance, she will none or him. And one
thing more, that you be never so hardie to come againe
in his afferc, unlese it bee to report your Lords taking
of this: receave it so.

Vir. She tooke the Ring of me, lie none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you perflidly throw it to her: and
her will it, shold he be return'd: If it bee worth fto-
foping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that
finds it.

Vir. I left me Ring with her: what means this Lady?
Fortunes forbid my out-side have not chained her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had left her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me fure, the cunning of her passion
Jutitudes me in this chrstious messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he fent her none;
I am the man, if it be fo-asis,
Poor Lady, thee better lose a dreame:
Dissuade, I fee thou art a wickednesse,
Wherence the pregnant emene is detests.
How ease is it, for the proper tale
In womans with en hearts to fett their forms:
Alas, O fillest it the caufe, not thee dereely.
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My matter looses her deere,
And I (poore monfer) fond smuch on him:
And the (misfhen) feemes to dotc on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My flate is deperfate for my eneie louts:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thristilles fighes shall poore Oline breath?
O time, thou must unadue this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me evry.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. We did keep time fir in our Catches. Sneeke vp.
  Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady
  bad me tell you, that though the harbours you as her
  man, she's nothing alldy'd to your disorders. If you can
  separate your lady and your mistresse, you are wel-
  come to the house; if not, and it would please you to take
  leave other, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
  Farewell, deere heart, since I must needs be gone.
  Mar. Nay good Sir Toby,
  Clv. His eyes do fhow his days are almost done
  Mal. Is't even so?
  To. But I will never dye.
  Clv. Sir Toby there you lye,
  Mal. This is much credit to you.
  To. Shall I bid gos?
  Clv. What end do you do?
  To. Shall I bid gos, and spare not?
  Clv. Or, no, no, you are quite.
  To. Out o' tune, sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew-
  ard? Doft thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there
  shall be no more Cakes and Ale?
  Clv. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee botte w'th
  mouth too.
  To. That's'th right. One fir, rub your Chaine with
  crumbs, A flope of Wine Mara.
  Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour
  at any thing more then contempt, you would not gue
  means for this vnuill rule; the shall know of it by this
  hand.
  Exi.
  Mar. Go shaker your cares.
  An. Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man
  hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to brake
  promisse with him, and make a foule of him.
  To. Don't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile
  deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouthe.
  Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since
  the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, fhe
  is much out of quiet. For Monfieur Maluolio, let me alone
  with him: If I do not gull him into any word, and make
  him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witts e-
  nough to lye straignt in my bed; I know I can do it.
  To. Politesse v. Politesses, tell vs something of him.
  Mar. Marmite fit, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.
  An. O, I thinke that, I de beate him like a dogge.
  To. What for being a Puritan, th' exquiste reacon,
  deere knight.
  An. I have no exquiste reacon for't, but I have reacon
  good enough.
  Mar. The dis'll a Puritane that heere is, or any thing
  constantly but a time-pleaser, an effection'd Affe, that
  comt State without book, and voters it by great fwarths.
  The best berowed of himselfe i to cram'd (as he thinke's)
  with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all
  that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him,will
  my reuence finde nestable cause to worke.
  To. What wilt thou do?
  Mar. I will drop in his way some obfolute Epiffiles
  of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of
  his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressur of his eye,
  forehead, and complection, he shall finde himfelfe most
  feelingly performed. I can write very like my Lady
  your Nece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
  diffinution of our hands.
  To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.
  An. I hav't in my nofe too.
  To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop
  this
that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

**Mufick.** My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

**An.** And your horse now would make him an Affe.

**Mufick.** O, twill be admirable.

**An.** Sport royal! 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 Pentathles.

**An.** Before me sir's a good wench.

**To.** She is a begle true bred, and one that adores me: what of that?

**An.** I was ador'd once too.

**To.** Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst needst send but more money.

**An.** If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foule way out.

**To.** Send for money knight, if thou hast her north end, call me Cur.

**An.** If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

**To.** Come, come, lie go burne some sack; it's too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exit*.

**Scena Quarta.**

*Enter Duke, Viola, Cesario, and others.*

**Duke.** Give me some Musick; now good morrow friends.

Now good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and Antioch song we heard last night;
Me thought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light apes, and recollected terms
Of these most riske and giddy-paced times.

**Cur.** Come, but one verse.

**Duke.** He is not heere (for please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

**Duke.** Who was it?

**Cur.** Feste the better my Lord, a boole that the Ladie Othello Father tooke much delight in. He's about the house.

**Duke.** Seek him out, and play the tune the white.

**Musick.** Play on, Musick players.

**Duke.** Come hither boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Wastisk and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belon'd. How d'oe you think this tune?

**Viola.** It gives a very echo to the feste
Where loue is throne'd.

**Duke.** Thou d'oe speake matterly,
My life upon't, young though thou art, thin eare
Hath flaxd upon some fav'our that it loues:
Hath't not boy?

**Viola.** A little, by your favour.

**Duke.** What kinde of woman is't?

**Duke.** Of your complexion.

**Duke.** She is not worth thee then. What years is't?

**Duke.** About your yeares my Lord.

**Duke.** Too old by heauen? Let fill the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares the to him.

So slays the luecel in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our females,
Our fathers are more giddie and vnforme,
More longing, wateringe, sooner lo PT and woorse,
Then womens are.

**Duke.** I thinke it well my Lord.

**Duke.** Then let thy Loue be young then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roes, whose faire flowre
Being once dissipst, doth fall that verie howre.

**Duke.** And so they are rals, that they are so:
To die, even when they to perfection grow.

**Duke.** O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Mark it Cesario, it is old and plaine:
The Spinflers and the Knitters in the sun,
And the free maides that weuse their thread with bones,
Do vse to chant it: it is fully sooth,
And dallies with the lownesse of love,
Like the old age.

**Clo.** Are you ready Sir?

**Duke.** I prethee sing.

**Mufick.** *The Song.*

Come away, come away death,
And my sad eprest let me be laide,
Eye away, fay away breath,
I am plaine by a faire cruel maide:
My sword of white, black all with Ew:) Prepare it,
My part of death no one for true did share it.

*Not a flower, not a flower sweete*

On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, nor a friend greet
My poor casket, where my bones shall be strewen:
A thousand thousand fishes to save, lay me there
Sad true lover never find my grave, so wepe there.

**Duke.** There's for thy paines

**Clo.** No paines Sir, I take pleasure in singing Sir.

**Duke.** He pay thy pleasure then

**Clo.** Truly Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, another.

**Duke.** Give me now issue, to issue then.

**Duke.** Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changable Taffata, for thy mind is it a very Opall. I would have men of such constanctice put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent eutere where, for that's; that always makes a good voyage of it. Farewell.

**Duke.** Let all the rest giue place: Once more Cesario,

Get thee to ydend fame louersigne crueltie,
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dittie lands,
The parts that fortune hath belowe'd upon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But'tis that miracle, and Queene of lems
That nature pranks her in, attractst my foule.

**Viola.** But if she cannot loue you Sir

**Duke.** It cannot be so answer'd.

**Feste.** Sooth but you must

Soy that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia you cannot loue her;
You tell her for Mutfi the not then be answer'd.

**Duke.** There is no womens fides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No monon of the Luer, but the Pallas,
That suffer surfe, cleymom, and resolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digge as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olyus.

Dor. I but I know
Do. What doth thou know?
Dor. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lovd a man
As it might be perhaps, was I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Do. What's his name?
Dor. A blanke my Lord: the newer told her love,
But let concealement like a worme r'th builde
Feece on her damaske checke: the pin'd in thought,
And with a greenne and yellowe melancholyly,
She fate like Patience on a Monumant,
Smiling at greesse. Was not this loue indee?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our thewes are more then well: for still we proue
Much in our owues, but little in our loue.

Dor. But did he thy sifter of her loue my Bay?
Yes. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Low. I that's the Theatre,
To her in haste: give he the Jewell, say:
My loue can give no place, bide no deny.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay I'll come: if I loose a couple of this sport,
let me be bay'd to death with Melancholy.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the riggarded-
ly Rascallly sheape-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
so far with my Lady, about a Besee-battling here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Besee againe, and
we will fool him blace and blow, shall we not Sir
Andrew?

An. And we do not, it is pillett of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here he comes the little villain: how now my
Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
comming downe this waye, he has beene yonder the
Sonne praçaishing behauiour to his owne shadoow this halfe
hour: obserue him for the loor of Mockien: for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Idea of him.Cloze
in the name of leaffing, I ye you there: for heere comes the
Trowt, that must be caught with ticking.

Exit enter Malvolio.

Mar. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Mar's once
told me she did affect me, and I have heard her selfe come
thus neere, that should thee fancy, it should bee one of
my complection. Besides the vtes me with a more ex-
icted respect, then any one elfe that follows her. What
should I thinkke on?

To. Heere's an out-weening rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he sets under his advanc'd plumes.
And. Slight I could so bee the Rogue.

To. Peace, I say

Mal. To be Count Malvolio.

To. Ah Rogge.

An. Piftill him, piftill him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There in example fort: The Lady of the Stra-
ey, married the yeoman of the wardrob.

An. Fire on him Ixabel.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blowes him.

Mal. Having beene three months married to her,
fitting in my faire.

To. O for a stone-how to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Vulnet powne: having come from a day bedde: where
I have left Olyus sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of flate: and after
a demure traual of regard: telling him I knowe my
place, as I would they should dee theirs: soke for my
kinfman Toby.

To. Bolles and shakles.

Fab. O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Scuen of my people with an obedient flat.

And. make out for him: I frowne the while, and
perchance wondre vp my watch, or play with my home rich
jewell: Toby approaches, custyfies thereto me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching
my familiar smile with an auferre regard of control.

To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Comine Toby, my Fortunes haue called
me on your Niece, give me this prerogate of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drankennes.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we break the simnes of our
plot.

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew.

And. I knew twas I, for many do call mee fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Her very Phrases: By your issue was: Soft, and the im-
pressure her Luette, with which the vtes to leale is my
Lady, To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Lueter and all.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Mal. I saw knowes P SAVE, who she. Life do not move, no
man must know. No man must know. What follows? The
numbers stier'd: No man must know,
If this should be theee Malvolio?
To. Marrie bang the brochure.
Mal. I may command where I dare, but please like a Lu-
cresse knife.
With bloodies I take my heart dash gear, M.O.A. I. dash
way my life.
Exe. A fultian riddle.
To. Excellent Wenche, say I.
Mal. M. O. A. I. doth way my life Nay but first
let me fee, let me fee, let me fee.
Fab. What dith a payton have the dear him?
To. And with what wroth the fmalon checkes at it?
Mal. I may command, where I adore; Why thee may
command me. I fere her, fhe is my Lady. Why this is
evident to you manal capacity. There is no obftrution in
this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall po-
fition portend, if I could make that refemblime
thing in me? Softly, M.O.A.1.
To. 0. I. make yp that he is now at a cold fent
Fab. Sower will cry vpon it for this, though it bee
amaboueth cc, an and
Mal. M. Madozze, M. why that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Carre
is excellent at faults.
Mal. M. But then there is no confonany in the fequell
that baffers under probation: A. should follow, but O.
does.
Fab. And O (hall end, I hope
To. I, or He cudgell him, and make him cry O.
Mal. And then I. come behind.
Fab. I. and you had any eye behinde you, you might
fee more detraction at your heales, then fortunes before
you.
Mal. M. O. A. I. This fimulatlon is not as the former:
yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for ev-
evy one of these Letters are in my name. Soft. here fol-
lores prote: If this fall into thy hand, reuall. In my Stas
I am aboue thee, but be not afraid of greatezse: Some
are become great, some are the worfe of greatezse, and some
have greatezse throug fppon em. Thy fates open thy
hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and in-
vre thy felle to what thou art like to be: caft thou humble
flough, and appeare freh. Be opposite with a kinman,
furly with ferezants: Let thy tongue cang arguments of
fate: put thy felle into the trick of fignalline. Shee
thus aduances thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who
commanded thy yellow fockings, and wilful to fee thee
ever croffe Garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art
made if thou defirft to be: If not, let me fee thee a fie-
ward still, the fellow of ferezants, and not afothote
with the giffen of putting on. love, and my
farres be praised. Heere is yet a polfcript. Thou caft
not choose but knowe who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let
it appear in thy fmalow, thys fmalow becometh thee well. There-
fore in my prefence still famle, dere my fature, I preface. I oue
I thank thee, I will fmalle, I will do everthing that thou
will haue me.
Exe. Fab. I will not gue my part of this sport for a pen-
fion of thousands to be paid from the Sopby.
To. I could marry this wenche for this deuice.
An. So could I too.
To. And ask no other dowry with her, but fuch
that their left.

Enter Maria.
An. Nor I neither
Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.
To. Wilt thou let thy fotee o my necke.
An. Or done any either?
To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom
thy bondslace?
An. Ifaith, or I either?
Fab. Why, thou haft put him in such a dreamt, that
when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.
Mal. Nay but fay true, do it weark upon him?
To. Like Aqua vife with a Midwife.
Mar. If you will then fee the froutes of the sport, mark
his firft approch before my Lady; thee will come to her
in yellow fockings, and tis a colour for abhorres, and
croffe garter'd; a fashon ftee deteufs; and hee will fmalle
upon her, which will now be fo entuusive to her difpo-
sion, being addittid to a melancholy, as thee is, that it
cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will
fee it follow me.
To. To the gates of Tatar, thou most excellent diuell
of wit.
And He make one too Exeunt.

Aulus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viole and Clamme.
Vio. Saw thee Friend and thy Mufick: doft thou live
by thy Tabor?
Cla. No sir, I live by the Church.
Vio. Art thou a Churchman?
Cla. No such matter sir, I do live by the Church: For,
I do live at my house, and my house dooth stand by the
Church.
Vio. So thou maift say the King slyes by a begger, ifs
a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stand by thy Ta-
bor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.
Cla. You have said sir: To fee this age: A femence is
but a cheifil gloue to a good witte, how quickly the
wrong fide may be turn'd outward.
Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that daily nicely with
words, may quickly make them wanton.
Cla. I would therefore my fitter had had no name Sir.
Vio. Why man?
Cla. Why for, her names a word, and to dalle with
that word, might make my fitter wanton: But indeed,
words are very Rascal, since bonds disgracie them.
Vio. Thy reafon man?
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

To think you none without words, and words are grown so sable, I am loath to prove reason with them.

I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for nothing.

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 invisible.

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no fool; they will keep no fool for me, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pitchers are to Merrings, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but her corruptor of words.

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the O're like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry for it, but the Fool should be as soft with your Master, as with my Mistresses: I think I saw your wife there.

Nay, and thou palest upon me, he no more with thee. Hold his three expenses for thee.

Now lose in his next commodity of hay, and fend thee, beast.

By thy troth, I tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chine. Is thy Lady within?

Would not a pair of these have bred sir?

Yes, being kept together, and put to wife.

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia's sir, so bring a cregnada to this Trojan.

I understand you, sir, as well begg'd.

The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a beggar. Cregnada was a begger. My Lady is within sir, I will confess to them whence you come, who you are and what you would are cut of my wellkin. I might say Element, but the word is our-wores.

This fellow is wife enough to play the fool, and do that well, cries a kind of wit. He must obserue their mood on whom he sells, the quality of petitions, and the time.

And like the Haggard, check at every Feather that comes before his eye. This is practice. As full of labour as a Wife-man Art.

For folly that he willily shews, as Sir; but wisenesse folly faine, quote tinct with wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To save you Gentleman.

And you sir.

And: Dies you guard Monsieur.

Et vous, wife vosse serviture.

I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

Will you encounter the house, my Niece is dispos'd you should enter, if your trade be to her.

I am bound to your Niece sir, I mean she is the life of my voyage.

Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my leggs.

I mean to go sir, to enter.

I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplished Lady, the heavens raise O' dours on you.

And that youth's a rare Courtier, raise odours, wel.

My master hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: I'll get them all three already.

Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

'Tis my due Madam, and most humble service.

My Lady, what is your name?

Cesario is your servant name, faire Princesse.

My servant sir? I was never merry world, since I was a fiancée was call'd complement y are servant to the Count Orsino youth.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, They were were blankets, rather then fill'd with me.

Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts on his behall.

O by your leave I pray you. I had you never speak again of him; but would you understand another suit I had rather hear you, to solicit that, Then Mufick from the spheres.

Enter Dorine.

Give me leave, before you! I did fend, After the last entertainment you did hate, A King in chance of you. So did I abuse My self, my servant, and I feare you: Vnder your hard constrution must I fit, To force that on you in a fhanckful cunning. Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine Honor at the flake? And bared it with all th' vnmuizled thoughts. That tyrannous heart can think. To one of your receiving Enough is vehement, a Cipresse, not a bosome, Hides his heart: so let me hate you speake.

I protest.

This is a degree to love.

No not a grize for a rich fooloos: That verno off we pity enemies.

Why then me thinkes its time to smale agen: O world, how apt the ponce are to be proud? If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe.

Clocke strikes,

The clocke vpraises me with the waile of time: Be not afraid good youth, I will not hate you, And yet when wit and youth is com to hart's, your wife is like to reprint a proper man:

There lies your way, due Weft.

Then Weftward hoe.

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: you know Madam to my Lord, by me.

Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

That you do think you are not what you are.

If I think so, I think the fame of you.

No, then think you right: I am not what I am.

I would you were, as I would have you be.

Would it be better Madam, then I am I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

O what a scale of scorne, lookes, the beautifull? In the contempt and anger of his lip, A murdrous guilt shews not it felle more scorne.

Then thou that wouldst seeme he: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Resorts of the Spring.

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing.

I love thee so, that makest all thy pride.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Hee not stay a iot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, guete thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeeld thee reason, Sir Andrew.
And. Marry I saw your niece do more favours to the
Counts Seminian, then tuer the beefewd upon mee: I
saw'th Orchard.
To. Did the fee the white, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plainly as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward
you.
And. Sli'th; will you make an Asse o'me.
Fab. I will proue it legitimeste fis, upon the Oathes
of judgement, and reason.
To. And they have beene great furie men, since before
Noah was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did shew favor to the youth in your sight,
only to easerape you, to awake your damaude valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Luer
you should then haveaccted her, and with some excel-
lefla, fire-flown from the mint, you should have band
the youth into dumbenbeff: this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was buault: the double gift of this oppor-
tuntie you let time wash off, and you are now pay'd into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an puddle on a Dutchmans beard, unless you do re-
deem it, by some laudable attempts, either of valour
or policie.
And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
policie I hate: I had as little be a Brownist, as a poli-
tician.
To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
hurt him in eleven places, my Niece shall take note of is,
and affray thy selfe, there is no Jove-Broker in the world,
can more proenice in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.
Fab. There is noe way but this Sir Andrew.
As. Will either of you bear mee a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'dt him some three, he shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of war in Eng-
land, lest'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaultie en-
ough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goofe-pen,
no matter about it.
And. Where shall I finde you?
To. We'e I call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.
Exit Sir Andrew.
Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby.
To. I have beene deere to himlady, some two thousand
strong, or so.
Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him, but you're not
delilter.
To. Neuer trust me thou: then and by all meanes strike
on the youth to an answer. I think Oxen and waine-ropes
cannot hale them togethers as Andrew, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Luer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ule ease the rett of th'anatomy;
Fab. And his opposst the youth beares in his vifage no
great pretiege of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Mar. If you definre the spleene, and will laugh your
selves into fitches, follow me; yond gull Malvolio is turn-
Heathen, a verie Renegato; for there is no christian
that means to be saved by beinge rightly, can ever
believe such impossible passages of growfinene. Hee's in
yellow flockings.
To. And croffe garr'd?
Mar. Moft villanously as a pedant that kepres a
 Schoole i' th' Church: I have dog'd him like his muth-
heer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop;
to betray him: He does smile his face into more lyenes,
thn is in the new Mippo, with the augmentation of the
Indies; you have not seen suche a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbeare hurting things at him, I know my Ladie will
strike him: if thee doe, he'll smilke, and take't for a great
favour.
To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not thy behinde you: my defse
(More harpe then filed steel) did pursue me forth,
And not all love to fee you (though so much
As right have drawne one to a longer voyage):
But soaloud, what might befall your rauell,
Being skillest in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnvised, and vnseeded, often prove
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fere
Ser forth in your pursuete.
Seb. My kinde Antonio,
I can no other anwer make, but thanke,
And thankes: and ever of good turnes,
Are shufel'd over with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
You
Twelve Night, or, What you will. 267

You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow's, best fill go see your Lodging?
Sid. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let us fastish our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this City.
Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these freerem.
Once in a fast'ring gainst the Count his galley,
I did some service, of which note indeede,
That were I come here, it would scarce be anwer'd.
Sid. Behke you flew great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given vs bloody argument:
It might have since bene anwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffiques fake
Most of our City did. Only my self fled out,
For which if I be lapped in this place
I shall pay deere.
Sid. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fitme: hold fir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak out dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.
Sid. Why your purse?
Ant. Hpay your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase: and your store
I think is not for idle Markets, sir.
Sid. I'll be your purse-beaster, and issue you
For an hour
Ant. To the Elephant.
Sid. I do remember.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him, he fayes he'll come:
How shall I fit him? What bellow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is sad, and dull.
And fuites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming Olivia:
But in very strange manner. He is fure possef Malvolio.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No Malvolio, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madness equall bee.
How now Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Small things, I fent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obftruction in the blood:
This crosse gathering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Mal. Why how dost thou mean?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: it did come to his hands, and Commandes shall be executed, I think we doe know the sweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou goe to bed Malvolio?
Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou thus smite so, and mist thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you Malvolio?
Mal. As your request:
Yes Nightingales anwere Dawes.
Ol. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: twas well writ.
Ol. What meanst thou by that Malvolio?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mar. Some archeeuei greatnesse.
Ol. What sayst thou?
Mal. And some have greatnesse with him.
Ol. Heaven refust thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow flockings.
Ol. Thy yellow flockings?
Mal. And wish'd to see the crosse gather'd.
Ol. Grocye gather'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defiert't to be so.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant full.
Ol. Why this is verie Middlemear naughtiness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Of love is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cofine Toby, let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him mischarrise for the half of my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come nere me now? no worse man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concurres directlie with the Letter, the sends him on purpose, that I may appeare subborne to him: for he incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble flouge fayes the: be opposite with a kinman, fully with seruants, let thy tongue longer with arguments of fate, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie: and consequently setts downe the manner howe: as a sad face, a seruered carriage, a lowe tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.
I have lynde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adieres together, that no dramm of a seruall, no seruall of a seruall, no obstacles, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be faithes? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full profect of my hopes. Well I loue, not 1,
Is the door of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. Which way is best in the name of sanity. If all the diuets of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possett him, yet I'll speake to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how lift with you sir?

How lift with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo how hollow the fiend spakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does the fo?

To. Go too, go too; peace, peace, we must deale gently with him: let me alone. How do you Malvolio? How lift with you? What man, defie the diuelt: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Lay you, and you spake ill of the diuelt, how he takes it at heart: Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to the wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not looke for him then but ile say.

Mal. How now mislins?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see you mouche him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleesse, gently gently; the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock how dost thou chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy come with me. What man, tis not for graunts to play at cherrie-pit with fathan Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. No prayers Mister.

Mar. I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-

Mal. Go hang your felices all: you are yeale shalowse things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more hereafter.

Exit.

To. If it possible?

Fa. If thus were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the decease man.

Mar. Nay purifie him now, lest the decease take aire, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houfe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room & bound.

My Niece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance: it is very vilely eyred out of breath: prompt vs to have mercy on him: at what time, we will bring the decease to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but fee but fee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. If't be savoy?

And. I, it? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Glue me.

Youth, whatsoever they are, they are but a scorny fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call

this I, for I will shew thee reason for't.

(Law)

Fa. A good note, that keeps thee from the blow of

To. Thou comfit to the Lady Olivia and in my fight free of the body: but thou shaft in thy threat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breve, and to exceeding good fence-lesse.

To. I will lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou liest like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keep o' the windie side of the Law: good, To. Furtherwell, and God have mercie upon one of our foulers. I't may have mercie upon mine, but my keep is better, and so looks to the self. Thy friend as thou visit him, thy favour to come, Andrew Ague-checks.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: I'll giue it him.

Mar. You may have verie fit occasion fort: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sit Sir Andrew: stout tree for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bayllie: so foone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou drawst, wereare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible earth, with a swa-gging accent furiousely swung'd off, gues manhoodes more approbation, then euer proofe it selfe would have earn'd him, Away.

And. Nay let me alone for wearding.

Exit.

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauio-

of the yong Gentleman, he must giue himself out to be good capacity, and breeding: his employment between his Lord and my Niece, conformance.

Therefore, this Letter being so excellenty ignoraty, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a Cuddie-pole.

But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-checks notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hugues opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuousity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockstricc.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take akeane, and prencely after him.

To. I will meditate the white vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I have taide too much into a hart of stone,

And lade mine honour too vnychry on't: There's something in me that reproyses my fault:

But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproofs.

Vio. With the fame hauine that your passion beares,

Goes on my Malters greese.

Ol. Here's weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture:

Refuse it nor, it hath no tongue, to vex you:

And befeech you come againe to morrow,

What shall you ask of me that Ie deny,

That honour (faid) may upon asking gieue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my matter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I gie him that,

Which I have gien to you.

Vio. I will acquite you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: fir-thee-well,

A Friend like thee might beare my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.
To. That defence thou hast, betaketh the too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy interceptor full of proud, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: diminish thy tucker, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affray is quick, skillfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake for a man free, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and easy from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, bereate you to your gerd: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you for what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with whatches'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a duell in private brat, sole & bodies hath he dossire'd three, and his incencement at this moment is so impellable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sympathys: Hob, nob, is his word: giet or take's.

Vio. I will return againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinds of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indigination derives it selfe out of a very comperent inuirme, therefore get you on, and give him his defense. Bace you shall not to the house, unless you vndertake that with me, which with as much fasite you might answer him: thereon, or drippe your sword flanke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to wearre iron about you.

Vio. This is as vntiull as strange. I bechech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe it. Signior Fabian, stay you by this Gentleman, till my retorne.

Vio. Pray me Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incent against you, even to a mortall abriemtment, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I bechech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to reade him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valor, He is indeede fit, the molt skillfull, bloody, & fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in ane part of Ilyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Privet, then for knights: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exeunt. Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man see's a vastie duell, I have not seen such a farago: had a parfe with him, rapier, scarabbe, and all: and he gives me the flacke in with such a mortall motion that it is incouciable: and on the answer, he pays you as fully, as your seete bits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophia.

And. Pox on t' He not meddle with him.

To. But he will not now be pacified, Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

And. Pogue on't. But I thought he had beene valiant, and of cunning in Fonce, I 'd he see him damn'd ere I'd have challemg'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and he give him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. He make the motion's stand here, make a good show o't, this shall end without the perdige of foules, marry I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Vio.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrel. I have overwade him the yowths a duell.

To. He is as horribly concended of him: and pants, & looks pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie Sir, he will fight with you for's oath takes: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now cares to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the upportance of his vowe, he protesteth he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God prout me a little thing would make me tell them how much I lachte of a man.

Fab. Gite ground if you see him furious.

To. Come Sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bowe with you: he cannot by the Duello evade it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, come't.

And. Pray God he keeps his oath.

Enter Antono.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put wp your sword: if this yong Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me: if you offend him, I for him defete you.

To. You Sir? Why what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more. Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vnderaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby hold heere come the Officers. To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray Sir, put your sword vp if you please. And. Marty will I set for that I promis'd you I'll be a good as my word. Hee will beare you cately, and raines well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2 Off. Antonie, I acr th' thee at the suit of Count Orsano.

You do mislakke me Sir.

1 Off. No Sir, no Sir: I know your favour well: Though now you have no sea-cap on your head: Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedie, I shall answer it: What will you do: now my neccifite. Makes me to ask you for my purfe, It greeues me Much more, fet what I cannot do for you, Then what betray my selue: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come sir away.

Ant. I must entre of you some of that money.

Vio. What money for? For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me here, And part being promised by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low ability I lese you something: my having is not much, I lese make duefion of my present with you: Hold, there's halfe my Cofer.

Ant. Will you deny me now, If possible that my defers to you Can leake perdy: and I do not repent me myself, Leaft that it make me forsooke a man As to vpbrand you with those kindnesse

That
That I have done for you.  

Sir, I know not.  

Not know I you by voyce, or any feature:  

I hate ingratitude more in a man,  

Then lying, vannelle, babling drunkennelle,  

Or any taint of vice, whole strong corruption  

Inhabit our fraile blood.  

Ant. Oh heauen themselues.  


Let me speake a little. This youth that you see  

I snatch'd one halfe out of the savor of death. (here,  

Releam'd with such fanciuite of love:  

And to his image, which I thought did promise  

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.  

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.  

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:  

Thou haft Sebastian done good feature, flame,  

In Nature, there's noe blashfull but the minde:  

None can be call'd deformed, but the vinkinde.  

Vestue is beauty, but the bezeuious euil  

Are empty trinke, ore-thousand'd by the deceit.  

1. Off. The man growes mad, awry with him:  

Come, come fir.  

Ant. Lead me on, Exit.  

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye  

That he beleueth himselfe, so do not I:  

Prove true imagination, oh proue true.  

To. Come hither brother, come hither Fabian: Well  

whisper one a couplet or two of most Sage sawes.  

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know  

Yet living in my glasse even such, and so  

In favowe was my Brother, and he went  

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  

For him I imitate: Ofttimes proue,  

Tempells are kindes, and oft vaues freshe in love.  

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward  

then a Harry, his dishonestly appears, in leasing his friend  

here in necesseity, and denying him: and for his coward  

ship ask Fabian.  

Fab. A Coward, a most doulow Coward, religious in it.  

And. Slied he after him againe, and beate him.  

To. Do, cuss him soundly, but never draw thy sword  

And. I do not.  

Fab. Come, let's see the event.  

To. I dare lay any money, t'will be nothing yet. Exit.  

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.  

Enter Sebastian and Clamour.  

Clo. 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.  

Clo. Well hold our faith: No, I do not know you,  

nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come  

speake with her: nor your name is not Malter Cesario,  

nor this is not my noble neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.  

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou  

know not me.  

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some  

great man, and now applies it to a foolie. Vent my fol-
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor loane enough to bee thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good house keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, & a great scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blesse thee M. Parson.

Clu. Bonws dies fit Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that newe saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Niece of King Garbadeke, that that is; so i being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him fit Toby.

Clo. What ho, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knave counselleth well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malvo-

lia the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir Topas, fit Topas, good fit Topas go to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolically fend, how vexed thou this man? Talkst thou nothing but of Ladies?

To. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer man was thus wronged, good fit Topas do not think I am mad: they have layde mee beree in hideous darkneffe.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest fathan: I tell thee by the best modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the dullest himselfe with curtesse: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell fit Topas.

Clo. Why is that bay Windows transparant as bari-
cades, and the cleeare floors toward the South north, are as lustfull as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of ob-

struation?

Mal. I am not mad sir Topas, I say to you the house is darke.

Mal. Madman thou erreft: I say there is no darkneffe but ignorance, in which thou art more puizel'd then the Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as dark an ignorance, thogh ignorance were as darke as hell, and I say there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madeth then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wylde-sowle?'

Mal. That the soul of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the house, and no way spriue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remembrance thou still in darkneffe, thou shalt hold his opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, left thou differst from the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, fit Topas.

To. My most exquisite fit Topas.

Mal. Nay I am for all waters.

Mal. Thou mightst have done this without thy berr and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may bee conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in enmity with my Niece, that I cannot purse with any safety this sport: apprehende. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Clo. Hey Robin, ily Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Poole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Poole.

Clo. Alas why is the fo?

Mal. Poole, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calleth, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deferue well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will sue to bee thankefull to thee for.

Clo. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Poole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fine witts?

Mal. Poole, there was neuer man so notourious a busied: I am as well in my wits (foole) at thoe act.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propretied me: keep mee in darkneffe, fend Ministres to me, Ailles, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minster is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heavens reforte: en-
deous thy felle to sleepe, and leave thy vaie bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.


Mal. Poole, foole, foole I say.

Clo. Alas sir be patient, What say you sir, I am then for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpee me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will let downe to my Lady is shall aduantage thee more, then ever the bea-

ring of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I heere believe a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, I charge it in the highest degree: I prethee be goe.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir.

Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice, your needto sustaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, cries he, ha, to the dulle.

Like a mad lad, pare thy noyles dad,

Adieu good man dwell.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

That makes the gane mee, I do feele, and see,

Though it wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Yet it's not maudestrate. Where's Antonio then, I could not finde him at the Elephant. Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, that there did range the town to fecke me out. His counsell now might do me golden service. For though my soule dispute with my sense, that this may be some error, but no mistake. Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, so farre exceed all imagine, all discourse. That I am feeble to distirn mine eyes, and wrangle with my reason that perswades me to any other truft, but that I am mad, or the Ladies mad; yet if were so, she could not sway her house, command her followers, take, and give backe assayres, and their dispatch, with such a smooth, direct, and stable bearing. As I perceive she don't there's something in it. That is deceptive. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Friar. Ol. Blame me this lack of mine: if you mean well, now go with me. and with this holy man into the Chantry by: there before him, and underneath that consecrated roofe, plight me the full assurance of your faith, that my most irrational, and too doublefull soule may live in peace: he shall conceal it. Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, what time we will our celebration keep. According to my birth, what do you say? Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you. And haue some truth, once will be true. Ol. Then lead the way good father, & beassure so thing, that they may fairely note this act of me. Event. Final Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleonae and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou, lou'st me, let me see his letter.
Cle. Dear M. Fabian, grants me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Cle. Do not desire to see this letter. Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in compendence desire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Corin, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Oliva's friends?
Cle. Sir, we are some of her trippings.
Duke. I know thee well: how doth thou my good fellow?
Cle. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Left the contrary: the better for thy friends.
Cle. No sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Cle. Marry, first, they praise me, and make an affe of me now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an affe: so that by my foes, and in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends, I am abused, so that conclusions be as baseless, as bouffet your face. I require you to say the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why is this excellent.
Cle. By my tooth sir, so, though it please you to be one of my friends.
Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.
Du. O you give me ill counsell.
Cle. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Du. Well, I will be so much a sufferer to be a double dealer: there's another.
Cle. Princes, succedes, tertie, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third party for all: the triple id is a good tripping measure, or the bellis of S. 

Enter Anthony and Officers. Viz. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue me.
Du. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was beinward as bliscke as Vulcan, in the (make of ware) a babbling Veffell was the Capitaine of, For thou didst straight and buke it, expreable, with which such fragrant grapple did he make, With the most noble boattome of our Ricere, That very easy, and the tongue of loose Crime and honor on him: What's the matter? 1 Off. Offine, this is that Antonio.

That took the Planck, and her fraught from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your yong Nephew Thum left his legge; Here in the streets, desperat of fame and faire, In prudence weep, did we reprehend him.

Duke. He did me kindnesse sire, drew on my side, But in conclusion put a strange speech upon me, I know not what: I was but disfracition. Du. Notable Pyrate, thou fals-water Thแชม, What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies. Whom thou in terms so bloudious, and so deare, Haff made thine enemies?

Ant. Offine, Noble sir, Be pleased that I shoke off these names you give me: Antonio newer yet was Thome, or Pyrate, Though I confesse, on base and ground enough Of this bhoponie, A watchcrift drew me hither: That most ingrativefull boy that by your side, From the rude feas enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeeme: A wracke path hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto adde My love without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his fake, Did I espose my self (pure for his love) Into the danger of this aduersie Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was bereft: Where being apprehended, his tale cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquittance,

And
Twelve Night, or What You Will.

And grew a twentieth yeeres removed thing
While one would winke : dience mine owne purse
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not half an hour before.

How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Arm. To day my Lord : and for three months before,

No mirrour, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did weke companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Here comes the Countesse, now heaven
comes on earth.

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three moneths this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may feeeme friendly?

Cesario, you do not keepe promife with me.

Dit. Madam.

Du. Gracious Mistresse,


Vio. My Lord would speake my dutie hunte methy.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,

It ises fast and fullome to mine care
A showming after Musicks.

Du. Still so cruel?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to persennifye you vniquyl Lady
To wholesome grace, and vnunpiuious A tor
My loule the faithfulfull! Offrings have breath'd out
That ere devyion tender d. What shall I do?

Ol. Even what i will praffle my Lord, that shall betem him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th'Egyptian thief, at point of death
Kill me louta : (a sauge salouve, that
tome uantvasse noblie) but here me this:

Since you to non-regardance call my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument
That serruces me from my true place in your favoure
Lette you the Marble-breaved Tirant flill.

But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by beatein I seeare, I tender dnectly,

Him will I trast out of that cruelle eye,

Where he first crowned in his matters spight
Come boy with me, my thoughts are rife in mischife:

He sacrifice the Lambe that I doe love,

To flithe a Raunens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I molest, up, and willinglie,

To do thee right, a thousand deaths would dye

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I loose,

More then I loose thee eyes, more then my life,

More by all morts, then ere I shall loose wife.

If I doe losing you unwisely about

Vanish my life, for tainting of my love,

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Whoe does beguil you? whoe does do you wrong?

Ol. Haft thou forgot thy selfe: Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Bather.

Du. Come away.


Du. Husband?

Ol. I husband, Can he that deny ?

Du. Her husband, flourish?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basfineffe of thy feare,
Ol. Get him to bed, and let his bust be look'd too.  

Sey. I am sorry, Madam; I have hurt your kinman:
But hast becone the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with withy safety.
You should have done so many for your own.
You show a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me (sweet one) even for the voices
We made each other, but so late a night,

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural Perspective, that is, and is not.

Sey. Antionio: O my dear Antionio,
How haste the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Seyfan are you?

Sey. Fear it shou'd that Antionio?

Ant. How haste you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Seyfan?

Ol. Most wonderful.

Sey. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Ol. Ofolidayne. Seyfan was my Father,
Such a Seyfan was my brother too!

Sey. So were he bin'd to his watery tomb;
If spirits can assume both forme and fiate,
You come to fight vs.

Sey. A Spirit I am indeed,
But in that dimension gressely clad,
Which from the wombbe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my teares let fall upon your cheeks,
And say, thrice welcome crowned Viole.

Vis. My father had a moate upon his brow.

Sey. And so had mine.

Vis. And did that day when Viole from her birth
Had numbered thirteen yeares,

Sey. Other record is untrue in my foule,
He finished indeed his mortal acte
That day that made my fitter thirteenth yeares.

Vis. If nothing less to make vs happie both,
But this my masceline viford d'atrye:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and hempe
That I am Viole, which to confirme,
He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where my maiden weyes: by whose gentle helpe,
I was prefer'd to ferue this Noble Counte:
All the occurence of my fortune since
Hath beene between this Lady, and this Lord,

Sey. So cometh it, Lady, you have beene mitlooke:
But Nature to her biss draw in that,
You would have bin contrado to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by his life) decei'd,
You are bestow'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be fo, as yet the glasse femeates true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
That I am Seyfan.

Vis. And all those sayings, will I ever swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in foule,
As doth that Orbis Continent, the fire,
That leares day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me fee thee in thy womans weedes,

Vis. The Captaine that did bring me first on flower
Hath my Maides garments: he upon some Aktion
Is now in durance, at Malanuts late,

A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall ill, take his fortune:
Farewell Malanuts, and
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much diu'd.

Enter Claire with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extravingent frieufe of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banish'd his,
How does he f i sh?

Ol. Truly Madam, he holds Devilsat at the flaves end as
Well as a man in his case may do; has here wirt a letter to you,
I should have gueen you to day morning. But as a
Madman he is:
I have your letters, so it skilles not much
When they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cla. Look to then to be well edified, when the Folee
delivers the Madam. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, are thou mad?

Cla. No Madam, I do but reade madnese and your
Ladyship will hauie it as it ought to be, you must allow

Ol. Pratehee read this thy right witts.

Cla. So I do Madam's but to reade his right witts, is to read thus: therefore, pettypo my Princteke, and glue care.

Ol. Read it you, garsh.

Fab. Read. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you have put mee into
darkenes, and given your drunken Cozine rule over me,
yet have I the benefits of my seales as well as your Ladie-
ship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my felle much right, or you much shame: think of
me as you please. Leave my duty a little unthought of,
and shewe out of my injury. The really o't Malanuts.

Ol. Did he write this?

Cla. 1 Madame.

Du. Thisfavours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd Fabian, bring him hither:

My Lord, I pr sce you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a fitter, as a wife,
One day shall crown th'laurence on't, so pleas you,
Herece at my boude, and at my proper coft.

Du. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer:
Your Master quies you and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farte beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me Master, for so long:
Herece is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Miiffs.

Ol. A fitter, you are the.

Enter Malanuts.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I say Lord, this fame: How now Malanuts?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I Malanuts No.

Cla. Lady you have, pray you prufe that Letter.

You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Twelte Night, or, What you will.

Or say, tis not your scale, not your intention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the mould of honor,
Why you have giv'n me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me some smiling, and crost-geter'd to you,
To put on yellow fleckings, and to browne
Vpon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And adding this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Keep'd in a dark house, visit'd by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull
That erre intention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the Charafter
But out of question, tis Marias hand,
And now I do bethinke me, it was thee
First told me thou walt mad; then can't't in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter; prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrivell'd palt upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fdb. Good Madam hear me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess my selfe, and Toby
Set this deuice against Malvolio beclee,
Vpon some hubborne and uncourteous parts
We had concei'd against him. Master write
The Letter, as for Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her,
How with a sportfull malicie it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the injuries be truly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past

Ol. Alas poore Foolie, how haue they baffe'd thee?
Cl. Why foome are borne great, some achieve great
nessesse, and some have greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one first, in this Entertain'd, one set Topas for, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foolie, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal,
and you smile not he's good? and thus the whislingge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. He be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Dn. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is known, and golden time contents
A solemn Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sifter,
We will not part from hence. Cefasia come
(For so you shall be while you are a man;)
But when in other habities you see me,
Orfand's Mistrie, and his fancies Quene.

FINIS.

Clowne sing.
When that I was and a little true boy,
with by, bo, &c.
Cowards kneel and Thees men put their gate,
for the raines, &c.

But when I came to mans estate,
with by, bo, &c.
By swaggerty could I never thrive,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
with by, bo, &c.
With topestes still had drunken brelers,
for the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world begun,
by bo, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archideamus.

ARCH. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference between our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAMILLO. I think, this coming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherin our Entertainment shall consist: we will be jollied in our Loues: for indeed—

CAMILLO. Behold you—

ARCH. Verily I speake it in the freedeome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence— in forrein— I know not what to say— Wee will give you sleepie Drinks, that your Senses (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praze vs, as little accuse vs.

CAMILLO. You pay a great deale to desire, for what's given freely.

ARCH. Behovoe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honeteous it to vsertance.

CAMILLO. Sicilia cannot the hauinest over-kind to Bohemen: They were thrown together in their Child-hoods, and there rooted between them, then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and Royall Necessities, made separation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) have been Royally attended with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loutng Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shooke hands, as over a Vail; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoide Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

ARCH. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspawkeable comfort of your young Prince Mantuam: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Nore.

CAMILLO. 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 desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAMILLO. Yet if there were no other excuse, why should they desire to live?

ARCH. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leonatus, Hermione, Ganimedes, Pelagon, Camillo.

POL. Nine Changes of the Wary-Steppe hath been the Shepherds Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long against Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goa hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands more, That goe before it.

Lion. Stay you Thinks a while, And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's so morrow: I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No snipping Winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I have flay'd To tire your Royaltie.

Lion. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to's.

POL. No longer stay,

Lion. One Seene night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to morrow.

Lion. We'll past the time betwenee them: and in that No gaines-saying.

POL. Prefix'd (Befeech you) so: There is no Tongue that moneystone, none it: World So soome as yours could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessitie in your requist, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires

Do euery drag me home—ward: where he is, to hinder,

Were (in your Loues) a Whim to me: my flay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to finde both,

Farewell (our Brother.)

Lion. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speake you.

HER. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill You had drawne Oaths from him, not to flay: you(Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are fure

All in Bohemian's well: this satisfaction,

The by-gone day pres'ym'd, say this to him,

He's heare from his bett ward.

Lion. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him goe;

But let him love and be, and he shall not flay,

Wee'll swack him hence with Difagges.

Yet of your Royall preference, let advice

The borow of a Weke, When at Bohemen

You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission,

To let him there a Month, behind the Geef

Prefix'd for parting: yet (good-deed) Lontes,

I lose thee not a laree ob't Clock, behind

A3 What
The Winters Tale.

What Lady the her Lord. You'll say
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limbir Vooves: but I,
Though you would seek 'twenthep the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not go; a Ladies Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest; so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending,
Which is for me, Jelfe caste to commit,
Then you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But you kind Hostell. Come, Ike question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordlings theren?
Pol. We were (late Queene)
Then Lady, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as waryd Lambs, that did frisk ith'Sun,
And beat the one at th'othe: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: had we partid that life,
And out our little Spirit been raise'd rest'd
With fl onger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty: the Impulsion clear'd,
Hereditary nuns.
Her. By this we gather
You had trips since
Pol. Of my most sacred Lady,
Temptions have since then been borne to's: for
In theye vnbelid'd days, was my Worne a Gude;
Your precious selfe had then not coold the eye
Of my young Play fellow.
Her. Great to know
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuds. yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, we're answer'd,
If you still stand with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault, and that you flipp't not
With any, but with vs
Lee. Is he woon yet
Her. He's flay (my Lord.)
Lee. At my requell he would not
Hume (my deare) thou never look'at
To better purpose.
Her. Neuer?
Lee. Neuer, but once
Her. What have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me. crams with prays, and make's
As fast as some thinges: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.
Out prays are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft; Kidd, a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goal:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? 'tis an elder Siler,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace,
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Lee. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd Moneths had found themselfes to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loure; then didst thou steere,
I am yours for euer.
Her. This Grace indeed,
Why lo-you now, have spoke to th' purpose twice
The one, for euer eard a Royall Husband;
Thou was't to make for thee a Friend.
Lee. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods,
I haue Temon Cordes on me: my heart dauntes,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: dresse a Libette
From Heartuselle from Brunette, fertile Bofome,
And well become the Agent: I say, I grant:
But to be pading Palmes, and pinchung Fingers,
As now they are, and making prachtful Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaife; and then so high, as where
The Mest o'th' Deere; whether it entertaineth
My Bofome like not, nor my Brestes, Menaceus,
Art thou my Boy?
Mat. I my good Lord.
Lee. Yerks:
Why that is my Bacock what's been somuch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine, Come Captaine,
We must be neet; not neet, but cleanly Captaine.
And yet the Suerre, the Heyerje, and the Cassite.
Are all cally'd Next. Still Virginating
Upon his Name Have now (you wanton Cassie)
Art thou my Cassie?
Mat. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Lee Thou want't a rough path & the showers that I have
To be told, like you: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Eidges; Women say lo,
(This will say any thing.) But were they false
As a carly'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; fallie
As Dice are to be vnsli'd, by our that fires
No borne't what his and mine: yet were it true,
To say thou Boy was like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke me on with your Welskin eye; sweet Villaine,
Moll dear, my Collap. Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Centre,
Thou don't make possible things not so held,
Communicat'f with Dreames (how can this be)?
With what's unreal thou creatur art,
And fellow'll nothing. Then 'st very credent
Thou may't co-oyere with something, and thou do'll,
(And that beyond Comission) and I find it,
(And that to the satisfaction of my Brame,
And banding of my Browses.)
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something semes vrested.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Lee. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brotheer?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction
Are you too'd (my Lord?)
Lee. No, in good encrest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendermoufe? and make it felt a Palmine
To harder boomes? Looking on the Lyncs
Of my boys face, my thoughts I did ought as to my eyes, and saw my felloe fo-brec’t and head in my greene Vuelco Coar; my Dagge must end, least it should bire its Mitter, and to proue (A Ornament off do) too dangerous; how like (we thought) then was to this Kersell, This Squath, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend, Will you take Eggs for Money? 

Tom. No (my lord) I fear not.

Leo. You will? why happy man be’s done. My Brother Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we Doe seem to be of ours? 

Poli. If at home (Sir) He’s all my Exercife, my Mirth, my Matter; Now my sweet Friend, and mine mine Enemy; My Paradise, my Souldier: State-man: all He makes a July day, short as December, And with his varying child-neffe, cares in me Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squatt.

Offic’d with me: We two will walk (my Lord) And I have you to your greater feps. Hermione, How thou looke’st! shew in our Brothers welcome; Let what is dears in Sicily, he cheapes: Next to thy selfe, and thy young Rower, he’s Apparent to my heart, 

Hir. If you would ferke vs, We are yours of this Garden: shall attend you there? 

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you, you’ll be found, Be you beneath the Sky: I am anging now, (Through you pretend me no how I gue Lyne) Goa too, see too, How the holds up the Nest, the Bitt to him? And arms her with the boldneffe of a Wife To her allowing Husband. Gone already, Ynch-thick, kneep-deep; give head and ears a fork’d one. Goa play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I Play too: but disposed a part, whose issue Will hifie me to my Graves: Contemp and Clamor Will be my Knell. Goa play (Boy) play, there been (Or I am much dec’d) Cucklecocks ere now, And many a man there is (even at this present, Now, while I speak this) holds his Wife by th’Arm, That little thunders, they been play’d’d not’s absence, And his Pond fish’d by his next Neighbor (by Sir Smyle, his Neighbor) nay, there’s comfort in’t, Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open’d (As mine) against their will. Should all desire These that resolute Wiues, the tenth of Mankind Would hang themselves, Physick for’t, there’s none: It is a bawdy Planet, that will skrie Where’ts predominant, and’ts powerfull: think it is; From Erre, Witt, North, and South, he is concluded, No Barnecoa for a Belly. Know’t, It will lie in and out the Enemy, With bag and bagage: many thousand on’s Have the Disease, and feel not. How now Boy? 

Tom. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that’s some comfort. 

What? Camillo there? 

Camillo. I, my good Lord. 

Leo. Go play (Montifius) thou’t an honest man Camillo, this great Sir will yet play longer. 

Camillo. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold, When you cut out, it fall came home. 

Leo. Didst acquaint? 

Camillo. He would not stay at your Petitions, made His Business more material. 

Leo. Didst perceive it? They’re hegot with me already, but still’ring round: Sickle is a fo forth: ’tis faire good, When I shall guft it left. How can’t (Camillo) That he did stay? 

Leo. At the good Queenes entrance. 

Leo. At the Queenes be: Good should be pertinent, But lo’t is, it is nor. Was this taken By any understanding Pate but thine? For thy Conceit is looking, will draw in More then the common Blocks. Not noted, it’s, But of the finer Natures? by some Searells Of Head, pete extraordinaire: Lower Memes Perchance are to this Buinfe puretind? fray, 

Camillo. Butinfe, my Lord? I think most understand 

Beneath stays here longer. 

Leo. He’s 

Camillo. Stayes here longer. 

Leo, I, but why? 

Camillo. To satisfy his Highnesse, and the Entreaties Of our most gracious Mistrefse. 

Leo. Satistie? 

Th’entreaties of your Mistrefse? Satisfie? Let that suffice, I have trusted thee (Camillo) With all the nearest things to my heart, as well My Chamber-Counsels, wherein (Prieft-like) thou Hast clean’d my Bosom: I, from thee departed Thy Penitent reform’d: but we have been Decreed in thy Integre, decri’d 

In which tempts fee. 

Camillo. Be it forbid (my Lord.) 

Leo. To bide your’s: thou art not honest or If thou inclinet that way, thou art a Coward, Which honest honest behind, refraining From Course requird: or else thou must be counted A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust, And therein negligent: or else a Fool, That feeth a Game play’d home, the rich Stake drowne, And taketh it all for least. 

Camillo. My gracious Lord, I may be negligent, foolish, and carefull, In business whereof, no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Among the infinite doings of the World, Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord) If ever I were wilfull-negative, It was my folly: if indifferiously I play’d the Fools, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end: if ever feareful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, was a fear 

Which oft infects the wifesst: thefe (my Lord) Are such allow’d Infamities, that honestie Is never free of. But before your Grace Be prolixer with me, let me know my Trespass By it’s owne vigaro; if I then deny it. ‘Tis none of mine. 

Leo. His not you see Camillo? 

Camillo. But that’s past doubt; you have, or your eye-glasse Is thicke then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard? (For to a Vison so apparrant, Rumor Cannot be mute) or thought (for Cognition Refides not in that men, that do’s not think)
The Winters Tale.

My Wife is flippere? If thou wilt confesse, 
Or else be impudently negatize, 
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then say 
My Wife’s a Holy-Horfe,deferves a Name 
As ranke as any Flax-Wench,that puts to 
Before her croth-plight: say, and ruffily’t. 
Cam. I would not be a handier by, to heare 
My Soueraigne Mistrefse clouded so,without 
My present vengeance taken: I threw my heart, 
You never spoke what did become you lefe 
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin 
As deepe as that,though true. 
Leo. Is whispering nothing? 
Is leaing Cheeks to Cheeks? is meating Nozes 
Kiffing with in-side Lip? flropping the Canere 
Of Laughter, with a high? (a Note infaillible 
Of breaking Honethe) hoffing foot on foot: 
Skulking in corners? whifling: Clocks more (soft? 
Houres, Minutes? Noonie, Mid-night t and all Eyes 
Blind with the Pin and Web but theirs; theirs only, 
That would vnfeene be wicked? Is this nothing? 
Why then the World, and all that’s in’t, is nothing, 
The covering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing, 
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thee Nothing’s, 
If this be nothing. 
Cam. Goody Lord, be uur’d 
Of this defa’d Opinion, and betimes, 
For’ tis most dangerous. 
Leo. Say it be, sir true. 
Cam. No, no, my Lord. 
Leo. It is: you ly’e, you ly’e. 
I say thou ley’d Camilla, and I hate thee, 
 Pronounce thee a groffe Lowt, a mindleffe Slave. 
Or elle a houering Temporizer,that 
Can’t with thine eyes at once see good and evill, 
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Luer 
Infedel (as her life) she would not live 
The running of one Gliffe. 
Cam. Who do make her t 
Leo. Why she that weares not like her Medull, hanging 
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I 
Had Searants true about me, that bare eyes 
To see like mine Honor, as their Profits, 
(Th’ owne particular Thripis) they would doe that 
Which shoul’d vnfoe more doing: I, and thou 
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme 
Have Bench d, and reard to Worship, whom may’t see 
Plaine, as Heauen fees Earth, and Earth fees Heauen, 
How I am gald, might I be spic’d Cup, 
To give mine Enemy a falling Winke: 
Which Draught to me, were cordiall. 
Cam. Sir (my Lord) 
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion, 
But with a longing Dram, that should not worke 
Maliciously, like Poyson. But I cannot 
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistrefse 
(So fouveraignely being Honorabe.) 
I have low’d ther, 
Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot: 
Do’lt thinke I am so muddy, so vnfeer’d, 
To appoint my felle in this vexation? 
Sully the pursuie and whitenesse of my Sheerees 
(Which to preferre, it Slepetb, which being fposted, 
Is Goades, Thoms Nettles, Tayles of Walpes) 
Guie fearand to the blood o’ the Prince,my Sonne, 
(Who I doe think is mine, and love as mine) 
Without ripe moviing to’t? Would I doe this t 
Could man fo bleue? 
Cam. I muft beleue you(Sir) 
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for’t: 
Prouided,that when he’s remou’d,your Highness 
Will take a game your Queene, as yours at fist, 
Euen for your Sons sake, and thereby for Theall 
The Injure of Tongues, in Courts and K Ingdomes 
Knowne, and ally’d to yours. 
Leo. Thou do’nt aduise me, 
Euen so as I mine owne course have set downe: 
I’le giue no blemish to her Honor,none. 
Cam. My Lord, 
Goence; and with a countenance as cleare 
As Friendship weares at Feasts,kepe with Bohemia, 
And wish your Queene: I am his Cup-beare, 
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge, 
Account me not your Servant. 
Leo. This is all: 
Do’t, and thou haue the halfe of my heart: 
Do’t not, thou shalt not shew mine. 
Cam. He do’t my Lord. 
Leo. I will seeme friendly, as thou haue aduise’d me, Ext. 
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me, 
What case fain’d I in’ I must be the poysoner 
Of good Pelizar, and my ground to do’t, 
Is the obedience to a Master; one, 
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, wil have 
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed, 
Promotion follows: if I could find example. 
Of thoselt’s that had struck anoynted Kings, 
And flouris’d after, I’d not do’t: But since 
Nor Brave, nor Stone, not Parchment beares not one, 
Let Villainie it selfe forswear’t, I muft 
Forfake the Courts: to do’t, or no, is certaine. 
To me a break-neck. 
Happy Sasse ragnie now, 
Here comes Bohemia. 
Enter Polissens. 
Pol. This is strange: Methinks 
My frow here begins to warpe. Not speake? 
Good day Camilla. 
Cam. Halie most Royall Sir. 
Pol. What is the News rth’ Court? 
Cam. None rare (my Lord.) 
Pol. The King hath on him suche a countenance, 
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region 
Lou’d, at he looues helle: even now I met him 
With cullomante complemente, when he 
Waiting his eyes to th’ contrary, and falling 
A Lippe of much contempt, speeedes from me, and 
So leues me, to consider what is breeding, 
That changes thus his Manners. 
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.) 
Pol. How dare not? do not?do you know, and dare not? 
Be intelligent to me: tis there abouts: 
For to your felle, what you doe know, you muft, 
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camilla 
Your chang’d complessions are to me a Miroir, 
Which fluews me mine chang’d too: for I must be 
A partie in this Contention, finding 
My felle thus alter’d wish’t; 
Cam. There is a ficknefe 
Which puts some of me in des temper, but 
I cannot name the Diseafe, and it is couhted 
Of you, that yet are wel. 
Pol. How couhted of me? 
Make me not flipted like the Basillife.
The Winters Tale.

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none to: Camille,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no lefle adores
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprision not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anwere.

Pol. A Sicknesske sought of me, and yet I well?
I must be anwes'd. Do it thou hear Camille,
I promise thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honour do acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incendence thou didst grieve of harme
Is creeping toward me, how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be presented, if to be:
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think Honourable therefore mark my confaile,
Which must be ou'd as swiftly followed, as
I meant to vitter; or both your felse, and me,
Cry Joff, and to go night.

Pol. On, good Camille.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camille?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, they way with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen, or beene an Instrument
To vice you in't, that you have toucht his Queene
Fenomaly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be ye'd with his, that did betray the Beft:
Turne then my freith to Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullet Nothirth
Where I assise, and my approch be shun'd,
May hated too, worfe then the greatest Infection
That ere was heard or read

Cam. Swear his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea, for to obey the Moore,
As (or by Oath) remove, of (Counsaile) make
The Fabric of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my homefie,
That lies enclosed in this Trunce, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Fellowes I will whisper to the Buifie,
And will by twoes, and threes, at severall Poirerues,
Clear them of't: Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seurice (which are here
By this discoverie left). Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have vttred Truth: which if you seke to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be fater,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sware.

Pol. I doe beleewe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Gue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This lesloufie
For a precious Creature: as she's rare,
Mull it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Mull it be violent: and, as he do's conclude,
He is dis honord by a man, which euer
I profess'd to him: why his Reuenge muft
In that be made more bitter. Fearce one shaides me:
Good Expedtion be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-tame fulpition. Come Camille,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou beare't thy life off, hence: Let vs avoid
Cam. It is in mine Authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Poirerues: Plesse your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. Exeunt.

AELUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter Hermione, Camillus, Ladies. Lenitas,
Antigonia, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he to troubles me,
Tis past enduing.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby sill. I love you better,
2. Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browses are blacker (yet black-brows they say)
Become some Women bost, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cermicule,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learned't it out of Womans face: pry now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's mock: I haue seen a Ladies Nose
That's beene blew, but not her eye-browes-

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds space: we shall
Prevent our seurices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulk (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wouldst thou amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't he be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter.

I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best.
To fright mee with your Sprights: you're powerfull at it
A 2 3

Cam. There.
should a like language vie to all degrees,
And mannerly diligence unmannerly leave out.
Between the Prince and Beggar: I have said
She's an Adulteress, I have said with whom:
More; thee's a Traitor, and Camillo is
A Federaric with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most wild Principalist: that she's a
A Bed-favorer, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold titles; I, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gende my Lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say
You did mistake.
Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to bear
A Schoole-Boy's Top, Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a false off guilte,
But that he speake not.
Her. There's some ill Planet raiseth:
I must be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which stain doth
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honestable Griefe lodg'd here, which blest
Worle then Teres drown'd; beleech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall be stranc'd (you measure me) and so
The Kings will be expos'd.
Leo. Shall I be her.
Her. Who is't that goes with me? beleech you Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My pight requites it, Does not weep good Fooleas.
There is no caufe: When you shall know your Mistris
His's cleare'd Prifon, then abound in Teres,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never will do for your fory, now
I troll I shall; my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go, doe our bidding; hence.
Lord. Befeech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.
Anon. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaft your lift up
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I' the eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meanes
In this, which you sceale her.)
Anon. If it proue
She's other wife, I keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I fee, and see her, no farther truth her.
For every yrch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Woomans feth is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peace.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Anon. It is for you we speake not for our felues
You are abus'd, and by some putter on.
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
The Winter's Tale.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Casio, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady's
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's a do, to lock me honestly & honour from
Th'access of gentle visitors. Is't lawful pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?
Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a part thefe your attendants,
I shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now call her
With drawn your curtain.
Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.
Paul. Well. let's so preface.
Here's such a doe, to make no stare, a stare,
As passers colouring. Deceit Gentlewomans,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emid. As well as one so great, and so forborne
May hold together: On her fighths, and greefs.
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emid. A daughter, and a goodly bafe,
Lusty, and like to live: The Queene receues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn.
Thefe dangerous, unsafe Lutes with the King, before them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman's: He tax't upon me,
If it prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue billet,
And not to my red look'd Anger but
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)
Command my best obedience to the Queene,
If the darts trust me with her little babe,
I'll weare the King, and undertake to bee
Her Advocate to th'world: We do not know
How he may befent at the fight oth'Childe:
The Silence often of pure innocencce
Perfuds, when speaking failes.
Emid. Most worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnes is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot mife
A thrilling yfifie: there is no Lady living
So meere for this great errand: Pray your Ladiship
To visit the next room, Ie prefently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammer'd of this defigne,
But durft not tempt a minifter of honour
Leaft the should be deny'd,
Paul. Tell her (Emilia)

He said that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emili. Now you be blift for it,

Ille to the Queen: pleafe you come something neeter.

Geo. Madam, it pleafe the Queen to send the babe
I know not what I shall inure, to passe it,

Having no warrant

Paul. You need not fear it (Sir)

This Child was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and process of great Nature, thecne
Fret d, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
Th'power of the King, or guilty of
(I fancy be) the strelphie of the Queen.

Geo. I do beleue it,

Paul. Do not you fear: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand beziwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lords, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. To-night, not day, no rest: It is but weakeynesse
To beast the matter thus: meere weakeynesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o' the caufe,
She, th'Adulteresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plow-proofe but fine,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Gone to the fire, a运动ist of my rest
Mighty come to me againe. Whole there?

SIR. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

SIR. He tooke good rest to night: tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.
He straitly declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faint'd, and fixt't the flame on't in himselfe:
Threw his Spirite, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languishe'd. Leave me: for that I see,
How he fares: lie, fe, no thought of him
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recouple vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his partie, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill some time may serue: for present vengence
Take it on her: Camilla, and Polixenes
Laugh it up: make their pahasome at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall fine, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lord) be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queens ease? A gracious innocent foule,
More free, then he is jealous.

Antig. That's enough.

SIR. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Nor to hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighe
At each his needlese hauntings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as neither) to purge him of that humor
That preseth him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyseth here, how?

Pan. No noyts (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossipes for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus,
Icharg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told to (my Lord)
On your displeasure persil, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonelie he can: In this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:

Ant. E's you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, let her run,
But thee I'll not rule.

Paul. Good my Lire, I come:
And be seech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Servent, your Phyfician,
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dates
Leslie appeare so, in comforting your Eulles,
Then such as most terme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
If say good Queene,
And would be comfortable, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let them that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firft, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here is: Commends it to your bleufing
Leo. Out.

A manke is Whytch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moft intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so enlisting me: and no lease honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:
Leo. Traitors:
Will you not push her out? Give her the Baffard,
Thou dogg'd, thou art woman-tay'd: uynoofted
By thy dame Parlelet heare. Take vp the Baffard,
Take't vp, I say, gue't to thy Crone.

Paul. For ever
Vnremembarke thy hands, if thou
Take't vp the Princefle, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put upon't

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then were past all doubts
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A neft of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Not: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himelfe: for he.

The Winters Tale.
The Winters Tale.

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queene,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Sword; and will not
(For as the cask now stands, it is a Curfe
He cannot be committ’d too:) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oak, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of bondlesse tongue, who late hath best his Husband,
And now takes me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of Pervertie,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire,

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th’old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, ’tis the worfe, Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Conpy of the Father: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe,
The trick of a Browne, his Fore-head, noy, the Valley,
The prettie dispenses of his Chin, and Cheek: his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddesse Nature, which hath made it
So like to him that goe it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours
No Yellow in’t, least the fubject, as he do’s,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Haggie :
And Lozelle, thou art worthy to be hang’d,
That wilt not flay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feas, you issue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moft unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. Ile ha’ three burnt,
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in’t. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruel vigae of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accutation
Then your owne weake-hing’d fancy) somthing fauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea scandallous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? the速率 not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not pull me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) his yours: Iowe send her
A better guiding Spiritt. What needs thefe hands?
You that are chills so tender o’re his Follies,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Tracyor) haft let on thy Wife to this
My Child: why shou’d I? even though that haft
A heart so tender o’re it, take it hence,
And fee it infinitely consum’d with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp frighted;
Within this houre bring me word tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile faye thy life,
With what thou els calll’t thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fay for:
The Baflard-braynes with thefe my proper hands
Shall I daff out, Go,e, take it to the fire,
For thou fett’t on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sirs:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me out.

Leo. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guilty of her comming hither.

Leo. You’re liers all,
Lord. Befeech your Highness, give vs better credit:
We haue always truly ser’d you, and beseche
So to effeeme of vs: and on our knees we begge.
(As recompence of our desire seruices
Paff,and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, do bloody, mut
Lead on to some foule fife. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows :
Shall I live on, ro see this Baflard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curfe it ther. But beit: let it liue,
It shall not other. You Sir, come you hither: you
That have beene so tenderly officious
With Lady Marget, your Mid. wife there,
To faue this Baflard life; for its a Baflard,
So sure as this Beard’s grey. What will you aduenture,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may undertake,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawnne the little blood which I have left,
To faue the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding,

Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Mark: and performe it: feel thou for the faile
Of any point in’t, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy fewong’d Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon.) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baflard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions: and that there thou leaue
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Chiarman: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules prevell, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: it take vp

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a preuent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spiritt instruct the Kyres and Raunens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Casting their fauzenfetd side) have done
Like officers of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed doo a require; and Blessing
Against this Cruetie, fight on thy fide
(Poorc Thing, condemn’d to lofe.)

Leo. No: Ile not rear.
Another issue.

Sirs. Enter a Servant.
Srvr. Pleas’ your Highnesse, Poets
From those you lent to th’Oracle, are come
An houre fince: Cleomus and Dion,
Being well astr’d from Delphos, are both landed,
Having to th’ Court.

Leo. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath bene beyond accompl.

Leo. Twenty three daies.
They have beene abfent: tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddently will have

The
The truth of this appears: Prepare you Lords, summon a Session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath Been publickly accused, so shall she have A full and open Trial. While she utter My heart will be a burden to me, Leave me, And think upon my bidding.  

Exeunt

Actus Terceus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotenoes and Dion.

Clot. The Cymas a delicate, the Asye most sweet, Female the Isle, the Temple much surprising; The common praise it beares.

Dion. I shall report For moat it taught me, the Celestial Habits, (Me thinkes I so should term them) and the娱乐城 Of the great Weares. O, the Sacrifice, How ceremonious, tolerable, and von. earthily It was to Offring.

Clot. But of all, the burl And the care-dealt ring Voyce o'th'Oracle, Kin to Jove's Thunder, to surprice'd my Sence, That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th'journey Prose as successful in the Queen (O be'st so) As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, specious, The time is worth the vie an't.

Clot. Great Apollo Turne all to this behalf thele Proclamations, So forcing faults upon Herculius, I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will dare, or end the fallifene, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd up) Shall the Contents difcouer: something rare Even then will rush to knowledge. God, with Horus, And gracefull be the issue.  

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Licenres, Lords, Officers, Hermione (as to her Thrill) Ladies: Clotenoes, Dion.

Les. This Session (to our great griefe we pronounce) Even pusses gannit our heart. The partie try'd, The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one Of's too much beloved. Let vs be clear'd; Of being tyrannous, since we do openly Proceed in judic, which shall have due course, Even to the Guilt, or the Punition. Produce the Procurer.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queen Appear in person, here in Court. Silence.

Les. Reade the Indictment.

Officer Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leoncises, King of Sicilie, these are here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polices and King of Babylon, and conjuring with Camillo to takke away the Life of our Soveraign Lord the King by Royall Husband, the presence whereof being by circumstances partly land open shew (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject dull conm failure and aye them, for their better fosters, to rest away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, I shall scarce boot mee To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it) Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt nor then, but innocence shall make False Accusation blutf, and Tyrannie Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy: which is more Then Historie can patterne, though deu'd, And play d, to make Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe A Monite of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, The Mother to hopeful Prince, here standing, To praise and tale of Life, and Honor, free Who pleasa to come, and heart, For Life, I judge it As I weighd Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor, This a demasture from me to me, And onely that I stand for. I appeal To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Politesew Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, How meiried to be is: Since he came, With what encounters I was curant, I Have drayn d Capparize thus: it is not beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or wit, Thay wayne enliming hardned be the hearts Of all that hear me, and mee itt of Kin Cry he upon my Grace.

Les. I mete heared ye, That any of these bolder Vices wanted Left Impedence to game, try what they did, Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough, Though in a saying: (Sir) not due to me.

Les. You will not own it.

Her. More then Miltresse of, Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Politesew (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse I lou'd him, as in Honor he required. With such a kind of Loue, as might becom A Lady like me; with a Loue, even such, So, and no other, as you solwayes commanded: Which, not to have done; I think he had been in both Disobedience, and Ingrediate To you, and toward your Friend, whole Loue had spoke, Even since it could speake, from an Infant, freely, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, I know not how it tasteth, though it be disd'd For me to try how. All I know of it, Is that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your Cour, the Gods themselfes (Writing no more then I are ignorant.)

Les. You knew of his departue, as you know What you have vers't me to doe in't absence.

Her. Sir,
The Winters Tale.

Her. Sir,
You speak a Language that I understand not; My Life stands in theuell of your Dreams, Which let lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams. You had-Beat in by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, (Those of your Food are so) to past all truth; Which to deny, concerns more then awailes: for as Thy Brat hath been call out, like to it elles, Nf Father owning it (which is indeed More criminall in thee, then it) thou Shalt feel our luscife; in whole caiestf paffage, Looke for no leffe then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Thresses:
The Suge which you would fright me with, I seek;
To me can Life be no commodities,
The crowne and comfort of my Life(your Favor) I doe give loot, for I doe feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second toy, And frift Fruits of my body,from his presence I am bat'd,like one infectious. My third comfort (Staid most unluckily) is from my breast (The innocent milke in it) most innocent mouth Hal'd out to mutter. My selfe on every Pott Proclaim'd a Sumpater. With immodell hatred The Child-bed priviledge deny d, which longs To Wanten of all fashion. Lastly, hurried Here,to this place, it's open aye, before I have got strength of limit. Now(my Lige) Tell me what blessings I have here alie, That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed: But yet hear this mistake me not: no Life, (I prize it not a flav) but for mine Honor, Which I would free: I shall be condemn'd Upon furmizers (all proofs deeping else, But what your leisouies awake) I tell you The Righ, and not Law Your Honors all, I doe referre me to the Oracle.

Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your request Is altogether just: therfore bring forth (And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruffia was my Father, Oh that he were alive, and here beholding His Daughters Try all: that he did but see The benance of my mistrie; yet with eyes Of Pity,not Revenge.

Off. You here that fawe upon this Sword of Justice, That you (Clemeness and Dion) have Been both at Delphos, and from hence you have brought This said d-v Oracle,by the Hand deliver'd Of great: Apollo's Priest; and that since then, You have not dare to break the holy Seale, Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo Dia. All this we sweare.

Leo. Break up the Seales, and read.

Off. Hermes, if Malice, or Polixenes himself: Camillo a true Subject, Leonato a moste Tyrant: his merie Babe truly begotten, and the King shall line without an Heir, if that which is left be not found.

Lords. Now biewel be the great Apollo.

Her. Praised.

Leo. Ha'st thou read truth?

Off. 1 (my Lord) even so it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all in th'Oracle:

The Sefions shall proceed: this is mere falsehhood,

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hared to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere concot, and feate Of the Queenes speed, is gone

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselves Do flavke at my Injustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o-charg'd: she will recover. I haue too much beleue'd mine owne suffisition: Befeech you tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon

My great: prophaneness I ask thine Oracle. He reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woe my Queene, recall the good Camillo (Whom I proclaim a man of Truth,of Mercy;) For being transported by my leisouies To bloodly thoughts, and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minifter, to payfion My friend Polixenes: which had been done, But that the good mind of Camillo tardied My swift command: though I with Death, and with Reward,did threaten and encourage him.

Not doing it, and being done: he(most humane, And all'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueft

Vnclasp'd my pratiue, quit his fortunes here (Which you knew great) and to the hazard Of all Incertainties, humele commended, No richer then his Honor: How he glisters Through my Ruff and how his Potie Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while: O cut my Lase, let my heart,(cracking it) Breathe too.

Lord. What fit is this good Ladie?

Paul. What fluided tormentes(I Tyrant)haft for me?


In Leads, or Oyles? What old,or newer Torture Must I receiue?whoie every word deferues To taste of thy milt worth. Thy Tyranny (Together working with thy leisouies, Fandes too weake for boytes,too greene and idle For Girles of Nine) I think I what they have done, And then run mad indeed: flanke-mad; for all Thy by-gone foolerises were but spicies of it. That thou betrayed'ft Polixenes,twas nothing (That did but shew thee, of a Foole,ineonstant, And damnable ingratefull;) Nor was't much, Thou would't haue pouyon'd good Camillo's Honor, To haue him kill a King: poore Trelpaies, More monitrous standing by: whereof I reckon The calling forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter, To be or none,or little, though a Deuill Would have thee water out of thine eyes don't: 

Nor is't direcly layd to thee the death Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender)left the heart That could conceuce a groffe and foolish Sire Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not:no, Layd to thy answere: but the left: O Lords, When I have said, cry were: the Queene, the Queene,
The Sweet's deed & creature's dead: & vengeance for's
Not drop'd down yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Pam. I say he's dead: I he sweet's. If word, nor oath
Praise not, go and see: if you can bring
Tinure, or lurcher in her lip, her eye
Haste outwardly, or break within. Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can hire: therefore betake thee
to nothing but dispair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and fill Winter
In storms perpetually, could not move the Gods
To look how thy way thou wert.

Lee. Go on, go on
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deffer'd
All tongues to talk their bittrel.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I th boldnesse of your speech
Pam. I am surry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue chews'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: the is coaehet
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greene: Do not receive affliction
At my petition I beeche you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole again)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord
(Who is lost too): Take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing
Lee. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receyve much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prettre bring me
to the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Upon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetual) once a day, Ille vide
The Chappell where they lye, and teares fixed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear vp with this exercitie, so long
I daily vow to vfe-tr Come, and leave me
to these forowes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autonomous, a Mariner, Babes, Shepheards, and Clowns

Ant. Thou art perfec't then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Dearts of Bohemia.

Sir. 1 (my Lord) and faire
We have Landed in full time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten prest blusters. In my confidence
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne vp'n.

Ant. Their fared will be done: go get a-board,
Look to thy barks, Ille not be long before

I call vp upon thee.

Mrs. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Befides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vp'n.

Ant. Go thou away,
I'le follow infinitely.

Altar. I am glad at heart
to be so rude o'th businesse.

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleev'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me laft night: for me was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell like forrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very landly she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: th'great bowd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speche) her eyes
Become two spoues; the fute spen, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antous,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
It cou'd not loth for eures, Perdita
I prethee call's: For this vngent businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt nee
Thy Wife Paulina more, and fo, with thrickes
She melteth into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was fo, and no lumbre: Dreams, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yee superstitiously,
I will be quier'd by this: I do beleue
Horomous hath suffer'd death, and that
Anistle would (this being indeed the issue
Of King Poloners) it should here be lade
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Off's right Father. Biosome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charactar; there thefe,
Which myif Fortune pleaste, both breed thee (prety)
And still relf thine. The thorne begins, poor wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Wepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most affur'd I am
To be by oath enioy'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullable too rough: I never faw
The heavens so dim, by day. A seavege clamos
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.

Exit pursu'd by a Bear.

Ship. I would there were no age betwixt ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would fleap out the rest
for there is nothing (in the betwixt) but getting wench's
with childe, wronging the Auncestary, dealing,
Fighting, hearing now; would any but these boylie-bran's
of mine cyntne, and two and twenty bunt this weather
? They have fcar'd away two of my self Sheepe,
which I ferre the Wolfe will notter finde thei the Mesier,
if any where I haue them, tis by the fea-fide, brouzing
of lay. Good-luck(e) (and be thy will) what have
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty Barne; A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie
one) I'some Shepe; Though I am not bookish yet I
can
A Deus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the clock.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unmakes errors,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To vie my wings: I impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I flie
One steadfast yeeter, and leave the growth untir'd
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To o'rethrow Law, and in one felle-borne howne
To plant, and ore-whelme Cufome. Let me passe
The fame I am, ere ancient! Order was,
Or what is now receould. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To theshiefhest things now resigning, and make stale
The glistering of this presfent, as my Tale
Now feemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaffe, and give my Scene such growing
As you had stepped betwixt: Leasor leauing
The effects of his fond zealoufes, so greewung
That he flues vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Speake) that I now may be
In faire Bohme, and remember well,
I mentioned a fome o'th Kings, which Floruell
I now name to you: and wish speed so pace
To speake be Caltay, now gwonne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her infines
I lift not proffifie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when it be brought forth. A fhepherd daughe.
And what to her adheres, which follows after, (fer
Is that argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you faue spent time worde, ere now:
If euer, yet that Time himfelfe doth fay,
He wishes carnally, you never may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polizenes, and Camilla.

Pol. 1 pray thee (good Camilla) be no more impor-
tuate, it is a ticknesse denying thee any thing: a death to
grant this
Cam. It is fifteen yeeter since I saw my Country:
though I have (for the moft part) been abroad, I de-
ife to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King
(My Matter) hath lent for me, to whose feeling forrowes
I might be come alay, or I were weene to thinke to which
is another purpose to my departure.
Pol. As thou lookeft me (Camilla) wip not out the re-
fly thy trunche, by leaving me now: the neede I have of thee,
then owne goodneffe hath made: better not to
have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made
me Bulfinesse, (which none (without thee) can suffi-
cently manage) must either flay to execute them thy felle,
or take away with thee the very furuences thou haft done:
which if I have not enough confidered (as too much I
cannot to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my Ru-
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendfhips.
Of that fatal Country Sicilis, prethee speake no more,
whole very naming, punifhes me with the remembrance

Exeunt
Scena Tertia

Enter Amiciaus singing,
When Doftadils begin to peere,
With bough the Day over the date.
Why then comes in the sweet olde yeare,
For the red blood rages in winter's pale.

The white sheers bleaching on the hedges,
With hye the sweet birds,
Doth set my pung ging teeth an edge.
For a quart of Ale I give false King.

The Larke that torn a Lyrae pauses,
With heigh the Thrush and the lay.
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunt.
While we're tumbling in the hay.
I have sev'd Prince Floris'ed, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go morn in for that (my dear)
the pale Moon's finet by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moff go right.
If Vickers may have leave to live,
And bear the Sun's how Beauger,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes anthem it.
My Traffic is theaters: when the Kite builds, looke to letler Linnen. My Father nam'd me Amickius, who

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of that penitent (as thou callst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose laffer of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'lt thou the Prince Floris'ed my son? Kings are no leffe vnhappy, their free, not being gracious, then they are in losyling them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, is it three daies since I saw the Prince, what his happier affayres be may, are to me unknovn: but I have (mis lingly) noted, he is of late much retroyd from Court, and is leffe frequent to his Principy exercytes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (Camilla) and with some care, for faire, that I have eyes vnder my servyces, which looke vpon his remouedness: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of a most homly shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnpeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, that can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's like wise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some consultation with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneseke to get the cuise of my sonnes self therether. Preste be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My self Camilla, we must disguise our selves. Exit.

Enter Amiciaus singing.
When Doftadils begin to peere,
With bough the Day over the date.
Why then comes in the sweet olde yeare,
For the red blood rages in winter's pale.

The white sheers bleaching on the hedges,
With hye the sweet birds, O how they sing;
Doth set my pung ging teeth an edge.
For a quart of Ale I give false King.

The Larke that torn a Lyrae pauses,
With heigh the Thrush and the lay.
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunt,
While we're tumbling in the hay.
I have sev'd Prince Floris'ed, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go morn in for that (my dear)
The pale Moon's finet by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moff go right.
If Vickers may have leave to live,
And bear the Sun's how Beauger,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes anthem it.
My Traffic is theaters: when the Kite builds, looke to letler Linnen. My Father nam'd me Amickius, who
Thy vises you would say: there's no virtue whipte out of the Court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more abate.

Ant. Vises I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-Runner (a Bayliffe) then hee compait a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lies; and (hating flower over many knaunfis prefitions) he fetted onely in Rogue: some call him Anticiens.


Ant. Very true Sir: he flarte: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrill.

Cla. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bockemia; if you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'd have runne.

Ant. I must confede to you (Sir!) I am no fighter: I am falle of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Cla. How do you now?

Ant. Sweet Sir, much better then I was: I can fland, and walke: I will even take my leave of you; & pace softly towards my Kinrquins.

Cla. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good face Sir, no sweet Sir.

Cla. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our Heephe-Scareing.

Ant. Prosper you sweet Sir. Your purfe is not hot eough to purchase your Spice: He be left with you of Heephe-Scareing too: if I make not this Chest bring out another, and the vheers prove heeple, he let me vbe vntrou, and my name put in the booke of Verue.

Song. Top-on, top-on, the foot path way, 
And merrily cross the Stee-e: 
A merry heart goes all the day, 
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

---

**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Florizel, Perdek, Shepherd, Clarene, Policenes, Camille, Mogaf, Durci, Seruants, Aneticus.

Flor. Thefe your vnfull weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepheardes, but flora Perring in Aprils fcent. This your Heephe-Scareing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, 
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord, 
To elide at your extremes, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high felfe 
The gracious make ox't Land, you have offered 
With a Swaines wearing; and me (poore lowly Miaide) 
Most Goddeffe: like plumed vp: But that our Feats 
In every Meffe,laue folly: and the Feeders 
Digit with a Cuttome, I should blesth 
To see you to sty'd: i vowe I thinkes, 
To fve my felle a glafe.

Flor. I bleffe the time. 
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe 
Til Fathers ground 
Perd. Now Jone afford you caufe: 
To me the difference forges dread (your Great:efe
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Pol. Shepherdess,
(A faire one are your) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sit, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Ofstumbling winter, the fairest flowers o’t h season
Are our Carnations, and fierce d Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefare (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piddonel faces
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Natures) an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sten, to the wildest Stockke,
And make conceyse a barke of beker kinde
By bud of Nobler race.

Which do’s mend Nature. change it rather, but
The Art is felt, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly-vors,
And do not call them barts.

Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to let one flip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say ‘twer very well: and one thereforre
Desire to brede by me. Here’s flowers for you:

Hac Lavender, Mints, Savoury, Marontron,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with her rises, weeping: There are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y’are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grafting, were I of your flocke.
And one lyue by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:
You’ll be to leane, that blasts of January
(Friend, Would blow you through and through.
Now (my fairest time) I would I had some Flowres o’t spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-beads growing: O Prosperine,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) th’ouer will fall
From Daffodil Waggan: Daffadils,
That came before the Swallow darres, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the ldis of Ioan’s eyes,
Or Cythereas breath) pale Prime-roes,
That dye vnmarriet, ere they can behold
Bright Pheebus in his strength (a Malade
Most incendi to Maidens) bold Oslips, and
The Crownw Imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strewe him o’er, and o’re.

Flo. What’s like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quickke, and in mine arines. Come, take your owles,
Mich I think I play as I have seen them do
In Whinston-Patentals: Sun this Robe of mine
Do’s change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I’d have you do it euer: When you sing,
I’d have you buy, and fell fo: fo guile Almes,
Pray fo: and for the ordring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wase o’t h Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: mouse still, still fo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Aetes, are Queenes.

Perd. O Darforest,
Your praisles are to large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through’s
Do plainly guie you out an unblain’d Shepherd
With widedome, I might scarce (my Darsteller)
You wod me the falle way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to’t. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdita) to Turtles pair
That never meane to part.

Perd. Ile lwte for em.

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lisse, that euer
Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing the do’s, or lctines
But smackes of something greater then her felle,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on’t: Good sooth she is,
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on: strike vp.

Dorcas. Mapa must be your Miftis: marry Garlick
To mend her kisling with.

Cam. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Damauc of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Darvilles, and boast him selfe
To have a worthy Feeding, but I hate it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:
He looks like sooth, yet he fayres he loves my daughter,
I thinke fo too: for never gazed the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee lanted and reade
As were my daughters eyes: and to be plains,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisfe to chooze
Who loutes another best.

Pol. She dances fealy.

Shep. So he do’s anything, though I report it
That should be silente: If youg Darvilles
Do light vp her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O Mafter if you did but heare the Pedler at
the doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor
And Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee singes
fertall Tunes, fitter then you’ll tell money: hee vittres
them as hee had eaten ballads and all mens ears grew to
his Tunes:

Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily fit, downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede and
fug lamentably.

Ser.
Sir. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:
No Milliner can fix his customers with Glouces: he has
the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie
(which is strange), with such delightful banter of
Dido, and Fading: I pump her, and thump her, and
where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal, would (as were)
meane mischeefe, and breaks a fowle gap into the Matter, he
makes the maid to answer, Whoop, dese me no harme good
man: put his of, flights him, with Whoop, dese me no harme good
man.
Pol. Thus is a brace fellow.
Clo. Beleece mee, thou talkeft of an admirable con-
cented fellow, has he any unbridled Wares?
Sen. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours; the Rainbow;
Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bedlam, can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by the griffe:
Jackles, Caddysilces, Cambriakes, Lawnes: why he fings
em o'er, as they were Gods, or Goddfes: you would
think a Snook were a ffree-Angell, he fhoonchanies to the
fleewe-hand, and the worke about the quare on't;
Clo. Pre thee bring him in, and let him approach sing-
ing.
Perd. Forewarn him, that he live no wurrilous words
in'tunes.
Clon. You hauie of thee Pedlers, that hauie more in
them, then you'll think (Sifer.)
Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Antonio singing.

Laune as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse blacke as war was Crow,
Gloune as sweete as Damate Ruffe,
Mountes for faces, and for nofe;
Braske-bleacker, Neckie lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Goldine Quinces, and Stomachers
For my Ladie, to grace her dores:
Perfume, and prakke-flakes of Beere.
What Madne fakes from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come, come, come buy,
Buy Ladi; or else your Lasses cry: Come buy

Clo. If we were not in Loue with Maps, thou shouldn't
take no money of me, but being enthralled as I am, it will
also be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloues.
Map. I was promis'd them again the Feast, but they
come not too late now.
Perd. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there
be lyres.
Map. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May be
he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him
again.
Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
wear their plackes, where they shold bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed?
Or kill-hole? To whisit of these secrets, but you must
be little-sating before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispring; toamor your tongyes, and not a word more.
Map. I have done: Come, you promis'd me a twady-
lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues;

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way,
and loft all my money,

Asur. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-
fore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lofe nothing here

Asur. I hope I, for I have about me many parcels
of charge.

Clo. What haft heere? Ballads?

Step. Pray now buy home: I loue a ballet in print,
for then we are sure they are true

Asur. Here's one to vew dolfell full tone, how a Wifes
life was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at
a bushten, and how the long do re ese Adders heads, and
Toads carbenado'd.
Map. Is it true, thinke you?

Asur. Very true, and but a moneth old,

Dur. Biffe me from marrying a Wifer.

Asur. Here's the Midwifes name to t': one Mist.Tale-
porter, and five or six honest Wifes, that were present.
Why should I carry eyes abroad?

Map. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see me Bals-
ades. We'll buy the other things anon.

Asur. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared
upon the coast, on wednesday the fourteens of April, fotive
thousand fadom above water, & sung this ballad against
the hard heartes of maids: it was thought he was a Wo-
man, and was turned into a cold fith, for the wold not ex-
change flesh with one that touch'd her: The Ballad is very
pitifull, and as true.

Asur. It is true too, thinke you.

Asur. Fine lustifces hands at it, and witnesse more
then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Asur. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Map. Let's have some merry ones.

Asur. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to
the tune of two maides wooning a man: there's fete: a Maide
welford but the fings it: 'tis in requel, I can tell you.

Map. We can both sing it: if shoul'd bear a part thou
flalt heart, 'tis in three parts.

Dur. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Asur. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my oc-
cupation: Have at it with you.

Song. Give you hence, for I must goo.

Asur. Where it fits not you to know.

Dur. Whether?

Mop. What or whether?

Dur. Whether?

Map. It comes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secret tell,

Dur. Me too: Let me go tother:

Map. Or thou goft to th' Orange, or Mill,

Dur. Ifto either thou goft id.

Asur. Neither.

Asur. What or whether?

Asur. Neither:

Dur. Thou haft sworn me thou goft to be,

Map. Thou haft sworn me more to mee.

Then whether goft? Say whether?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our felves: My
Father, and the Gent. are in fad talke, & we'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenchies lie
buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first chacle, fow ile
girls,

Asur. And you shail pay well for em.

Song. Will you buy any time for your Crps?

My dearest. O Deuce, my deere a-

Any Silke. Any Thread, any Tapes for your head

Of the new'st, and foint, foint weare a-

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medlic,

That daies etter all mett wore a.

Exe.

Sermans. Mayfler, there is three Carrers, three Shep-
herds,three Near-herds,three Swine-herds y haue made.

Asur. them

R B ;
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Therefyll Foule thou compaft with.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unkowne, you shall beare witnesse to:'t;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that must bee
1' the Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contrast as forethe Wintysces.

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Flo. Soft Swayne a while, beffeech you,
Have you a Father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Flo. He neither doe's, nor shall.

Flo. Me-thinks a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a guest.
That belt becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father grown meaneable?

Of reallable Stingerys? Is he not flupid
With Age, and altering Rhymes? Can he speake here? hea?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being chuldish?

Flo. No good Sir
He has his health, and ampler Strength indee
Then mofl hafe of his age.

Flo. By my white beard,
You offer him (of this be it) a wrong
Something unfilliall. It is on your fonne
Should chowe himselfe a wife, but as good reason.
The Father (all whole ray is nothing else
But faire politerly) Should hold some contafle
In such a businesse.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for fome other reasons (my grave Sir)
Which is not fit you know, I am not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.

Flo. Let him know it.

Flo. He fhall not.

Flo. Peradventure, twice more.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my fonne) he fhall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Marke our Contrat.  

Flo. Markyour divorce (yong Sir)
Whom fonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepers beare,
That this affailes a swept-hooke: Thou old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fith peace
Of excellent Witchcraft: whom of force must know
The royal Foul Foe thou compaft with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Flo. Ile haue thy beauty seracht with brutes & made
More homely then thy flate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou doft but figh,
That thou no more fhalt never fee this knack (as neuer
I mean thou that) we'll barre thee from succifion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Faire then Deuation off: (mark thee my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Cherle, for this time.
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thec
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
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Worthy enough a Hezrdian: ye him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vvnotherly then. If true henceforth, thou
The fell Laches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embasses,
I will desuue a death, as cruel for thee
As shot stand tend to't. 

Exit. Even hence vndone:
I was not much a fear: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe. Dame Sun, that shine on his Coutre,
Hides not his village from oure Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Before you
Of your owne flate take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Eves, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake e're thou dyest.

Shel. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Not dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have vndone a man of foure times three,
That thought to fill his grace in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'd,
To dyce close by his honest bones: but now
Some Hangman muft put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no Priest shou'd in duft. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldt advertise
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this hour, I hate li'd
To die when I defire.

Exit. Flc. Why looke you fo vpon me?
I am but sorry, not a'dair'd: delaid,
But nothing altered: What I was, I am:
More strained on, for plucking backe; not following
My Iafts vvaningly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speeche: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your fight; as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse sette
Come not before him.

Flc. I not purpose it:
I think Camilla.

Cam. Even be, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often faid my dignitie would fail
But till 'twas knowne?

Flc. It cannot fail, but by
The Violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature craft the sides of earth together,
And make the seeds within. Life vpp thy looke:
From my face and I spurne me (Father) I
Am heere to my affection.

Cam. Be adu'd, I
Flc. I am: and by my fance, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reaue;
If not, my fences better pleas'd with madneffe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (Sir)
Flc. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I need: must thinke it honestly. Camilla,
Not for Bonamesia, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleamed: for all the Sun fees, or
The clofe earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In unknowne scordes, will I broke my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you.
As you have euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend
When he shall misufe me, at (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) caft your good counsails
Upon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the timeto come. This you may know,
And fo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her necefed, I have
A Veiffel rides faft by, but not prepar'd
For this defigne. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your Spirit were easier for aduice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flc. Hearke Perdita,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's immouable, Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy
If his going, I could frame to ferue my turne,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the fight againe of dear Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I fo much thrift to see.

Flc. Now good Camilla,
Iam fo fraught with curious businesse, that
I leue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heade of my poore Seruices, i'th love
That I haue borne your Father?

Flc. Verry nobly
Hauing you defended: It is my Fathers Musick
to speake on this matter: not little of his care.
To haue them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but your direction,
If your more ponderous and settled proiect
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Muses; fit for the whom, I fee.
There's no disunions to be made, but by
(As heauens foretell) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your diferenting Father, situe to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flc. How Camilla
May this (almoft a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that truft to thee.

Cam. Hau you thought on
A place whereeto you'ld go?

Flc. Not any yet:
But as thvthought on accident is gulltie.
To what we wildly do, so we profess.
Our fleues to be the flau'se of chance, and flies
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princeoffe,
(For so I see the must be) for Lonzile;
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She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping.
His Welcome for: thakst thee there Sonne forgivenesse,
As 'were th' Fathers perfons; kisst the hands.
Of your fresh Princeesse; ore and ore dignifies him,
Twist his vnkindesse, and his Kindesse; th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camilla,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, He write you downs,
The which shall point you forth as every fitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Boleome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to tell you;
There is some fappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felues
To vapeash'd Waters, vnendream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miferies enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing fo certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their bent office, if they can but stay you,
Where you're belongeth to be: besides you know,
Prospect's the very bond of Loue,
Whole fresh complexion, and whose heart togethers,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of chefe is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Checke,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yes? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers Houfe, these feuen yeeres
Be borne another fuch.

Flo. My good Camilla,
She's as farward, of her Breeding, as
Sir th'is th' reare of your Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Infructions, for the feeme a Milftiffle
To moft that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
I beleth you Thankes.

flo. My prettieft Perdita,
But O the Thorne we stand upon: (Camilla)
Prefoner of my Father,now of me,
The Medicine of our Houfe: how shall we doe?
We are not furnifhed like Bohemias Sonnes,
Nor fhall appear in Scilla,

Cam. My Lord.
Fear none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play were mine. For inllence Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Automelos

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Horneffe is? and Trutl, (his
sware brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Trumperie, nor a counterfeit Stone, nor a Ribbon,
Gaffe, Pomander, Broach, Table-book, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Clowse, Shooe-lye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from falling: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a be-
nediftion to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whole
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vie, I rememberd. My Clowne (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in Loue with the
Wenches Song, that hee would not flire his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which fo drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flucke in
Ease: you might have pinck'd a Plecker, it was fene-
leffe: it was nothing to gueeld a Cod-piece of a Purfe:
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 Lethargie, I pick'd
and cut most of their Festual Purfes: And had not the
old man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe alue in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So one as you arraile, shall cleare that doubt,
Flo. And thro' that you procure from King Leontes
Cam. Shall fatisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, thewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here?
Wee'le make an Infrument of this. omit
Nothing may give us aide.

Aut. If they have out-heard me now why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak't thou so? Fear not (man)
Here's no Substitute, nor Fears

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.
Cam. Why, be fo still: here's no body will fteale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouerie, we must
make an exchange; therefore dif-case thee instantly (thou
muft thinke there's a neceffitie in't: and change Garments
with this Gentleman. Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worth, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: { I know ye well
enough.}

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
find already.

Aut. Are you in earneft, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had Earneft, but I cannot with
conference take it.

Cam. Vnuckle, vnuckle.

Fortunate Miiftiffle (let me prophesie)
Come home to ye: you must retire your felfe
Into some Courte: take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it oer your Brownes, muffle your face,
Dif-manie you, and (as you can) dilken
The truth of your owne feeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-board
Get vndeffy'd.

Perd. I fee the Play fo lyes,
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedie
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come. Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.
Flo. O Perdita: what have we twaine forgot?

Pray
Pray you a word.
Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall go presteale,
To force him escape: in whose company
I shall re-view Scipia; for whole sight,
I have a Woman Longing.

Fla. Fortune speed vs.

Thus we set on (Camarilla) to th' Sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better...
Exit.

Aun. I understand the businesle, I hear it: to have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for
a Cut-purse; a good Nofe is requisite also, to smell out
works for th'rether Senses. I see this is the time that
the vnust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been,
without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure the Gods doe this yeece connue at vs, and we may
do any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is
about a piece of Iniquite (firing away from his Father, with
his Glove at his heede;) if I thought it were a piece of boole,
not to acquaint the King withall, I would not do: I
hold it the more knostrue to conceal it; and therein am
constant to my Profession.

Enter Clane and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seffion, Hangings, yealds
a careful man work.

Clane. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling,
and none of your feth and blood.

Shep. Nay, but here me.
Clane. Nay: but here me.
Shep. Go, goe then.

Clane. She being none of your feth and blood, your
feth and blood ha not offended the King, and so your
feth and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those
things you found about her (those secret things, all but
what the ha's wish her,) This being done, let the Law goe
whille: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yes, and his
Sonnes pricks 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.

Clane. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you
could have been to, and then your Blood had beene
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce

Aun. Very wisely (Puppets.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard,

Aun. I know not what impediment: this Complaint
may be to the flight of my Master.

Clane. Pray he heartly be at Palace.

Aun. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometime
by chance: let me poke over my Peddies excrescence.
How now (Ruthees) whether are you bound?

Shep. To the Palace (and it like your Worship.)

Aun. Your Affaires there? what with whom? the
Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?
your names? your ages? of what housing? breeding, and
any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discouer?

Clane. We are but plane fellows, Sir.

Aun. A Lyt; you are tough, and bayrie: Let me have
no lyng: it becomes none but Traded-men, and they of-
ten giue vs (soldiers) the Lyt, but wee pay them for it
with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they
do not giue vs the Lyt,

Clo. Your Worships had like to have gueen vs one, if
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you Sir?

Aun. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier, Seeft
thou not the ayre of the Court, in these entroldings? Hath
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receivest
not thy Nofe Court-Odour from me? Relict I not thy
Bafenelle, Court-Contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I
infamse, at toaze from their thy Bufenelle, I am therefore
no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pce, and; one that
will eryth push-on, or pluck back, thy Bufenelle there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affairs.

Shep. My Bufenelle, Sir, is to the King.

Aun. What Advocate ha'ft thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and'd like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant: say
you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir. I haue no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aun. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disfaine

Cla. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but lie weare them not
handsome,

Cla. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-
sificall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking
oo's Teeth.

Aun. The Farthell there? What's ith' Farthell?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there eyes such Secrets in this Farthell and
Box, which none mull know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this house, if I may come to the speech
of him.

Aun. Age, thou haft lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aun. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone abroad
a new Ship, to purse Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for
if thou bee't capable of things ferozious, thou mull know
the King is full of griefe

Shep. So surly (Sir,) about his Sonne, that should
have married a Shepheard's Daughter.

Aun. If that Shepheard be not in hand fast, let him
flye; the Curles he shall have, the Tortures he shall trele,
will bekeate the back of Man, the heart of Montiller.

Clo. Think ye so, Sir?

Aun. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wilt can make
harme, and Vengeance biter; but those that are lernace to
him (though remou'd fiftie times,) shall all come under
the Hang-man: which, thought he be great pitty, yet it is
nercellarre. An old Shep/wip-whippinge Rogue, a Ram-tender,
to offer to have his Daughters come into grace: Some
fay hee shall be flond: but that death is too soft for him
(iah 1) Draw out their Throne into a Sheep-Coast? all deaths
are too few, the charpit too cafe.

Cla. He's the old-man are a Sonne Sir (do you heare)
and 'tis like you, Sir?

Aun. Hee has a Sonne, who shall be flayed alive,
then 'noyement out with Honey, set on the head of a Wafles
Nett, then fland till he be three quarters and a dram dead,
then recouered & gaine with Aquevite, or some hot
Infuptions; thenaw as he is (and in the hotell day Hgno-
rificason proclame,) shall he be eaten by a Brick waht,
(the Sonne looking with a Southward eye upon him,
where he is to behold him, with Flyeblown to death)
but what take we of the thee, Traptly-Ralctle, whose mis-
feres are to be simild at, their offences being so capacitll?
Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plainemen,) what you haue to the king: being something genly consider'd, he bring you where he is abrood, tender your perfons to his pittie, worship him in your behalfe; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suites, here is man shall doe it.

Claw. He seemes to be of great authortie; close with him, give him gold; and though Authoritie be a hubborne beast, yet here is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more ado. Remember dom'd, and stay'd silence.

Shp. And prithee you (Sir,) to undertake the businesse for vs, here is that gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leue this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.


Ast. Well, give me the Moissie: Are you a partie in this businesse?

Claw. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Ast. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: bang him he'll be made an example.

Claw. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fittings: he must know its none of your Daughter, nor my Sifer: wee are gone elle. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the businesse is performed, and remane (as he lyes) your pawn, till it be brought you.

Ast. I will trust you. Walke before toward the seaside, gee on the right hand, I will but looke on the Hedge, and follow you.

Claw. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, even bless'd.

Shp. Lets before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Ast. If I had a mind to be honell, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am countow now with a double occasion; (gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may urine backe to my advancement: I) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he thinke it fit to fhosre them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so faire officious, for I am proofe against that Title, and what shame elle belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matters in it.

Exit.

Aulus Quintus. Scena Prima.


Claw. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence then done repitat: As the last
Done at the Heavens have done; forget your quill,
With them, forsooke your selfe.

Leo. Where I remember
Her, and her Vertues. I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and to fill think of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-leffe it hath made my kindome, and
Defroyd the sweet''d companion, that ere man
Bred, and hope out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord!) If one by one, you wedded all the World.
Or from the All that are, rooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman: she you kill'd.
Would be unparalell'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik't me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Saw so but feldome.

Claw. Not at all, good Lady: You might have spoked a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd
Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed againe,
Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of lust most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesss fail of Itse, may
Drop upon his kindome, and desuare
Incurtain lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to recitoe the former Queens is well.
What helper, then for Royals repaire,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To blest the Bed of Malest against
With a sweet Fellow rot's?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting he that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For he's not the Divine Apollo said:
It's not the terror of his Oracle,
That King Lomar shall no more have an Heire,
Till his left Child be found. Which, that it shall,
Is all so monsstrous to our humane reason,
As my Antipodes to break his Groue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. Tis your counsell,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary.
Oppose a shift their wills. Care not for Itse,
The Crowne will find so Heire. Great Alexander
Left his to th' Worthiest of his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haft the memorie of Hermione
I know in honor: O, that ever I
Had quair'd me to thy counsell: then, even now,
I might have lookt upon my Queens full eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lips.
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeilded.

Leo. Thou speakest true:
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Again profess her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appear) Solem-nest,
And begin, why so me?

Paul. Had the fuch power,
She had left such caufe.
Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I marry'd.
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Paul. I should so.
Were I the Ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you marke,
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part int’
You chose her then. In Art work, that even your cares
Should off to hear me, and the words that follow’d,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead cosles: fear thou no Wife’s
We have no Wife, Paulina.
Pant. Will you swearc
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Neuer (Paulina) to be blest’d my Spirit.
Pant. Then, good my Lords, bear this witness to his Oath
Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much. Pant. Unlie fe ft another,
As like Hermia, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.
Pant. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Guide me the Office
To chuse your Queene; she shall not be to young
As was your former, but the shall be full.
As (walk’d your first Queene’s Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
Pant. That
Shall be when your first Queene’s againe in breath:
Neuer till then.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince Floresull,
Sonne of Polemec, with his Princesse (he
The fairest I have yet beheld) desir’d accesse
To your high precent.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and fuddgine) tells vs
Tis not a Vistation fram’d, but forced
By need, and accident. What Tisynce?
Pant. But few,
And thofe but mean.
Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. 1. the most peere’e lffe piece of Earth, I thinke,
That eie the Sunne phone bright on.
Pant. Oh Hermoine,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so muthy Gryne
Gave way to what’s scene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue fay’d, and were so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Thame: she hath not beene,
Nor was, nor be equally, thus your Vertue
Flow’d with her Beautye once; ’tis shew’dly ebb’d,
To sav you have scene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she’s hasten’d by your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Seel, might quench the zeal.
You chose her. Children Venus,
Of all Prophets elde; make Propheteys
Of who she but bid follow,
Pant. How? not women?
Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Get Cleomenc, Your selves (afflicted with your honor’d Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still-us strange,
He thus should restle upon vs.

Paul. Had we Prince

(Scenes of Children Visiting): this hour, he had page’d
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Between their births.
Leo. Pretheer no more; cease: I shou’d know A
He dyes to me aaine, when thall’d of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speecbes
Will bring me to confider that, which may
Vnturnish me of Resign. They are come,
Enter Flate and Sevina, Cleomene, and others.
Your Mother was most true to Widlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Concerning you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image so but in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and yeke of something wildly
By vs perform’d before. Moll dearly welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddeff) oh: alas,
I loof a couple, that twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have flood, begining wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loof
(All mine owne Folly) the Socieete,
Amite too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Militer) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch’d Soubia, and from him
Gue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infortunite
(Which waits upon warne times) hath something les’d
His wish’d Abilities, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, twixt your Throne and his
Meaured, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He had me say so) more then all the Sceptors,
And thofe that bare be them, living.
Leo. Oh my brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee,sharre
Aftresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are my Interpreters
Of my behind-hand flackes. Welcome hither.
As is the Spring to th’Earth, And hath too
Expos’d this Pragion to th’tsrefull vmage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To gree a was, not worth her paiaces; much leff,
Th’adventur of her perfom t
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia.
Leo. Where the Warlike Simulus,
That Noble honor’d Lord, is feared, and lou’d?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares protest’d his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have croes’d,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visitng your Highnesse: My best Traine
I have from you Susanah Store’s dissais’d;
Who for Baberina bend, to signifie
Not onely my fuccelle in Libia (Sir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in faffette
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Cleomere here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, agaunt whose perfom

(So)
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(So farced as it is) I have done so farce,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me ill-fame: and your Father's displeas'd
(As he from Heavens meritis it) with you,
Worthy his goodness: what might I have been,
Might I, a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such godly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will bee no credit;
Were not the proper time long. Please you (great Sir)
Bolona grants you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who has he's
(His Dignities, and Duties both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherd's Daughter.

LORD. Where's Bolona? I speak.

LORD. Here, in your Cittie: I now came from him
I speak amaz'd, and it becomes
My mode, and my Message, to your Court
While he was hasting (in the Clarte) it seems,
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitts,
With this young Prince
Flo. Camilla his betrays'd me,
Whose honor, and whose honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weather.

LORD. Let's go to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

LORD. Who is Camilla?

LORD. Camilla; (Sir) I spake with him: who now
He's the poor men in question. Never law I
Wretches to speak: they kneele, they kiss the Earth;
Forwaste themselfes as often as they speak.
Bolona flaps his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

End. Oh my poor Father:
The Heavens fes Spyes upon vs, will not hazard
Our Contract celebrated.

End. You are mad.

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Stares (I fee) will kiss the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife:

Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed
Will come- on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ey'd in dute: and as sorry,
Your Choice is so rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, joyful vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should abuse us, with my Father; powre no hot
Hath the to change our Loves. Beleech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Stop forth mine Advocate: to your request.
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would be doe so. I'd beg your precious Miftris,
Which he counts but a Trifle

End. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

For your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazing,
Then what you look on now

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in thee Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deares,
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Antonio, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beleech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gen. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fartheal, and heard the old Shephard deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazement) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shephard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gen. 1. I make a broken delivery of the Lusinefull; but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camilla, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with slaping on one another, to worse the Cates of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbness, Language in their very gestures: they look'd as they had heard of a World renowned, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of Wonders appeared in them: but the wisebe beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if'th importance were toy, or Sorrow: but in the extremities of the one, it mutt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more;
The Newes. Reger.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires the Oracle is full of: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this hour, that Balls-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Perdita's Sward, he can deliver you more. How does it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gen. 3. Most true, if our Truth were pregant by Circumstance: That which you here, you'll scarce see, there is such witie in the proofs. The Mantle of Queene Hermione: her Lewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigone found with it, which they know to be his Charafer: the Mischeife of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleiness, which Nature newes about her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gen. 2. No.

Gen. 3. Then issue you a Sight which was to be scene, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one toy course another, and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their joy waded in tears. There was calling vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distracion, that they were to be knowen by Garment, not by Favor.

Our
The Winters Tale.

Our King being ready to leave out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loffe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Bohemia forgiennesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries be his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shephered (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reigne.) I neuer heard of such another Encouter, which lances Report to follow it, and yndo's description to doe it.

Gen. 2. What, pray you, became of Antigone, that carried hence the Child?

Gen. 3. Like an old Tale full, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was born to pieces with a Beare: This aucouches the Shepheardes Sonne; who ha's not only his Innocence (which fernes much) to inflame him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gen. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gen. 4. Wreckt the same instante of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expoze the Child were even then loft when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that twent joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declind for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfilled: Shee lifted the Princeffe from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of looing.

Gen. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gen. 2. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queene's death (with the manner how they came to't) bravely confessed, and lamented by the King: how attentiuely wounded his Daughter, till from one Lifeg of dolour to another, shee did (with an Act) I would faine say, bleed Terres; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some woundd, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene vnfall.

Gen. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gen. 3. No: The Princeffe hearing of her Mothers Statute (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Pecce many yeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, Iulio Romanus, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Work) would degrade Nature of her Captorne, so perfectly heis her Ape: He fo recesse to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they say one would speake to her, and fland in hope of answer, Thither (with all greediness of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gen. 2. I thought the had some great matter there in hand, for free hath priuily, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visitid that Renowned House. Shall we chithe, and with our company pece the Reviving?

Gen. 1. Who would be thence, that has't the benefit of Accesse: every winke of an Eye, some newe Grace will beborne: our Absence makes vs vnchristie to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit. 1

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-pond of the Shepheardes Daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himselfe little better, extremity of Weather continueing, this Mystere remained vndiscover'd. But alls one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relis'd among my other discricts.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloffomes of their Fortune.

Shp. Come Boy, I am past me Children: but thy Sonsnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well me (Sir,) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you thefe Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were beft say thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and cry whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir,) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have beene so any time these foure hours.

Shp. And fo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother,) and the Princeffe (my Sister,) call'd my Father, Father, and so we were: and there was the full Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

Shp. We may lie (Sonnes) to shied many more.

Clow. I, or else t'were hard luck, being in so ppoolellous an estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir,) to pardon mee all the faults I have committed to your Worships, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shp. Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it is like your good Worships.

Clow. Give me thy hand, I will swears to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shp. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boorees and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shp. How it is to be false (Sonnes?)

Clow. If it be note to be false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And if I sweare to the Prince thou shalt a tay Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke; but I know thou art no tay Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but if I sweare it, and I would thou wilt be a Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so (Sir,) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means prove a tay Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tay Fellow, trust me not. Ha,ke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs, wee'le be thy good Masters.  

Sceina Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statuie: Lords &c.; Lvo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?  

Ce 

Paul. What.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Sovereigne Sir)
I do not well, I mean well: all my Service
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your confirmed
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poor House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to anfwere.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To fee the Statues of our Queenes. Your Gallerie
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many ingurities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the list'd peerless,
So her dead likeness I doe well beleue
Excellts what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart, but here it is: prepare
To fee the Life as truly mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well,
I like you silence, & the more shrue-wes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, if you (my Liege)
Comes it not something more?

Leo. Her natural Poffure.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art the,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancia, and Grace, But yet (Paulina)
Hermione was not so much wrinkle'd, nothing
So aged at this feerens.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence,
Which left goe-by some fowteene yeeres, and makes her
As the list'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood,
Euen with such Life of Maielfie (warne Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I wou'd her.
I am alam'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peace;
There's Magick in thy Maielfie, which ha's
My Eues comit'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spiritt,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not say't is Superflition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing, Lady,
Deere Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd on,
Which since, betwixt the Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Joy
Did euer so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selue much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre
I take off so much grieue from you, as he
Will pece vpon in himselfe,

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrongt you (for the Stone is mine)

I'd not have thew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine,

Paul. No longer shal you gaze on't, least you Fancie
May thinke anon, it mouses.

Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Mafterly done:
The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The figure of her Eye he's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ie draw the Curtaine;
My Lord's almost so faste transported, that
He'lle thinke anon it lives.

Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to thinkie so twentie yeeres together:
No settled Scences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre fit't you: but
I could afflift you father,

Leo. Doe Paulina:
For this Affliction ha's taile so sweet
As any Cordall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzel
Coulde euer yet cut breake? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiffe her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The suddainesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You're marre it, if you kiffe it: Baynue your owne
With Olyy Palmings; shall I draw the Curtaine,

Leo. No: not these twenty yeeres,

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbeare,
Quick presently the Chappell, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Tle make the Statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke
(Which I proftect against) I am affliet
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to hearre: for 'tis as safe
to make her speake, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: thofe that thinke it is unlawfull Butinelle
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall thre.

Paul. Musick; awake her; Strike:
'Tis time; descend; be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meraueil: Come:
He fill you Gracie vp; thre is may come away:
Bequest to Death your nunenlessee (for from him,
Dear Life redeemes you) you perceiue the flures
Start not: her Actions shal be holy, as
You heare her Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vnill you fee her dye againe: for then
You kill her double: Nay, preserue your Hand;
When she were young, you woold her: now, in age,
Is she the become the Sutor?

Leo. Oh she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,

If the pertaint to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she is liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she's liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears the lyes,
Though yet the speake nor. Make a little while:
Pleaze you to interpofe (fair Madame) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: tune good Lady,
Our Perdita is found. 

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Upon my daughtets head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where halt thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heate that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou walt in being, have preferu'd
My felfe, to fee the ylue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Leaft they defire (upon this path) to trouble
Your joyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some winter'd bough, and there
My Muse (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loft.

Les. O peace Paulina:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And make betweene's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vain) saide many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ie ne feke farre
(For him, I pately know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come Camilla,
And take her by the hand: whole worth, and honestly
Is richly noted: and heere juifified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy looks
My illufption: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne unto the King, whom hesuens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead vs from hence, where we may leyfully
Each one demand, and anfwere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were diffuer'd: Hafily lead away. 

Excut.

The Names of the Actors.

Leonidas, King of Sicilia.
Camillo, Young Prince of Sicilia.
Camilo.
Antigonus: Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Antigonus. Polixenes, Prince of Bohemia.
Kleomenes. Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Dion. Clowme, his Sonne.
Hermodorus. Antedatus, a Raigne.
Hermione. Archimenes, a Lord of Bohemia.
Perdita, Daughter to Leonidas and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Eliza, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chartres of France.

King John.

O, say Chartres, what would France with us? Chas. That (after greeting) speaks the King of France.

In my behoover to the Maiesty.

Else. A strange beginning; borrow a Maiesty?

K. John. Silence (good mother) hear the Emballe.

Chas. Philip of France, in right and true behalfs

Of thy deceased brother, Guiffrey-sonne,

Arthur Plantagenet, laes most lawfull claimes.

To this faire land, and the Territories:

To Ireland, PojHint, Antone, Tongue, Malese,

Defying thee to lay aside the word

Which swears upringingly thee several titles,

And put the fme into yong Arthur hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Squeratine.

K. John. What follows if we disallow this?

Chas. The proud controle offrere and bloudy warre,

To enforcing the rights, so forcibly with-held;

K. Jo. Here haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Controelment for controelment: to answer France.

Chas. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Emballe.

K. John. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou's lighting in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there.

The thunder of my Cannon shal be heard.

So hence be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preage of thy owne decay:

An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too: farewell Chartres.

Exit Chas and Pemb.

Ele. What how my fonne, haue I not ever said

How that ambitious Contendence would not cease

Till the bad hundred France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her fonne,

This might have beene prevented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of love,

Which now the messeage of two kingsdomes must

With fearefull bloudy olde arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

If thy strong poftition, and our right for vs,

Or effe it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conience whispers in your ears,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall bear.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Esse. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbass and our Priories shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman

Roring in Northamptonshire, and eldest fonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A Souldeier by the Honor-guion-hand.

Of Cardonel. Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and here to that fame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then: it seems.

Philip. Mootherthere 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 oere to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Elle. Out on these rude man, I doth shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madam? No, 1 have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prose, a pops me out,

At least from faire fite hundred pound a yeere;

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my land.

K. John. A good blust fellow: why being yonger born

Doth he lay claime to those inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;

But once he flandered me with bafliardy.

Where but I be as true begot or no,

That fill I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(FAire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be judg your felic

If old Sir Robert did begot ye both,

And were our father, and this fonne like him:

O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I give house thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Edeni. He hath a tricks of Cardonel face,

The acent of his tongue affeffeth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my fonne

In the large composition of this man?
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect. Richard; sirr speake, What dost move you to claim these brother land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father: With halfe that face would he have all my land, A halfe a' d great, fiv hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liuid, Your brother did employ my father much. For, well for, by this you cannot get my land, Your tale must be how he have of my mother. And once dispast'd him in an Embaffe,

To Germany, there with the Emperor To treat of high affairs touching that time: This advantage of his absence took the King, And in the mean time so lon'd at my fathers, Where how he did preuate, I shame to speake: But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and showers Between my father, and my mother lay, As I have heard my father speake himselfe

When this fame loyle gentleman was got: Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed his lands to me, and took it on his death that this my mothers done was none of his, And if I sowe, he can strive and my mother. Full fourteen weeks before the cource of time: Then good my Lioege let me hawe what is mine, My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sirs, your brother is Legitimase. Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bear him; And if she did play false, the fault was her, Which faule lyes on the bazzards of all husbands That marry wifes: tell me, how if my brother Who as you say, tooke paines to get this fonse, Had of your father claim'd this fonse for his.

Infooth, good friend, your father might have kept This Calie, bred from his Cow from all the world.

Infooth he might: then of the were my brothers My brother might nor claime him, nor your father Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes, My mothers done did get your fathers heyre, Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shalt then my fathers Will be of no force, To dispoelle this child, which is not his.

Pob. Of no more force to dispoelle me, Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hadst thou father be a Faulconbridge, And like thy brother to enjoy thy land: Or the reputed sonne of Cordinoe,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Balf. Madam, and if my brother had my shape And I had his, sir Roberts his like him, And if my legs were two such riding rods, My arms such eele skins flutt, my face so thin, That in mine eare I durst not flucke a rose,

Left men should say, looke where three farthing goes, And to his shape were heye to all this land, Would I might never flittre off this place, I would give it every foot to have this face: It would not be fit norbe in any safe.

Elinor. I like thee well: with those forfake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me.

I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

Balf. Brother, take you my land, I left thee chance; Your brother hath got five hundred pounds a yeere, Yet tell you face for five pence and tis decre:

Madam, I'll follow you into the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. Balf. Our Country manners give us better way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Balf. Philip my Liege, fo is my name begun.

Philip, good old Sir Robert viues eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name

Whole forme thou bestel: Kneele thou downe Philip, but thine more great, Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Balf. Brother, be thy mothers side, give me your hand,

My father gave me honours, your gaine land:

Now blest be the hours by night or day When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet.

I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo.

Balf. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what thou:

Something about a little from the right. In at the window, or else ote the latch:

Who dates not shire by day, must wake by night, And hauie is hauie, how ever men doc catch:

Nee re or fare off. well winne is still well photo, And I am here I was begot.

K. John. Come, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire,

And I will make thee a landed squiote, Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed For France, for France, it is more than need.

Balf. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee, For thou wast goth in way of honestly.

Exeunt all but baftard.

Balf. A foot of Honor better then I was, But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joane a Lady, Good den Sir Richard, Godamery fellow,

And if his name be George, I call him Peter,

For new made honor doth forget mens names: This two telescope, and too socieable,

For your conversation, now your traveller, Here and his tooth-pick at my worships meefe,

And when my knightly fomack is suffit'd, Why then I flucke my teeth, and catherize My picked man of Countries: my dear sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shall befouch you; that is question now, And then comes answer like an Abbey booke:

Of Sir, fayes answer, at your butt command,

At your employment, at your fervice sir:

No fit, fayes question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so creatur knows what question would, Saving in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the alpes and Appenines,

The Perenmean and the ruer Po.

It drawes towards fupper in conclusion so,

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my felte;

For he is but a baithard to the time That doth not smokes of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smakte or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,

Exteriar forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to delier Sweet, suetter, suetter payson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to decline,

Yet to saude deceats I mean to leare,

For it shall straw the footsteps of my riding:

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What
The life and death of King John.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Quee thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chace mine honour vp and downe.
Baff. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne :
Colored the Gyme, that same mighty man,
Is Sir Robert sonne that you seek for?
Lady. Sir Robert sonne, I thow vanuerend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'ft thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.
Baff. James Gurnel, wilt thou giue'st leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue give Philip.
Baff. Philip, Iparrow, James,
There's twears abroad, anon I'le tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might have est his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to cozeffe
Could get me fit Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Roberts neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Half thou conspir'd with thy brother too,
That for shine owne gain shoul'dt defend mine honor?
What meanes this fcorne, thou most vnaccountable knave?
Baff. Knight, knighted good mother, Basилиe o-like;
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue dicialmant Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Half thou deuided thy selfe a Faulconbridge?
Baff. As faifibly as I can deny the deull.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement lust I was fende'd
to make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly wed paffy thy defence.

Baff. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam I would not with a better father?
Some finnes doe beare their prouidele on earth,
And so doth yours; thy fault, was not thy folfie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispofe,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The swelie Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor kepe his Princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easely winne a woman: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and darces but fey, thou didst not well
When I was got. Ile send his foule to hell.
Comm. I lay I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall fly, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst fayd him nzy, it had bene finne;
Who fayes it was, he fay twas not.

Exeunt.
The life and death of King John.

Who is there that is not glad, who also is glad?
To lead my Lord and King as one.
His march is expeditious to this gowne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him alonge is come the mother Queene, An Ace standing him to bloud and fibre,
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaines,
With them a Battall of the Kings deceat.

And all thincked that our land

To enter K. of England, Baffard, Queene, Blanc, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France. If France in peace permit
Our out and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleed France, and peace afford to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beasts his peace to heauen.

From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou haft unter-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequance of pollety,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne;
Looke here upon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abasf doth containe that large
Which died in Geoffrey and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geoffrey right,
And this is Geoffrey in the name of God;
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou o'er-matterest?

K. John. From whom haft thou this great commiision
to draw my anwer from thy Articles?

France. For that supernal judge that this good thoughts
In any brest of strong authoritie,
To looke into the brests and names of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy
Vnder whose warrant I imposche thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meant to chaffle it.

France. Excuse it is to best vnderlie downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vnderlie France?
Conf. Let me make anwer : thy vnderlie sonne.
Queen. Out inoffent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou mayst be a Queen, and checke the world.
Cym. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Like in feature to his father Geoffrey.
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As rainie to water, or deuili to his damme;
My boy a bastard by my toyle I thinke
His father neuer was so true beger,
It cannot be, and if thou wast his mother.
Queen. There is a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot the.
Auff. Peace.
Baff. Heare the Cryer.
Auff. What the deuili art thou?
Baff. One that will play the deuili fit with you,
And a evry catch your hinde and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proudgeb
Whose valour plucks dead Lyon by the beard;
Ile smoke your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Siris to oke too', yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blam. O well did he become that I yons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
Baff. It lies as lightly on the backe of him,
As great Aldeis thoes upon an Affer
But Affe, he take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.
Auff. What cracker is this fame that desies our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Leon, determine what we shall doe strait.
Lawk. Women & foole, brake off your confrere.
King John, this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toreins, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claimee of thee.
Wilt thou resigne them, and by dowe thy armes?
Iohn. My life as soone: I doo defy thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile gie thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conf. Doe childe, goe to thy grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdome, and it shall granme will,
Give yda plum, a cherrie, and a figge,
Theres a good grandame.
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graine,
I am not worth this coyle thate's made for me. (weepes)
Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy he re.
Conf. Now frame upon you where she deo or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heaven-moving peales fro his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fea:
I wish thee Christall beds heaven shall be brie'd
To doe him luf'fice, and reuenge on you.
Qu. Thou monstrous flanderer of heaven and earth.
Conf. Thou monstrous inuer of heaven and earth,
Call me mother, thou, and thine vnderlie
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldeff sonne sonne,
Infortunite in nothing but in thee.

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy lanes are visited in this poore child's,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Remov'd from the finne-conceiving womb,

Iam. Bedlam have done.

Con. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his injury
Her inury the Beast to her finne,
All punish'd in the person of this child;
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Qua. Thus unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that bars the title of thy finne.

Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will: a cankered Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, paule, or be more temperate,
It ill befcremes this preffure to cry syne
To thefe ill tim'd repetitions:
Some Trumpet fammon hater to the walles
Thefe men of Angels, let vs hear them speake;
Whofe title they admit, Armes or John.

Trumpets sound.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath wound vs to the walles?

Fra. This France, for England.


You men of Angiers, and my loving subjebts,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore hear vs first.

Thefe flagges of France that are advanced here,
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Hauo hither match'd to your endagement.
The Canons have their bowells full of wrath,
And resdy mounted are they to forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody fledge
And merciles proceeding, by thefe French,
Comfort yours Citizens, your winking gates:
And but for our approche, those sleeping stones,
That as a wake doth girdle you about
By the expulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of time
Had bin dishabitad, and wide haucocke made
For bloody power to rush vp on your peace.

But on the fight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painfully with much expedient match
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To faue your fraught with the Citizens threatened checkes:
Behold the French smeez'd vouchsafe a plate,
And now intended of bulletts vers'd in fire
To make a flashing fire in your walles,
They shooe but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your ears,
Which truth accordingly knde Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of twift speedes,
Craue harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I haue faide, make answere to vs both.

Lyn. In this right hand, whose protection
Is most divineely vows'd upon the thee:
Of him it holds, stands yong Montemorer,
Some to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable scale,
In the releff of this oppress'd child,
Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzzled Bear,
Sate in anfwer, hath all offence feald vp :
Our Cannons malice v-anily shall be spent
Against th'involuerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blefled and vn-vaft retysse,
With vnhaek'd fwords, and Helmets all vnbruiz'd,
We will beare home that lufhie blood again,
Which heere we came to pour against your Towne,
And leaue your children, wifes, and you in peace
But if you fondly passe your proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fad walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall all your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfse which we have challenge'd it?
Or shall we gire the signall to our rage,
And flake in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subjebts
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyal, till that time
Hauo we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the
King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twelve fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed
Baff'd, Baffards and elfe.

John. To vifier our title with their lives.

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as tho.

Baff. Some Baffards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Tell you compound whose right is worthie,
We for the wortheifie hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sene of all those foules,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall feete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdoms King.

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Crueliers to Armes.

Baff. Saint George that windig'd the Dragon,
And ere since fit's on's horsebacke at mine Hofe
Dreac vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den farth, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxen-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monfter of you.

Aunf. Peace, no more.

Baff. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon roare.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll set forth
In beast appointments all our Regiments.

Baff. Speed then to take advantage of the field,
Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rutf to fland, God and our right.

Exeunt Hearo after excursions, Enter the Herold of France
with Trumpets to the gates,

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britusio in,
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose fonnes eye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widowe husband and groanning kin,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little loste death play,
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclame
Arthur of Britaine, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E, Ehre! Rejoyce you men of Angiers, sing your bels,
King John, your king and England, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence fo filter bright,
Hither returns all girt with Frenchmen blood:
There flucke no plaine in any English Creft,
That is removed by a blaste of France.
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd foath
And like a lolly troop of Huntmen come
Our lastie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Ehure. Heralds, from of our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retirye:
Of both your Armes, whole equality
By our bell eyes cannot be confu'd: (blowes
Bloed hath bought blood, and blowes hauue answerd
Strength match with strength, and power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must proue greatest. Whilte they weigh fo euen.
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
as federal doore.

John. France, haue thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage vast with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and ore-swell
With course lasting'd even by confining shores,
Voyse thou let his fier Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not faid one drop of blood
In this hot trall more then we of France,
Rather loth more. And by this hand I sweare
That sweares the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our luft-borne Armes,
Were't put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes were or add a royal number to the dead.
(bear
Gracing the freuelle that tells of this worses loste,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Beauf. Ha! Mainly: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleece,
The swords of fowlers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasteth, mouing the flesh of men
In univestin'd differences of kings.

Why hand these royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry haueoke kings, backe to the flam'd field
You equall Potentes, fierce kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.
John. Whose party do the Towne men yet admit?


Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that here hold vp his right.

John. In vs, that are our own great Deputye,
And bear possession of our Person here,
Lord of our present Angiers, and of you.
Fra. A greater pouere then we denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do locke.

Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, untill our feares refolde
Be by fame carente kings, purgd and depos'd.

Beauf. By heauen, these fercymes of Angiers flout you
And stand securely on their battlementes,
ings
As in a Theater, whence they gaze and point
At your indurouruous Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall proue be rud'd by me,
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both contemnently bend
Your hard Deed into a dishonourable Towne.
By East and West let France and England meet.
Their lasterit Canon chang'd to the mouthes,
Till their soule-slaughtring clamours have braul'd downe
The flinte ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I depre prudently upo these Indes,
'Euen till vnenced delusion
Leave them as naked as the vulgar syre:
That done, disueer you wasted strengths,
And part you mingled colours once again.
Tune face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall full forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall gie the day,
And little him with a glorious Vistory:
Here like you this wide counsell mighty States,
Smackes not for something of the policie.

John. Now by the sky that hangs about our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knite our powres,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Beauf. And if thou haft the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this present Towne:
Tune thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these fowle walls,
And when that we have deth them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon vs false, for heaven or hell.

Fra. Let it be fo: say, where will you assault?

John. We from the West will fend destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

Asuf. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine thier drif of bullets on this Towne.

Beauf. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France (shoow) in each others mouth.
Tune them to us: Come, away, away.

Fad. Here vs great kings, vouchsafe while to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Reouple these breathing lues to dye in beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the field.
Perfuer not, but beare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch
Is nere to England, looke upon these yeeres
Of Lows the Dolphin, and that lonely maid.
If flufle loose should go in quest of beautie,
The life and death of King John.

Where should he finde itfaier, then in Blanche:  
If faire new world should go in search of vertue,  
Where should he finde it purest then in Blanche?  
If he wou'd ambitious, lou'd to meet a birth,  
Whose veins bound stieher blood then Lady Blanche?  
Such is the one, in beautie, vertue, birth,  
Is the yong, Dolphin every way compleat,  
If not compleat of, say he is not free,  
And the agane wants nothing, to same want,  
If want it beno't, that she is not here:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be fulfilled by such as thee,  
And the false divided excellence,  
Whole fulfesse of petification lies in him.  
O two such fites currents when they joune  
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:  
And two such fites, to two fuch streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:  
This Union shall do more then batterie can  
To our falt defied gates: for as this match,  
With swifter spelle then powder can enforce  
The mouth of paffage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance: but without this match,  
The flaverdges is not half so deep,  
Lyons more confident, Mountains and rockes  
More free from motion, no not death hisfelfe  
In mortall furie half so peremptoriue.  
As we to keep this Citie,  
Bafl. Hereas a fay,  
That makes the rotten caraffe of old death  
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indrede,  
That pittis forth death, and mountains, rockes, and seas,  
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,  
As maids of thirteene do of puppy-dogges,  
What Commonere beget this fuflie blood,  
He speaks plaine Commoner, and fmoreke, and bounce,  
He gues the baftinado with his tongue:  
Our cares are eucle'd, not a word of his  
But buffets better then a fit of France:  
Zounds, I was never to be humper by words,  
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.  
Old Qu. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match  
Give with our Neece a dwties large enough.  
For by this knot, thou shalt firely tye  
Thy now vnfre'd assistance to the Crowne,  
That young greene boy shall have no Sunne to rape  
The bloome that promifes a mightie fruite.  
I fsee a yeilding in the lookes of France:  
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their soules  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Least zeal now melted by the windie breath  
Of fitt petitions, pittie and remore,  
Coke and congeals again to what it was.  
Hob. Why answer not the double Malefices,  
This friendly treatie of our threatened Towne.  
Par. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first  
To speake unto this Citie: what say you?  
John. If that the Dolphin there thay Princely somme,  
Can in this book of beautie read, I loue:  
Her Dowrie shall weigh equally with our Queene:  
For Angiers, and faire Tosaine Maines, Poyhires,  
And alle that we upon this fide the Sea,  
(Except this Citie now by vs being'd)  
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,  
Shall gift her bridall bed and make her rich  
In titles, honors, and promotions,  
As she in beautie, education, blood,  
Holds band with any Princesse of the world.  
Fra. What failes thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.  
Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,  
Which being but the shadow of your somme,  
Becomes a somme and makes your somme a shadow:  
I do proteft I never lou'd my selfe  
Till now, infaied I beheld my selfe,  
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.  
Baff. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,  
And quarter'd in her heart, bee doth efige  
Himselfe loues trystor, this is pittie now!  
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be  
In such a base, so vile a Lout as he,  
Blas. My vackles will in this respect is mine,  
If the hee ought in you that makes him like,  
That any thing hee's which moves his liking,  
I can with safe translate it to my will:  
Or if you will, to speake more properly,  
I will enforce it exilie tomy louse.  
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord  
That all I see in you is worthie louse,  
Then this, that nothing do I fee in you,  
Though unchurllf thoughts themselues should bee your  
Judge,  
That I can finde, should merit any hate.  
John. What faies these yarn-ones? What say you my  
Neece?  
Blas. That she is bound in honor still to do  
What you in wifedome still vouchsafe to say.  
John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this  
Lady?  
Dol. May sake me if I can refraine from louse,  
For I doe loue her most vnfaicndly.  
John. Then do I giue Dolgoffer, Tozain, Maine,  
Poyhires, and Anvos, these five Provinces  
With her to thee, and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne.  
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,  
Command thy somme and daughter to joyne hands.  
Fra. It likes vs well young Princess closing your hand  
Asift. And your lippes too, for I am well affir'd,  
That I did so when I was first affir'd.  
Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,  
Let in that abstinence which you have made,  
For at Saint Maries Chappell prettily,  
The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.  
Is not the Ladie Confiance in this trooper?  
I know she is not for this match made vp,  
Her presence would have interrupted much.  
Where is she and her somme, tell me, who knowes?  
Dol. She is sad and passionatse at your highnes Tent.  
Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made  
Will giue her ladinesse very little cure:  
Brother of England, how may we concet  
This widow Lady? In her right we came,  
Which we God knowes, haue turned another way,  
To our owne vantarge.  
John. We will haste vp all,  
For we'll create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine  
And Earl of Richmon, and this rich faire Towne  
We
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her clamouring,
Go we as well as bait will suffer us,
To this vnook'd for unprepared pomp.

Exit.

Baf. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop Arthur Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zele and charity brought to the field,
As Gods owne foudain, rounded in the ear,
With that same purpose-changer, that flye diuel,
That Broker, that fill breaks the part of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, mastis,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the Maid, cheats the pote Maid of that,
Smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tick long commodite,
Commodite, the byss of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is preyed well,
Made to rune euon, upon euon ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byss,
This sway of motion, this commodite,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byss, this Commodite,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne divertem'd ayd,
From a refolvd and honourable warre,
To a mofl bafe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rate I on this Commodite?
But for because he hath not woocd me yet:
Not that I have the power to cluch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whilst I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, me warre shall be,
To say there is no virtue, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith upon commodite,
Gane be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Can. Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace?
Fals blood to fals blood inyon. Gone to be friends?
Shall I hear have Blanche, and Blanche shake Provinces?
It cannot, thou hast minions, minions,
Be well adv'd, tell ore thy tale againe
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so,
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not beleue thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightning me,
For I am fiche, and capaball of fears,

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbandles, sibieke to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now coste face thou didst but left
With my exct spries, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by keaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my fone?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable thence,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be there fled signes confirmes 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 you caus you to proue my saying true,

Can. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleue, and life encounter fo,
As doth the use of two desperue men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lews. Take my Blanche? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
This newes hath made thee a moost vigule man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spake the harme, that is by others done?

Can. Which harme within it selfe so heymous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ars. I do beforch you Madam be content.

Can. If thou that blifft me be content, why reno
This ground before my Lord,

Seek the King:

Can. Why should not thou do so?

I am sure he is not in France:
And with the half-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee;
Shal'd utter themselves hourly with thine Vackl John,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Souerainty,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king John,
That strumpet Fortune, that vurfing John:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forto worse?
Evemom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leuse those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-true.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Can. Thou maist, thou saile, I will not goe with thee,
I will instruct my forrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner flipeo,
To me and to the state of my greefe, I will give: thee:
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's fo great,
That no support but the huge fume earth
Can hold it vp: here I forrowes fit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Exit.
The life and death of King John.

Phil. And hang a Calveskin on those recessant limbs. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe. Enter Pansophil.

Fra. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope. Pan. While you announc'd time of heaven; To the King John. my holy errand is: I Pansophil, of faire Middane Cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere, Doe in his name religiously demand Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother, So wilfully dost spurne, and force perfecce Keepes Stephen Langton cho'en Archbishop Of Canterbury from that holy Sea. This In our forexaid holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee. John. What earthis name to Interrogatories Can taft the free breath of a Sacred King? Thou cant roy (Cardinal) doxe a name So flighty, worshy, and ridiculous To charge me to an answer, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England, Add to much more, that no 13th Prieft Shall tythe or toll in our dominions. But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe reign, we will alone vphold Without that assituance of a mortall hand: So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart To him and his vnderliege authentke. Fra. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom Ateled to grossely by this meddling Prieft, Dreding the curfe that money may buy out, And by the merite of vilde gold, droffe, duft, Purchas corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that fale fels pardon from himselfe: Though you, and all the reft so grossely led, This fugling witchcraft with remembe chetiffe, Yet I alone, alone doe me oppofe Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes. Pnd. Then by the lawfull power that I haue, Thou shalt stand curf, and excommunicate, And bleffed shall he be that doth resolt From his Alleegance to an heretique, And meritorious shalt that hand be call'd, Canonized and worship'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secret couer, Thy hateful life. Con. O lawfull let it be That I haue room to with Ram to curse a while, Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen To my scene couer'd for without my wrong There is no tongues back power to curse him right. Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my couer. Con. And for mine roo, when Law can do no right. Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong; Law cannot give my Child his kingdome here; For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law. Therefore since Law is selfe is perfect wrong, How can the Law forbid my tongue to couer? Pnd. Philip of France, on pretell of a couer, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raffe the power of France upon his head, Vntelle he doe submit himselfe to Rome, Else Look'th thou pale France? do not let go thy hand. Con. Look eto that Desui, left that France repent, And
The life and death of King John.

And by disloying hands hell lose a foule.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bajt. And hang a Caluer-skin on his recounting limbs.

Adyat. Well rufh'an, I must pocket vp these wronge,

Because,

Bajt. Your breeches beft may carry them.

John. Philip, what fault thou to the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Dolph. Bethink't you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curfe from Rome,

Or the light lofe of England,for a friend:

Forget the eafier.

Bia. That's the curfe of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, hang fluft, the devil tempteth thee here

In likeness of a new wrtrimmed Bride.

Bia. The Lady Conflance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which onely lies but by the death of faith,

That need, must needs infirve this principle,

That faith would here agoyme by death of need:

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep e my need, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is mounf, and answers not to this.

Con. O be removed from him, and answer well.

Ault. Doe to king Philip, bang no more in doubts.

Bajt. Hang nothing but a Caluer skin moft sweer bout.

Fra. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?

If thou fland communicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would beftow your felle?

This royal,hand and mine are newly knight,

And the coniuncture of our inward foules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religious strength of fared vows,

The leaf breath that giue the sound of words

Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love

Betweene our kingdoms and our royll felues.

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could waft our hands,

To clap this royal bargain vp of peace,

Heauen knowes they were bas'mard and ouer-flied

With slaughters pell'll, where revenge did paint

The fearfull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately pur'd of blood?

So newly ion'd in loue? So strong in both,

Voyoke this fayre,' and this kindes regrace?

Play falt and loofe with faith? A left with heauen,

Make such unconfant children of our felues

At now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-swore faith sworne, and on the marriage bed.

Of smiling peace to march a bloody hofilt,

And make a rayt on the gentle brow

Of true fincerity? O holy Sir

My reverend father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, deute, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we flalt be blest

To doe your pleafure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forms are form'de, Order order'de,

Save what is opposite to Englands loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,

A mothers curfe, or her revolting fones:

France thou maift hold a fernet by the tongue,

A cafed Lion by the moftl paw,
The life and death of King John.

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

The Sun's orceast with blood: faire day dieu.

Which is the ife that I muft goe withall?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I haue hold of both,

They whirle a-finder, and difmember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou muft winne:

Vnde, I needs muft pray that thou muft lose:

Fathers, I may not with the fortune thing:

Grandams, I will not with thy wishes trie:

Who-er wins, on that fide shall I lofe:

Affered lofte, before the match be paid.

Diefb. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lies, there my life dies.

John. Coen, goe draw our puissance together,

France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,

A rage, whose heat hath this condition;

That nothing can alay, nothing but blood,

The blood and deere valued blood of France.

Fra. Thy rage fhall barren thee vp, & thou fhall tune

To alms, ere our blood fhall quench that fire:

Looke to thy felfe, thou art in jeopardie.

John. No more then he that threatens. To Arms let's be's.

Act II. Scene II.

Alarums, Excitances: Enter Baffard with Auftrids head.

Baff. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,

Some every Deuils hours in the skie,

And pour's downs mischief. Auftrids head ly there,

Enter John, Arthurs, Hubert.

While Philip breathes.

John. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,

My Mother is afyfed in our Tour,

And tane I cease.

Baff. My Lord I refcued her,

Her highnefe is in safety, feare you not:

But on my Liege, for very little paines

Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

Alarums, excitances, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthurs, Baffard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So fhall it be your Grace shall fly behinde

So strongly guarded: Coen, looke not sad,

Thy Grammdame loues thee, and thy Vahle will

As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

Iohn. Coen away for Englands, haste before,

And ere our comming fee thou make the bages

Of hoarding Abbeys, imprifoned angels

Set at libertie: the fat rife of peace

MufI by the hungry now be fed vp:

Vc our Commilion in his vemol force.

Baff. Bell, Booke, & Candle, fhall not drive me back,

When gold and fluer books me to come on:

I leave your highmifte: Gramdame, I will pray.

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your faire fairy for I kiss your hand.

Elo. Farewell gentle Coen.

Idon. Coen, farewell.

Elo. Come hither little Iofipha, harke, a word.

Iohn. Come hither Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of steel

There is a foule counts thee his Creditor,

And with advantage meanes to pay thy loue.

And my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this boforme, dearely cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to fay,

But I will fitle it with some better tune.

By heaven Hubert, I am almoft ashamed

to fay what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

Iohn. Good friend, thou haft no caufe to fay fo yet,

But thou fhalt have: and creep time nere to flow,

Yet it fhall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to fay, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attendeth with the pleasures of the world,

It is too wanton, and too full of gawdes

To give me audience: If the mid-night bell

Did with his yrf on tongue, and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drozzle race of night:

If this fame were a Church-yard where we fland,

And thou poufled with a thoufand wrongs:

Or if that fury Spirit melancholy

Had buck'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thickes,

Which elfe ruffles thicking vp, and downe the veines,

Making that I one laughter keepes many eyes,

And straine their cheekes to lidt't movement,

A passion hatefull to my purpofe:

Or if that thou coul'dl fee me without eyes,

Hear me without thine cares, and make reply

Without a tongue, wing conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and hermefull found of words:

Then, in delight of brooded watchfull day,

I would into thy boforme pour my thoughts:

But (ah) I will not, I love thee well,

And by my troth I thinke thou loue me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were aduent to my Aft,

By heaven I would doe it.

Iohn. Doc nor I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thin eye

On yon young boy: He rell thee what my friend,

He is a very fervent in my way,

And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: doft thou vnderland me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And he keepe him fo,

That he fhall not offend your Maiesty.

Iohn. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

Iohn. A Graue.

Hub. He fhall not live.

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I love thee.

Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, Fare you well,

Ile feed thee powers ove to your Maiesty.

Elo. My bleeding goe with thee.

Iohn. For England Coen, goe.

Hubert shal be your man, attend on you

With al true dutie: On toward Cadiz, ho.

Excitance.

Scene
Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolfio, Pandolpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of consiudid sail
Is scattered and dif-toyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we have none to call?
Are we not beaten? is it not August mist?
Arthur tane prisoner; dews decreas friends Blake,
And bloody England into England gone,
One-bearing interception spight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
Such tempest, order in fierce a caufe,
Doh want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare, that England had this praze,
So we could find some pattern of our shame:

Enter Conueyance.

Looke who comes hither? a grace unto a foule,
Holding th'eternal spirit against her will,
In the wilde prison of afficted breath.
I procthee Lady goe away with me.

Can. Lo, now see the sifure of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Conueyance.

Can. No, I defere all Counsell, all redrefs,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redrefse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odorous french: found rottenaffe,
Arise forth from the couch of languishing night.
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kill thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-ball in thy vailent browes,
And rive these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy felfe.
Come, grine on me, and I will think thou indifferent,
And buffe thee as thy wife: Maters Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Can. No, no, I will not, being breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunderer mouth,
Then with a pillion would I shake the world,
And rowse fromSleepe that fell Anacomy.
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyage,
Which scorns a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. Lady, you writ madnesse, and not sorrow.

Can. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this hare I teare is mine,
My name is Conueyance, I was Ceyzrey wife,
Yong, artif, is my fonne, and he is left:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then tis like I should forget my felle:
Or if I could, what griefs should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Cazoriz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but capable of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felle:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,
Or madly think a babe of cloths were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamity.

Fra. Binde vp thofe teftes: O what lose I note
In the faire multitude of thofe her hairies?
Where but by chance a fliver drop bath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wierry fiends.
Doe glew themfelves in fpaceable griefe,
Like true, ineparable, faithfull losses,
Sticking together in calamity.

Can. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your hairies.

Can. Yes that I will, and wherefore will I do it
I torne them from their bonds, and pride aloud,
O, that these bonds could fo redeem my fonne
As they have gueene these hayres their libertie:
But now I entie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I have heard you faie
That we shall fee and know our friends in heauen.
If that be true, I shall fee my boy againe;
For fince the birth of Cum, the fince male-childe
To him that did but yesterday defpire,
There was not fuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud
And chafe the nature beauty from his cheekes,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
At dim and meafer as an Agues fitte,
And Ghe'll die: and rising go againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen.
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Mull I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a refpect of griefes.

Con. He fakes to me, that never had a fonne.
Fra. You are a fon of griefes, as of your childe.

Can. Griefe fits the roome vp of my affent childe:
Lies in this bed, walks vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his fonne
Then, have I reafon to be fond of grieue?
Farc you well: had you fuch a loving as I,
I could give better comfort then you do.
I will not keepes this firme upon my head,
When there is fuch disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and ife follow her.

Can. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man,
And bitter fame hath in my'd the sweet words tale,
That yeelds nought but fame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a frong diseafe
Even in the inflant of repair and health,
The fit is frongeft: Euils that take the lease
On their departure, moft of all theew euill:
What have you left by lofing of this day?

Del. All dates of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Can. If you had win it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to moat good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye,
This I ftrange to thinke how much King Job hath left
In this which he accounts to clearely wonne.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heare me theefe Irons hot, and looke thou fand
Within the Arres: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosome of the ground, ruff forth
And bind the boy, which thou fhall finde with me
Fait to the chaine: be heedfull therefore, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Vainlye theftruples fcape not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth: I have to fay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, having so great a Title
To bemonre Prince, as may be: ye are fad.
Hub. Indeed I have bene merrie.
Ar. Merrie on me:
Me thinkes no body fhould be fad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as fad as night.
Onely for wantonneffe: by my Chrifhendome,
So were I out of prifon, and kept Sheepe
I fhould be as merry as the day is long:
And fo I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnkle praefifes more harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geffreyes fonne?
No in deeds it is not: and I would to heauen
I were your fonne, fo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocence prate
He will awakemy merrie, which he fufe:
Therefore I will be fadaine, and dispatch.
Ar. Are you fike Hubert? you look pale to day,
Infomuch I would you were a little fickke,
That I might fit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
Hub. His words do take poftellion of my bosome.
Read heere yong Arthur. How now foolish theume?
Turning diſpifious tortour out of doore?
I muft be breve, leaft refolution drop
At out mine eyes, in tender womanih teares.
Can you not reade it? I promise you not faire writ?
Ar. Too failely Hubert, for fo foule effeift,
Muff you with hot Iront burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I muft.
Ar. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Ar. Haue you the heart? When your head did but speke,
I knit my hand-krefher about your broughes
(The bell I had, a Princefse wronghit me)
And I did neverteft he you ageine:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head,
And like the watchfull minutes, to the howre,
Still and anan cher'd vp the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans fonne would haue lyned still,
And nere haue fpoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your fike fentuce had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinkes my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleased that you must see me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
Th'ese eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have fwooned to do it.
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this Ior Age, would do it
The Iron of it felle, though here red hou,
Approaching thereto, you, would drink my teares,
And quench this feste indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence.

Nay, after that, confume away in rust,
But for continuing fire to harne mine eye.
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleu'd him, no tongue but Hubert.


Art. O sake me Hubert, I waste me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him here.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so foolish now?
I will not struggle, I will flend fioce fill.
For heaven fake Hubert let me no be bound:
Nay, leave me Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe
I will not strike, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What eu'ry torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go fland within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am belt plead'a to be from such a deed.

Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a ftrene looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your felfe.

Art. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A grate, a daff, a grat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious fene:
Then feeling what small things are boyferous there,
Your vilde intent must needs ftrene horrible.

Hub. Is this your promife? Go too, hold your toong
Art. Hubert, the venterance of a brace of tongues.
Muft needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vfe, but fll to looke on you.
Lost, by my truth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harne me.

Hub. I can hear it, Boy

Art. No, in good foth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being cread for comfort, to be v'd
In vnfeaturd extreames: See elfe your felfe,
There is no male in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And fhread repentant after on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuive it Boy,
Art. And if you do, you will but make it blouth,
And blow with fhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fght,
Snatch at his Master that doth tactile him on.

All things that you should vfe to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vfe.

Hub. Well, fee to lufe: I will not touch thine ey.
For all the Treasure that thine Vinkle owes,
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpofe, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out.

Hubert. If the time you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more Adieu,
Your Vinkle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill thee dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubleffe, and secure,
That Hubert for the weale of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thank you Hubert,

Hub. Silence, no more; go crying in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergoe for thee.

Exeunt


Scene Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here we once aigne we fit: once againe crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearfull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous; you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere flained with reuelse,
Fears expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be pollet's with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To glide refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To drench the yce, or addle another hew
Vnfo the Raine-bow, or with Taper-light
To fecke the beaufeous eye of heare to garnish,
Is wafteful, and ridiculious excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This Safe, is as an antique tale new told,
And, in the laft repeating, troublesome.
Being vrged at a time vnfeasable.

Sal. In this the Antwcke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigur'd,
And like a frisht winde into a faile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frigtes consideration:
Makes found opinion fitce, and truth suspected,
For putting on to row a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen fruitre to do better then we'll,
They do confound their skill in couroufsele,
And oftimes excuing of a fault;
Doe make the fault the worse by this excus'e:
As parches set upon a little brech,
Difcredere more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was spatch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd out Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doe make a band, at what your Highnesse will.

John.
The life and death of King John.

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Coronation I have postil'd you with, and think them strong. And more, more strong, thou knowest is my fear. I shall induce you with: Menea time, but ask: What you would have reformed, that is not well, And well shall you perceive, how willingly I will both hear, and grant your just requests. Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these To found the purposes of all their hearts, Both for my self, and them: but chiefly of all Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them, Bend their bell studies, heartily request Their incompliment of Arthur, whose restraint Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent To break into this dangerous argument, If what in rent you have, in right you hold, Why then your fears, which (as they say) attend The flappers of wrong, should move you to new vp Your tender kinman, and to chace his days With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise, That the times enemies may not have this To grace occasions: let it be our suite, That you have bid vs aske his libertie, Which for our goods, we do no further ask, Then, whereupon our weele on you depending, Counts is your weele: he have his libertie. Enter Hubers.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth To your direction: Hubers, what newses with you? Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed He shew'd his warreffe to a friend of mine, The image of a wicked heinous saule Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his, Do shew the mood of a much troubled brente, And I do fearfully beleue 'tis done, What was he feared he had a charge to do. Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go Betwenee his purpose and his conscience, Like Herals twixt two deadly battallies set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must break. Pem. A man and his course, I fear will ifue therefrom The foule corruption of a sweet childishes death. John. We cannot hold mortalties strong hand. Good Lords, although my will to gliue, is failing, The suite which you demand is gone, and dead. He tells vs Arthur is deceas'd to to night. Sal. Indeed we feared his sicknesse was past cure. Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was, Before the childe himselfe felt he was sickes: This must be answer'd either here, or hence. John. Why do you bend such folkes breathes on me? thinke you I breate the Sheeres of definity? Have I commanctement on the pulte of life? Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and this shame That Grestenne who should do grossely offer it; So thiette it in your game, and so farewel. Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee, and finde this inheritance of this poore childe, His little kingdom of a forzce came. That blood which ow'd the brede of all this Is, Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while: This must not be thus borne, this will break out To all our fosterers, and so long I doubt. Exeunt. Pem. There is no faire foundation set on blood: There do certaine life etcheved by others death: A fairefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood, That I have seene inhabit in those cheekes? So foule a skie, clearer not without a storme, Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France? 2d. From France to England, never such a powre For any foresigne preparation, Was leate in the body of a land. The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them: For when you should be told they do prepare, The rydings comes, that they are all arriued. John. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke? Where hast it flipt? Where is my Mothers care? That such an Army could be drawne in France, And the not care of it? 2d. My Liege, her care Is hope with dust: the frift of April di'de Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord, The Lady Constance in a frowzce di'de Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue I delyd heard: if true, or false I know not. John. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion: O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd My discontented Peere. What? Mother dead? How wildely then walkes my Estate in France? Vnder whose conduct came those powers of France, That thow for truth grit'll out are landed here? 2d. Vnder the Dolphin. Enter Bathard and Peter of Pensfort.

John. Thou haft made me giddy With these ill rydings: Now? What fayes the world To your proceedings? Do not seeke to fluffe My head with more ill newses: for it is full. Bath. But if you be a-feard to heare the wors: Then let the worsr vn-heard, fall on your head. John. Beare with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd Under the tide: but now I breathe again Aloft the flood, and can give audience To any tongue, speake it of what it will. Bath. Now how I haue sped among the Clergy men, The sumner I haue collected shall expresse: But as I tol'd thee hither, through the land, I finde the people strangely fantastis'd, Possel with rumors, full of idle dreams: Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear. And here's a Prophet that I brought with me From forth the streets of Pensfort, whom I found With many hundreds treading on his heales: To whom he sung in rude harth founding tunes, That ere the next Aficion day at noone, Your Highness should deliever vp your Crowne. John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so? Per. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so. John. Hubers, away with him: imprison him, And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd. Deliever him to safety, and returne, For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cofen, Hearst thou the newses abroad, who are arriued? Bath. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it: Besides I me Lord Bigor, and Lord Salisburie With eyes as red as new enkindled fire, And others more, going to seke the grave Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your John. Gentle kinman, go (suggection. And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,
The life and death of King John.

I have a way to winne their loves againe:  
Bring them before me.  

But I will seek them out.  

John. Nay, but to make haste: the better foote before.  

O, let me have no subduing enemies, 
When adverse Forreigers affright my Townes 
With dreadfull pompes of floute inquisition, 
Be Mercuary, let feathers to thy heede, 
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.  

But the spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  

John. Spoke like a sprightful Noble Gentleman.  

Go after him: for he perhaps still needs  
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, 
And to be hooe.  

Meth. With all my heart, my Liege.  

John. My mother dead?  

Enter Hubert.  

Hub. My Lord, they lay five Moones were seene to 
Fourre fixed, and the silt did while about (night: 
The other foure, in wondrouses motion.  

Ish. Five Moones?  

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets 
Do prophesie upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths, 
And when they talke of him, they flake their heads, 
And whisper another in the eare.  

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers writh, 
Whilfe he that heares, makes fearfull action 
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.  

I saw a Smith fland with his hammer (thus)  
The whiffl his iron did on the Anuile coole,  
With open mouth fawllowing a Taylors newes,  
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand, 
Standing on tippers, which his nimble haste 
Had fallyste tufnon contrary feete, 
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.  

Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.  

To, Why seekst thou to pouffe me with these futes?  
Why vergell thou so off young Arthur's death?  

Thy hand hath murder'd him. I had a mighty castle  
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.  

If no hand (my Lord) why did you not provoke me?  

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be assaunded  
By fletes, that take their humors for a warrant,  
To breake within the bloody house of life,  
And on the winking of Authoritie 
To undersand a Law, to know the meaning 
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it flounes  
More upon humor, than aduis e respect.  

Hub.Here is your hand and Scale for what I did,  

Oh. Oh, when the left accomplis twixt heaven & earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Scale  
Winneth against vs to damnation.  

How oft the flicht of meanes to do ill deeds,  
Make deeds all done? Had't not thou seene by  
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd, 
Quoted, and sign'd do doa deade of shame,  
This murther had not come into my minde.  

But taking note of thy abhor'd Aspech,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:  
Apt, inable to be emplyo'd in danger,  
I faintely broke with thee of Arthur's death:  
And thou, to be endeedered to a King,  
Made it no confience to destroy a Prince.  

Hub. My Lord.  

Oh. Had't thou but hoke thy head, or made a pause  
When I spake darkely, what I putposed:  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;  
As bid me tell my tale in expressse words:  
Deepse flame had struck me durnpe, made me break off,  
And those thy feares, might have wroghte feares in me  
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,  
And didst in figure writing at thy name with flame.  

Yea, without flop, didst let thy hear's content,  
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte  
The deed, which both our tongues held wilde to name  
Out of my fight, and never see me more:  
My Nobles issue me, and my State is brazed,  
Even at my gate, with rankes of forraigne powres;  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breath  
Hastfullie, and ciuill tumultu reginies  
Betwene my confience, and my Coffins death.  

Hub. Armee you against your other enemies  
Hee make a piece betweene your foule, and you.  

Yong. Artuor is alue. This hand of mine  
Is yet a maden, and an innocent hand.  

N or painted with the Crimson face of blood,  
Within this boseome, never entered yet  
The deadfull motion of a murderous thought,  
And you have flander'd Nature in my forme,  
Which howfouer rude exterioyly,  
Is yet the couer of a fayer minde,  
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.  

Idol. Doth Artuor live? O haft thee to the Peeres,  
Throw this report on their incewed rage,  
And make them came to their obedience.  
Forgive the Comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,  
And soule imaginative eyes of blood  
Preffented thee more hideous then thou art  
Oh, answer not; but to my Coffer bring.  
The angry Lords, with all expedient hale,  
I consithe thee but flowly: run more fallt.  

Scena Tertia.  

Enter Arthur on the wailes.  

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I keape downe.  

Good ground be pitsfull, and hurt me not:  
There's few or none do know me, if they did,  
This Ship-bottes semblance hath disguis'd me quite,  
I am afeide, and yet Ie venture it.  

If I get downe, and do not break my limbs,  
He finde a thousand shifts to get away,  
As good to dye and go: as dye, and stay.  
Oh me, my Vncklcs spirit is in thesse bones,  
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones  

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot  

Sal. Lords, I will meet them at S. Edmondsbury,  
It is our safest, and we must embrase  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.  

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?  

Sal. The Count Mebeane, a Noble Lord of France.  
Whose private with me of the Dolphines love,  
Is much more general, than these lines import.  

fig.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then fet forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or we melee,

Enter Buffard.

Buff. Once more to day well me, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requieth your presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispoifled himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-betained chasse
With our pure Honors: nor attend the footes
That leaves the print of blood where e't it walks
Return, and tell him so: we know the worth.

Buff. What e're you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.
But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impiatence hath his priviledge.

Buff. 'Tis true, to hurt his matter, no mans elle.

Sal. This is the pizen: What is he lyes here?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beautye.
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrg to right.
Big. Or when hee domed this Beatuy to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almoast thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The height, the Cret: or Cret unto the Cret
Of mortchers Armes: This is the bloodie flemme,
The wildeft Sausagry, the wildeft froke
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or flaming rage
Prefemed to the texere of loft remore.

Pem. All mortchers paift, do fland excuss'd in this:
And this fole, and fo vnnachaseable,
Shall give a holmes, a putrifie,
To the yet unbegotten finne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-fied, but a left,
Exampl'd by this heynous spectacle.

Buff. It is a damned, and a bloody workes,
The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand,
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would consume:
It is the flammefull worke of Hubert hand,
The practive, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my foule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taffe the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuenient with Eafe, and Idlenesse,
Till I have fee a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religeiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hate, in seeking you,
Arther doth live, the king hath fent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blusses not at death,
Auant thou hatefull will, I get thee none. (the Law?)

Hub. I am no villaine.

Sal. Mutl I rob

Pal Your wordes is bright firc, put it vp againe.

Sal. Not til I fheat it in a morturers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say?
By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours,
I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Not tempe the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar't thou bave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not proue me so:
Yea I am none. Whose tongue doe speakes false,
Not truly speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peece.

Buff. Keepes the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you Faulconbridge.

Buff. Thou wert better gaul the diuell Salsbury.

If thou but frowe on me, or lifgre thy footes,
Or teach thy haftie fpleene to do me shame,
I strike thee dead.

Put vp thy sword betorne,
Or let me make you, and your toting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub Lord Biger, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well;
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will wepe
My date of life out, for his sweete lies loft.

Sal. Traif not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rHEME.
And he, long trated in it, makes it ferne
Like Riuers of remore and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose foules abhorre
Th'uncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-hous,
For I am fillt with this smell of time.

Big. Away, toward Berne, to the Dolphin here.

P. There let the king, he may inquire vs out. Ex Lord.

Bar. Here is a good world: knew you of this faire work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art & damn'd Hubert,

Hub Do but hearre me fir.

Buff. Ha! He tellle the what.
 Thou it damn'd as blacke, my nothing is so blace,
Thou art more depe damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vile a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Upon my foule.

Buff. If thou didst but confente
To this most cruell Act do but dispare,
And if thou want not a Cord, the smallest thread
That euer Spider swifit from her wombe
Will ferue to tangle thee: A ruff will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a pfoon,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to flitte such a villaine vp.
I do presupst thee very greuously.

Hub. If I am sect, content, or sinne of thought,
Be guilful of the feeling that sweete breath
Which was embowded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Buff. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinke, and looke my way
Among the thorns, and dangers of this world

How
The life and death of King John.

How eafe dost thou take all England vp, 
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie? 
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme 
Is fled to heaven, and England now is left.

To tug and fumble, and to part by th reservoir 
The vi. owned interest of proud Swelling State: 
Now for the barepick bone of Masfley, 
Doth dogged ware bristle his angry crafl: 
And fainteth in the gentle eyes of peace.

Now Powers from home, and discontented at hom Meet in one line; and vast confusion ware 
As doth a Rauen on a sickle-falne beall, 
The imminent decay of wrefted pompe. 
Now happy he, whose clofe and center can Hold out this temper. Least away that child, 
And follow me with speed: lie to the King: 
A thousand bufineses are briefe in hand, 
And heaven it left doth browne vpon the Land. 

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.
K. John. Thus have I yeelded vp into your hand 
The Circle of my glory.
Ps. Take againe 
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope 
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and Authoritie.
John. Now keep your holy word, goe meet the French, 
And from this holinesse vfe all your power 
To stop their marches: fare we are enslav'd: 
Our discontented Counties doe revolt: 
Our people quarrell with obedience, 
Swearinge Allegiance, and the love of foule 
To stranger-blood, to forren Royalty; 
This inundation of millempt humne, 
Reft by you onely to be qualified.

Then paffe not, for the present time's so fickle, 
That present medicine must be minister'd, 
Or overthow incurable enues.

Ps. Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempefl vp, 
Vpon your fuborne vflage of the Pope.
But fince you are a gentle concuite, 
My tongue shall hufe againe this forme of ware, 
And make faire weather in your blufhing land: 
On this Accention day, remember well, 
Vpon your oath of feruice to the Pope,
Goe to make the French lay downe their Armes. 
Exit John. Is this Afcention day: did not the Prophet 
Say that before Afcension day it should be? 
My Crowne I should give up? even if I have, 
I did suppose it should be on constraint, 
But (heau'n be thank d) it is but voluntary.

Enter Boffard.
Bos. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds our 
But Dover Caftle: London hath receiv'd 
Like a kindle Holt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone 
To offer feruice to your enemy: 
And wilde amazement hures vp and downe 
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe 
After they heard young Arthor was slue?

Bos. They found him dead, and caft into the fired 
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damnd hand was rob'd, and taken away.
John. That will have had told me he did hie.
Bos. So on my foule he did, to my sight he knew. 
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad? 
Be great in art, as you have beene in thought: 
Let not the world fee feare and fad differt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye: 
Be flurring as the time, be fire with fire, 
Threaten the threatening, and out-face the brow 
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes 
That borrow their behauours from the great, 
Grow great by your example, and put on 
The dauntleffe spirit of resolution.
Away, and glifher like the god of ware 
When he intendeth to become the field: 
Shew boldniffe and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they fecke the Lion in his denne, 
And tright him there? and make him tremble there? 
Oh let it not be faid. forrage, and runne 
To meet displeafure farther from the dores, 
And grapple with him ere he come to naye.
John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with me.
And I have made a happy peace with him, 
And he hath promis'd to diflimifie the Powers 
Led by the Dolphin.
Bos. O inglorious league: 
Shall we vpon the footing of our land, 
Send layre-play-orders and make comprimis, 
Infinition, parley, and base truce.
To Armes Inuade? shall a beardleffe boy, 
A cocked-silken wanton bruite our fields, 
And fteft his spirit in a ware-like foylie, 
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred, 
And finde no checke? Let vs my Vligue to Armes: 
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace: 
Or if he doe, let it at leaff be fad 
They saw we had a purpose of defense.
John. Have thou the ordering of this prefent time, 
Bos. Away then with good courage: yet I know 
Our Partie my well meet a provoker lowe. 

Enter (on Arrou) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melone, Pembroke, Bifor, Soulakers.

Bif. My Lord Melone, let this be coppied out, 
And kepe it safe for our remembrance.
Returne the prefident to those Lords againe, 
That haveing our faire order written downe, 
Both they and we, perusing oxe thes notes 
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, 
And kepe out fastes firme and inuoilable.

Sal. Vpon our fides it neuer shall be broken, 
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we swearre 
A voluntary zede, and an vn-urg'd Faith 
To your proceedings: yet believe me Prince, 
I am not glad that such a fore of Time 
Should fecke a platter by contempt'd revolts, 
And heal the unequetate Cancer of one wound.
The life and death of King John.

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule, That I must draw this mettre from my fide To be a widdow-mker: oh, and there Where honourable refuge, and defence Cries our, upon the name of Salisbury, But fuch is the infection of the time, That for the health and Phyfick of our right, We cannot deal but with the very hand Of herne Injuflice, and confufd wrong: And it's not pity, (oh my grieved friends) That we, the fonnes and children of this life, Was borne to fee if he sad an house as this, Wherein we step after a stranger, match Upon her gentle bosom, and fill vp Her Enemies rankes? I mutt withdraw, and weep Upon the spoft of this inforted caufe, To grace the Gentry of a Land remote, And follow unacquainted colours here. What here? So Nation that thou couldft remove, That Neptune Armes who clippeth thee about, Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy felfe, And crimple thee into a Pagan shore, Where these two Christian Armies might combine The cloud of malice, in a vaine of league, And not to spend it so vnneighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doth thou thou in this, And great affections wrangling in thy bofome Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Oh, what a noble combat haft fought Between compulfion, and a braue refpect: Let me wipe off this honourable dewe, That filthy doth progresse on thy cheekes: My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, Being an ordinary foundation: But this effusion of fuch many drops, This fhowe, blowne vp by tempeft of the foule, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Then had I fee the vaulct top of heaven Figur'd quite oce with burning Meteors. Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury) And with a great hear threate away this forme: Commend these waters to thofe baby-eye That neuer faw the giant-world emag'd, Ner met with Fortune, other then at feaft, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of golaffipings: Come, come, for thou shalt thuff thy hand as deep Into the purfe of rich prosperity As Lewis himfelfe: so (Nobles) fhall you all, That knitt your finewes to the strength of mine. Enter Pandalphs. And even there, methinks an Angell fpace, Looke where the holy Legate comes space, To give ye warrant from the hand of heauen, And on our aitions fet the name of right With holy breath. 

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France: The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd Himself to Rome, his fpirt is come in, That fo flout our againft the holy Church, The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome; Therefore thy drowning Colours now winde vp; And tame the favage fpirt of wilde warre, That like a Lion fuffered vp at hand, It may lie gently at the foot of peace, And be no further harmefull then in these.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not baxe:

I am too high-borne to be propofed To be a fecondary at controul, Or vellufent ferving-man, and Instrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world, Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, Between this enflaft'd kingdome and my felfe, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now 'tis faire too hufe to be blowne out With that fame weake winde which enkindled it You taught me how to know the face of right, Acquainted me with the trewe to this Land, Yes, thruit this enterprise into my heart, And come ye now to tell me John hath made His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me? I (by the honour of my marriage bed ) After yong Arthur, claim'd this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, muft I bace, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Rome? (hau') What penny hath Rome borne? What men pronou'd? What munition fent To vnder-prop this Action? Is not I That vnder-go this charge? Who eile but I, And such as to my clame are liable, Sweat in this bufheau, and maintaine this warre: Have I not heard the Helloes shout out 'Doe us Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes? Have I not here the belt Cards for the game To winne this easie match, plain for a Crowne? And flall I now giue owe the yeelded Set? No no, on my fole it neuer fhall be faid.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne Till my attempt fo much be glorified, As to my ample hope was promis'd, Before I drewe this gallant head of warre, And cum'd therfe fiery spirits from the world To ouer-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne Even in the iueus of danger, and of death 'What lusty Trumpet this doth summon vs?' Enter Baftard.

Baf. According to the faire-play of the world, Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake: My holy Lord of Millane, from the King I come to leame how you have dealt for him: And, as you anwer, I doe know the scope And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dophinf is too wilfull oppofite And will not temperize with my intreaties: He flatly fays, hee Il not lay downe his Armes. Baf. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd, The youth fares well. Now hearre our Englih King, For thus his Royallie doth speake in me: He is prepar'd, and reafon to he should, This affift and vnnmanetly approach, This harnefs'd Maske, and vnaduifed Reveell, This vn-heard fawcinelle and boyifh 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 itrength, even at your dore, To enduguell you, and make you take the hatch, To due like Buckets in conceald Welles, To crowne in litter of your Table planks, To lye like pawms, lock'd vp in cheefes and trunks, To hug with swinge, to fekke sweet safety out In vaults and prifons, and to thril and flake,
The life and death of King John.

Dezna Tertia.

Alarms. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert. 
Hub. Badly I fear, how fares your Majesty?
John. This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. My Lord: you valiant kinman Falconbridge,
Defyres your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward Swinfed, to the Abbey there.

Msf. Be of good comfort: for the great Suppy,
That was expected by the Dolphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burnes mee vp,
And will not let mee welcome this good newes.

Set on toward Swinfed: to my Loiter straight,
Weakness possesseth mee, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. There was no time to think of the King to forl. & with friends.

If they mischance: we mischance too.

Sal. That misbegotten dunell Falconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They lay King John fore feck, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revouls of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melone.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vntire the rude eye of Rebellion,
And weelcome home againe disfarded faith,
Sereke out King John, and fall before his feetes.
For if the French be Lords of this our day,
He meant to recompen the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he worne,
And I with him, and many mee with mee,
Upon the Altar at S. Edmundsbury,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not bidous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which blewes away, even as a Forme of waxe
Refolueith from his figure against the fire?
What in the world should make me now receive,
Since I must lose the wfe of all desire?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye here, and live hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forworne, if eere thofe eyes of yours
Behold another day brake in the East:
But even this night whose blacke contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning Creft
Of old, feele, and day-wearyd Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If Lewis, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confede all this.
In heu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and beftrew thy foul.
But I do leue the fauen, and the forme
Of this modest occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our rashmeffe and irregular course,
Steepd lowe within those bounds we haue oree-looke'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.
My soule shall give thee helpe to bear thee hence,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.  

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was lost to set  
But hid, and made the Western Welkin blissh,  
When English measure backward their owne ground  
In fain Retire: Oh beauty came we off,  
When with a volley of our needliffe shot,  
After fuch bloody tode, we bid good night,  
And woon'd our tostving colours clearly vp,  
Lait in the field, and almost Lords of it.  

Enter a Messinger.

Meif. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?  

Dol. Here! what newes?  

Meif. The Count Petreone is flaine: The English Lords  
By his pertrusion, are againe false,  
And your supply, which you have with'd fo long,  
Are caft away, and funk in Godwino sands.  

Dol. Ah fwole! th' English newes. Bsheeth thy very  
I did not thinke to be fo fid to night  
As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
John king did flie an hour or two before  
The fhumbling night did part our warie powres?  

Meif. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.  

Dol. Well: keep good quarter, & good care to night,  
The day shall not be vp to loone as  
To try the faire adventure of to morrow.  

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bagford and Eubert, severally.  

Hub. Where the? Speake hoo, speake quickly, or  
I shooe.  

Bag. A Friend. What art thou?  

Hub. Of the part of England.  

Bag. Whether John thou go?  

Hub. What's that to thee?  

Why may not I decrand of thine affairs,  
As well th' oue of mine?  

Bag. Hubert, I thinke.  

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:  
I will upon all hazards well beleue  
Thou art my friend, that know'rt my tongue so well:  
Who art thou?  

Bag. Who thou wilt: and if thou please  
Thu maift be-friend me fo much, as to thinke  
I come on wy the Plantagenets.  

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance; thou, & endles night,  
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,  
That any caret breaking from thy tongue,  
Should leape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  

Bag. Come, come: fans complement, What newes  
abroad?  

Hub. Why heree walke I, in the black brow of night  
To finde you out.  

Boft. Breelethen: and what's the newes?  

Hub. O my sweet Sir, newes feting to the night  
Blak, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.  

Bag. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,  
I am no woman, I lie not wound at it.  

Hub. The King I fear is poyson'd by a Monke,  
I left him almoft speechleffe, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might  
The better name you to the fondtime,  
Then if you had at leasure knowne of this.  

Bag. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?  

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a refolved villain  
Whose Bowels fordinly surfed out: The King  
Yet speakes, and perdurance may recover.  

Bag. Who did thou leue to tend his Majestie?  

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come  
backe,  
And brought Prince Henry in their companie,  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his Majestie.  

Bag. With hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And temper vs not to bear above our power.  
He tell thee Euberts, halfe my power this night  
Paffing the flow of the Flutes, are taken by the Tide,  
Three Lincolne-Watfes have denvoured them.  
My felfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away before: Conduct me to the king,  
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.  

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Sadalaburis, and Bigge.  

Hub. It is too late, the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braise  
(Which fome fuppofe the foules fraie dwelling houfe)  
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,  
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.  

Enter Pembroke.  

Pen. His Highneffe yet doth speake, & holds beleefe  
That being brought into the open ayre  
It would alaye the burning qualitative  
Of that fell poison which affayleth him.  

Hub. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:  
Doth he still rage?  

Pen. He is more patient  
When then you left him; even now he fung.  

Hub. Oh vanity of fickneffe: fierce extremes  
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.  
Death hauing prade upon the outward parts  
Leaves them infufible, and his feige is now  
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds  
With many legions of strange lanctes,  
Which in their thron, and preffe to that left hold,  
Confound themselves. This orange dy death holfing:  
I am the Symet to this pale faint Sivian,  
Who chaunts a dolefult hymne to his owne death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frafty fings  
His foule and body to their lafting reft.  

Sall. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne  
To be a forme vpon that indigni  
Which he hath left fo fpapeleffe, and fotude.  

John. I marrie, now my feule hath elbow roome.
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
That all my bowels cumble vp to dust:
This is so hot a summer in my boosome,
And I am a miser, and do not care for any pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
To drinke vp.

How fares your Majestie?
Poor fellow, all faire: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his yce fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Ruers take their course
Through my burn'd boosome: nor strete the North.
To make his blakse wandes kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I begge cold comfort, and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Oh, that there were some victre in my teares,
That might relieve you.

The false in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the payfon
Is, as a friend, confined to tyrannize,
On veprepeasable condemned blood.

Enter Baftar.

Baftar. Oh, I am seelded with my violent motion
And spleene of speedes, to see your Majestie.
JOB. Oh Cozen, thou art come to let mine eye:
The tacle of my heart, is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the thoroughs wherewith my life should fail,
Are terned to one thred, one little hare:
My heart hath one pootse flung to flay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vterred,
And then all this thou seefl, is but a clod,
And modcke of confounded loyalty.

Baftar. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer them.
For in a night the belt part of my powre,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the wayes of all vnaughtly,
Dowred by the unexpected blood.

Sal. You breeth these dead newes in as dead an ear.
May my Lige, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so stop
What suriete of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Baftar. Art thou gone so? life but flay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my foule shall waite on thee to heauen.

As it on earth hath bene thy forante still.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To pull destruction, and perpetuall frame.
Out of the weake doore of our fainting land.

Straight let us strive or straight we shall be fought.
The Dolphine ranges at our verry heales.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall 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 presently to leave this warre.

Baftar. He will the rather doe it, when he fees
Our felues well fain'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages has hab dispauch'd
To the fea side, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords.
If you think meete, this afternoone will post
To consummate this businesse happily.

Baftar. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpar'd,
Shall waiue your Fathers Funeraill.

HEN. At Winter my Lord his body becometh
to do so he will d'it.

Baftar. Thither shall it then,
And happily my sweet felfe put on
The linclayl lace, and grace of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do beseech my faithful furvices
And true fubiection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To reft without a spot for euermore.

HEN. I have a kindle foule, that would give thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Baftar. Oh let vs pay the time: but seedfull war
Since it hath bene before hande with our greetes,
This England never did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud fooe of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corneres of the world in Asuens,
And we shall shoke them: Naught shall make us rue,
If England do it selfe, do reft but true.
The life and death of King Richard
the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

How now, Sir John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Here to make good thine outlandish late appeal,
Which then our justice would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. "I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou found him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subject should
On some knowne ground of treachery in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could lift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seeme in him,
Ayng'd at your Highness, no inuerate malice.

King. Then call then to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felices will heare
The'acuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; hadle as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

But. Many years of happy days belstaff
My gracious Soveraigne, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Hapsh day full better others happineste,
Vniill the heavenes envying earths good hap,
Add a immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thank you both; yet one but flatterers vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.

Coifin of Herford, what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

But. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subject lose,
Tendering the precious safest of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeasant to this Princely preface.

Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And make my greeting well; for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my duine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miferereat;
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live
Since the more faire and chirstian is the skie,

The vglor feeme the cloudes that in it flye;
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name fluffe I thy throne,
And with (tu please my Soveraigne) este I moue,
What my tongue speakes, my right drawn sword may prove
Mow. Let not my cold words here a accuse me zeale:
This the trall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongue,
Can arbitrate this caufe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such same patience boast,
As to be built, androught as all to say.
First the faire utterance of your Highness curst mee,
From giving reines and spurre to my free spece.
Which elle would pouf, vntill it had returned
Thee tearemm of treation, doubly downe his throte.
Setting aside his high bloods bailony,
And let him be no Kindman to my Liege,
I do defe him, and I ztart him,
Call him a vanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tile to tune soute
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euert Englishman dare let his foot,
Meaue time, let this defend my lovatise,
By all my hopes most fuffe doth he lie.

But. Pale trembling Coward, where I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside his high bloods Royalty,
Which phrase, no reverence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee to much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then floore.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee to armes,
What I have spoken, or thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree,
Or Chastous descision of knightly trial:
And when I mount, shew may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vnfaithfully fight.

King. What doth our Coluny to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can wherein vs,
So much as of a thought of illin him.

But. Look what I laid, my life shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of leadings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lawful employments,
Like these Traitor, and insurious Villaine.
Besides: I say, and will in battle prove
Other, or elsewhere to the fortheft Verge
That ever was suet'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteeene yeeres
Complotted, and contrived in this Land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray thirft head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucters death,
Suggest his loone beleuming adversaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soule through streets of blood
Which blood, like fascinating Abiie cries
(Even from the toonglese caurnees of the carr
To me for sufferce, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descens,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soars:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eyes a little while be desce,
Till I have told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate to foule a yer.
King. Mowbray, impartially acc our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, my own kinsman and heere,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Sceptres awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereness to our sacred blood,
Should nothing prouide him, nor partizlize
The vn-flopping firmnesses of my vright soule.
He is our subiect (Mowbray) so art thou,
Free speach, and feare-leffe, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then Buttell-bridge, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that except I had for Callicese,
Disbarred to his Highnesse fouldeless;
The other part refer'd I by command;
For that my Soueraigne Lige was in my debt,
Upon remembrance of a deere Accompit,
Sicelst I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallowd downe that Lye. For Gloucters death,
I flew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that ese:
For you my noble Lord of Lancashire,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A treputfe that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I left receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exalxly begge'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it,
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
I jriffure from the manceur of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangely hurt downe my gage
Upon this ouer-weening Trurors foe:
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his boforme,
In haft whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to affigne our Triall day.
King. Wrath-kindled Gentleman be rul'd by me
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Phyfition,
Depeede maker makes too depeede inchfon.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed.
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it began
We'll call me the Duke of Norfolke; you, your la.
Gaunt. To be a maske-peace shalle become my age,
Throw downe (my fonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gay
King. And Norfolke, throw downe his
Gaunt. When Harrie when Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid a gen.
King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde: there is
no boore.
Mow. My felle I throw(dread Soueraigne) at thys tyme;
My life thou shalt command, but not my shamer.
The one my dutie owes, but my farte name
Delight of death, that lives upon my grace
To darke dishonours vfe, thou shalt not have
I am disgrac'd, impac'd, and barf'd d'were,
Pier'd to the foule with flanders venom'd spire
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this payfon,
King. Rage must be withfdool.
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yes, but not change his fipts take but my fhamer,
And I refign my gage. My deere, deere Lord.
The pureft treafure mortalls times afford
Is spotlefe reputation: that a way
Men are but guides to him, or painted play.
A jewel in a ten times bar'd w Chelt,
Is a bold spirit, in a lauyall bref.
Mine Honor is my life: both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Lige) mine Honor let me true,
In that I live; and for that will I dye.
King. Cooce, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.
Tul. Oh heauen defend my foule from such foutefts.
Shall I ferme Ciefl-falne in my fathers fight.
Or with pale beggar-feece impac's my hight
Before this out-did't defard? Este my toong,
Shall wound more honor with such feeble wrongs?
Or fould oafe a parle: my teeth firall caare
The flaufe motue of recanting feece,
And fpit it bleeding in his high difgrace,
Where shame doth hairebour, even in Mowbrayes face.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Duke of Glouceft.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloucters blood,
Doth more folicite me then your exclaims.
To strive againft the Butcher's of his life.

Exit Gaunt.
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will take the vengance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findest brotherhood in thee no sharper spire?

Hath louse in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward feuen fonnes (whereof thy felfe art one)
Were as feuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or feuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of thofe feuen are drie by natures course,
Some of thofe branches by the definies cut.

But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloufet,
One Viol full of Edwards Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his moft Royall roote
Is crackd, and all the precious liquor spit;
Is hackd downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Enues hand, and Murderys bloody Axe

Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that felle foul'd that fadition thee,
Made him a man; and though thou lust, and breath, it
Yet art thou flaine in him; thou dost confent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feft thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispare,
In fullsting thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou fllew the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching others mutther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breit.

What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The beft way is to venge my Gloufetrs death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy appointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongly
Let heauen seuege: for I may never life

An angry armie against his Minifter.

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my felfe &
Gaunt. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defend
Dut. Why then I will farewell old Gaunt,
Thou go'st to Courfts, thou to be holde:
Our Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
Of my husbands wrongs on Herfords head,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes biff:
Or if misfortune miss the fift carerne,
Be Mowbrayes finnes fo heauy in his bofome,
That they may breake his forming Courfers backe,
And throw the Rider hecstong in the Liffes,
A Caffiff reftante to my Cofine Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy fometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greffe, not end her life.

Gaunt. Sifter farewell: I mufe to Courftne,
A much good day thy mother, and father mee.

Dut. Yet one word more: Greffe boundeth where it
Not with the emipt hollowne, but weight: (falls,
I take my leave, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brothre Edmund York.

Loc. this is all: may, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plattfie with mee.

Alsace, and what shall good Yorke there fee
But empty lodings, and vanfhirngd wallers,
Vp-peeptell Officers, vntroden fones?

And what heart there for welcomes, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To feeke out forrow, that dwells every where:
Deftorae, defolae will I hence, and dye,
The laft leafe of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Amulet.

Mar. My L. Amulet, is Harry Herford stand'm.
Aum. Yes, at all points, and longs to enter m.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, frightfully and bold,
Stayes but the murmurs of the Appellants Trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and they
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bagot, Boterel, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armes, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriual here in Armes,
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the iuffice of his caufe.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who art,
And why thou comft thus knightly clad in Armes?
A gauint what man thou comft, and what thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As to defend the heauen, and thy valour.

Mar. My name is The. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding ifue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appealeth me
And by the grace of God, and this mine alone,
To proue him (in defending of my felfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Thou hast, Enter Herford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall: Ask ye yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habilitments of war:
And for the most according to our Law
Depose him in the iuffice of his caufe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comft hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Liffes?
Against whom comft thou, and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, do defend thee heauen.

But. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I (who ready here do stand in Armes,
To prooue by heauen's grace, and my bodies valour)
In Liffes, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no perfson be so bold,
Or daunger hardie as to touch the Liffes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire defignes.

But. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soveraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For Mowbray and my felfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And leaving farwell of our several friends.

Adm. The Appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our arms.
Cofin of Herfrd, as thy caute is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which into day thou head,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

But Oh let not noble eye prophan a tear
For me, if I let go'd with Modrwyres speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight.
Against a bird, do I with Modrwy fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord Ammoric:
Not sicke, although I haue to doe with death,
But lutfte, yon, and cheerefully drawing breath.

Lot, as at English Fiests, so I regreat.
The daintieast feare, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee up.
To reach at victory above my head.
Addito prooks unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blestings stale my Lances point,
That it may enter Modrwyres waxen Coat,
And furnish new the name of John a Gants,
Euen in the lusty lusture of his sonne.

Gan. Heaven in thy good caufe make these prosperous
Be staght like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly retouched.
Fall like amazing thunder on the Castle.
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

Bul. Mine innocenc, and S. George to thrie.

Mow. How euer: heaven or fortune call my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne;
A loyal, iuft, and upright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a fierer heart.
Call of his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrauld enfranchisement.
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adorati
Moff mighty Liuge, and my companion Peer,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to leef.
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet braef.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I elpy
Vcurue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. The Har. of Herfrd, Lancler, and Derby,
Receiuer to the青ue, and haueon defended thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towne in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go bear this Lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolke.

1. Har. Harry of Herfrd, Lancler, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paene to be found falle, and recevant,
To prooue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Moubray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth Tho: Moubray Duke of Norfolke
On paene to be found falle and recevant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approoue
Henry of Herfrd, Lancler, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Courageously, and with a free defire

Attending, but the signall to begin.
A charge soundes
Adm. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combattants.
Stay, the King hath owne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears
And both returne backe to their Chaires again.
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne the Duke what we deserre.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and live.
What with our Counsell we have done.
For that our kingdome earth (should not be foold
With that deere blood which it hath fosterd,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect.
Of ciuill wounds pouling'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouzd up with boyffrous vntrund drums,
With harf refounding Trumpers dreadful bray,
And gratingheaderd with boastingly on Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs waste euin in our kinndes blood:
Therefore, we banish your Tyranties.

You Cofin Herfrd, upon paine of death,
Till twice fume Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regerate our faire dominions,
But treads the farrener pashes of banishment.

Bul. You will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warres you heere, shall shine on me:
And thohe his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which I with some unwillingneffe pronounce,
The five flowe houres shall not determine
The dateleffe limit of thy deere exile.
The hoplellse word, of Never to returne,
Breath I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vaunck'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deeerer merit, not so deep a maine,
As to be cft forth in the common aye.
Haue I deffered at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have leam'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgo,
And now my tonguys is to me no more,
Then an unfringed Yall, or a Harfe,
Or like a cunning Instrument eas'd vp.
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony,
Within my mouth you haue engltd my tongye,
Doublly persculift with my teeth and lippes,
And dulf, vnseeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Goler to attend on me:
I am too old to sawne upon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeares to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robomy tongue from breathing natiue breath?

Rich. It hoots thee not to be compassionoe.
After our sentence, planning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turme me from my countreys ligh
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banift hands;
Sware by the durt that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your felues)
To keepe the Oath that we administere:
You uuer shall (to help) you Truth, and Heaven.
Embrace each others issue in banishment,
Not but looke upon each others face,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you
When the tongue of office should be prodigal,
To breath th'sundant doleour of the heart.
Gam. Thy gleece is but thy abasement for a time.
Bull. Thy abasement, gleece, is present for that time.
Gam. What is it we Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bull. To man is joy, but gleece makes one bower ten.
Gam. Call it a stewell that thou tak'lt for pleasure.
Bull. My heart will sigh, when I mistak'lt it, fo,
Which finds it an enforced Pilgrimage.
Gam. The fulle passage of thy weary flapper
Fliete a soyle, wherein thou art to fees
The precious jewell of thy home returne.
Gam. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the firestyle Caucocy?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallowing in December snow
By thinking on fantastick fummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowst tooth, drowst ever crackle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the force.
Gam. Come, come (my son) be bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not stay.
Bull. And England's ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can.
Thought banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.
Bag. We did obtuse. Cofine Aumerle.
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Anno. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
Bag. And say, what foire of parting teares were shed
Anno. Faith none for me: except the Northwind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Away'd the fleeter thewme, and fo by chance
Did grace our lullow parting with a teaste.
Bag. What said our Cofin when you parted with him?
Anno. Farewell: and for my heart disdain'd ye tongue
Should so propehe me the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such gleece,
That word feem'd buried in my sorrow grave.
Marry, would the word Farewell, have lengthen'd houses.
And added yeares to his short banishments,
He should have had a volume of Farewells,
But since it would not, he had none of me.
Bag. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsmen come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and Butler: herce Bagot and Greene
Oberftr'd his Courtship to the common people;
How he did feeme to dine into their hearts,
With humble, and familist coursefee,
What reuerence he did throw away on laues;
Wooing poor Craffites-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient witter-bearing of his Fortune.
As'twere to banish their affeets with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyftes-rench,
A brace of Dicy-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supper knee,
With thanks to my Countra, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he hisSubie the next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which fland out in Ireland,
Expedient mFontAwesomeIcon must be made my Liege
Ere further yefture, yeald them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness loffe.
Re. We will our felle m perfon to this ware,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largefeet, are growne somewhat light,
We are inform'd to fame our royalt Reallie,
The Reuement whereof of Rall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand; if that come short;
Our Substances at home fhall hau e Blanke-charters.
Wherefed, when they fhall know what men are rich,
They fhall subfcribe them for large Summes of Gold,
And fend them after to supply our wants.
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Buffle.

Buffle, what newes?
Bu. Old John of Gauie is verie sick heke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath fent poll haffe
To contref your Majery to visit him.
Re. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely house.
Re. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers fhall make Coaies
To decke our fouldiers for theif fhift ware.
Come Gentlemen, let's all goe visit him.
Pray heauen we may make haff, and come too late. Exe.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gauie, feke with Yorks.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laff
In wholesome counfell to his unflaid youth?
Tor. Not your felte, nor fhould we with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counfell to his care.
Gau. Oh but (they fay) the tongues of dying men
Informance attention like deafe harmonie
Where words are deafe, they are feldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their wordes in paine.
He that no more muff fay, is leffen'd more,
Then they whom youth and cafe have taught to glide,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,
The fettuing Sun, and Muilcke is the close,
As the laft tale of fweetes, is fweete laft,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long pafft;
Though Richard my fues counfell would not beare,
My deafe but fad tale, may yet vnfafe his care.
Tor. No, it is flop with other flafiung founds
As praifes of his flare: then there are found
Lafucius Meeters, to whole venon found
The open care of youth doth alwayes liften,
Wife report of failions in proud Italy,
Wholes manners still our cartrie spith Nation
Lampes after in baffe imitation.

Where doth the world thull forth a vanye,
So it be new, there's nscope how sile,
That is not quickely buzd into his eares?
That all to late comes counfell to be heard,
Where will death mutiny with wise regard:
Dread not him, whole way himfelife will choofe,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gauie. Me thinks I am a Prophet new infirp'
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His fift fierce blowe of Ryon cannot laff,
For violent ftries foone burne out themselves,
Small howes las long, but sodaine fames are short.
He Odyssey, but that fpurs too falt betimes
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light men, in forge confumpion,
Consuming meanes foone proyes on it felle.
This roylall Throne of Kings, this fcepter'd life,
This earth of Maiefly, this fente of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradife,
This Fortrefs built by Nature for her felle,
Againft inf Declaration, and the band of warre;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious Stone, fet in the filuer fea,
Which ferues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moaite defensive to a lungy,
Againft the enuy of felle happier Lands,
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Reallie, this England,
This Nure, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fed by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as fame from home,
For Christian feruce, and true Chivalrie,
As is the fpeachler in Rubhorne lur,
Of the Worlds rafome, blefied Monie Sonne,
This Land of fuch deere foules, this deere deere Land,
Deere for her reparation through the world,
Is now eleg'd out (I dyke pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelling Farme.
England bound in with the thompant fea,
Whose rocky broke beasts backe the enuious fledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with frame,
With Inky blotes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a famefull conquest of it felle.
Ahl would the fandall vanith with my life,
How happy then were my enfuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Amours, Buffalo, Greene, Slegers, Rais, and Willoughby.

Tor. The King is come, deafe mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coles, being rag'd do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Ynie Lancfater?
Ri. What comfort man? How fit with aged Gauie?
Gu. Oh how that name befits my compofition:
Old Gauie indeed, and gauie in being old,
Within the grealle hath kept a redous falt,
And who ablaynes from meare, that is not gauie?
For sleeping England long time haue I wascht,
Watching bredes leanneffe, leanneffe is all gauie.
The pleafure that some Fathers feede upon,
I am my flift fall, I mean my Childrens looke,
And therein fating, haft thou made me gauie.
Gauie am I for the greauie, gauie as a greauie,
Whose hollow wome inhabits naught but bones.
Ri. Can heie men play fo nicely with their names?
Gu. No, militer makes sport to mocke it felle:
Since thou doft feeke to kill my name in me,
The life and death of Richard the second.

1. I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee
    Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?
2. Gus. No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.
    Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter me?
3. Gus. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the ficker be.
    Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I fee thee ill.
4. Gus. Now he that made me, knows I fee thee ill:
    Ill in my felle to fee, and in thee, feeling ill,
    Thy death-bed is no leffer then the Land:
    Wherein thou liest in reputation fike,
    And thou too care-lees patient as thou art,
    Commit thy numbered body to the care
    Of thy Physician, that first wounded thee.
    A thousand flatterers fit within thy Crowne.
    Whole compifles no bigger then thy head,
    And yet encaged in fo small a Verge.
    The waife is no whit leffer then thy Land:
    Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
    Seen how his fonnes fhould, deftroy thy fonnes,
    From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
    Depoing thee before thou were poetes.
    Which art poetes now to depoie thy selfe.
    Why (Coine) were thou Regent of the world,
    It were a shame to let his Land by lefe:
    But for thy worlds enuying but this Land,
    Is it not more then shame, to lefe it to?
    Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
    Thy flate of Law, is bondtfulle to the law,
    And—

    Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foolle,
    Prefuming on an Agues priviledge,
    Dar't with thy frozen admiration
    Make pale our checks, chating the Royall blood
    Without, from thy residence?
    Now by the Seates right Royall Maffeifie,
    Wey's thou not Brother to great Edwards fonne,
    This tongue that runs roundly in thy head,
    Should run thy head from thy unuersean shoulders.
    Gus. Oh spare me not, my brothres Edwards fonne,
    For that I was his Father Edwards fonne,
    That blood already (like the Pellican)
    Thou haft tapp'ed out, and drunkenly carow'd
    My brother Glouceter, plain well meaning foule
    (Whom fate beafl in heaven) munght happy foules
    May be a prefident, and winnefee good.
    That thou repref't not spilling Edwards blood:
    Joyes with the present fickselle that I have,
    And thy unkindnes be like crooked age,
    To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
    Live in thy fume, but dye not fume with thee.
    These words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
    Convey me to my bed, then to my grave,
    Looke they to looke, that love and honor have.
    Exit Rich. And let them dye, that age and fallens have.
    For both hail thou, and both become the grave.
    Tor. I do befearch your Maffeifie impure his words
    To wayward sickenife, and age in hum:
    He loves you on my life, and holds you dear.
    As Harry Duke of Herford, were he here.
    Rich. Right, you fay true: as Herfords love, fo his;
    As theirs, fo mine: and all be as it is.

    Enter Northumberlind.

    Nor. My Liece, olde Gaunt commends him to your Maffeifie.
The life and death of Richard the second

What will ensue hereof, there a none can tell.
But by bad coules may be vnderlood,
That their enemys can never be good.

Ref. Go Bithur to the Earl of winthurbright,
Bid them repaire to vs to Ely house,
To fee this businesse, to morrow next.
We will for Ireland, and tis time, I trust:
And we create in abience of our selfe.
Our Uncle Yorke, Lord Governor of England:
For he is still, and alwayes loud vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow will we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Ner. Wiltshire, North Wales, de Croce, & Ref.
Ner. The Earl of Lancaster is dead.
Rest. And living too, for now his fonne is Duke.
Ner. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Rest. My heart is great, but it must break with silence.
E't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Ner. Nay speak thy mind, & let himn's speak more.
That speakes thy words aganste to do thee harme.
Will. Tends that thou did speake to this Duke of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man.
Quicke is mine care, to heave of good towards him.
Rest. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelled of his patrimonie.

Ner. Now store heauen, 'tis frame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mee
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but baily led
By flateresses, and what they will informe
Mercely in late grown: gallant any of vs all,
That will the King severely prosecte
'Gainst vs, our lives, our children, and our heires.
Ref. The Commons hath he pld with generous taxes
And quite loth their hearts: the Nobles hath he finds
For ancient quarrels, and quite loth their heatts.
Will. And daily new excations are dens'd,
As blashess, benevolence, and I wroth not what:
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Ner. Wars hath not a whiled, for war'd the hath not.
But baily yelded vpon common sense,
That which his Ancestors strew'd with blowes:
More has he spred in peace, then they in wars.
Rest. The Earle of Wildthurhe hath the realm in Farnie.
Will. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Ner. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ref. He hath not monie for thefe Irish warres.
(His burthenous exactions notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
Ner. His noble Kinman, most degenerate King
But Lords, we hear this facefull tempt full finge,
Yet fecke no fitter to avoid the storme:
We fee the winds fit for pone upon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish
Rest. We fee the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unauoyed is the danger now
For suffering to the causses of our wracke.
Ner. Noi too: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How near the tending of our comfort is.

Flourish.

Ner. Nay let vs shere thy thoughts, as thou dost ours
Rest. Be confindent to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy felie, and speaking so,

Thy words are butt as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Ner. Then thus: I sauie from Porte & Bland
A Bally in Bridewell, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Harford, R. said Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainfond,
Sir John Norburie, Sir Robert Waterton & Francis Quorn.
All thefe well furnisht'd by the Duke of Bratine.
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean't to touch our Northen shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they play
The first depaighting of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shakke off our foolish yoke.
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeme from brooking pawne the blemish'd Crowne.
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gult,
And make high Maxellie look like it selfe,
Away with me in pursuit to Ramspurgie,
But if you faint, as feating to do so,
Stay, and be fetcast, and my selfe will go.
Rest. To horse, to horse, urge double to them & tare
well, Hold our horse, and I will still be there.


Scena Secunda.

Enter Queen, Rufh, and Bucyr, 
Bucyr. Madam, your Maxefty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parl'd with the King,
To lay aside selfe-hating humb unhoffe,
And entertain a cheerefull dispositions.

Qu. To please me King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Sauc beding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet againe me thynks,
Some vnbeare to morrow, ripe in fortunes wome
Is comming towards me, and my inward foule
With nothing trembles, as something it greeves,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bucyr. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows:
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glaz'd with blinding teares,
Driudes one thing more, to many obsevts,
Like perphecutes, which brightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, eyd awry,
Distinguish goffe: so your sweet Maxeifye
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Findes shape of greefe, more then himselfe to warre,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gratious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not:
Or if be, 'tis with falseGrowers eie,
What for things true, were things imaginary,
Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward foule
Perfwades me it is otherwise: how e're it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heayy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heayy nothing faint and shricke.

Bucyr. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Quene.
The life and death of Richard the Second.

Qr. This nothing leaves; conceit is still deri'd From some fore-father greese, mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my something greese, Or something, hath the nothing that I greeve, 'Tis in reversion that I do possele, But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what I cannot name, 'tis nameleffe woe I wot. Enter Greene. Gre. Heauen saue your Mayesty, and wel met Gentle. I hope the King is not yet thipt for Ireland. (Men: Qr. Why hop'it thou say? 'Tis better hope he is For his desigines trae half, his half good hope, Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not thipt? Gre. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power, and drunen into dispare an enemies hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land. The banish'd Bradock repesels him selfe, And with vp-lifted Armes is faire assur'd Of revenge. Qr. Now God in heauen forbid. Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse, The L.Northumberland, his yong, Sonne Henrie Bereze, The Lords of Selfe, Beaumont, and Willingby, By all their powerfull friends are fixt to him. Bu|b| Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland And the rell of the resoluted felion, Tristors? Gre. We haue; whereupon the Earle of Worcesfer Hath broke his huffe, refign'd his Stewardship, And at the houshold fequants fled with him to Ballinbrook. Qr. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Ballinbrook my frowres disfambl'd herry. Now hark my foule broughs forth her prodege, And I gasping new deltur'd mother, Haeue woe to woe, forrow to forrow ioynd. Bu|b| Dispare not Madam. Qr. Who shall hinder me? I will dispare, and be at enmity With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer, A Parasite, a keeper bache of death, Whose gently would disdole the bands of life, Which fals hope longer extremity. Enter York. Gre. Here comes the Duke of Yorke. Qr. With figures of ware about his aed necke, Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes: Vncl;e, for heauen fast speake comfortable words: Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives but croffes, care and griefe: Your husband is gone to faue farre off, Whilft others come to make him loafe at home. Heree am I left to vnder-prop his land, Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe, Now comes the feke houre that his fife made, Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him. Enter a servant. Ser. My Lord, your fonne was done before I came. Yor. He was why fo: go all which way it will: The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold, And will I feare revolts on Herford's fide. Sirs, get thee to Plaffe to my fitter Gloffer, Bid her fende me prefently a thoufand pound, Hold, take my Ring. Ser. My Lord, I had forgot To tell you of my lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there, But I fhall greeue you to report the red. Yor. What is't knaue?
The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Barkely.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. 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 aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
to raise one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of York, to know what tricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fnght our Nature Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.

Tark. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is inestimable, and false,

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Tark. Tutt, tut Grace me no Grace, not Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophanne.
Why have theye banished, and forbidden Legges,
Dar' donce to touch a Dulf of England Ground?
But more then why, why have theye dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bofome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of desipted Armes?
Com'th thou because th'antenyed King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyalty Bofome lyes his power,
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gauine, thy Father, and my selfe
Refuced the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Armie of mine,
Now Prisoners to the Palef, chastifie thee,
And minifter correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault;
On what Condition flands it, and wherein?

Tark. Even in Condition of the worth degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and deserted Tresfon:
Thou art a banish't man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish't, I was banish't Hierford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And Noble Vnckle, I befeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I fee old Gauin's alue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall fland condem'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my ames perforce, and given away
To vpstart Vnchiefs: Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It shall be graven, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, Aumer, my Noble Kinman,
Had you stifl' died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vnckle Gauin's Father,
To rowse his Wrongs, and chafe them to the bay.
I am denyde to fuc my litterie here,
And yet my Letters Patents glue me leue:
My Fathers goods are all diffrayled, and fold,
And chafe, and all are amissie imploied.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What would you have me doe? I am a Subject, And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me; And therefore personly I lay my claim To my Inheritance of free Discent. 

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd, To his Grace upon, to doe him right. 

Wit. Base men by his endowments are made great. 

Tork. My Lords of England, let me tell you this, I have had feeling of my Colens Wrongs, And laboured all I could to doe him right: But in this kind, so come in brauing Armes, Be his owne Career, and cut out his way, To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be; And you that doe abet him in this kind, Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is But for his owne; and for the right of that, We all have strongly sworn to give him ayd, And let him ne'er see joy, that breaches that Oath. 

Tork. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes, I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse, Because my power is weak, and all ill left: But if I could, by him that gave me life, I would attach you all, and make you floope Upon the Sovereigne Mercy of the King, But since I cannot, be it known to you, I doe remaine as Neuter. So far ye well, Valselle you please to enter in the Cafele, And there repose for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept: But wee must winne your Grace to seee with vs To Briffow Cafele, which they say is held By Buffle, Baget, and their Complices, The Caterpillers of the Commonwealthe, Which I have swore some word, and plucke away. 

Tork. It may be I will go with you: but yet Iclove, For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes: Not Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are, Things past redresse, are now with me past care. Extrem.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue flayd ten daies, And hardly kept our Countreymen together, And yet we here no tidings from the King; Therefore we will dispere our ielues: farewell. 

Sal. Stay yet another day, shou that trulie Welchman, The King repareth all his confidence in thee. 

Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not flay: The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd, And Meetors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen; The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth, And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearesfull change; Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leap; The one in feare, so looie what they enjoy, The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre: These figures fore-run the death of Kings, Farewell our Countreymen are gone and fled; As well affay'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind, I see thy Glory, like a Floeong Starre, Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament: 

Thy Sunne fets weeping in the lowly Wee, Witnessing Stormes to come, Wee, and Vergeth: 

Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes, And erollly to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullyingbrook, Parke, Northumberland, 
Koff, Prince, Willoughby, with Buffet and Green Prentices.

Bull. Bring forth these men: 

Buffet and Green, I will not vse your soules, (Since presently your soules must part your bodies) With too much vrging your pernicious, Fore were no Chaclise: yet to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men, I will unfold some causie of your deathes. You have mis led a Prince: a Royall King A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lincements, By you unhaft, and dissigu'd cleane: 

You have in manner with your sinfull hours Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him, broke the pollesion of a Royall Bed, And rayned the beautie of a faire Queense Cheekes, With sores drawn from her eyes, with your loule 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, Have floupt my neck under your injuries, And sign'd my English breath in forraigne Clounds, Esting the bitter bread of banishment: While you have fed upon my Seigniories, Dif-park'd my Parke, and fell'd my Forrest Woods; From mine owne Windows come my Household Coat, Raz'd out my Impeffe, leaving me no signe, Save mens opinions, and my living blood, To swew the World I am a Gentleman, This, and much more, much more then twice all this, Condemnes you to the death: see them deliwred out To execution, and the hand of death, Buffet. More welcome is the stroke of death to me, Then Bullyingbrook to England. 

Green. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules, And plague Injuicice with the paines of Hell. 

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, I see them dispatch'd: Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House, For Heauens fake easly let her be entreated, Tell her I send to her my kind commendes, Take specialy rese of my Greetings be deliuer'd, 

Ten. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd With Letters of your love, to her at large. 

Bull. Thanes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away, To fight with Glendare, and his Complices; A while to worke, and after holiday, 

Exit.

Scena
Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colour.

Enter Richard, Anmerle, Cariul, and Soldiur.

Rich. Barkly, Castle tell you this at hand?

An. Yes, my Lord, how brooks you; Grace the sute, after your late rolling on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must like it well: I wepe for joy To fland upon my Kingdom once again.

Deere Earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though Rebels wound thee with their Horfes hooves:

As a long parted Mother with her Child, Plays fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, faining, greet I thee my Earth, And doe thee favour with my Royall hands.

Feed not thy Soueraigned Foe, my gentle Earth, Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous face:

But let thy Spiders, that fork vp thy Venome, And heave-gared Todes lyfe in their way,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feet,

Which with vurping steps doe trample thee. Yeild flinging Netles to mine Enemies,

And when they from thy Bofome pluck a Flower

Guard at I perche with a lurking Adder,

Whose double tongue may with a morall touch

Throw death upon thy Soueraigned Enemies.

Moke not my Lancefette Conuration, Lords;

This Earth shal have a feeling, and thefe Stones

Prove armed Soldiur, ere her Native King

Shall falter vnder faue Rebelious Arme.

Car. Fear not my Lord,that Power that made you

Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remisse,

Whileft Bulleiboys through our securitie,

Growe Strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Counsellor, my Lord, thou not, That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid

Behind the Globe, that ligthes the lower World,

Then Theues and Robbers runge abroad vicefree,

In Murthers and in Out-tage bloody here:

But when from vnder this Terrestiall Ball

He fieres the proud tops of the Esframe Pines,

And darts his Lightning through euery guitle hole,

Then Mothers,Treasons, and defepted lines

(The Clofe of Night being pluckt from off their back)

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves,

So when this Theefe, this Traitor Bulleiboys,

Who all this while hath reuel'd in the Night,

Shall fee vs rising in our Throne the East,

His Trefions will ft be blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the light of Day;

But selfe-allfrighted, tremble at his finne.

Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea

Can washe the Bome from an annoyed King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Depute elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bulleiboys hath preff,

To lift throvth Steele against our Golden Crowne,

Heauen for his Richard hath in heausly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,

Weake men mult fall, for Heauen full guards the fight.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lightes your Power?

Sala. Not neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,

Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speake of nothing but despair:

One day too late, I see (my Noble Lord)

Hath clouded all the happy days on Earth!

Oh call backe Yesterdaj, bid Time returne,

And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men:

To day, to day, unhappie day too late

Orthowes thy Lovers, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;

For all the Whelmen hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bulleiboys, disperfe, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes thy Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,

And till fo much blood thither come againe,

Hauet not resoun to looke pale, and dead.

All Souls that will be safe, flye from my fide,

For Time hath fet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had for got my felle. Am I not King?

Awake then flaggard Majeftie, thou fleepes!

Is not the Kings Name fottie thousand Names?

Arme, arme my Name: a punie fubject striktes

At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,

Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high:

High be our thoughts: I know my Vnkele Furs

Hath Power enough to fere our turne,

But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happiness beide my Liege,

Then can my care-turn'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:

The worfe is worldly loffe, thou canst vnfold:

Say, Is my King done loft? why twas my Care:

And what loffe is it to be rid of Care?

Stirres Bulleiboys to be as Great as wee t

Greater he shall not be: if thee reuer God

Wee'll ferue thee, and be his Fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,

They breake their Faith to God as well as vs:

Cry War, Deftraction, Ruine, Loffe, Decay,

The worfe is Death, and Death shall have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is fo arm'd

To bear the tidings of Calamitie,

Like an unfeasable florine day,

Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores.

As if the World were all delicious rares:

So high, aboue his Limbs, swells the Rage

Of Bulleiboys, courting your fearfull Land.

With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:

White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairleffe Scals

Against thy Majeftie, and Boyes with Womens Voyuer,

Strive to feke bigge, and clape their female lornets

In fitte vnwieldie Armeis: against thy Crowne

Thy very Bead-men learnt to bend their Bowes

Of double farall Eugl: against thy State

Yea Dilaffa- Women manage ruffie Bills:

Against thy Seat both young and old rebel,

And all does worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bawok where is Grenoe?

That
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meeasure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuate, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bullenbrooke.
Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeed.

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, esaily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood wound'd, that flitting my heart,
That to Judges, each one thice wrote their lade,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make ware
Upon their footed Soules for this Offence.
Scroope. Sweet Loue (I fee) changing his propersite,
Tumes to the lowrest, and most deadly hate:
Again vncure their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you canse
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, gru'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bynin, Graves, and the Earle of Wiltshire Jesus.

Scroope. Yea all of them at Brieffow left their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
Let's talk of Graves, of Wommen, and Epiphats,
Make Dust out Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Boforme of the Earth.
Let's chufe Executors, and talk of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeshe,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Bullenbrooke,
And nothing can we call our owne worth Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serues as Pafte, and Cower to our Bones:
For Heinues fake let vs fit upon the ground,
And tell fad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have beene depos'd, some flaine in ware,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,
Some poyn'd by their Wiete, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That round the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Seating his Srate, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Montelchize, to fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuing him with felle and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleth, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the left, and with a little Pinne
Sores through his Cattle Waifes, and farwell King.
Cover your heads, and meek not flesh and blood
With Jolome Reuerence: throw away Repea,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mislike me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taffe Griefe, need Friends: fubfied thus,
How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently present the waies to waile:
To feare the Poe, since feste oppreffe thy streng,
Gives in thy weakeenes, strength into thy Poe;
Fears, and be flaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death defroying death,
Where faming, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou cou'dst it well; proud Bullenbrooke I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome,
This ague fit of scare is ouer-blowne,
An easie taskie it is to winne our owne,
Say Scroope, where yes our Vnckle with his Power?
Spenke sweeetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The rate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauie Tale to fay:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnckle Terky is joyn'd with Bullenbrooke,
And all your Northern Caffles yeelded vp,
And all your Southern Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Fa#tion.

Rich. Thou haft fayd enough,
Betheurow trey Counfijn, which did lead me forthe
Of that sweet way I was in, to defpaire:
What fay you now? what comfort hauwe we now?
By Heaven Ile hate him euerlasting,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Caffle, there lie pine away,
A King, Woes (blue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let em goe
To care the Land, that hath fome hope to grow,
For Ihave none. Let no man speake again
To alter this, for counfale is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That woundes me with the flatterie of his tongue.
I Difcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Bullenbrooke faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullenbrooke, Terky, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we leare
The Welchmen are diuers'd, and Salisbury.
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coaft.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Terky. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To fay King Richard: shall the heauie day,
When such a sacr'd King shoule hide his head.

Nervo. Your Grace mifakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title our.

Terky. 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. Miftake not (Vnckle) farther then you should,
Terky. Taken (good Counfijn) farther then you fould.
Leaft you mifake the Heinues are ore your head.

Bull. I know it(Vnckle) and oppoite not my felle
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Pierie.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Caffle yeeld?

Per. The Caffle royally is mann'd my 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 lies
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Alan, and Lord Lucy,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a Clergy man.
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot blame.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Ball. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caffle,
Through Brazen Trumpets send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Ears, and thus deliever:

Henry Bellingbrooke upon his knees doth kiss
King Richard's hand, and fends allegiance.
And true faith of heart to his Royal Person: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Proudly, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restored; againe, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use thy advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Ray'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen.
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bellingbrooke
It is, such Crucim Tempert shou'd bedrench

The fieth green Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My flopping dutie tenderly shall fliew.

Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Graffe Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noise of thrumming Drum,
That from this Caffles satte'd Battelment,
Our faire Appointments may be well persu'd.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meet
With no leffe terror then the Elements.

Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smake
At meeting teares the cloudie Chekes of Heauen;
Be he the fire, Ile be the yielding Water;
The Rage be his while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

Parte without, and afarfe within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Cazile, Amnere, Sreap, Salisbury.

See fee, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing diffentement Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceiveth the eunuous Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to flaine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Jerk. Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Malicie: a luek, luek, for woe,
That any house shou'd blame to faire a shew

Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long hauw we fliew
To watch the fearfull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King;
And if we be, how dare thy loyntes forget
To pay them a full dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismis'd us from our Stewardship,
For wele we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can giue the facted Handle of our Scepter,
Valuable doe promishe, faire, or woe, and
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Hauw restored their Soule, by turning them from vs,
And we are baren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
is mustering in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pelference, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegor,
That lift you, yaffall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bellingbrookes, for yond the heares he is,
That every fit he makes up to my Land,
Is dangerous Trefason: he is come to ope
The purple Teftamens of bleeding Warres;
But ere the Crowne he looks for, liste in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall iell become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complection of her Maid-plea Peafe
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Palfcre Graffe with faithful Englifh Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should wo with ciuill and vncaiill Armes
Be rafl'd upon: Thy thiro-noble Cousin,
Harry Bellingbrooke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he fcarees,
That stands upon your Royall Grandfiers Bows,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Wadilee Gaunts,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sware, or sied,
His comning hicher hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchifement immediate on his knes:
Which in the Royall pathia granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Raft,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull fervice of your Maislief:
This fervice he, as he is Prince, is iuift,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credite him,

Rich. Northumberland, by thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplis'd without condemnation:
With all the gracious veneration thou haft,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate our felfes(Cousin) doe we not,
To looke fo poorely, and to speake fo faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and fo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That Jayd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of truth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grieff, or leffer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell it thou proud heart! Ill giue thee scope to bee,
Since Eoes have scope to bee both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bellingbrooke

Rich. What muft the King doe now: muft he submit
The King shall doe it: Muft he he PROPON
The King shall be contented: Muft he loose.
The Name of King I of God Name let's goe.
Ill giue my Jewels for a fett of Beedes,
My gorgeous Palace,for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparell, for an Almes mans Gowne,
My figured Goblets, for a Difh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden, To drive away the heavie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas,
La. Madame, wee'le dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poor Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing(Ladie) some other sport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales,
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of cyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neither, Ladie.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat,
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame Ile see.
Qu. 'Tis well that you haue cause:
But thou shouldst pleasure me better, wouldst thou wepe.
La. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good,
Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Tears of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But play, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees,
My wretched Daisies, into a Rowe of Pinnes,
They le tattle of State; for every one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goes bides thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnyrile Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreffeion of their prodigall weight:
Gue some supporrence to the bending twiggis.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayers,
That looke too lollifie in our Common-wealth;
All must be eu'n, in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyforme Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertility from wholesome flowers.
Ser. Why should we, in the compass of a Pale,
Kepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our Frame Eftate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers chokst vp,
Her Fruit-trees all unprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Herbas
Swarming with Caterpillars,
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe men with the Fall of Leaf.
The Weeds that his broad-speding Leaces did shelter,
That seem'd,in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bellingbrooke:
I meanes, the Earl of Wiltshire, Buthis, Greene.

d Ser. What?
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Sr. What are they dead?
Card. They are,
And Bullingbrook hath feiz'd the walfefull King.
Oh, what pity it is, that he had not fo tum'd
And dreefl his Lord, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaf being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done fo, to great and growing men,
They might have hel'd thee bare, and he to tale
Their fruited of dune. Superfluous branches
We top away; that bearing boughes may live.
Had he done fo, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which wafte and idle hours, hath quite thrown downe.
Sr. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
Gar. Depraft he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Ou Oh I am pref't to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adamlikekenefe, let to drefle this Garden;
How dures thy harth rude tongue found this unpleasing
What Ewe? what Serpent had fugl'ed thee, (neues
To make a second fall of curfed man?
Why don't thou say, King Richard is depos'd,
Dar it thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diume his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Can't thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Card. Pardon me Madam, Little jo'y hau'e I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrookes, their Fortunes both are weight'd:
In your Lords Seale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Balance of great Bullingbrookes,
Beside himselfe, are all the Engliih Seetes,
And with that odes he weighes King Richard downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble mishance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I laft that knowes it? Oh thou think't
To ferue me laft, that I may longe keep me
Thy sorrow in my breath. Come Ladys goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in wo.
What was I borne to this that my God looke
Should grace the Triumph of great Bullingbrookes
Gardner, for telling me this newes of wo.
I would the Plants thou graffe't, may never grow. Exiit.
G Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curfe
Here did the drop a teare, heere in this place
He let a Banke of Rofe, wore Hebe of Grace:
Rue, cu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exiit.

Now Bager, freely speake thy minde.
What thou do'自豪 know of Noble Gloufters death:
Who worm'ght it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelife end.
Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Aumerle.
Bau. Cofin, fand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnfaith, what it hath once deliver'd,
In that dead time, when Gloufters death was plotted,
I heard you say, I am not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reftfull English Court
As farre as Calis, to my Vunkes head.
Amough't much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thouand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England: adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cozins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anfwer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I fo much difhonour my faire Stares,
On equal terms to give him chaffement?
Either I must, or have mine honor foy'd
With th' Attain'dor of his flandrous Lipes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seal of death
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou haft fai'd, is faine,
In thy hearth blood, though being all too base
To faine the temer of my Knightly fword.
Bau. Bager forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the bett
In all this preffe, that hath man'd me fo.
Fite. If that thy valour f tand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to chine:
By that faire Sunne, that wees me where thou fland'ft, I
Heard thee fay (and vamint'g thou fak't it)
That thou wert cause of Noble Gloufters death.
If thou denie it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falhhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to fee the day.
Fite. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyest, this Honour is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniut.
And that thou art fo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to the extreme point
Of monall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandifh more reuengfull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord Fitz-water:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fite. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And as you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As faine, by heaven, As heaven it felle is true.
Fite. Surrey, thou lyest.
Surrey. Difhonourable Boy!
That Lye, shall lie fo heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-guer, and that Lye, doe ly
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honours paune,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Tlus. How fondly doth thouresse a forward Hope?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare not see Sarruy in a Wilesternesse,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To yee tyme to my flong Correction.
As I intend to throuse in this New World,
Anonere is gultie of my true Appeale.
Besides, I heard the bandish'd Norfolk say,
That thou Anonere distend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Calais.

Arm. Some honell Christian trust me with a Gage,
That Norfolk Lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be replad, to trie his Honor.
But: thee differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
Till Norfolk be replad: speake he shall be;
And (though mine Enemy) to for'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when he's returned,
Against Anonere we will enforce thy Tryall.

Cart. That honorable day shall ne're be scarce.
Many a time hath bandish'd Norfolk sought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crofe,
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with worke of Warre, retay'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gae.
His Body to that pleasant Common Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captive Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

But: Who by himselfe? Norfolk dead?
Cart. As sure as I live, my Lord.
But: Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bofome of good old Abraham.

Lords Appeliate your differences that all rest vnder gage,
Till we allignge you to your days of Tryall.

Enter Tryall. 

Tryke: Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume plinck Richard, who with willing Soule
Adopt thee Hearie, and his Subjects: while he yeilds
To the posftion of thy Royall Hand,
Affend his Throne, defending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that Name the Fourth.

But: in Gods Name: He ascend the Regall Throne
Cart. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worl in this Royall Prefence may I speake.
Yet beft becominge me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Prefence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Judge
Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would
Leane him forresidence from so foule a Wrong,
What Subiects can give Sentence on his King.
And who sits here, that is not Richards Subiects
Theeues are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
His Captaine, Steward, Depurie elect,
Anointed, Crown'd, planted many yeares,
Be judg'd by lubed, and inferior breathe,
And he himselfe not preferre? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should be too heinous, black obfcrve a deed.
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stir'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traitor to prove Hereford's King,
And if you Crowne him, let me propheticke,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his Soule Aed.
Peace shall goe peace with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Diforde, Horror, Fears, and Mutine,
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you rescie this Houfe, against this Houfe
It will the wofulleft Diuision prove,
That euer fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, refit it, and let it not be fo,
Lest Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

North. Well haue you urg'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitol Treson we arreft you here,
My Lord of Wordsmiller, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Supit?

But: Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: fo we shall proceed
Without fupception.

North. I will be his Conduitt. 

But: Lords, you that here are vnder our Atchie
Procure your Sureties for your Days of Answer
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd fo for your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Tyke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have spoke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inuincible, faster, bowe, and bend my Knee,
Give Sorrow leave a while, to tuture me
To this subsmission, Yet I well remember
The faults of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All haie to me?
So Iada did to Christ: but he in teuelre,
Found truth in all, but one, in twelve thousand, one.
God faue the King: I am no man say, Amen?
Am I both Presst and Clarket well then, Amen.
God faue the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doth think him mee.

To doe what fervice, am I sent for hither?

Tyke. To doe that office of chine owne good will,
Which tyred Majeftie did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To Harry Tukingbrooke.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, fieze it Crowne
Here Cousin, on this fide my Hand, on that fide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepc Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the zyre.
The other downe, ynewcfne, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil it you mount vp so high.

But: I thought you had been willing to regine.

Rich. My Crowne I am but fill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depofe,
But not my Grieues, till I am King of thole.

But: Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares let them do not pluck my Crowne downe.
My Care, is loffe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I give, I haue, though given away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet fill with me they flay:

But: Are you contented to regine the Crowne?

Reub. 1,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Richard. No Lord of the hand, thou haughtie insulting man; No, nor no man Lord: I have no Name, no Title; No, not that Name was given me at the Font, But 'tis wrapt; allack are the days; That I have worn so many Winter out, And know not now, what Name to call my selfe, Oh, that I were a Mockene, King of Snow, Standing before the Sunne of Billingbrooke, To melt my felse away in Water-drops.

Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England, Let it command a Mirror hides my fface,

That it may shew me what a Face I have, Since it is Balsam to this Mistick

Ball. Gooe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read a'tis this Paper, while by Glasse doth our sense.

Richard. Thou stoumets me, ere I come to Hall

Ball. Vige it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not ther be satisfie.

Richard. They shall be satisfied: I reade enough, When I doe fee the very Bookede indeede,

Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter me with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade,
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow stroke
So many Bowses upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatting Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thououl? beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, under his Howle-hold Reste,
Did keep thee thousand men? Was this that Fate,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Fate, which fed'd so many fayles,
That was at last out-fac'd by Billingbrooke?

A bittle Glory fineth in this Face,
As bristke as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, in a hundred fliueres,
Markes silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How foon my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Ball. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Richard. Say that again.
The shadow of my Sorrow: hast let me, the Face,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lies all within,
And these externall manner of Lamentes,
Are meteorically dothowes, to the viscene Griefe,
That swell with silence in the desolate Soul.
These lies the substance: and I thank the King
For thy great bonnie, that not only givst
Me ease to wseyle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the Laurie. Itt begge one Beone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more
Shall I obtain it?

Ball. Name it, faire Cousin,

Richard. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King,
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no neede to begge.

Ball. Yet ask.

Richard. And shall I have?

Ball. You shall,

Richard. Then give me leave to go.

Ball. Whither?

Richard. Whither you will, so: were from your rights,

Ball. Go to one of you, conuay him to the Tower.

Richard. Oh good: conuay: Conuayles see you till,
This tale thus nimblie by a true King fall,

Ball. On Wednesday next, we feallomely set downe
Our Cention: Lords, prepare your selves.

Abbot. A welcom Pageant howe we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet unnamed,
Shall feel this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Abbot. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Pilat
To rid the Resime of this pestiferous Blor.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not only take of the Sacrament,
To bury more intents, but also of the...
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

What ever I shall happen to doth,
I see your Browses are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper; He lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.


Adlus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.
Qu. This way the King will come; this is the way.
To Julian Casers ill-rated Tower:
To whose first Bolose, my condemn'd Lord
Is doomed a Prisoner, by proud Bunglbrook.
Here let vs refer this rebellious Earth
Have any relish for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard and Guard.
But soft, but fee, or rather do not fee,
My faire Rofe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pitie may diffiloure to drow,
And waft him fresh againe with true. Loue Teases.
As in the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Iane,
Why should hard-faured Griefe be lodg'd in thee.
When Triumph is become an Alle-house Guert.
Rich. Tyne or with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too soon: leaue good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happy Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am Sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necesfitie; and hee and I
Will keepea League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloylet thee in some Religious Houe:
Our holy lusts must winne a newe Worlds Crowne,
Which our poffeas here have striken downe.
Qu. What, is my Richard both in flue and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hast Bunglbrook
Depo'd thine Intelle? hath lie bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, shrufleth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
to be oe-pow'd: and wilt thou, Painfull-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with safe Humillie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.
Good sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and thou even here thou rak'b,
As from my Death-bed, my left fluing leue,
In Winters tedious Nights list by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long aage betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefes,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me,
And send the bearers weeping to their Beds.
For why? the Gentlelce Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mourning Tongue,
And in compassion, weep the fire out
And some will moune in afts, some coale-black.
For the depoing of a rightfull King.
Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bunglbrook is chang'd.

You must to Pompier, nor vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bunglbrook accends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere foule fome, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he diuide the Realme, and give thee halfe.
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall think, that thou who knowest the way
To plant virtu'full Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne'er so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends convert to Fere:
That Pease, or Hate: and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy Danger, and deferved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly diuore d? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twist my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kiffe You made,
Part vs, Northumberland. I towards the North,
Where inflaming Cold and Sickneffe pins the Cylyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, let forth in pome,
She came adorn'd hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Halloweans, or short: of day.
Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?
Rich. I hand from hand, my Loue) and heart fro heart.
Qu. Bassih vs both, and lend the King with me.
North. That were some Loue, but little Policy.
Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weep thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then near, be ne're the nearer.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes, & mine with Groanes.
Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Manes.
Rich. Twice for one step, (lie groane,) Way being short,
And peace the Way out with a beauteous heart.
Come, come, in woowing Sorrow let's be wise,
Since wedding is, there is such length in Griefe:
One Kiffe shall flop our mouther, and dumbersome past;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Qu. Guee me mine owne againe! were no good past
To take on me to keepes, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.
Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu, the reft, let Sorrow say.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Torky, and his Ducheftf.

Duck. My Lord you told me you would tell the reft,
When weeping made you brake the flory off,
Of our two Coutins comming into London.
Torky. Where did I leaue?

Duck. At that fad Poppe, my Lord,
Where rude mit-gouem'd hands, from Windowes tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Torky. Then
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bullingbrooke, Mount upon a hot and ferie Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With flow, but halfe pace, kept on his course: While all tongues eride, God loue thee Bullingbrooke. You would have thought the very windows spake, So many greedy looks of yong and old, Through Casemates dars't their defigning eyes Vpon his visage: and that all the walls, With painted Imagery had fift at once, 1st preferre thee, welcom Bullingbrooke. Whilste he, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his pround Steeds neckc, Belpake them thus: I thank ye Countremen: And thus till doing, thus he past along.

Duch. Alas poor Richard, where rides he the whilffe? 

York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men
After a well grace d'Actor leaveth the Stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious: Even fo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did scowl on Richard: no man eride, God fave him: No joyfull tonge gave him his welcome home, But dust was thrown upon his Sacred head, Which with such gentle frower he flooke off, His face still combattting with teares and smiles. (The badges of his griefe and grieue) That had not God (for some strong purpose) steeld The hearts of men, they must perfure haue melted, And Barbatisme it selfe haue pittied him. But heaven hath bath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To Bullingbrooke, are we sworne Subiects now, Whole State, and I for aye allow. 

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my sworne Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was.

But that is left, for being Richards Friend. And Madam, you must call him Rutland now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And lafting feallie to the new-made King. 

Duch. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now, That flew the greene lap of the new-com Spring? 

Auer. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not, God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one. 

York. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time. 

Leaf ye be eapts before you come to pryme. 

What newes from Oxford? Hold thine lufs & Triumphs? 

Auer. For ought I know my Lord they do. 

York. You will be there I know. 

Auer. If God prevent not, I purpose fo. 

York. What State is that that hangs without thy bofom? 

Yes, look it thou pale? Let me fee the Writing. 


York. No matter then whatees it, I will be satisfied, let me fee the Writing. 

Auer. I do before thy Grace to prade me, It is a matter of small conquence, Which for some reasons I would not have scene. 

York. Which for some reasons, I meant to see.

I feare, I feare. 

Duch. What should you fear? 

'Tis nothing but some bond, that is enter'd into For gay apparell against the Triumph. 

York. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond 
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foule. 

Boy, let me fee the Writing. 

Auer. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it 

York. I will be satisfied: let me fee it I say. 

Enter Treason,outes Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slau. 

Duch. What is the matter, my Lord? 

York. Ho! who's within there? Saddle my horse. 

Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is here? 

Duch. Why, what is't my Lord? 

York. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse: 
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth, I will appeache the Villaine. 

Duch. What is the matter? 

York. Peace foolish Woman. 

Duch. I will not peace, What is the matter Sonne? 

Auer. Good Mother be content, it is no more Than my poore life must answer. 

Duch. Thy life answet? 

Enter Seruant with Boots. 

York. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King. 

Duch. Strike him Aumerle. Poore boy, 8 art amaz'd, 
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight. 

York. Give me my Boots, I say. 

Duch. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do? 

Wilt thou not hide the Treasuphe of time owne? 

Have we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue? 

Is not my seeming darke drunke wth time? 

And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age, 
And rob me of a happy Mothers name? 

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne? 

York. Thou fond mad woman. 

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy? 

A dozen of them heretique tane the Sacramento, 
And interchangably let downe their hands 
To kill the King at Oxford. 

Duch. He shall be none: 

We'll keepe him here: then what is that to him? 

York. Away with that woman: we were here twenty times my Son, I would appeache him. 

Duch. Hadst thou ground for him as I have done, 
Thou wouldst be more pitful: 
But now I know thy minde, thou do it slyly 
That I have bene dolloval to thy bed, 
And that he is a false, not thy Sonne; 
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, ben't not of that minde: 
He is as like thee, as a man may bee, 
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin, 
A 'yet I louche him. 

York. Make way, yeuul Woman. 

Exit 

Duch. After Aumerle, Mount thee upon his horse, 
Spare poult, and get before him to the King, 
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee, 
Ile not be behind: though I be old, 
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke; 
And never will I lise vp from the ground, 
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardon't thee: Away be gone. Exit 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Preste, and other Lords. 

But. Can no man tell of my vnhortie Sonne? 

'Tis full three months since I did see him last, 
If any plague hang euery vs, 'tis he, 
I would to heaven my Lords he might be found: 
Enquire at London,'mongst the Tavernes there : 

Exit.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

As the Life

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With unrefined loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beast our passengers,
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So diffuse a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince.
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

But. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would unto the Stewes,
And from the common place of a Cloutte
And weary it as a favour, and with that
He would enforce the latest Challenge.

But. As diffuse as defpicable, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Ansuerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

But. Who means our Cozin, that hee flares
And looks so wildely?

Aum. God face your Grace. I do besiehe your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

But. Withdraw your felues, and leave vs here alone
What is the matter with our Cozin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, eet I rife, or speake.

But. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heyounes er it bee,
To win thy after loure, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then glue me leaues:that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

But. Have thy defire. Terke without.

Ter. My Liege beware, looke to thy felfs,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence here.

Villaine, Ille make thee faire.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haft no caufe
to feare.

Terke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King;
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Terke.

But. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, receuer breath,
Tell vs whos neete is danger,
That we may arm vs to encounter it.

Ter. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
Thereation that my hate forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember as thou read it, thy promisse past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Ter. It was (villaine) eet thy hande let it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bolonie, King.
Fear, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leaft thy pity prove
A Serpent, that will fling thee to the heart.

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
Olyloy! Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Then thine, imprecate, and faulty founctre,
From whereo this freame, through myddle passages
Hath his current, and defil'd himselle.
Thy owrflow of good, conjures to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digreding sonne.

Terke. So shall my Vertue be his Viles bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame.

As Spherical Soones, their scraping Fathers Gold,
Mine honor liues, when his dithonor dies,
Or my (beau'd) life, in his dithonor liues:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Duchesse within.

But. What has (my Liege) for heuenes fakes let mee in,
But. What thrull-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Per. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) this is.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begg'd before.

But. Our Secret is alter'd from a ferior thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King
My dangerous Cozin, let your Mother in,
I know thes come, to pray for your soule fin.

Terke. If thou do pardon, whofower pray.

More unnes for this forgivefull proper may,
This fecket joynt cut out of the reft reeds found,
This let alone, will all the reft confound.

Enter Duchesse.

But. O King, beleefe not this hard-hearted man,
Loure, lauing not is felle, none other can.

Ter. These frankneale woman, what dole y mouth here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

But. Sweet Yorke be patient, hear the gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

But. Not yet, I thee befeech.

For euer will I kneele upon my knees,
And neuer fee day, that the happy fees,
 Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me joy.
By pardinong Rutland, my tranfgresing Boy.

Aum. Into my mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Terke. Against them both, my true oynts bended be.

But. Pledes lie in earne? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are in lift?
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prays but fainely, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and foule, and all before;
His weary oynts would gladly rife, I know,
Our knes shall kneele, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falfe hypocrifie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepie integrite:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them hame
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

But. Good Aunt hand vp.

But. Nay, do not say hand vp.

But. Pardon first, and afterwards hand vp.
And if I were thy Nurfe, thy tongue to each, Pardon should be the firft word of thy speach.
I never long'd to haere a word till now:
Say Pardon (King), let pity teach thee how.
The word is short, but not fo short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meet.

Terke. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon ne m'oy.

But. Doft thou euer pardon, Pardon to deftoy?
Ah my frowne husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That fets the word it felle, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as its curtant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderfiand.
Thine eye begins to speake, let thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitious heart, plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaintes and prayers do pece,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to refeach.

But. Good Aunt hand vp.

But. I do not fie to fland,
Pardon is all the fure I have in hand.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee: Yet am I sick at heart: Speak it againe, Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine, But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art, But for our truly brother-in-Law, the Abbot, With all the rest of that conformed crew, Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heels: Good Vnkle help to order faeerfull powres To Oxfort, or where ere those Traitors are: They shall not live within this world I weare, But I will have them, if I once know whiete. Vnkle farewell, and Cofin adieu:

Your mother well hath praised, and proove you true.

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exe. Didst thou not marke the King what wordes he spake?

Hau I no friend will tyme of this lyuing feare: Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very wordes.

Exe. Haue I no friend? (quoth he:) the spake it twice, And wyld his twice together, did he not?

Ser. He dyd.

Exe. And speaking it, he weefully look'd on me, As if he should say, I would shaw wer't the man.

That would divorce this terror from my heart:

Meaning the King at Pomflete: Come, let's goe;

I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, unto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer's out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of full breathing Thoughts;
And these fame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better fort,
As thoughts of thing, Duine, are internxt
With scruples, and do fet the Faith at felle
Against the Faith, as thus: Conclude once: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Carmel
To thred the potterne of a Needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vulnely wonders show howe their vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of his hard world, my ragged prison wailest:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride:
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the frith of Fortunes Graves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like filly Beggers,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their shame
That many have, and others muft fit there;
And in this Thoughts, they finde a kind of safe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such a haute before endur'd the like,
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Traiton makes me with my felle a Beggar,
And to I am. Then crueling pleasure,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-kind'd by Bullingbrooke,
And fraught am nothing. But what ere I am,
Musick
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be plea'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musick do I hearse?
Ha, ha! keepe time: How lowre sweet Musick is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musick of mens lutes:
And heere hau I the daintillene of care,
To heare time broke in a disordered' drang;
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an earre to heare my true Time broke.
I waffled Time, and now doth Time waite me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts,are minutes; and with Sighes they iare,
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereeto my finger, like a Diall point,
Is pointing still, in cleaning them from tears.
Now, for, the found that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that flitts upon my heart,
Which is the bell: fo Sighes, and Teyes, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: but my Time
Runs poatning on, in Bullingbrookes proudjoy,
While I stand fooing heere, his tacle o'Clocke,
This Musick mad me, let it found no more,
For though it hau,e helpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet bleeding on lust heart, this is true me;
For such a signe of love and loue to Richard,
Is a strange. Brithe, in this all hating world.

Enter Groom.

Gree. Haile Royall Prince.


The chasep of us, is ten groates too deare.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Gree. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, as length have gotten Leue
To looke upon my (Sometimes Royall) misters face.
O how it yerd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrook rode on Rome Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hadst brooke,
That horse, that I so carefull hadst dreft.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Gree. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that Bullingbrook was on his backe;
That Icarus rare bread from my Royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would be not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and brake the necke.
Of that proud man, that did vurses his backe?
Forrigenesse horse: Why do I wall on thee,
Since thou createst to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to bear? I was not made a horse,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I bear a burthen like an Aife, Spur-gall'd, and tyred by snatching. Bullingbrooke. Enter Keeper with a Dyb.

Kept. Fellow, give place, here's no longer fhy. Rob. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Gras. What my tongue does not, that my heart shall say

Kept. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to doo.


Patience is fair, and I am weary of it.

Kept. Help, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.


Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire, That flaggers thou my person. Exton, thy fierce hand, Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land. Mount, mount my foule, thy feste is vp on high, Whil my groffe flesh sinks downward, heate to dye. Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood, Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good. For now the dwuell, that told me I did well, Sayes, that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead King to the living King I beare, Take hence the rest, and give them full heart. Exit.

Scena Qvinta.

Enter. Bullingbrooke, York, with other Lords & attendants.

But. Kinde Venkle Yorke, the lastest niewes we heare, Is that the Rebels have confirm'd with fire, Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestersh'ire, But whether they be tanle or flame, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes? Nor. First to th' Sacred State, with me all happiness: The next newes is, I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear At large disoufled in this paper heare.

But. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy gainer, And to thy worth will add right worthy guenes.

Enter Fitzwater.


But. Thy paties Fitzwaters shall not be forgot, Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlide.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminifter, With elog of Confience, and fowre Melancholly, Hath yielded vp his body to the grave: But here is Carilde, lying to abide

Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

But. Carilde, this is your doome: Choose out some secret place, some reuerend room: More then thou haft, and with it joy thy life: So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife: For thou hast mine enemy, thou haft ever bene, High sparks of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present

Thy buried carcse, Herein all brutishlie lies The mightieft of thy greatest enemies Richard of Burdeaux, by me hitther brought.

But. Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatal hand, Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From you owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

But. They love not poiyon, that do poiyon neede, Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead, I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.

The guilt of confidence take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour. With Caine go wander through the shades of night, And never shew thy head by day, nor light, Lords, I procrest my soule is full of woe, That blood should sprinke me, to make me growe. Come mourne with me, for that I do lament, And put on full Blacke incontinet, He make a voyage to the Holy-land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. March fully after, grace my mourning heare, In weeping after this untimely Beere.

Exit.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPYRRE.

AActus Primus. Scena Prime.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Chester, Lord, with others.

King.
O Civil war, and war with care,
First was a time for frigh'ted Peace to pant,
And breath therewind'd accents of new bruits
To be commen'd in Stronds a-fare remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daub'd her lips with her owne children's blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the Armed hooves
Of horfe's paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substan'd breed,
Did lately meete in the interfine shocking,
And furious cloze of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-befoming rakes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-shar'den knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As faster as to the Sealphut of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vadher whose blest Croffe
We are imper'd and ingag'd to fight.
Forwith a power of English lawl we leue,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To caue chiefe Pagant in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blest fell fere
Which fourteene hundred yereas ago were naild
For our aduantage on the better Croffe,
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleth his to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meece not now.
Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Wellmerland,
What yeerternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

My Liege. This hale was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yeerternight: when all what ther was came
A Poff from Wale, laden with heavy News:
Whose worl was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Upon whose dead corpes there was such miserie,
Such beastly, han releffe transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much blame) re'told or spoken of.

King. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil,
Brake off our busynesse for the Holy land.

Well. This matcht with other like my gracious Lord.
Farre more vacante and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Haftsphere there,
Young Harry Percy, and brase Archbald,
That euer-vanlant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by dijurage of their Artillerie,
And shape of likeley-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vnccertain of the issue any way.

King. Here's a deere and true industitial friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe,
Strain'd with the variation of each foeyle,
Bewixt that Holmedon, and this Sea't of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfired,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon Plaines. Of Princes, Haffburn toke
Mardeke Earl of Fife, and eldest sonne.
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Arholl,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteath.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is.

Well. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of fo blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theme of Honours tongue;
Among a Groue, the very first and highest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Muse, and her Praise:
Whilfit by looking on the proude of him,
See Ryon and Difhonor flaine the bowr
Of my son, Harry. O that it could be proud,
That some Night-tripping Faery, had exchang'd
In Glade-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Peres, his Plantagenes.
After Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and others.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it, Lad? 
Prin. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack, and vanity buttoning thee after Supper, and steepling upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know. What a distracted hast thou do with the time of the day? venile hours were cups of Sack, and minutes Capons, and clocked the tongues of Bawdes, and dialis the ligens of Leaping-houses, and the blest Brianne himself a faire hot Wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come nearer me now Hal, for we that take Purfet, go by the Moone and fe сем Starres, and not by Phobus hee, that wand'ring Knight to faire. And I pritty sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God fus thy Grace, Maitly I should fay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none? 
Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly roundly.

Fal. Mafter then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nightes bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayses beauties. Let vs be Dianetes Forre- 

Prin. Thoy say't well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of vs that are the Moone's men, doth ebbes and flow like the Sea, beeing governed as the Seas is by the Moone as for provees. Now a Purfe of Gold most refolu-

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Pomf. Good morrow sweet Hal. What fates Mono-

shy's noble? What fates Sir John Sacke and Sugar: Jacke? How agrees the Duell and the about thy Soule, that thou foldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Maders, and a cold Capons legge?  

Prin. Sir John stand to his word, the diuell shall have his bargain for, he was neuer yet a Breaker of Promes:  

He will give the diuell his dice.  

Poiu. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the duell.  

Prin. Else he had damnd for cozening the duell.  

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gods hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I have wizards for you all; you have horces for your felues: Gods-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I have bespake Supper to morrow in Eastchepe: we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will flufle your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.  

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.  

Poy. You will chopp.  

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?  


Fal. There's neither honest, manhood, nor good fel-

ship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood-royall, if thou darst not stand for ten shilling.  

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes I'll be a madcap.  

Fal. Why, that's well said  

Prin. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.  

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.  

Prin. I care not.  

Poy. Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince & me alone,  

I will lay him downe two reaons for this aduenture, that he shall go.  

Fal. Well, maist thou have the Spirit of perswation; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares be may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation fake) proue a false theefe;  

for the pover abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastchepe.  

Prin. Farewell the lattes Spring. Farewell Ahollown Summer.  

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a self to execute, that I cannot man-

age alone. Falstaff, Haruy Roskell, and Godd-bull, shall robbe those men that we haue already way-lay'd, your felie and I, will not betheare: and when they haue the bo-

ty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.  

Prin But how shal we past with them in setting forth?  

Poy. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our plea-

sure to faile: and then will they adventure upon the ex-
ploit themselfes, which they shall haue no sooner atchie-

ved, but we'll set upon them.  

Prin. But, I, but us like that they will know vs by our horces by our habirs, and by euyery other appointment to be our felues.  

Poy. Tut our horces they shall not fee, I'll tye them in the wood, our wizards we'll change after wee leave them: and farrah, I haue Cafes of Buckra for the nonce, to imake our noted outward garments.  

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.  

Poiu. Well, for two of them, I know them to be ass
ture bred Cawards as cuer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he fees reason, I shall fasten Atomes. The virtue of this Leff will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leafe he fought with, what Wards, what blowes, what extremities he endured: and in the reprooofe of this lyes the left.  

Prin. Well, I'll goe with thee, provide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastchepe, there I'll fip. Farewell.  

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.  

Exeunt Poyntz.  

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold  

The vnyok'd humer of your idlenesse:  

Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,  

Who doth permit the bale contagious clouds  

To minion vp his Beauty from the world,  

That when he please againe to be himselfe,  

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,  

By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  

Of vapours, that did seems to strangle him,  

It all the years were playing holidays,  

To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;  

But when they tieldome come, they vish't for come,  

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  

So when this loose behawer I throw off,  

And pay the debt I neuer promised:  

By how much better then my word I am,  

By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  

And like bright Mettall on a fullen ground:  

My reformation glittering o'the fault,  

Shall shew more goodly, and attaunt more eyes,  

Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.  

He so offend, to make offence a skill,  

Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.  

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Woreser, Halfratte, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.  

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,  

Vnapt to flirze at thee indignities,  

And you haue found me; for accordingly,  

You tryed vspon my patience. But be sure,  

I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,  

Mighty, and to be feared, then my condition  

Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, sof as yong Dove,  

And therefore loft that Title of respect,  

Which the proud foule ne'ere payes, but to the proud,  

More. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little defere  

The feouge of greatesse to be vysed on it,  

And that same greatesse too, which our owne hands  

Hauel holpe to make fo portly.  

Now. My Lord.  

King. Woreser get thee gone: for I do fee  

Danger and difobedience in thine eye.  

O fr. your prefencie is too bold and prepettory,  

And Maiestie might never yet endure  

The moody Frontier of a servante brow,  

You have good leave to leaue vs. When we need  

Your vfc and counfell, we shall fend for you.  

You were about to speake.  

Now. Yes, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, 
Which Harry Percy herte at Holmedon took,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiesty:
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hat. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breachable, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, near and trimly drest;
Freshe as Brave-guard, and his Chin new teet,
Shew'd how a formidable Land at Hauxwell home.
He was perfam'd like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncen-box: which cait and anon
He gaue his Nefe, and took away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And fill he said'd and talk'd it.
And as the Sauldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vaught; Knauer, Vomainerly,
To bang a closely vnhandsome Coaffe
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady teate
He question'd me: Amongst the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all-moving, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pester'd with a Popingeay)
Out of my Greede, and my Impatiencie,
Answer't (slegsly) I know not what,
He should, or shoul'd not: For he made me mad,
To see him flueo or briske, and severly to sweet:
And take tale as a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God save the mateke;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ts thing on earth
Was Parmaire, for an invincible brave.
And that it was great pity, for it was,
That villanous Salt-peres should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the heatefull Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have bee'n a Souldier,
This bald, unioyned Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me reason more indirectly (as I said) And I befeech you, let not this report Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love, and your high Maiestie.

Elzab. The circumstance confidered, good my Lord,
What ever Harry Percy then had saide,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the self retold,
May reasonably dye, and never rife.
To do him wrong, or any way impecth
What then he faide, so he vsay was now.

Kng. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ranome (straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who in my soule hath wilfully betrased
The lives of those, that he did leade to Fights,
Against the great Magnian, damn'd Glendower:
Whose daughter (as we hear) the Battle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coiters then,
Be empried, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Tresason, and indent with Exces,
When they have lost and forfeyted themselues.

No: on the barren Mountains let him stresse:
For I shall never hold that man my Friend;
Whose tongue shall ask me for one pence cost.
To ranome home revolted Mortimer.

Hat. Reolved Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seruices fledgie banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an howre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinck
Upon agreement, of swift Sanguines blood;
Who then arsightfull with their bloody lookes,
Run fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his stiffes head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with thes Valiant Combattants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be hard red with Reuolt.

Kng. Thou don't belie him Percy, thou dost belive him
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he dy'd as well have met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy,
Art thou not asham'd But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer,
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displaces ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We licencie your departure with your tounge,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. Exit King.

Hat. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not send them. I will after straights
And tell him so: for I will save my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What drunke with choller? play & paufe while,
Here comes your Vnickle. Enter Worcester.

Hat. Speake Mortimer?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Wor thirercy, if I do not ioyne with him,
In his behalfe, he empty all these Veines,
And fnde my deare blood drop by drop the dut
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer.
As high th' Ayce, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingetter, and Camrmed Bellingbrooks.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
War. Who itrooke this heast vp after I was gone.

Hat. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranome once againe
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheake look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd a 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
(Whoe wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murthert.

War And for whole death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lute inandal'd, and fouly spoken of,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.  

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of the loue he bears our house. He fheares in that, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me fee some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Coleman to sleepe, to drink: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nestle, Danger, we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named wonts, the Time is fett, suffering, and your whole Plot to light, for the counterpoise of your great Opposition. Say you fo, say you fo: I say unto you againe, you are a shollow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacheous beast is this? I protest, our plot is a good plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Pleas, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Proudly-spoused rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the general course of the Ation. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnkle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendore? Is there not besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them fet forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall fee now in very sinceritie of Pesse and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could duise my selfe, and goe to buffets, for making such a dish of skim Milk with honourable An Ation. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will fet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady. How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight bin A banished woman from my Harries bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is that which takes from thee Thy Gomacke, pleasure and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And thus so often when thou first sleepest? Why hast thou left the fresh blood in thy cheekes, and given my Treasures and my rights of thee. To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy In my faint-flambers, I by thee have watchet, And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres; Speakse teares of manageto thy bounding Steed, Cry courageous to the field. And thou haft tall'd Of slaves, and Retirees; Frenses, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parquets, Of Bastukes, of Canon, Culséan, Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre, And thus hath fo behiss'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweete file thall flood upon thy Brows, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face flange motions have appeared, Such as we fee when men restraine their breath On some great fadaine halfe. O what passions are theft? Some bashful butnefleth hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What law? Is William with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an hour agoe

Ser. hath Butler brought those horses to the Sheriffs? Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now. Hot. What, is he gone? A Roane, a crop cat, is it not. Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Exeuntes, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke.


La. Out you mail-headed Ape, A Weasel hath no such a deal of Spleene, as you are catt with. In foule Ile know your busynifie Harry, that I will. I fear my Brother Mortimer doth flire about his Title, and hath fent for you to line his enterprise. But if you go—

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paragogu, answer me directly into this question, that I shall ask. Indeed I belea thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tell me true. Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Mammes; and to til with lips. We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And paffe them currant too. Gods me, my horfe.

What say'lt thou Kate? what wold it thou have with me? La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you loue me not I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me if thou speakest in feaft or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate, I must not have you henceforth, question me, Whether I goe: nor reafon whereabout. Whether I muft, I must: and to conclude, This Evening muft I leave thee, gentle Kate. I know you wife, but yet no further wife Then Harry Percys wife. Confiante you are, But yet a women: and for ferete, No Lady clofer. For I will beleue Thou wilt not viter what thou do'st not know, And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How to farre? Hot. Not in inch further. But hate you Kate, Whither I goe, thither faile you go too: To day will I fet forth, to morrow you. Will this consent you Kate?

La. It muft of force.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poyntz. Prem. Ned, prethille come out of that far room, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little. Poyntz. Where haft bene Hal?

Prem. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3 or fourecrest Hog-heads. I have founded the veie base firting of humilitie, Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom Dickes, and Francis. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Currlestelling me flanny I am no proud lack like Fulstaff, but a Valiant, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command at the good Ladis in East-chepe. They call drinking deep, dy- ing Scarlet, and when you breath in your wastings, then
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet Ned! to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pentworth of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Shilling, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, Thou are welcome: with this final addition, A man, A man for, Score a Print of Thistle in the Half: Manoe, or so: But Ned, to drive away time till False Ice come, I prithee doe thou stand in some by-room, while I question my punny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but; Anon: rep slide, and He threw thee a President.

Enter Francis.

Franc. Thou art perfect.

Peter, Francis. Enter Painter.


Franc. Five years: Be lady a long Leafe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dasheth thou so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indumne, & shew it a faire praise of heales, and run from it.

Franc. O Lord sir, He be favorite upon all the Books in England, I could find in my heart.

Franc. Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Franc. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Franc. Francis.

Franc. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Franc. Nay but tuck heur you Francis, for the Sugar thou gouldst me, was a pennyworth, was not it?

Franc. O Lord sir, I would it had beene two.

Franc. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Franc. Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thuesday or indeed Francis when thou wilt.

Franc. My Lord.

Prin. Whith those rob this Leathern Eickin, Christall button, Neat-pasted, Againg; Puke flocking, Caddees gather, Smooth tounge, Spanish pock. This O Lord sir, who do you mean?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your enly brink: for looke you Francis, your white Cousin doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Franc. What sir?

Franc. Peter, Francis. Enter Painter.

Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou hear them call? Hear they both call him, the Draper stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Painter.

Prin. What standeth thus full and breatheth such a look? Look to the Gueff within: My Lord, old 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 doore.

Poesse. Enter Poetess.

Prin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, Fallafer and the rest of the Thieves, are at the door, shall we be merry?

Prin. As metric as Crackers my Lad. But hard ye, What cunning match have you made with this text of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have showed themselves humors, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the papal age of this present twelue a clock at midnight, What's a clocke Francis?

Franc. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parrot and the Sons of a Wcott. His industry is w-figures and down-figures, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am now of ye's enemy, the Hotspur of the North, he that, killeth me some face or thousand of Scots in a Breakfast, washes his hands, and faier to his wife; &t upon this quiet life, I want wante. O my sweet Harry sayes he, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give me my teame horse & drench (layes here) and answeres, some fourteen, an house after a strife, a trifle. I prethee call in Fallafer, He play Fanny, and that damned Brawne shall play Dame Mortens my wife, Rino, fayes the drawn. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Fallafer.

Prin. Welcome Jace, where hast thou beene?

Fald. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I lease this life long, Ie fowre better stakes, and rend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is thereno Venue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never fee Titan kisse a dish of Butter, fitly well served? Titan that nestled at the sweetest Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Edul. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sueck there is nothing, but Roguery to be found in Villanous many, a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A Villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jace, die when thou wilt, an' anhord, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth: then am I a shorten Herring; there lines not three good men valiant in England, & one of them is fat, and groves old, God hepe the while a bad weath I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could fing all maner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, say full.

Edul. How now Woolaick, what matter you?

Fald. A Kings Sonne? If I do not bear thee out a city Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all the streets before thee like a flocke of Wilde-egee, Ile not wear hairy on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horfon round man what's the matter?

Edul. Are you not a Cowards Answer me to that, and Points there?

Prin. Ye fetch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, he fob thee.

Edul. I call thee Coward? Ille see thee damned,dore I call the Cowards but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you are no woe to play your bache: Call ye a

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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 Sack, I am a Rogue if I drink to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk it last.

Falstaff. All's one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards fall, say L.

Prince. What's the matter? Is Falstaff. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, have tane a thousand pound this Morniing. Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of vs. Prince. What, a hundred, man? Falstaff. I am a Rogue, if we were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hours togethe: I have served by miracle. I am eight times thurle through the Doubler, fourse through the Ho1e, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hatch like a Hand-faw, ece fignis. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sones of darknees.

Prince. Spakes first, how was it?

Gad. We foure fell vs foure dose.


Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were flaming, some fixe or feuen freth men sat upon vs.

Falstaff. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What fought yee with them all?

Falstaff. All I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radii: if there were not two or three and fixe upon poore olde Jack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Pom. Pray Heauen, you have not murthered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praving for, I have peiper'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 Lie, fitt in my face, call me Horfe: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driv me.

Prince. What foure? thou fay'st but two, even now.

Falstaff. Fourde Hal, I told thee foure.

Pun. I, I, he faid foure.

Falstaff. Thefe foure came all a-fronf, and mainly thurft at me; I made no more ado, but tooke all their feuen points in my Targue, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, even now.

Falstaff. In Buckrom.

Pun. I foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falstaff. Seuen, by thefe Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Pun. Prate thou let me alone, we shall have more anon.

Falstaff. Doest thou heare me, Hal?

Pun. I, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifting too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Pun. So, two more alreadie.

Falstaff. Their Points being broken.

Pun. Downe fell his Horse.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground: but I followed me clofe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, scaven of the eleue I pay'd.

Prince. O monfrous! eleueen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falstaff. But as the Deuill would Have it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my back, and let drive at me: for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy Hant.

Prince. These Lyes are like the Father that beggets them, grosse as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Gun, thou knotty-pated Foose, thou Heron obfine goest Tallow Catch.

Falstaff. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou couldst not see thy Hant? Come, tell vs thy reason what sayst thou to this?

Pom. Come, your reason Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell ou thee on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plenteas Black-berrys, I would give no man a Reason upon compulsion.

Pun. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-preser, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flees.


Prince. Well, breath a-while, and then to frage: and when thou hast try'd thy selfe in such compulsions, here I speake but thus.

Pun. Markes lacks.

Pom. We two, saw you foure fell vs foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Title shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and wush a word, perfect'd you from your prize, and hauest: yes, and can shew it you in the House. And Falstaff, you carryed your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke desistrie, and roased for mercy, and still ranne and roared, as ever I heard Bull-Caffe. What a Blaue art thou, to hacke thy Ward as thou hast done, and then say it was in fith. What trick? what device? what flattering hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apperant shame?

Pom. Come, let's heare Jacke: What tricke shaft thou now?

Falstaff. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it tor me to kill the Herre apparent? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinitnes, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinites is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinites: I shall think the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant LION, and thou for a true Prince, But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hokefelle, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow, Gallants, Lads, Boysens, Harts of Gold, all the good Tides of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempro?

Pun. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falstaff. No more of that Hal, and thou lourri mee. Enter Halstaff.

Halstaff. My Lord, the Prince?
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Prin. How now, my Lord the Hostess, what sayst thou to me?

Hostess. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, he come from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostess. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight?

Shall I giue him his answere?

Prin. Prech thee doe takke.

Falst. Faith, and he send him packing.

Enter Peto.

Peto. Why, he taketh it with his Dagger, and saith, hee would swears true out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yes, and to tickle our Noses with Speat-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to blousse our garments with it, and saue it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeares before, I blust to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolst a Cup of Sacke eighteen yeares agoe, and were taken with the manner, and euer since thou haft blust extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what infiniti hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Peto. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Haler.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes leene Sacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is agoe, Sacke, since thou wast thine owne Knack?

Falst. My owne Knack? When I was about thy yeares (Hal.) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waft, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of flying and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder, there is villanous News abroad: heere was Sir John Braby from your Father: you must goo to the Court in the Morning. The name mad fellow of the North, Percy, and hee of Wales, that gave Amamon the Battinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and I wote the Deuil his true Lige-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke: what a plague call you him?

Peto. O Glendower.

Falst. Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in Law (Marcher), and old Northumberland, and the frightfull Sire of Scots, Douglas, that runnes a Horfe-bake vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You loose hit it

Prin. So did he utter the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rafeall hath good mettall in him, hee will not turing.

Prin. What sayst thou, Rafeall art thou then, to praysie him so for running?

Falst. A Horfe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a fac hee will not budge a foot.

Falst. Yes Jack, upon infinit.

Falst. I grant ye, upon infinit. Well, hee is there too, and ownd Morley, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. Were he not to Wakes by Night: thy Fathers Bed is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheap as flinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then its like if there come a hot Sunne, and this civil battlering hold, wee shall buy Maidens-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Malle Lad, thou sayst true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afer'd? thou being Heire apparent, could the World picke thee out three such Enemies against as that Fiend Douglate, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuil Glendower? Art not thou horrible afer'd? Doest not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy infinit.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to morrow, when thou committest thy Father: if thou dost loue me, praife an answere.

Prin. Doest thou fland for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life?

Falst. Shall I content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Curnion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Toynt-Stooyle, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moud. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes booke redder, that it may be thought I haue wept for my soul speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cascydes vaine.

Prin. Well, here is my Legge.

Falst. And here is my speech and side Nobilitie.

Hofst. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Hofst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling tears are vaine.

Hofstee. O the Father, how hee holds his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene, For tears doe flout the fluid-gates of her eyes.

Hofst. O base, he doth it as is like one of these harlotry Players, at euer I fee.

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine, Harry, I doe not only marvel where thou spendid thy time; but also, how thou art accompiished: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the fatter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wastes. Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous rickke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nother Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to me, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poyneter at? Shall the blefed Sonne of Heauen prove a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question no bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England prove a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to bee askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haft often heard of, and it is knowne to many.
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many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report jutb deffile, so doth the company that keepes it: for Henry, now I do not speake to thee in Dranke, but in Trespass, not in Pleasure, but in Pass- sion; not in Words only, but in Works also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, and I know not his Name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Masterie? *Falstaff.* A goodly portly man yesth, and a com- port of a cheese-felloke, a pleasing Eye, and a mett noble Carriage, and as I thinkke, his age some fiftie, or (by lady) inclining to th' seventie: and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly given, hee deemes mee; for Henry, I see Verte in his Lookes. If thou the Tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Verte in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varle, tell mee, where halfe thou beene this moneth? *Prin.* Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father. *Falstaff.* Depepe mee; it thou do'st it heare so gravely, so meatiellly, both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heele for a Rabbet-tucker, or Poulter's Hare. *Prin.* Well, here I am set. *Falstaff.* And here I stand; judge my Masters. *Prin.* Now Henry, where come you? *Falstaff.* My Noble Lord, from Esth-cheape. *Prin.* The complaints I hearre of thee, are grievous.

*Prin.* Ysfath, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tuckle ye for a young Prince.

*Prin.* Swearing thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth we're looke on mee: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeesse of a tar old Man; a Tanne of Mine is thy Companion: Why do'st thou concert with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beauflinke, that twelve Parcell of Drophee, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that thief Cloak-bagge of Guts, that roth Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Inquietie, that Father Russian, that Vaniitie in yeestres? whereas is he good, but to tacie Sacke, and drinke it? wherein nest and cleanly, but to castrate a Capon, and eat it? wherein in Cunning, but in Cratt? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing.


*Falstaff.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prince.* I know thou do'st.

Falstaff. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the stitche) his white hayres doe wittene it; but that hee is (faying your reverence) a Whore-ma- fter, that I verily deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and metro be a finne, then many an olde Holfe that I know, is damnd; if to be fat, beto be hared; then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be bowed. Now, for good Lord, banish peto, banish, Bardolph, banish Prince: but for too sweete Jack Falstaffe, kindes Jack Falstaffe, true Jack Falstaffe, valliant Jack Falstaffe, and therefore more valliant, being as hee is olde Jack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish plumpke Jack and banish all the World.

*Prince.* I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe, with a most most monstruus Watch, is at the door.

Falstaff. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Holfiffe.

Holfiffe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle stick: what's the matter?

Holfiffe. The Sheriffe and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Do't thou heare Hal, trues call a true peace of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art escellently made, without seeming fo.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without in- fift.

Falstaff. I deny your Majestie: if you will deny the Sheriffe, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my brusing vp: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Go hide thee behinde the Arreas, the left walke vp abowe. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conference.

Falstaff. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

*Prince.* Call in the Sheriffe.

Enter Shereff, and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriffe, what is your will with me?

Sheriff. Falstaff pardon mee, my Lord. A Hus and Cry hath followed certaine men into this house.

*Prince.* What men?

Sheriff. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not here, For I my selfe at this time have impoy'd hym; And Sheriffe, I will engage my word to thee, That I will do to morrow Dinner time, Send him to anwer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And fo let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sheriff. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robberie left three hundred Marke.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he have robb'd thes men, He shall be answerable: and to farewell.

Sheriff. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I think it is good Morrow, is it not? Sheriff. Indeed, my Lord, I think it is betwixt a Clocke.

*Prince.* This only Rascal is knowne as well as Poultike: goe call him forth.

Poultike. Falstaff I fat sleepe behinde the Arreas, and sitting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fethches breath: fetch his Pockets.
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He starteth his Packets, and finish certain Papers.

Prince. What hath thou found? 
Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this inconsiderable desire of Sacke! What there is else, keep close, we'll reade it at more advantage; there let him sleepe till day. Ite to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Warses, and thy place shall be honorable. Ite procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto.
Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. 

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, 
And our inductions full of prosperous hope, 
And Lords of our Prince, and Cousyn Glendower, 
Will you fit downe? 
And Vuckle Worcester; a plague upon it, 
I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is: 
Sit Cousyn Percy, sit good Cousyn Hotspur: 
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, 
His Cheeks looke pale, and with a rising fish, 
He witteth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heare Owen Glendower speake, 
Glend. I cannot blame him; at my Natuizie, 
The front of Heauen was full of fierce flapes, 
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth, 
The frame and foundation of the Earth 
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it should have done at the same season, 
If your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had never beene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne. 

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, 
If you suppos'd as fearing you, it thooke. 

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble. 

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth thooke 
To see the Heavens on fire, 
And not in fear of your Natuizie. 
Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth 
In strange eruptions: and the seeming Earth 
Is with a kinde of Gellrick pinche and vex, 
By the imprisoning of vnyly Wilde 
Within her Womb: which for enlargement briduing, 
Shakes the old Belsamie Earth, and trembles downe.

Scepters, and moisture-grownne Towers: At your Birth, 
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemper, 
In passion thonne. 

Glend. Cousyn: of many men 
I do not beare these Croffings: Give me leave 
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth 
The front of Heauen was full of fierce flapes, 
The Goates ranne from the Mountains, and the Heards 
Were strangely glamous to the frigged fields: 
These signes have markt mee extraordinarie, 
And all the courtes of my Life doe shew, 
I am not in the Roll of common men. 
Whereas theListing, clinp in with the Sea, 
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, 
Which calls my Pupill, or hath read to me? 
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne, 
Can trace mee in the tedious wayes of Art, 
And hold mee pace in depe experiments. 

Hotsp. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: 
Ile to Dinner. 

Mort. Peace Cousyn Percy, you will make him mad. 
Glend. I can call Spirits from the vniuee Deepe, 
Hotsp. Why do I care to see any man: 
But will they come, when you doe call for them? 
Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousyn, to command the Deuell. 

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousyn, to frame the Deuell, 
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuell. 

Fare you have power to rayle him, bring him bather, 
And Ile be sworne, I have power to shame him worse 
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Deuell. 

Glend. Come come, no more of this vprofitable Chace. 

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bellingbrowne made head Against my Power; thrice from the Banks of Wyd. 
And sandy-bottom'd Seuere, have I sent him 
Bouteifie home, and Weather-beaten backe. 

Hotsp. Home without Bootes, 
And in foule Weather too, 
How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name? 
Glend. Come, here's the Mappe: 
Shall wee devise our Right, 
According to our three-fold order made? 

Act. 
Glend. The Arch Deacon hath divided it 
Into three Limites, very equally: 
England, from Trent, and Seuere, bishopec. 
By South and East is to my part assign'd: 
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuere shore, 
And all the fertile Land within that bound, 
To Owen Glendower: And dear Cousyn, to you 
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent, 
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn: 
Which being sealed interchangably, 
(A Before thatt this Night may execute) 
To morrow, Cousyn Percy, you and I, 
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, 
To meete your Father, and the Scotch Power, 
As is appointed vs to Shrewesbury. 

My Father Glendower is not readie yet; 
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteen dayes: 
Within this space, you may have drawne together 
Your Tenants Friends; and neighbouring Gentlemen. 

Glend. A shorter time shall tend me to you, Lords: 
And in my Condi' shall you Ladies come, 
From whom you now must finde and take no leave, 
For there will be a World of Water shed.
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Vpon the parting of your Wives and you,

Henry. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in;
And cuts me from the beet of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Carthe out.
Hee haute the Currant in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall ruine,
In a new Channell, faire and even:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indenter,
To rob mee of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde it, shall it, I trust you, I doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he beares his course,
And runnes mee vp, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the oppoide Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wrek. Yes, hence a little Charge will teach mee here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then hee runnes straight and even.

Henry. I haue it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I haue not haue it alter'd.

Henry. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Henry. Who shall say mee any?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Henry. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was traip'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Ditty, loyely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornamente;
A Vertue that was never seen in you.

Henry. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and ery mew,
Then one of these faire Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather here a Brazen Candlelick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheelie grace on the Axe-tree,
And that would let my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetic;
'Tis like the fore't grace of a slouthing Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd,

Henry. I doe not care: Ie have enie so much Land
To anywell deferving friend,
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ie caull on the nintis part of a hayre,
Are the Indentures drawne? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone thinke faire,
You may away by Night;
Ie haue the Writer; and whirhall,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence;
I am glad my Daughter will suee madded,
So much the dothe on her Mortimer.

Exeunt. Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crooke my Father.

Henry. I cannot claufe: sometime he angers mee,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leffe Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffon, and a moulen Raitem,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimbrel-skamble Stuff?
As passe me from my Faith, I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at last, nine howers,
In tecking vp the fourall Doules Names,
That were his Licenueys:

I cry'd him, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is so tedious
As a styrted Hogs, a styling Wife,
Wore the is Skimbrel Heads, he had rather livc
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windnill faire,
Then seate on Cates, and haue him talk to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendomne.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments.
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as beautiful, as Myrnes of Indica.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a high respect,
And outhouct he himself, even of his natural scope,
When you doe croft his humor: faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,

Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofs:
But doe not vie it of, let me entreat you.

Wrek. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs leame, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it doth pretent harsh Rage,
Defeat of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineffe, Opinion, and Difdaine:
The trait of which, hazing a Nobleman,
Looke men's hearts, and leaeus behind a flayne
Vpon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Henry. Well, I am schoold:
Good manners be your peace;
Here come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly fright, that angers me,
My Wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glendower. My Daughter wenches, they're not part with you,
Shall ye be a Souldier too, she'lls to the Warrs.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Pfizer
Shall follow in your Conduitt speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate here:
A peevish felle-will'd Harlotry,
One that no peruation can due good vp.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pou'r'll down from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley Should I answer thee.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks, and thon maie,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will not be a Traante, Loue,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a faire Queen in a Summer's Bowre, 
With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glad. Nay, if thou wilt, then will the runne smadde. 

The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it felte in this.  
Glad. She bids you,  
On the wanton Ruthles lay you downe,  
And lift your gentle Head upon her Lappe,  
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,  
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heasunesse;  
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,  
The houre before the Heavely Harnes'd Teeme  
Beginn his Golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart I'le fit, and heare her sing:  
By that time will our Booke, I think, be drawne.  
Glad. Doe so:  
And those Musitians that shall play to you.  
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;  
And straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

Hriff. Come Kor, thou art perfect in lyng downe:  
Come, quince, quince, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Gor, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musick player.

Hariff. Now I perceive the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,  
And this no maruell he is so humourous:  
Bylady hee's a good Musitian.  
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musickall,  
For you are altogether governed by humors.  
Lye till ye Theele, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.  
Hariff. I had rather heare (Lady) my Bach howie in Irish.

Lady. Would it haue thy Head broken?

Hariff. No.

Lady. Then be full.

Hariff. Neyther, tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hariff. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What is that?

Hariff. Peace, these sing.

Hear the Lady Sings a Welsh Song.

Hariff. Come, I'le haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hariff. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:  
Not you, in goo'dsooth; and, as true as I live;  
And, as God shall mend me; and, as true as day's;  
And giue'i such Sarcencies frettie for thy Oarthes,  
As if thou never walk't further then Finsbury.  
Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-salling Oath; and leave in sooth,  
And such proffet of Pepper Ginger-bread,  
To Vultur-Guardes, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hariff. Tis the next way to tame Taylor, or be Red-brest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, he a way

within these two howres; and so come in, when ye will.

Ext.  
Glad. Come, come, Lord Merman, you are a slow,  
At hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.  
By this our Booke is drawne: we're but stale,  
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Extant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:  
The Prince of Wales, and I,  
Must have some private conference:  
But be here at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you.

Extant Lords.  
I know not whether Heaven will haue it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done;  
That in his secret Doone, out of my Blood,  
Here hee breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me;  
But thou doest in thy passages of Life,  
Make me beleue it thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven  
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me eies,  
Could such inordinate and low defires,  
Such poore, such base, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
Such barten pleasures, rude societie,  
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too;  
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,  
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?  
Prince So please you: Myself, I would I could  
Quit all offences with so clean excuse,  
As well as I am doublet, I can purge  
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:  
Yet such extenuation let me begge,  
As in reproves of many Tales deues'd,  
Which off the Eare of Grearnesse needes must hear,  
By smilling, Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. Heaven pardon thee:  
Yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors,  
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudly lof't,  
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man  
Prophanickely doe fore-thinke thy fall.  
Had I to lauifh off my reverence borne,  
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;  
Opinion, that did help me to the Crowne,  
Had still kept loyal to poftession,  
And left me in repurate banishment,  
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.  
By being feldome scene, I could not fluite,  
But like a Come, I was wonderd at,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas; to him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deeps: Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and fatue of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy,Northumberland,
The Arch-Bishops Grace of Yorks, Douglas, Martimor,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee:
Why, Henry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which are my neerst and dearest Enemye?
Thou, that art like enough, through valiant Peares,
Safe Inclination, and thestatt of Spleanes,
To fight against me under Perciue pay,
To dogge his heele, and curtife at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much have fway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Perciues head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
And shine my favouris in a bloody Maske:
Which wafted away, shall feewre my fame with it,
And that shall be the day, when cre it lighes,
That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant Henry, this all-prayed Knight,
And your unthought of Henry chance to meet:
For every Honor fitting on his Heime,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My flames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northeire Youth exchange
His glorious Decedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Decedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to fo strict account,
That he shall render every Glory vp,
Yea, even the heighest 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 perforne, and doe fuiue,
I doe befeech your Maiestie,may faue
The long, greweome Wounds of my Intemperat:
If not, the end of Life cancells 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 shalt haue Charge, and foreraigne truft herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed,
Blunt. So hath the Buifinesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath fent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A nightie and a færefull Head they are,
(If Ptomies be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foole play in a State.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland fet forth to day:
With him my fonne, Lord John of Lancaters,
For this aduenture is fume dayes old.
On Wednesday next, Henry thou fhalt fet forward:
On Thursday, we our fefues will march.
Out meeting is Bridgenomond, and Henry,you fhall match

Through
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Through Gloucesterhire: by which account, Our Businesse valued sometwelve dayes hence, Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Buzinesse; let's away, Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not fair away vify, since this last action? do I not bathe? do I not dwindle? Why my skaine hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple John. Well, Ie repent; and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be our of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strenght to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-side of a Church. Company, villous Company hath brene the fpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fielcfull, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there it is: Come, fing me a bawdy Song, make me merry; I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, I swore di'd not above feuen times a wecke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compeffe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compeffe.

Bard. Why, you are fo fat, Sir John, that you must needs bee out of all compeffe; out of all reafonable compeffe, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ie amend thy Life: Thou art our Admallir, thou beares the Lantern in the Poop, but'tis in the Nofe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, Ile be ioure; I make as good vifion, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memorie. I never fee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee. By the Fire: But thou art altogether gien over; and were indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vnter Darkeette. When thou ranft vp Gods-Hill, in the Night, to eatch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatius, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an ever-lasting Bone-fire-Light: thou haft faued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunkne me, would have brought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandelers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Exit Falstaff.

How now, Dame Parter the Hen, have you enquired yet who pick'd my Pocket?

His Excellency. Why Sir John, what do you thinke, Sir John? do you think I kepe Theeues in my Houfe? I have search'd, I have enquired, for haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hayre was never left in my house before.

Falstaff. Ye are not Officell, was shoul'd, and left many a hayre; and lets be fin mee: my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, gee.

His Excellency. Who I? I define thee: I was never call'd fo in mine owne house before.

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

His Excellency. No, Sir John, you doe not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarter, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falstaff. Doulas, Shyly Doulas: I have given then away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

His Excellency. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyet, and by-Drincking, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falstaff. He had his part of it, let him pay.

His Excellency. Hee? alas, hee is poore, he hath nothing.

Falstaff. How? Poore! Lookke upon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them saye noe his Face, let them saye his Cheeke, Ite noe pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine cafe in mine Ime, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have left a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forte Markes.

His Excellency. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how of, that Ring was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were here, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trombon like a Rife.

Falstaff. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore t Muft we all march?

Bard. Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

His Excellency. My Lord, I pray you hear mee.

Prince. What say'th thou, Mistress Quickly? What does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest man.

His Excellency. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falstaff. Prethee let her alone, and liift to mee.

Prince. What say'lt thou, Jacke?

Falstaff. The other Night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houfe is sum'd Bawdy-houfe, they picke Pocktes.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jacke?

Wilft thou beleue mee, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fottis pound speece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.


Bard. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most viely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What did he do not?

Bard. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-food in me else.

Falstaff. There's
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.


Prin. O my sweet Beste! I must still be good Angel to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.
Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.
Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.
Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the next thing thou dost, and do it with vnaught's hands too.
Bar. Do my Lords.
Prin. I have procured thee Lucky, a Charge of Foot.
Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shall I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theepe of two and twentie, at theeartoun: I am heyndouly unprovided. Wliat God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vearthous. I laud them, I praise them.
Prin. Go beware this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Welfmeard, Go Piers, to horse: for thou and I, Have thire miles to ride yet ere dinner time. Lucky, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoon, Where talt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Porsche hands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye.
Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hoffsie, my breakfast, come: Oh, I could with this Taurene were my drumme.

Exeunt no more.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harris Husband, Wescoster, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speeking true In this fine Age, were not thought flatterer, Such attribution should the Douglass have, As not a Souldier of this feasons stampes Should go of generall currant through the world. By heuen I cannot baster; I defie The Tongues of Soothers, But a Brauer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, teake me to my word: approue me Lord. Dow. Thou art the King of Honour. No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Besee him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there? I can but thank you.
Meff. These Letters come from your Father.
Hot. Letters from him?
Meff. Why comes he not himselfe?
Meff. He cannot come, my Lord, He is grossy sick.
Hot. How? has he the leysure to be sick now, In such a sufling time? Who leads his power? Vonder whose Gonnencame they along?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Moff. His Letters bears his minde, nor I his minde.

Ver. I prethee tell me, dost he keep his Bed?

Moff. He did, my Lord; four days ere 1 fet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Physician.

Ver. I would the state of time had beene whole,
Erchie by sickneffe had beene visifed:
His health was never better worth then now.

Haf. Sixe now! droppe now! this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching, hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickneffe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so fomce be drawnne; nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give vs bold advertisment,
That with our small confuccion we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly posfeft
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Ver. Your Fathers sickneffe is a mayme to vs.

Haf. A perillous Gaff, a very Lisme lopp off!
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want.
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to fet the exact wealth of all our flares
All at one Caft? To fet for rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one double full, hour,
It were not good: for therein should we rede
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope
The very Lift, the very warme Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dorg. Faith, and so wee should;
Where now remains a sweet revierion.
We may boldly spend, uppon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirrement lives in this.

Haf. A Rauendous a Home to flye vs,
If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge
Wpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Ver. But yet I would your Father had bene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attemp.
Brookes no diuision. It will be thought
By fome, that know not why he is away.
That wifedome, joyfullie, and more dislike
Of our proceedings, keep the Earl from hence.
And thinke, how fuch an apprehension
May turne the ruly of fearefull Fadion,
And breede a kinde of quifition in our caufe:
For well you know, wee of the offring fide,
Muffe keepe aloofe from ftrict arbitration,
And fop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reafon may pric in vs pons:
This abfence of your Father draws a Curtaine.
That fherue the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreame of.

Haf. You framme too forte.

I rather of his abfence make this wfe:
It lends a Lufe, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earl were here: for men muft thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push againft the Kingdome: with his helpe,
We fhall o're-turne it tops-turne downe:
Yet all our wille, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dorg. As heart can thinke:
There is not either word spake of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Fere.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Haf. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Wrttemerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince John.

Haf. No harme: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himselfe in perfon hath fet forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Haf. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Comrades, that daft the World afe,
And bid it paff?

Ver. All furnifh'd, all in Armes,
All plumed like Eftridges, that with the Winde
Byftarke like Eagles, hasting lately bath'd,
Glistering in Golden Costes, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Costes, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Clofhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rife from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with fuch cafe into his Seat,
As if an Angell droppe downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a faire Pegau.
And whitch the World with Noble Horfemanship,
Haf. No more, no more.
Worfe then the Sunne in March,
This prayle doth nourifh Agues: let them come. 
They come like Sacrifies in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre;
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayed others shall on his Altar fit
Up to the carey in blood: I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is fo nigh.
And yet not ours. Come, yet me take my Horfe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bofome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horfe to Horfe
Mette, and ne're part, till one droppe downe a Coarfe t
Oh, that Glendowur were come.

Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene days.

Dorg. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of yet.

Ver. I by my faith, that bears a frossly found.

Haf. What may the Kings whole Battale reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand,

For. Forty let it be.
My Father and Glendower being both away,
The power of vs, may feare to great a day.
Come, let vs take a mafter speedily:
Doomed day is nere; dye all, dye merily.

Dorg. Take not of dying, I am out of fere.

Of death, or deafe hands, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Omnes.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Soldiers shall march throughw'lle to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falstaff. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, Ie anwere the Courage.

Bid my Lieutenant Peter meet me at the Townes end.


If I be not afoam’d of my Soullers, I am a Sowes-Gurner; I have mif-v’d the Kings Preste damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soullers, three hundred and oddie Pounds. I preffe me none but good House-holders, Yeomans Sons; enquire me out contrary Batchelers, such as had bee ask’d twice on the Banes; such a Commodity of warne flues, as had as lute hearce the Deuell, is a Drummie; such as faie the report of a Caluer, worst then a suckt-Floule, or a bert wilde-Ducke. I preffe me none but such Tolfes and Buttes, with Hears in their Bellyes no bigger then Pimmes heads, and they have bought out their feritces: And now, my whole Charge consifts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lasarum in the painted Cloth, where the Gloutons Dogs licked his Sores; and fuch, as indeed were never Soullers, but dis-carded vniu’d Scruingemen, younger Sons to younger Brothers, revolled Tapers and Others, Trade-faine, the Cankeurs of a calme World, and long Peace, ternne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac’d Ancient; and such haze I doe fill up the roomez of them that have bought out their freulices: that you would thunkke, that I had a hundred and fifttee tostee’d Prodigalls, lastly come from Swaine-keeping, from eating Drafte and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloade all the Gibbes, and preffe the dead bodys. No eye hath fene such fhat-Crowes: Ile not march through Coventry with them, that’s flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as they had Gyues on; forindece, I had the most of them out of Prifon. There’s not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tacket together, and throuse over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without flectes: and the Shires, to say the truth, faine from my Halft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Innkeeper of Dauintry. But that’s all one, they’ll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Welfterrland.

Prince. How now blowe, Jack? how now Quit?

Falstaff. What Hal! How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do’t thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Welfterrland, I cry you mercy, I thought you Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Well. ‘Faith, Sir John, it’s more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falstaff. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to stole Creame.

Prince. I thunke to stole Creame indeed, for the theif hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?


Prince. I did never fee such pittifull Rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut, good enough to toffe food to Powders, foodo for Powders: they’ll fill a Pit, as well as better. Truth man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weft. I, but Sir John, me thinke they are exceeding poor, and bare, too biggley.

Falstaff. Faith, for their povertie, I know not where they had that, and for their barenesse, I am faie they never learn’t that of me.

Prince. No, I be for warne, unless you call three fengers on the Ribbes backe. But sirs, make halfe, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What is the King encamp’d?

West. Hee is, Sir John, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begining of a Feall, fits a dull fighter, and a keen Gueff.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Warwick, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotspur. We’ll fight with him to Night.

Wor. It may not be.

Douglas. You give him then advantage.

Urram. Not a whit.

Hotspur. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Urram. So doe we.

Hotspur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cousin be adviz’d, Fire not to night.

Urram. Doe not, my Lord.

Douglas. You doe not confaile well?

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Urram. Doe me no slander, Douglas by my Life.

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, if well-repected Honor bid me on, I hold as little confaile with weake feares, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives. Let it be seene to morrow in the Baccell, Which of vs feares.

Douglas. Yeas, or to night.

Urram. Content.

Hotspur. To night, say I.

Urram. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfe

Of my Cousin Vernam are not yet come vp,

Your Vincible Wreecers Horfe came but to day,

And now their pride and metrall is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour came and dull,

That not a Horfe is halfe the knife of himselfe.

Hotspur. So are the Horfes of the Enermie

In generall journeyed, and brought laws:

The better part of ours are full of red.
When he was personally in the Iffh Warre.
Blunt. Tis, I came not to heare this.
Hoft. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depar'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State,
To make that worle, suffer'd his Kindman (Starch,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Randome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rase'd my Nuckle from the Councell-Board,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove vs to seeke out
This Head of faffetie; and withall, to price
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hoft. Not so, Sir Walter.
We'll with-draw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suretie for a safe returns againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Nuckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Host. And't may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.

Scene Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York and Sir Mitchell.

Arch. His, good Sir Mitchell, beare this sealed Brieffe
With winged haufe to the Lord Marshall,
This to your Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mitchell. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good Sir Mitchell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Muft bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I truly given to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry and I fear, Sir Mitchell,
What with the fickleffe of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendower's abstinence there,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, orer-rul'd by Prophesie,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wago an instant trayll with the King.

Sir Mitchell. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there,
Sir his. But there is Morland, Sir Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Wexford,
And a Head of gallant Warriors.
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
Aretb. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancastre,
The Noble Wetherland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more Cornuals and daemen
Of extremition, and command in Armes.
Sir Ed. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well epposs'd
Aretb. I hope no lesse. Yet needfull' us to spare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir Mitchell speed;
For if Lord Percy throve not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit vs;
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wifedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make halfe, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Mitchell. Extant.

Enter King.

King. How bloodylie the Sunne begins to peere
Aboute your busie hill: the day looker pale
At his dislumirement.

Pres. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollowe whiffling in the Leaues,
Forfeits a Tempest, and a bliflfull day.

King. Then with the lofes let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds. Extant.

Enter the King's Proclamation.

Proclamation. At this very hour, by the Proclamation
Of our noble and deere Prince of Wales,
Is brought in, one of the most noble
and excellent persons, my deare friend.

King. How now my Lord of Wofford? Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such scrapes,
As now we meet. You have deeed' d your truft,
And made vs dote on our easie Robes of Peace,
To erth our old lumbes in vngente Steele:
This is not well. Lord, this is not well.
What fay you to it? Will you againe vnknot
This churifh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhalted Meteor,
A prodigie of Feate, and a Portent
Of broach'd Mischefe, to the vnbeare Times?

Wol. Hear me, my Liege;
For mine owne parte, I could be well content
To entertaine the Laggge-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I hate not fought the day of this dislikke.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Pres. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Wol. Peace, Chever, peace.

Pres. It pleas'd your Maflefly, to turne your looks
Of Paffour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the frift, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my Traff of Office did I brake
In Richard's time, and pasted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and Kiffe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and to account
Nothing fo strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did our daire
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
That you did nothing of purpose against the State,
Nor clame no further, then your new-fain't right,
The feare of Gower, Duke-tome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our side: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abfent King.
What with the miseries of wanton terme,
The feeming differences that you had borne,
And the contrarious Wishes that did hold the King.
So long in the vnlyke Irish Warres,
That all in Engle and did repone him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantageous,
You took occasion to be quickly wond,
To gripes the generall sway into your hand,
Forgotten Oath and vs at Doncafter,
And being fed by vs, you v/ouldn't, fo,
As that vngente gulf the Cuckowes Bird
With the Sparrow, did opprefse our Neft,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That cuen our Louse did not come near your figh:
For feares of swallowing but with nimble wing
We were infor'd for safety sake, to flye
Our of your figh, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you on your felfe, have forde against your felfe,
By which our ende, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in youner enterprize.

K. These things indeede you have accutuated,
Proclaim'd at Market Groffes read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may pleace the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discourages,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Irenation:
And never yet did Inforamation want
Such water-colour, to imptaine his caufe:
Nor moody Beggaris, faring for a tune
Of fell-mell hauscoke, and confusion.

Pres. In both our Armes, there is many a foule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triell. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world.
In praiile of Henry Prince: By my Hopes,
This present enterprise let off his head,
I do not thinke a brower Gentleman,
More able to fight, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may fcape it to my fhame,
I have a Truant bence to Chirality,
And fo I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maflefly,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to face the blood of both our side.
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, fo dare we venter theee,
Albeit, considerations infinite.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make again't it: No good Worset, no,
We lose our people well; even those we lose
That are muddled upon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace?
Both he, and they and you: yes, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word:
What he will do: But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advisedly.

Enter Warcife.

Prem. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together,
Ale confident against the world in Arms.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge
For on their answer we will fet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is vast.

Exeunt. Master Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And befriend me, so, 1113 a point of friendship.
Prem. Nothing but a Colossus can doe thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were betimes Hal, and all well,
Prem. Why, thou ow'st heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day.
What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'ts no matter. Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set too a larger? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery, then? No. What is Honour? A word, What is that word Honour? A yre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednes-
day, Dost he feel it? No. Dost he here be said? No. Is it infinibl? then yea to the dead. But will it not liue with the loving? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere Scutcheon, and so ends my Caretishine.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Warrcife, and Sir Richard Ternon.

War. Ono, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kindye offer of the King.
War. 'T were well he did.
Prem. Then we are all endone.
It is not possible, it cannot be.
The King would kepe his word in losing vs,
He will spede vs all, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults.
Supposicion, all our lives, shall be thuck full of eyes
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who's ene'some tame, so cherisht, and lockd vp,
Will have a wilde triche of his Ancestors
Looke how he can, or sad or merry,
Interpretation wil miqurate our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oser at a stall.
The better cherisht, the nearer death.
My Nephews trepselfe may be well forgot,
It hath the exculc of youth, and haste of blood,
And an adoptd name of Ptniludec.
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, gouern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences blin'd upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being true,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offet of the King.

War. Deliver what you will, he lay 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My While is return'd,
Deliver vp my Lord of Westmonerd.
While, what news ?
War. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow, Defie him by the Lord of Westmonerd.
Hot. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him so.
War. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

War. There is no seeming mercy in the King,
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.
War. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors: and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hateful name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Arme, for I have throwen
A braue defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Westmonerd that was ingeg'd did have it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales slept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challenge'd you to sngle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Mounteb. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Sene'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: never in my life,
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnleffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To generall exercie, and proof of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praisies with a Princely tongue.
Spoke your desurings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his prais.
By full dispraisinge prais, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bousing ciall of himselfe,
And chid his Tranwant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mistrst there a double spirit
Of teaching: and of learning instinctly:
There did he prauce, But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the entile of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconsfrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamore
On his Follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a Souldiers armes,
That he shall thrivke under my cure.
Arme, armes with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that hine not well the gift of Tounge.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion,
      Enter a Messenger.
  Mesa, My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot, I cannot reade them now.
  O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortersefely, were too long.
If life did rise vpon a Diall point,
Still ending as the arrow of an hollow,
And if we live, we live to reade on Kings:
If dye, brave death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Confecrations, the Armes is faire,
When the imum of bearing them is lust.
  Enter another Messenger.
  Mesa, My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.
Hot, I thankke, that he cutts me from my tale:
For I profess not talking. Only this,
Let each man do his heelt.
And here I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to flame
With the belt blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perills day.

Now Eleanor Percy, and set on:
  Sound all the tofly Instruments of Warre,
And by that Nuttieke, let vs all embrace;
For heast to Core, some of vs noote shall,
A fured time do loch a curette.

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
with his power, aloud vnto the battall. Then enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Euu. What is thy name, that in battell thus dost affliet me?
What honct doth thou seekke vp my head?
Dou. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell cloue,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dou. The Lord of Stafford doeth to daye hath bought
Thy likenesse for inlaid of thee King Harry,
This Sword hath endid him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeele thee as a Prisoner.
Euu. I was not borne to yeell, thou haughty Scoe,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lords Staffordes death.
  Fuyt. Blunt is slaine, then entre Hoppaw.
Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou thought at Holmeden thou
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.
Dou. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king
Hot. Where is
Dou. Here.
Hot. This Douglas! No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnild like the King himselfe.
Dou. Ah foole, go with thy foule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haft thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer a King?
Hot. The King hath many Marching in his Cosses.
Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vnill I meet the King:
Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souliders stand full fairely for the day.
      Exeunt
Douglas, and enter Fallafer felice.
Dou. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here: there's no fearing, but upon the way.
Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy
too, heauen keep Lead out of me, I neede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles, I have led my rag of
Moffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150, left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg
during life. But who comes here?
      Enter the Prince.
  Prt. What, standst thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes flanke and thistle
Vnder the housos of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are wronged. Pray lend me thy sword.
Ful. O Hal, I prethee give me leaue to break a while
Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day, I have paid Percy, I have made him sure,
Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword,
Fall. Nay Hal, Sir Percy bee alive, thou gettest not my
Sword; but take my Pidtoile thou wilt.
Prin. Give me it: What, is it in the Cafe?
Fall. I Hal, it's hot: There's that will Sacke a City.
The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sack.
Prin. What, is it a time to leaue and daily now.
        Thee us,
        Thee us.
      Fal. If Percier bee alive, lie pricere him: if he do come in
my way, so if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honours as Sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if I can
face, so if not, honour comes volunt'd for, and then an
end.
      Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Adsum executans, enter the King the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle
of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Hal, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleed
not too much: Lord John of Lancaster goe with him.
P 15b. Not 1, my Lord, vnleffe I did bleed too.
Prin. I becheche your Majestie make vp,
Lesst thou retirment do amaze your friends.
King. I will do to:
My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.
Welf. Come my Lord, ile leade thee to your Tent.
Prin. Lord, do I vppon my Lord. I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where (amidst Nobilitye eyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in masses.
  15b. We breath too long: Come comin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come.
Prin. By heauen thou haft deceive me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a sport:
Before, I loud thee as a Brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With leftover maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an engrowne Warrour.
Prin. O this Boy, lends mettal to vs all. Exeunt
Enter Douglas.
Dou. Another King! They growe like Hyra's head:
I am the Douglas, fall to all thoe
That weare thoe colours on them.
Whose thou
That counterfeitt the perturn of a King?
King. The King himselfe: who Douglas grieues at hart
So
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. These two Boyes
Seek Perry and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily,
I will tally thee: to defend thy selfe.

Done. I hear thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infall thou bearest like a King;
Byrmine I am sure thou art, whom thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight, the King being in danger.
Enter Prince.

Prie. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant Sheriff, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
it is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.

They Fight, Douglas fynth.

Cheerly My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gansy hath for succours sent,
And go hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makk'd some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prie. O heauen, they did me much intrieur,
That euer fai'd I heardked to your death.
If it were fo, I might haue let alone
The infalbing hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would have bent it speedie in your end,
As in all the poynous Potions in the world,
And faud the Trencherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton Ile to Sir Nicholas Gansy.
Exit Enter Husfor.

Hus. If I mistake not, thou at Harry Monmouth.

Prie. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hus. My name is Harry Percy.

Prie. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percy,
To shew with me in glory any more.

Two Stares keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hus. Nor shall it Harry, for the house is come
to end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thye name in Annes, were now as great as mine.

Prie. Ile make it greater; see I part from thee,
And all the budding Honomes on thy Crest,
Hee crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hus. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.

Enter Falsaffe.

Fal. Well said Husfor, so Fal. Nay you shall find no
Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas for fighs with Falsaffe who falls down
As if they were dead. The Prince kill'd Percy.

Hus. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the lesse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the base of Life, and Life fceole; but Time, that takes surveye of all the world,
Must have a stop, O, I could Prophesy,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art duff
And food for—

Prie. For Wremes, brave Percy Farewell great heart:
Ill-weather'd Ambition, how much art thou fluene?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two spaces of the viles Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bear's the dead,
Berres not alone fo stout a Gentleman,
If thou wert fensible of curtesie,
I should not make to great a show of Zeale,
But let my faunders hide thy mangled face,
And eyes in thy behalfe, I thank my selfe,
To doing these these rude Rites of Tenderness.
Alours and take thy praisse with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

What Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fitth
Keep in a little life? Dore Jacke, farewell:
I could haue better spare'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misfe of thee,
If I were much in issue with Vanity,
Death hath not struck, to say December day,
Though many dealer in this bloody Fray:
Imbewell'd will I fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Percy lye.

Exeunt. Falstaffe retir'd vp.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowell mee to day.
He gie you leue to powdere me, and eat mee too morrow,
Twas time to counterfeit, or that hette Ternagant Scott.
Bad me paid scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeiter; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby lues, is to he no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.
The better part of Valour, is Dißertion; in the which better part, I have faued my life. I am affraid of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid she would praze the better counterfeit therefore hee make him live, and lie wear I kill him. Why may not her life rise as well? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-body fees me. Therefore finta, with a new wound in thy thigh, come you along into to. Take this Pafforne on his back.

Enter Prince and John of Lancifer.

Prie. Come Brother John, full bravely haft thou stak't thy Maidens sword.

John. But soft, who haue we here?

Did you not rell me this Fat man was dead?
Prie. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathless, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou sure? Or is it fantasies that players upon our eye-fight?
I prechee speake, we will not trufl our eyes
Without our cares. Thou art not what thou feemt.

Ed. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but if I be not Jacke Falsaffe, then am I Jacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, for: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can affure you.

Prie. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and faw thee dead.
Prie. Didst thou Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of sight, and so was he, but we rode both thither, and bought a long house by Shrewsburie cloke. If by mee belonning, so fitt not, let them that should reward Valour, bear the same upon their owne heads. He rakes on my death, I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.
Prie. This is the strangest Fellow Brother John.

Come
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Wiltshire, with Worcester & Vernon Priests.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebeke, Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace, Pardon, and remitt of Love to all of you; And would I knewe our offers contrary? Misuse the tender of thy Kinsman's gift? Three Knights upon our party came to day, A Noble Earl, and many a creature else, Had beene alwed this hour, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Without our Armes, true Intelligence. 

War. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoyded, it falls on me. 

King. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too. Other Offenders we will pass on on. 

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prei. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when he saw The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The Noble Percy flane, and all his men, Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd That the parturers tooke him. Atsey Tent The Douglas, and I beseech your Grace, I may discharge of him. 

King. With all my heart. 

Prei. Then Brother John of Lancaster, 

To you this honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him With all his pleasure, ransomleffe and free: His Valour shewne upon our Crefts to day, Hath taugh't us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosome of our Adversaries. 

King. Then this remaints: that we divide our Power. 

You Sonne John, and my Cousin Wiltshire, Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your dearest speed To meet Northumberland, and the Prince Scroop, Who (as we hear) are busie in Armes. 

My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March. 

Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way, Meeting the Checkes of such another day. 

And since this Bifmelee so faire is done, Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.}

FINIS.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.


delus Primus. Scena Prima.

Induction.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? From I, from the Orient, to the crowning West (Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth, Upon my Tongue, continually slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports. I speak of Peace, white courant Empire (Under the smile of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rumour, who but only I Make fearful Mutters, and prepar'd Defence, Whilst the bigge yeare, fowlne with some other grieues, Is thought with chide, by the fierce Tyrant, Wasre, And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe Blowne by Surmifes, Ieloudes, and Curticides; And of to esie, and to plamente a flipp, That the plain Monfer, with uncouthed heads, The full discordant, waturday Multitude, Can play upon it. But what neede I thus My well-knowne Body to Anathomize Among my household? Why is Rumour here? I run before King Henry's Victory, Who in a bloodie field from Shrewsburie Hath beate downe yong Hauptrss, and his Troopers, Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion, Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at first? My Office is To noyde abroad, that Henry Monmouth fell Vader the Wrath of Noble Hauptrss Sword, And that the King, before the Douglas Rage Stoop'd his A受灾ed head, as low as death. This haue I rumour'd through the peacante-Townes, Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie, And this Worne-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Hauptrss Father, old Northumberland, Lyes craithe fike. The Polles came syzing on, And not a man of them brings other newes. Then they haue leaund of Me. From Rumour Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate here hee? Where is the Earl? Per. What shall I say you are? Bar. Tell thou the Earl That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him heere. Per. His Lordship so walk'd forth into the Orchard, Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Here comes the Earl.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolph? Ere'v'n minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horfe, Full of high Feed) madly hath broke loose, And buts downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earl,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury
Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harry saille out-right, and both the Blotts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, Yong Prince John,
And Westmerland, and Stafford flied the Field,
And Harry Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir John)
Is prisoner to your Sonne, O, such a Day,
(50 fought, so follow'd, and so dearly wonne)
 Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsar Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me thee newes for true.

Nor. Here comes my Servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I couer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnished with no-certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfraville turn'd me backe
With joyfull eydings; and (being better hars')
Our cord exchange. After him, came sparring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spruit with speed)
That fopp'd by me, to breede his bloody horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what News from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that young Henry Percy Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his ablehicles
Against the panting fides of his poore Jace
Vp to the Rowell head, and flaring fo,
He feem'd in running, to eouer the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Has Againe!

Said he youg Harry Percy Spurre was cold?
(Of Hat-Spurre, cold-Spurre) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: I teale you what,
If my Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ilue give my Barony. Neuer talk of it.

Nor. Why shoulde the Gentleman that rode by Travers
Glee then such Inflances of Loffe?

L.Bar. Who, he? He was some wieldy Fellow, that had frone
The Horse he rode on: and vpon my life
Speake at adventure. Look, here comes more News.

Enter Morto.

Nor. Yes, this mans bow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume;
So looke the Strand, when the Impeursion Flood
Hath left a wittie Vرفpation.

Say Morto, did you come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgyllest Mask
To feather our party.

Nor. How doth your Sonne, and Brother?
Thou tremblest? and the whitenesse in thy Checke
Is soper than thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand,
Euen such a man, so faist,so spirituall,
So dull, so dead in looke, so voo-be-gone,
Drew Princes Cartaine, in the dead of night,
And would haustold him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But Prasm found the Fire,are his Tongue;
And I, my Petar my death, ere thou report it thus:
This, thou wouldst say: Your Sonne and thou, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy ease, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Breather, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is luing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne,

Nor. Why, he is dead,
See what a ready tongue Subjection hath:
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infinite knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, was chace'd. Yet (speake) Morto
Tell thou thy Eathel,his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me fuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainesfiald:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares to a certaine,

Nor. Yet for all this, say not the Percy dead.
I see little Confree in thine Eyee:
Thou shak't thy head, and hold'st it Pears, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say fo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth finne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which fayes the dead is not alive:
Yet the first bringer of true/welcome News
Hath but a following Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a fallen Bell
Remembered, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot think (my Lord) thy Son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heaven, I had not forne.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody floor.
Rend'reng faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To Herrie Mounmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe
The newer-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence (with life) the newer more sprung vp.
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleft Peasant in his Camp)
Being brutised once, tooke fire and heaue a way.
From the best tempred Courage in his Troopers.
For from his Mettle, was his Party feed;
Which once, in him abated, all the reft
Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heaue Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, eyes with greuell speede,
So did our Men, heaue in Harpures foffe,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
That Arroves fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (jaering at their safery)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Woorcefter
Two foone the fore prifoner: and that chaforous Scot.
(The bloody Douglas) whole well-labouring fword
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King.
Gans valle his fhomack, and did grace the fhmace
Of thofe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke.
The fumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath fent out
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Wnder the Conduft of young Lancaster
And Wettlerland. This is the News at full.

Nor. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.
In Peylon, there is Physicke: and this newes
(Haling beme well) that would have made me fickle,
Being fickle, haue in some meafure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned lyoynts,
Like strengthelle Higdges, buckle vnDer liffe,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a fire.
Out of his keepers arms: Even fo, my Limbes
(Weakned with greelfe) being now ingr'ad with greelfe,
Are thrice themfelues. Hence therefore thou must cruch,
A fcalie Gauntlet now, with lyoynts of Steel.
Muft glu'e this hand, And hence thou fickely Quolfe,
Thou art a guard too wany for the head,
Which Princes, fheid'd with Conqueft, fyme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged f'hourte, that Time and Spight dare bring
To a man, upon a thrench'd Northumberland.
Let Heaven kiffe Earth: now let no stale armes hand
Keep the wilds Flood confirm'd: Let Order
And let the world no longer be a stage
To fende Contention in a ling'ring Ait:
But let one spirit of the First-Borne Caine

Reigne
Reigne in all boomes, that each heart being let
On bloody Countrie, the rude Scene may end.
And darkeffe be the burner of the dead.
(Honor L.Bar. Sweet Eagle, more noice from you
Dor. The lucre of all your loving Companys
Leane on your health, the which if you gide-o're
To floryn Paffion, must perforce decay,
You call theuent of Waste(my Noble Lord)
And rum'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: it was your prefurimize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were advis'd his bath was expable
Of Wounds, and Scares; 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 refraine
The riffe-borne Ation: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?
L.Bar. Weall that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we ventud on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one;
And yet we ventud for the gaine propos'd,
Chose the respe^t of likely peril fear'd,
And since we are ote-fer, venture again.
Come we will put forth; Body,and Goods,
20. Tis more than time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I hear for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp,
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety binds his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had only but the Corpses,
But shadows, and the thieves of men to fight.
For that fame word(Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with quaffinate, confrait'd
As men drinke Poisons, that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Souls,
This word(Rebellion); it had froze them vp
As Fifl are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Tunes Interception to Religion,
Supposed sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And dost entange his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard. [cry'd from Pomeroye Stones,
Derris from heaven, his Quarrel, and his Caufe:
Tels them,he doth bestride a bleching Land,
Galping for life, under great Buffings brokes,
And more, and lefle, do flocke to follow him,
North. I knew of this before: but to speake truth,
This present greafe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Poets, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.

Scena Tertia.

EnterFalstaff and Pages.

Fal.Sirru,you giant, what faietes the Docto to my water?
Pag. He faid fir, the water it felle was a good healthy water, but for the partly that ow'd it, he might have more elaffes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all farts take a pride to gird at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-men, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my felfe, but the like that wit is in other men. I doe here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o're thrweth'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-vice for any other reason, then to fet me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horfon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be wound in my cap, then to waie at my heels. I was never man'd with an Agot till now: but I will fette you neyther in Gold, nor Silver, but in wilde apparell, and tend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The Upennall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledge'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Prince of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not ficke to say, his face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finnifh itt when he will, it is not a faire simiffe yet: he may keep itt still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never earn sixe pence out of it; and yet he will be growing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. Hemay keepes his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can afffurme him. What said M. Dumdebem, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?
Pag. He said fir, you should procure him better Aus-urance, then Bardafhe: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee don'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, & horfon Achitophel; a Barably-yea fortfooth-knaue, to desire a Gentleman in hand, and then stand upon Security! The horfon smooth-pates doe now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles: & if a man is through with them in honet Taking-vp, then they must stand upon Security: I had as lasfe they would put Rats-bone in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may fleap in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance : and the lightneffe of his Wife flies through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his owne Earne to fight him, Where's Bardaffe?
Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horfe.

Fal. I bought him in Paulers, and beel'be buy mee a horfe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Streves, I were Manu'd, Hors'd, and Wh'd.
Enter Chiefes Judges and Servants.
Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about Bardaffe.

Pag. Sir. What's he that goes there?
Ser. Falstaffe, and tis pleasant your Lordship,
Jef. He that was in question for the Robbery?
Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrwebury: and (as I here) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord Iohn of Lancaffer.
Ser. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.
Fal. Boy, tell him, I am desafe.
Pag. You must speake louder, my Master is desafe.
Jul. I am soe he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.
Ser. Sir. Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. What a yong knave and beg? Is there not warne? is there not employment? Doth not the Kish fakhte? 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 than to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Sir. You must make me Sir.

Fal. Why Sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiers-hood, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Sir. I pray you Sir then set your Knighthood and your Souldiers-hood, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I an any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to the best if thou gett'st any issue of me, hang me: if I but tell'st thou, thou'rt better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Avant.

Sir. My Lord would speaks with you.

Fal. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in your some relish of the fatness of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a recurring care of your health.

Fal. Sir John, I went you before your Expostulation, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If I please your Lordship, I hear he his Master is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Fal. I take not of his Masterly: you would not come when I went for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fallen into this fame Whorson Apocrisie, (you.)

Fal. Well, hesent me hond, I pray let me speak with this Apocrisie, (as I take it) a kind of Lethe-gie, a sleeping of blood, a horizon Jangling.

Fal. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It is hath it originall from much grettee; from Rudy and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of desynce.

Fal. I shall set him for that cause into the diseas: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an please you it is the diseas of not Lifting, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled with.

Fal. To punishe you by the hecules, would amend the attention of your ear, & I care not if I be your Phyitian.

Fal. I am as poor as I do, my Lord; but not to Patients: your Lordship may minister the Passion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Poesie, but how should bee your Patien, to follow your precepts, the wife may make some drain of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple is felt.

Fal. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then adultery by my learned Council, in the lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.

Fal. Well, the truth is (Sir John) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, can live in lesse.

Fal. Your Meanes is very slender, and your waft great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waft feender.

Fal. I have mistled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mistled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Fal. Well, I am both to gill a new head wound'd: your drie service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ever your Nights exploit on Gad's Hill. You may thank the vquiet time, for your quiet endeavours that Act on.

Fal. My Lord.

Fal. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to dream a Fox.

Fal. What you are as a candle, the better part burn out.

Fal. A Waffe-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if it did say of wax, my growth would appoy out the truth.

Fal. There is not a white hare on your face, but bold have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Fal. You follow the young Prince vp and down, like his curious apprize.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that looks upon mee, will take mee without weighing: and yet, in some respect I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Verite is of so little regard in these Caffier.

Fal. Mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard, Prenance is made a Toper, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are no worth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are young: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your galls. & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are waggis too.

Fal. Do you set downe your name in the face of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry mouth? a yellow cheek a white beard? a deëcëing leg? an increing belly? Is not your voice broken? (though your wit single) and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wilt you call your felygong? fy, fy, sir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For your voice, I have lost with bellowing and finging of Anchemes. To approve your youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am one old in judgement and understanding: and he that will coper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the money, & have it at him. For the boxie of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it as a rude Prince, and you took it like a feemly Lord. In justis, he is right for he is the young Lion repet: Marty not in ashes and fackcloaths, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Fal. Well, heusent send the Prince a better companie.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Fal. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Harry, I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a gainght the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank you, my pritty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that keffe my Lady Pesce, as home) that our Armies ioyn in not a hot day: for if I take but two shires out with me, and I mean not to sweare extrordinarily: I feit a hottem, if I broendish any thing but my Bottile, would I might pay the weake white againe: There is not a dangerous Acton can perceve out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot laft ever.

Fal. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven bless your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Fal. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to beare crottles. Fare you well. Command mee to my Coln Wofenwold.

Fal. If I do apollop mee with a three-man-Bottle. A man can no more separate Age and Coquettenesse, then he can part yong smights and mistery: but the Gowe gall'd the one.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

one, and the post pinches the other; and so both the De-
grees prevent my cure? Boy?

Page. Sir.

Ful. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven grosses, and two pence.

Ful. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of
the purle. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out,
but the distaste is incurable. Go bear this letter to my
Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of
Wiltshire, and this to old Miftius Orfola, whom I
have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceive'd the first
white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to
find me. A posy of this Gow, or a Gown of this Powe:
for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great
toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my
colour, and my Pension shall feeme the more reasonable.
A good wit will make vfe of any thing: I will turne dis-
eases to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and
Lord Bardolph.

Ar. Thus have ye heard our counsels. & now our Means:
And my mot nobile Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall,) what say you to it?

Marl. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Means) we should advance our felues,
To looke with forhead bold and big enough,
Upon the Power and puissance of the King.

Haf. Our present Masters grow upon the File
To sue and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our Supplies, sue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose beauty burns
With an incendiary Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) landlordeth thus
Whether our present sue and twenty thousand
May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Haf. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too farre
Till we had his Asfistance by the hand.
For in a Thursme so bloody fae'd as this,
ConieCure, Expectation, and Surmife
Of Aydes uncertaine, should not be admitted.

Ar. This very true Lord Bardolph, for indeed
It was yong Hastings cafe, at Shrews bury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lind'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flattering himselfe with Prospie 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 Jesus) into destruction.

Haf. But (by your leet) it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and forma of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the inflame'd actions caufe on foot,
Lies to in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruites,
Hope give not so much warrant, as Dispair.

That Frots will bire them. When we meane to build,
We first survei the Poyt, then draw the Model.

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde our-weights Ability,
What do we then, but draw a newe the Model
In fewer offices? Or at leaft, defert
To build at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp?) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Model;

Conclave upon a faire Foundation;
Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,
How capable such a Work to undergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We forfeit in Paper, and in Figures,
Vying the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the Model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who (half through)
Gues o're, and leaues his part-created Coft
A naked subiect to the Weping Clouds,
And waft, for churchful Winters tyranny.

H. If. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrhth
Should be fill-born: and that we now possest
The utmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but sue & twenty thousand?
Haf. To v's no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolph,
For his Divisions (as the Times do brual
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Gloucester: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnforme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be drest.

Haf. If he should do so,
He leaves his backe vam'rd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heells: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like shoule lead his Forces hither?
Haf. The Duke of Lancaster, and Welfhard:
Against the Welch himselfe, and Harre Marmouth.
But who is substantiated gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is fike of their owne Choice,
Their owr-greedy loue hath furferted:
An habitation giddy, and vnure
Hath he that buildeth on the vuglar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did't thou beast heauen with bleeving Bulging brookes,
Before he was, what thou wouldst haue him be?
And being now trim'md in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art to full of him,
That thou proc'ist thy selfe to call him vp.
So fo, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disgorge
Thy gluton-board of the Royall Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thee dead worme vp,
And how I'l to finde it. What truth is in thee Tales?
They, that when Richard lovd, would haue him dye.
Are now become enamour'd on his graces
Thou that throw'lt duft upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came fishing on,
After th'amired beales of Bulging brookes.
Crist now, O Earth, yield vs that King ague,
And take thou this (0 thoughts of men accrues'd)
"Pax, and to Come, nearer both, things Present worthy.
Now. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times stubbed, and Time bids, be gone.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Holsete, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Holsete. Mr. Fang, hast thou entered the Action?
Fang. It is entered.

Holsete. Where's thy Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Holsete. I, Good M. Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Holsete. I good M. Snare, I have entered him, and all.

So. It may chance as some of our lives will fall
Holsete. Alas the day, take heed of him: he flab'd me
in mine owne house, and that most beasty: he cases not
what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will
swoyne like any dwuell, he will pipe neither man, woman,
or child.

Fang. If I can clothe with him, I care not for his thrift.
Holsete. No, nor I neither: I be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but hit him once if he come but within my
Vice.

Holsete. I am stand with his going: I warrant he is an
infinite thing upon my store. Good M. Fang hold him
sure: good M. Snare let him not escape, he comes continually
to Py-Corner (suing your manhoods) to buy a fiddle,
and here is indexed to dinner to the Lubbers head in
Lombard street, to M. Speaker the Silkwarm. I pray ye, since
my Exon is entered, and my Cafe so openly known to
the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 10. Mark
is a long one, for a poore lene woman to beare: & I have
borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin subject to
and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame
to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vaill
a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to bear e
every Knaves wrong.

Fang. Keep them off, Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Note Bar
dolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,
& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fang. How now. whole Mars's dead: what's the matter?

Holsete. Sir John, I accrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly.

Fang. Away, Vallets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the
Villains head, throw the Queene in the Channel.

Holsete. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee there.
Wilt thou wilt thou thrust by a bastard rogue. Murder,
murder, O thou Hon'y-sacile villain, wilt thou choll Gods
officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-shed Rogue, thou art
a hony-fed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fang. Keep them off, Bardolfe.

Fang. A refuce, a refuce. Thou wilt notchou
will not? Do thou Rogue. Do thou Hempfied.

Fang. Stay you Scullion, you Rampallion, you Fulfill
liars. I tuck your Catachoph. Enter, Ch. Juffces.

Juff. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, ha,
Holsete. Good my Lord be good to mee, I beseche you
stand to me.

Holsete. How now Sir John? What are you brauting here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and busines?
You should have bene well on your way to Yorks.
Stand from him fellow; wherefore hang it upon him?

*Holsete. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and your Grace,
I am a poore widow of Eafleheape, and he is refec
as my frist.
Holsete. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his; I will
have some of it out again; or I will ride thee o' Nights,
like the Mare.

Fang. I think me as I like to see the Mare, if I have
any vantage of ground, to set vp.

Ch. Juff. How comes this, Sir John? By, what a man of
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?

Holsete. You are not affhamed to enforce a poore Widow
so rough a course, to come by her owne
Fang. What is the grofe summe that I owne thee?

Holsete. Marty (if thou wert an honest man) thy selfe, &
the money too, thou didst swear to mee upon a paccell
of Goblet, fitting in my Dolphn-chamber at the round
table, by a fea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,
when the Prince broke thy heade for lyking him to a sin
ging man of Windsor; thou didst swear to mee then (as
I was waffing thy wound) to meere me, and make mee
My lady thy wifte. Can'tst thou deny it? Didst good wifte
Keech the Butcher's wife come in then, and call me госип Livack
coming in to borrow a maffe of Vinegar: telling us
she had a good dish of Prawnnes, whereby thou didst
ofte to ename: whereby I told thee they were all for a green
wound? And didst not thow (when she was done downe
staires) deire me to be no more familiar with such poore
people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
And didst thou not kiffe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30 s. I
put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fang. My Lord, this is a poore mad foule: and the fayes
vp & downe the town, that her elfed son is like you. She
hath bin in good cafe, & the truthis, poverty hath dra
ted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you,
I may haue redresse against them.

Holsete. Sir John, Sir John. I am well acquainted with your
maner of weathing the true case, the false way. It is not
a confident brow, nor the throng of wordses, that come
with such (more then impudent) sawines from you. I
canth me from a leuell consideracion, I know you ha pra
cis'd upon the esse-yielding spirit of this woman.

Holsete. Yes in troth my Lord.

Holsete. Prether peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and
vipay the villany you have done her; the one you maydo
with fterling mony, & the other with curtent pacience.

Holsete. My Lord, I will not undergo this snapec witho
reply. You call honorable Boidnes impudent Sawinesse:
If a man will cuttie, and say nothing, he is verious: No,
your Lord(your humble duty remembred) I will not be your
futor. I say to you, I desire deluance from these Officers
being upon haftily employment in the Kings Affairs.

Holsete. You speake, a hausing power to do wrong: But
answer in the effect of your Reputation, and fastch the
poore woman.

Fang. Come hither Holsete.

Holsete. Enter Sir Gower

Ch. Juff. Now Master Gower, What news?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henry Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: I see the Paper teller,

Holsete. As I am a Gentleman.

Holsete. Nay, you said so before.

Holsete. As I am a Gentleman, Come no more words of it

Holsete. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be
saine to powne both my Place, and the Tapiity of my dy
ning Chambers.

(End)
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. Glasse, glasse, is the only drinking; and for thy waist a pretty flight Drolterry, or the Scree of the Prodigial, or the Germane hunting in Water-worke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Elybitten Tresureries. Let it be teene pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wath thy face, and draw thy Action; Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prechee (Sir John) it is but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawme my Plate in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, he maketh other shift: thou'lt be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have as although I pawme my Gowne. Hope you'll come to Supper. You'lt pay me altogether.

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her; hooke-on, hooke-on.

Host. Will you have Dull Trate or meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Full. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. In. Where lye the King last night?

Host. At Beaufingtonge my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) it's well. What is the newes of my Lord?

Ch. Juff. Come all his Forces backe?

Host. No, Fifteene hundred Foo in, hundred Horce are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble E?

Ch. Juff. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Juff. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entrease you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must warte upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, good Sir John,

Ch. Juff. Sir John, you loyter here too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Juff. What foolish Master taught you thes manner?

Sir John?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, he was a Fool that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so fare.

Ch. Juff. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Prince, Bardolf, and Page.

Prince. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Page. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness doth not have attach'd one to high blood.

Prince. It doth me, though it discolors the complexion of my Countenance to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildness in me, to defile small Beere?

Page. Why, a Prince Should not be so loosely Audited,

as to remember to weake a Composition.

Prince. Bleske then, my Appetite was not Princeley got: (in truth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeed these humane considerations make me out of love with my Greasemelle. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings I haue (Viz., these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones.) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for Superfluity, and one other, for vif. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low esseb of Linnen with thet, when hee kept's not Rasket there, as thou hast done a great while, because the reft of thy Low Countries, haue made a thift to esteem vp thy Holland.

Page. How ill it is followes, after you have labour'd so hard, you should take solitude! Tell me how many good yong Princes would do fo, their Fathers lying in ficate, as yours is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Prince?

Page. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serue among wise, of no higher breeding then thine,

Page. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you tell.

Prince. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is ficate; albeit I could tell thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Page. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prince. Thou thinkst me as farre in the Dutes Bouke, as thou, and Falstaffe, for obdurate and persistence. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ficate; and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all occasion of sorrow.

Page. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Page. I would think thee a most Princeley hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blifled Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes; never a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every mans thought would make me an Hypocrite indeed.

And what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

Page. Why, because you have beene so lowde, and so much ingrateed to Falstaffe.

Prince. And to thee.

Page. Nay, I am well spokne of, I can hear it with mine owne ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot help. Lookke, lookke, here comes Bardolf.

Prince. And the Boy that I gave Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat Villain haunt not some form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolf.

Bar. Saye your Grace.

Page. And yours, most Noble Bardolf.

Bardolf. Come you pernicious Ape, you bashfull Fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window.
window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy professed? 

Bar. Away, you horrid vight Rab, away.

Page. Away, you rascally Alicea dream, away.

Prin. Instruct ye Boy: what dreame, Boy? 

Page. Marry (my Lord) Alice dream'd, she was de- 

luc'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream. 

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: 

There is it, Boy. 

Page. Of that good Blosom could be kept from 

Canters: Well, there is the place to preference thee. 

Prince. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, 

the gallows shall be wrong'd. 

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph? 

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces 

coming to Towne. There's a Letter for you. 

Page. Deliver'd with good respect: And how doth the 

Marchants, your Master? 

Bard. In bodily health Sir. 

Page. Master, the immortall part needs a Physician; 

but that moves not him: though that bee fickle, it does not 

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with 

me as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke he 

writes. 

Pens. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight: (Every man must 

know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to himselfe:) 

Euen like those that are kine to the King, for they never 

prickle their finger, but they say, there is lom of the kings 

blood spilt. How comes that (sayas he) that takes upon 

him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed 

ed esp: I am the Kings poor Cofin, Sir. 

Page. If they will be kin to vs, but they will ferch 

it from Iapeth. But to the Letter: — Sir John Falstaffe, 

Knight, to the Sonne of the King, nears his Father, Harrie 

Prince of Wales greeting. 

Page. Why this is a Certificate. 

Page. Peace, 

I will intimate the honourable Romaines in brenttie. 


I commend you to Sir, I commend you, and I trust you. 

See not so familiar with Pointes, for he missestrs his Favourers so much, that he favourers them are to marry his Sister Nell. Re- 

pet at idle times as thou mayst, and farewell. 

Thine, thy see and no; which is as much as to say, as thou 

prit here. Take Falstaffe with my Familiars 

John with my Brothers and S halves Sir 

John, with all Europe. 

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him 

eate it. 

Page. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words, 

But do you we me thus Nad! Must I marry your Siter? 

Page. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I 

never said so. 

Page. Well, thus we play the Foolies with the time, & 

the spirits of the wife, sit in the cloud, and mocke vs: Is 

your Master heere in London? 

Bard. Yes my Lord. 

Page. Where supposes he? Dost the old Bore, feede in 

the old Franke? 

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape. 

Page. What Company? 

Page. Ephaisten my Lord, of the old Church. 

Page. Sup any women with him?
Enter two Drawers.


2. Drawer. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dift of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were hue more Sir John's; and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my lease of these fine driz, round, old-weather'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then cour, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde our Snakes-Noyse; Mittis Tenne-sbeen would faine have some Musique.

2. Draw. Sintha, here will be the Prince, and Master Powe, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons: Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Draw. Then here will be old Sir John: it will be an excellent stratagem.

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3. Draw. I see if I can finde our Snakes. Exit.

Enter Hoffe, and Dol.

Hoff. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperatulle: you Pulfidge bestes as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rofe: But you have drank too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous search-ing Wine: and it performs the blood, err wee can say what's this. How doe you now? Dol. Better then I was: Hem. Hoff. Why was that well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looks, here comes Sir John.

Enter Hoffe, and Dol.

Fall. When Arthur fell in Court, (emprice the Jordan) and was a worthy King. How now Misters Dol? Hoff. Sick of a Calme: yes, good-sooth. Fall. So is all her Sex: if they be once in a Calme, they are fick. Dol. You meddle Raefall, is that all the comfort you give me? Fall. You make fat Raefall, Mitters Dol. Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Difefes make them, I make them not. Fall. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Difefes (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Venice, grant that. Dol. I marry, our Chaynere, and our Jewels. Fall. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue bruyaly, is to come halting off: you know, to come of the Breshch, with his Pike bent bruyaly, and te Surgeye bruyaly; to venture upon the charg d'Chambers bruyaly. Hoff. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good truth) as Rheumatische as two dreie Toffes, you can not one beare with another Conformities. What the good-yeare? One must beare, and that must bee you, you are the weaker Vessell: as they say, the empiper Vessell.

Dol. Can a weeke empierce Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchanns Venture of Bardeus-Stuffe in him: you have not seen a Hulke better flutt's in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Leye: Thou art going to the Warrers, and whether I shall ever see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer. Drawer. Sir, Ancient Vessell is below, and would speake with you. Dol. Hang him, swaggering Raefall, let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd Roffe in Eng- land.

Hoff. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbours, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: that the dogre, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not liid all this while, to have swaggering now: thus the doore. I pray you. Fall. Doth thou hear, Hoffe? Hoff. Pray you pacifie your selfe(Sir John)there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fall. Do'nt.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I fhall. Do't thou hear'st it is mine Ancient. 
Hist. Tilfly (Sir John) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my dores. I was before Mafter Tisack, the Deputie, the other day, and as hee faid to me, it was no longer a go than Tuesday last. Neighbour Quickly (Says here) Mafter Danle, our Minifter, was by then. Neighbour Quickly, (Says here) receive those that are Ciall; for (Says here) you are in an ill Name: now here fayd, I can tell whereupon: for (Says here) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what Guftie you receive: Receiue (Says here) no Swaggering Compasion. There comes none heere. You would bleffe you to hear what hee fayd. No, No no Swaggerers.

Paff. Hee's no Swaggerer, (Hoifes) a taine Cheater, hee: you may fbrokace it as genty, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaricke Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any fhave of refiance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hist. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honett man my houfe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not louse swagger: I am the worfe when one fayes, Swaggerer, Fede Mafter, how I flakes, looke you, I warrant you. Do. So you do, Hoifes.

Hist. Doe I? Yes, in very truth doe I, if it were an Apoeno Lafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piffet and Bardolph and in Bay.

Piff. Save you, Sir John.

Piff. What came Ancient Piffel. Here (Piffel) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke do you discharge upon mine Hoifes.

Piff. I will discharge upon her (Sir John) with two Bullets.

Piff. She in Piffel-proof (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Hist. Come, He drinke no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no man pleure, I.

Piff. Then to you, (Miftris Dorothea) I will charge you.

Del. Charge me? I forrne you (facru Companion) what? who poore, baile, raecely, cheating, lacke linnen: away you meouldie Roughts, away, I am mete for your Mafter.

Del. I know you, Miftris Dorothea.

Del. Away you Cut-purse Raffall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the fawtie Custle with mee. Away you Bottle-Ale Raffall, you Basket-Bait flafe Ingler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder much.

Piff. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hist. No, good Captaine Piffel, not here, sweete Captaine.

Del. Captaine! thou abominable damned Cheater, art thou not fham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would tranche you out for taking their Names uppon you, before you have ered them. You Captaines! you flame, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Here a Captane? hang him Ronge, hee linnes upon mouldie swedw-Pruntes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaines odious: Therefore Captaines had need looke it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Hist. Hearke thee hitter, Miftris Del.

Piff. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could teare her: Ile be reveng'd on her.

Fag. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piff. Ile fee her damn'd flift, to Pinto's damn'd Lake, to the Infernal Deepe, where Erabus and Torrizes vildc other. Hold Hoake and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Ficces, have we not Here? here?

Hist. Good Captaine Piffel be quiet, it is very late: I belefe you now, aggregate your Choler.

Piff. These be honest Mennes indeed. Shall Packe, Horfe, and hollow-pampered Ines of Afa, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Caesar, and with Canibalis, and Troyan Grekes? Nay, rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roar, shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hist. By my troth Captaine, these are ver low words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piff. Die men, like Doggers, give Crownes like Pinses: Have we not Here? here?

Hist. On my word Captaine! there's none fuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piff. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calupas,) Come, give me some Sacke, or fortune one tommace, poffite me content. Fear we broad-fides! No, let the flend giue fire: Give me some Sacke: and Sweetheart I ye thou there. Come wee to full Points here, and are at enders no thing?

Fal. Piffel, I would be quiet.

Fal. Sweet Knight, I knife thy Neffe, what? wee have feme the Trojan Starres.

Del. Thrull him downe flayres, I cannot endure fuch a Fudian Raffall.

Piff. Thrull him downe flayres? know we not Callo-

way Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph,) like a fhou-groat

fhillig: nay, if hee doeth nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe flayres.

Piff. What? shall wee have Infection? shall wee en-

brewe? then Death rooke me alooke, abridge my doleful

dayes: why then let generous, gaily, gaping Wounds, unvit the Sitters three: Come Apoeto, I say.

Hist. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Del. I prethee lack, I prethee do not draw.

Del. Get you downe flayres.

Hist. Here's a goodly tumb'd: Ile forswears keeping house, before I be in the feare of Infections, and frights, So Mus-

ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked Weapo-

ns, put up your naked Weapons.

Del. I prethee lack be quiet, the Raffall is gone: ah,

you whofom small valiant Villaine, you.

Hist. Are you not hurt? Dear Greyne! I thought hee

made a threwe Thrull at your Belly.

Del. Have you cur'd him out of dores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raffall's dranke: you haue hurt

him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Del. A Raffall to brasse me.

Del. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you! alas, poor Ape,

how thou twain't? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whofom Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: They art.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

_The Governor._

A most valorous as _Hector_ of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

**Fal._ A rascally Sluice, I will toase the Rogue in a Blanket.

**Dol._ Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'le causas thow betweena a paire of Sheetc.

_Enter Musique._

**Page._ The Musique is come, Sir.

**Fal._ Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee. **Dol._ A Rascal, bragging Sluice; the Rogue fled from me like Quick-flies.

**Dol._ And thou follow'dst him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leasue fighting on days, and loyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thone old Body for Heauen?

_Enter the Prince and Poines dugu'd._

**Fal._ Peace (good Dol) does not speake like a Deaths-head: doethe not bid me remember mine end.

**Dol._ Sertha, what humor is the Prince of?

**Fal._ A good (shallow young fellow;) hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chip'd Bread well.

**Dol._ They say Panters have a good Wit.

**Fal._ Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksbury Muffard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

**Dol._ Why doth the Prince love him so then?

**Fal._ Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee plays at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon floynd-flooles, and (wearses with a good grace, and) weares his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legger; and breedes no base with telling of disconcert fones: and such other Gaspall Faculties hee hath, that newe a weake Minde, and an able Body, for which the Prince admitts him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the wight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Haber-de-pau.

**Prince._ Would not this Nave of a Wheelc have his Eares cut off?

**Pom._ Let us beat him before his Whore.

**Pom._ Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-lie performance?

**Fal._ Kiffe me Dol.

**Prince._ Saturne and Pom this yeeres in Composition.

What fayes the Almanack to that?

**Pom._ And looke whether the fierce _Trigon_, his Man, be not hiping to his Misters old Tables; his Note-Booke, his Courneil-keeper?

**Fal._ Thou do'ft give me flat'ring Buffes.

**Dol._ Nay truely, I kiffe thee with a most constant heart.

**Fal._ I am olde, I am olde.

**Dol._ I loue thee better, then I loue a][e feurrie young Boy of them all.

**Fal._ What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kittle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

**Dol._ Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so, proue that euer I dreffe my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearten the end.

**Fal._ Some Sack, Francis.

**Pom._ Peace, Francis, Anon, anon, Sir.

**Fal._ Ha? a Baffard Sonne of the Kings? And are not thou Poines, his Brother?

**Prince._ Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life doth thou lead!

**Dol._ A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Draper.

**Prince._ Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the East.

_Est._ Oh, the Lord preface thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

**Fal._ Thou whorson mad Compound of Masfifie: by this light Fleth, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

**Dol._ How? you fast Fooles, I bearne you.

**Pom._ My Lord, hee will drue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

**Prince._ You whorson Candle-mynce you, how vildly did you speake of me euell now, before this honest, vertuous, civill Gentlewoman?

_Est._ Blessing on your good Heart, and so fierce is by my troth.

**Dol._ Didst thou hear me?

**Prince._ Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spooke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

**Dol._ No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou waft within hearing.

**Prince._ I shall drue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

**Fal._ No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse.

**Prince._ Not to disprays me and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

**Fal._ No abuse(Hall)

**Pom._ No abuse?

**Fal._ No abuse (Ned) in the world: honest Ned none.

I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subieft, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse (Hall) none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.

**Prince._ See now whether pure Peare, and entire Cowardife, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is free of the Wicked? Is thine Hoflefte heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest _Darallp_ (whose Zeale burnes in his Nofe) of the Wicked?

**Pom._ Answered thou dead Elme, answere.

**Fal._ The Fiend hath prickt downe _Darallp_ irreceivable, and his Face is _Larsens_ Prayr-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rolt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuil outbids him too.

**Prince._ For the Women?

**Fal._ For one of them, shee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

_Est._ No, I warrant you.

**Fal._ No,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

How many thousand of my poorfell Subjects
Are at this howre asleep? O Sleep, O gentle Sleeps,
Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And reape my Sences in Forgetfulness?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smockie Cribs,
Vpon vnafe Pallads stretching thee,
And huitish with buffing Night, fyes to thy number,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopys of costly Stone,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the wilde,
In leathome Beds, and leuat the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-cafe, or a common Lamin-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and gudie Mau,
Seale up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock hit Brains,
In Cradle of the rude impurious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Winds,
Who take the Ruffian Billowers by the tow,
Curling their monfruous heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamors in the fpayry Clouds,
That with the hurly, Death it felw akes?
Cantst thou (O paranl Sleepe) give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hour to rude:
And in the calmett, and most rolle Night,
With all appliances, and means to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vnafe lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.
King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?
War. 'Tis One a Clock, and pafl.
King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords;)
Have you read o'the Letters that I sent you?
War. We haue (my Liege.)
King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Difefases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?
War. It is but as a Body, yet disfterned,
Which to his former strength may be reflor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd.
King. Oh Haue,that one might read the Book of Fatts,
And fee the revolution of the Times
Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent
(Wester of solide firmeneffe,)melit it fell
Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee
The beache Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hipspe; how Chancers mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeares gone
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did ffeft together; and in two yeares after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeares since,
This Penc was the man, neereft my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Life and Lefe vnder my foot:
Yes, for my fake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin Nevil, as I may remember)
When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rased by Northumberland)
Did fpeak thefè words (now proud a Prophecie)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

-Atius Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade thefe Letters,
And well confider of them: make good speed. Exit.

Prince. Pete, how now? what newes?
Pete. The King, your Father, is at Wemfinister,
And there are twentie weakes and wornied Pontes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Capitaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tueren:
And asking every one for Sir Iohn Falstaff.

Prince. By Heauen (Points) I feele me much to blame,
So ridly to prophane the precious time,
When Tamsell of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, cloth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare vnarm'd heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falstaff, good night.

Falf. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night,
And weeu must hence, and leave it unpick't.
More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently.
A dozen Capitaines stay at doore for you.
Falf. Pay the Musitians, Sire: farewell Hosteffe,
Farewell Dale. You fee (my good Wenches) how men of
Merit are sought after: the vnderseuer may sleepe,
when the man of Action is still'd on.
Farewell good Wenches: If I be not sent away postie, I will see you again, ere I goe.

Dal. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie
to burft:—Well (sweete lady) have a case of thy felle.

Falf. Farewell, farewel.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have knoue thee
these twentie nine yeares, come Perced-time, but an
honest, and truer-hearted man:—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Missfits Tare-freet.

Falf. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Missfits Tare-freet come to my Master.

Falf. Oh runne Dal, runne: runne, good Dal.

Exit.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mollard, Shadow, War, Ferkin, Bawcalf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your Hand, Sir; I give you my Hand, Sir: an early lighter, by the Road, and how doth my good Cousin Silence? 
Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow, and your fair Child, Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Eliza? 
Sil. Alas, a blacke Oxcell (Cousin Shallow).
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford Stil, is hee not? 
Sil. Indeed Sir, to my cell.
Shal. Hee must then to the innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inn; where (I think) they will talk of road Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd Justice Shallow then (Cousin.) 
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dar of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bar, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squari a Cot-fish-man, you had not foure such Swinge-bucklers in all the Innes of Courts againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Benne Robes were, and had the bell of them all so convenient. Then was lucky Fortune (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mounbray, Duke of Northfolk.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither amonge about Souldiers? 
Shal. The same Sir John, the very same: I saw him breake Scoggins Head at the Court-Care, when hee was a Cratch, not this high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behind Greyes Inn. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent, and to finde how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?
Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)
Shal. Certayne: this certayne: very sure, very sure: Death is certayne to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?
Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there,
Shal. Death is certayne. Is old Double of your Towne living yet?
Sil. Dead, Sir.
Shal. Dead! See, see; hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine chowre. John of Glamour lound him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead! hee would have claps in the Clove at Twelve-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a halfe, that it would have done a most heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?
Sil. Theretofore as they be; a score of good Ewes may be worth tenn pounds.
Shal. And is Double dead yet.

Enter Bardolph and bu Boy.

Sil. Here be two of Sir John Falstaffes Men (as I think) 
Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?
Shal. I am Robert Shallow(Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace; What is your good pleasure with me?
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir John Falstaff, a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.
Shal. Hee greastes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?
Bard. Sir, pardons: a Souldier is better accommodated then with a Wife.
Shal. It is well saide, Sir; and it is well saide, indeed, too; Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrasies are surely, and evey where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodate: very good, a good Phrase.
Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good: Command. Accommodate, that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being where by


Enter Falstaff.

Shal. I am very lust: Look, heere comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shalow; Master Sure-card as I thinke.

Shal. No sir John, it is my Coyn Silence: In Commis-

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befitts you should be of the peace.

Shal. Your good Worships is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is how weather (Gentlemen) have you

Shal. Marry have we fift: Will you fift?

Fal. Let me fee them, I deserve you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's

Fal. Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee: So, so, So, So:

yes marry Sir. Rephe Moulaus; let them appeare as I call;

let them do So, let them do so: Let me fee, Where is

Moul?

Moul. Heere, if pleasaunce.

Shal. Whate thinke you (Sir John), a good lumby'd fel-

Fal. Is thy name Moulau?

Moul. Yes, if pleasaunce.

Shal. Tis the more time thou wast vs'd.

Shal. Ha, Ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moud-

Fal. Laye vvfe, very singular good. Well saide Sir John,

Moul. Spent.

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; And aside: Know you where

Shal. I marry, let me have him to fee vnder: he's like to

Moul. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Heere firt.

Shal. Shadow, whose fonne art thou?

Fal. My Mothers fonne, Sir.

Shal. Thy Mothers fonne: like enough, and thy Fa-

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Shal. What's the weather? Where's her firt.

Shal. Thy name? Was it so?

Shal. Thou art a very ragged War.

Shal. Shall I prickle him downe.

Shal. What trade art thou Falstaff?

Shal. What? Shall I prickle him fift?

Fal. You may:

Fal. Falstaff. Where's the Roll?

Fal. What trade art thou Falstaff?

Fal. A Womans Taylors firt.

Shal. Shall I prickle him fift?

Fal. Shall I prickle him downe. Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built up

Shal. Haf, ha, you can do it fift: you can doe it: I

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would aways lay thee could

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: she was then a

Fal. Old, old, M Shalow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be

Shal. Shall I prickle him downe. Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built up

Shal. Haf, ha, you can do it fift: you can doe it: I

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: she was then a

Fal. Old, old, M Shalow.
old: certaine things old: and had Robin Night-work, by old Night-work, before I came to Cleverne Inne.

Sal. That five hours yeares agoe.

Sal. Hah, Cousin Salter, that thou hadst seen, that, that this Knight and I have seen: ha, Sir John, said I well?

Falf. Wee have heard the Chimes at midnight, Ma ster Shallop.

Sal. That wee have, that wee have; in faith, Sir John, wee have: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyce. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the days that we ever had, we ever have, come, come.

But good Master Corporake Bardolph, stand my friend, and beere is foure Harry come shillings in French Crowne for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief he hang'd first, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, Sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am knowing, and for mine owne part, have to deale to play with my friends: elf, Sir, I did not care for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go too, stand aside.

Mund. And, good Master Corporake Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: thee has noth to doo any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help her selfe: you shall have fortie, Sir.

Bard. Go too, stand aside. Feeble. I care not, can a man die but once: wee owe a death. I will never bear a base mende: if it be my dehnte, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serve his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dieth this yeares, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no base mende.

Falf. Come Sir, which faire will you have?

Sal. Brave you chuse for me.

Sal. Marry then, Moundre, Bulke-calfes, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falf. Moundre, and Bulke-calfes: for you Moundre, stay at home, till you are past threecourse: and for your part, Bulke-calfes, grow till you come into it: I will none of you.

Sal. Sir John, Sir John, do not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you serv'd with the beef.

Falf. Will you tell me (Master Shadow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Theaves, the stature, bulk, and bigge simmilitude of a man? give mee the spirit (Master Shadow). Where's heart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewters-Hammer: come off, and on, twixteen: then hee that giblets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-faced fellow, Shadow, give mee this man, hee pretius no marke to the Enemy, the fee man may walk as great ayme lawell at the edge of a Penc-knife: and far a Reitan, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Woman's Tayler, runne off. O, give mee the spare men, and spare mee the great ones. Put mee a Calver into Martis hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold heart, Trauerre: thus, thus; thus.

Falf. Come, manage me your Calver: for very well, go too, very good, exceeding good. O, give mee always a little, lean, old, chop, balde Shot. Well said heart, thou art a good Seab. hold, there is a Teller for thee.

Sal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Milne-end-Gard, when I lay at Cleverne Inne, I was then Sir Digges in Arthur Shen: there was a little quirre fellow, and hee would manage you his Peace thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bowence would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would be come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Falf. These fellows will doe well. Master Shallop. Farewell Master Silence, I will not use many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you, I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, give the Souliards Coates.

Sal. Sir John, Heauen blefe you, and prosper your Affairs, and fend vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falf. I would you would, Master Shallop.

Sal. Go too, I have spoke a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Falf. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolphe, leade the men away. At I returne, I will fetch off these Justice: I doo see the bottome of Justice Shallop. How subiectest we old men are to this vice of Lyng? This same Star'd Justice hath done nothing but praise to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Pretes he hath done about Turnall-street, and every third word a Lyne. Doing paid to the heater, then the Turkis Tributte. I doe remember him at Cleverne Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-puring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the World, like a forke Rudsif, with a Head fantacyly can'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlornce, that his Dimensions (to any thickes fighte) were unincinible. Hee was the very Genius of Fantie: bee came out in the rear-ward of the Fashon: And now is this Vice Digger becomes a Squire, and taketh as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene some Brothe to him: and Ibe be sworne bee never saw him but once in the Thk-yard, and then he burnt his Head, for growing among the Marshalls men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue trused him and all his Apparel into an Eele-skinne: the Cafe of a Trible Hoe boy was a Manson for him: a Court: and now haue bene Land, and Beaces. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no respon, in the law of Nature, but I may leap at him. Let tyme space, and there an end.

Enter the Arch-dolph, Member, Halling, Welles, and Cade.

Byth. What is this Forrest call'd?

Holl. 'Tis Gentleman Forrest, and it shall please you Grace.

Byth. How come you, and what discourse you, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Holl. Wee
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That. We have seen forth the head.

Bp. The well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affairs)

I must acquaint you, that I have received

New-dated Letters from Northumberland:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus,

Here doth he, with his Person, with such Powers

As might hold force, with his Quality,

The which he could not leas: whereupon

Here is reply'd: to raise his growing Fortunes,

To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your Attempts may over-lie the hazard,

And fearfull meeting of their Opposites.

Now, Thus do the hopes we have in, touch ground,

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hlst. Now what news?

Maj. Well of this Forrest; scarcely off a mile,

In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:

And by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Vpon, or near, the race of thrity thousand.

Now. The just proportion that we gave them out,

Let us say on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leaders fronts vs here?

Mag. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmorland.

Wstf. Health, and fair greeeting from our Generall,

The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmorland) in peace:

What doth concern your comming?

Wstf. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace do I in chief offensive

The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion

Came like it selfe, in base and deceitful Routs,

Led on by bloody Youth, guarde with Rage,

And countenanc'd by Boys, and Beggars.

I say, if dam'd Commotion so appeare,

In his true, nature and most proper Shape,

You (Return'd Father, and chaste Noble Lords)

Had not been here, to drefle the ugly forme

Of base, and bloodie Infrerction,

With your faire Honors, You, Lord Arch-bishop,

Whose Sea is by a Civil Peace maintay'd,

Whose Beard, the Sullen Hand of Peace hath touch'd,

Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutoy'd,

Whose white Insignes figure Innocence,

The Doue, and very blest Spirit of Peace.

Wherefore doe you ill tranlate your selfe,

Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,

Into the hard, and boylous Tongue of Warre?

Turning your Booke to Graues, your Inker to Blood,

Your Princes to Lurces, and your Tongue diuine

To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? for the Question stands.

Briefly to this end: We are all diseas'd,

And with our fasting, and wanton howres,

Have brought our Grieues, and burning Feuers,

And were must bleed for: of which Diseas'd,

Our late King Richard (being infect'd) dy'd.

But (my most Noble Lord of Westmorland)

I take not on me here as a Physician,

Nor doe I as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Thronges of Militane men

But rather shew a white like feartee full Warre,

To dyet ranke Mindes, fitce of happinesse,

And purge th'obstributions, which begin to flop

Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.

I have in equall balancie unfitly weigh'd,

What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

And finde our Griefes heavier than our Offences.

Wee fece which way the Streame of Time doth runne,

And are enforced from our moult quiet there,

By the rough Torrent of Occasion.

And have the fummary of all our Griefes

(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles,

Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,

And might, by no Surt, gaine our Audience:

When we are wrong'd, and would vnitie our Griefes,

Wee are deny'd receitce into his Person,

Even by those men, that most hauie done us wrong.

The dangers of the daies but newly gone,

Whole memorie is written on the Earth

With yet appearing blood; and the examples

Of every Minutes instance (present now)

Hath put vs in these ill-Deferning Armes:

Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,

But to effect here a Peace under

Concurreting both in Name and Quality.

Wstf. When sueuer yet was your Appellate deny'd?

Wherein have you beene galled by the King?

What Peace hath bene suborn'd, to grant on you,

That you should feele this lawlesse bloody Bookes

Of for'd Rebellion, with a Scale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,

I make my Quartell, in particular.

Wstf. There is no neede of any such redresse

Or if there were, it not belongeth to you.

Mag. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,

That feele the urazises of the daies before,

And suffer the Condtion of these Times

To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand upon our Honors?

Wstf. O my good Lords of Somerby,

Construe the Times to their Necessities,

And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,

And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,

Either from the King, or in the present Time,

That you should have any of any ground

To build a Griefe on: were you not refolvd?

To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,

Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Men. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,

That need to be resou'd, and breath'd in me?

The King that lodg'd him, as the State flor'd then,

Was for'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:

And then, that Henry Bullingbrook and hee

Being mounted, and both rowd in their States,

Their neighing Couriers daring of the Spurre,

Their armed Staues in charge, their Beavers downer,

Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,

And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:

Then then, when there was nothing could have layd

My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrook;

Q, when the King did throw his Warde downe,

(His owne Life hung upon the Staffe hee threw)

Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives,

That by Indulgence, and by dint of Sword,

Have since cut-castied under Bullingbrook.

Welsh You
The second Part of King Henrie the Fourth.

Thus even our Conne shall yeeme as light as Caskets,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this the King is urgent
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reunis two greater in the Hearres of Life,
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Telle-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and Historie his loffe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnix an Enemy,
Hee doth vnfallen fo, and shak a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on, to offer froktes,
As he is Striking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs resold Corretion in the Armie,
That was spread to execution.

Haf. Besides, the King hath washed all his Rodes,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chafficement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Bish. This very true:
And therefore be affir'd (my good Lord Marthall)
If we do now make our attenion well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mon. Be it so:
Heere it return'd my Lord of Wetsmerland.

Enter Wetsmerland.

Wet. The Prince is here at hand: pleafeeth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, luff distances were our Armies?
Mon. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come,

Enter Prince John.

Jhn. You are well encountered here (my cofin Newbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And to you Lord Hafings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd you with,
When your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heere with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to fee you heere an Iron man
Chereing a rount of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarchs heart,
And ripes in the Sunne-shine of his fauer,
Would hee abuse the Countennesse of the King,
Alack, what Mischieves might hee set abroad,
In shadow of such Greatnesse With you, Lord Bishop?
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken.
How deepes you were within the Booke of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
The very Officer, and Intelligence,
Betwixt the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven;
And our dull workings. O who shall believe,
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countennesse, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Fontaine doth his Princes Name,
In decdes dis-honorable? You have taken up,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vnder the counterintended Zeale of Heaven, The Subiects of Heavenes Substitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him, Have here vp-swarm'd them.

Sir. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westminster) The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common fence Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monsfrous Forme. To hold our safest vp. I bent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with forrein fou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hyde-Soma of Warre is borne, Whole dangerous eyes may well be charm'd ariep, With grauns of our most laft and right defires: And true Obedience, of this Madelle cur d, Stoop to tame ally the foot of Mauhie, Men. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the left man.

Haft. And though wee here fall downe, We have Supplies, to secon our Attempt: If they sur-asy, theirs shall secon them: And fo success of Mischief shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarell vp, Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (Haffing) Much too shallow, To found the bottome of the after-Times.

Well. Pleseth your Grace, to swine them directly, How three forth you doe like their Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well: And swear here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposes have beene mistooke, And some, about him, have too lauishly Writted his meaning, and Authoritie. My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redreff: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vs their seuerall Counties, As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies, Let's drink together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restored Loue, and Amittie.

Bifh. I take your Principall word, for these redreffes, John. I gue you it, and will maintaine my word. And thereupon I drink vp to your Grace.

Haft. Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them haue paye, and part p: I know, it shall well please them.

High Captaine, Exeunt.

Biff. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland, Well. I pledge your Grace: And if you knew what pains I have bestowed, To breede this plesant Peace, You shall drink freely: but my loue ye. Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Biff. I doe not doubt you. Well. I am glad of it.

Hesthe to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Manwray. Mow. You with me health in very happy Leauen, For I am, on the fodie, something ill.

Biff. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry, But humaine fore-runnes the good event. Well. Therefore be merry (Coops) since fodie sorrow Serves to lay thus, some good thing comes to morrow. Biff. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. 

Now. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: heare how they shouet.

Mow. This had beene chearfull:after Victorie.

Biff. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, And neither partie looser, John. Goe (my Lord) And let our Army be discharg'd too:
And good my Lord (to please you) let our Trains March by vs, that wee may peruse the men, 

Well. We should have couped withall. Biff. Goe, good Lord Haffing:
And ere they be disu'd, let them march by, 

John. I trust (Lords) wee shall live to night together, Enter Westminster.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still? Well. The Leaders having charge from you to stand, Will not goe off, untill they hear you speake.

John. They know their duties, Enter Haffings.

Haft. Our Army is dispers'd: Like you of full Secrets, voyayk'd, they tooke their course: 

Exeunt. Well, North, South, or like a Schoole, broke vp, Each huryse towards his home, and sparring place.

Well. Good ridings (my Lord Haffing) for the which, I doe strie the (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray, Of Captall Treason, I strach you both, 

Col. Is this proceding just, and honorable? 

Well. Is your Assembly so? 

Biff. Will you thus break your faith? 

John. I pawn'd the none:
I promis'd you redrefse of these great Grieuances Whereof you did complainse; which, by mine Honor, I will performe, with a most Christian care.

But for you (Rebells) looke to taffe the due Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours, Most slauishly did you these Armies commen, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the farest d lay, Heaven, and not wee, have safely fought to day.

Some gudde these Trinors to the Blocke of Death, Treasons true Bed, and yeeldt vp of breath. 

Enter Faflaspe, and Colenowe.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir: And my Name is Colenowe of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, Colenowe is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colenowe shall be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place dear enough: so shall you be full Colenowe of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstafe?

Falst. As good a man as he is, who ere I am: doe you yelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Loues, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowe vp Pearse and Trembling, and do abstinence to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstafe, & in that thought yeeld me.

Falst. I have a whole Schoole of souges in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speaks ane other word but my name: and I had but a bellie of any indifferenc. I were simply the most afflue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Herre comes our General.
Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers good Cousin Westminster.

Now Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time or other, break some Gallows down.

Falstaff. I would have had but the wit: were better then your Duke of Gloucester. Good faith, this fame young lumper-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man can make him laugh: but that's no matter, hee drinks no Wine. There's never any of these demure Boys come, to any proffes: for thine Drinke doth so over-coole their blood, and making many Fih-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-lickniffs: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too, but for infallamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it stirs me into the Braines; dyes me there all the footh, and dull, and craddie Vapours, which enuir: it makes it apprehensive, quckes, forgetful, full of nimble, and delectable flapers, which deliver'd o' to the Vope, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherries, is, the warming of the Blood; which before (cold, and feeld) left the Livre white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pufflinnimite, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it come from the Inward: so the parts extreme: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) glucses warning to all the rest of this little Kingdom (wch to a Prince) to Arme: and then the Vivat Commoners, and In-land pettie Spirites, mutters meal to their Capraine, the Heart; who great, and pufh up with his Resineth, do any Deed of Courage: and this Voulat comes of Sherris. So, that's still in the Wespre is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work): and Learning, a mearc Hood of Gold, kept by a Deuil, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vie. Heroe comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, firrill, and bears Landed, manned, married, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forwresse thine Potations, and to addic thyselfes to Sack. Enter Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Arme is discharged all, and gone. Falstaff. Let them goe: ile through Gloucecesth, and Learning, a mearc Hood of Gold, kept by a Deuil, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vie. Heroe comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, firrill, and bears Landed, manned, married, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forwresse thine Potations, and to addic thyselfes to Sack. Enter Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

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King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother? 
Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor. 
King. And how accompanied? 
Glo. I do not know (my Lord.) 
King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him? 
Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in presence here. 
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father? 
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. 
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loves thee, and thou dost not love him (Thomas.) Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Than all thy Brothers; cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou mayst effect. 
Of Mediation (after I am dead) Between his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blust not his Lune, Nor lose the good advantage of his Grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be offended: 
Hee hath a Care for Prige, and a Hand. Open (as Day) with Gratefull Charitie: Yet not with standing, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As hammers at Winter, and as sudden, As Plaues congreged in the Spring of day. His temper therefore must be well order'd: 
Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently, When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, give him Line, and scope. Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themselves with working. Learne this Thomas, And then ye shall provoke a shelter to thy friends, A Hoop of Gold, to bind thy Brothers in: That the invited Veal of their Blood (Mingled with Venom of Suggestion, As force, perforce, the Age will power it in,) Shall never leak, though it doe work as strong 
As Auestion, or rash Gun-powder. 
Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and loue. 
King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas!) 
Clar. Hee is not there to day; hee dines in London. 
King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that? 
Clar. With Pointz, and other his continuall followers. 
King. Most subtle! is the fatest Soyle to Weedes: And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ever-spred with them: therefore my griefes Stretches it feld beyond the bowre of heaven. 
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe Shape (In former imaginzie) thy guided Dyues, And rotten Times, that you shall look uppon, When I am Sleepeing with my Ancestors. 
For when the head erect hath no Curbe, When Rage and his Blood are his Counsellors, When Menes and lafhing Manners meete together; 
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye Towards fronting Pe'lling, and opponn Decay? 
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quicke: The Prince but studieth his Companions, 
Like a strange Tongue: wherein to mane the Language, 
Tis needfull, that the most immodell word Be look'd on, and learn d: which one assay'd; 
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther end, But to be knowne, and hated. So like grosse terms. 
The Prince will in, the perfedine of time, 
Cut off his followers: and their memorie 
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue, 
By which his Grace must mee the hues of others, Turning past-evils to advantage. 
King. Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Comb. In the dead Carriion, 
Enter Wepnemond, 
Who's here? Wepnemond. 
Wep. Health to my Soveraigne, and new happinesse. 
Added to that, that I am to deliver, Prince John your Sonne, doth kill thee Grace Hands: 
Shawley, the Bishop, Serjeant, Huying, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. 
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnshath'd, But Peace putteth forth his Olive every where. 
The manner how this Ation hath beene borne, Here (at more lesure) may your Highnesse reade, With every course, in his particular. 
King. O Wepnemond, thou art a Summer Bird, Which ever in the hauish of Winter rings. 
The lifting vp of day Enter Horace, 
Looke, heere's more newes. 
Hare. From Enemies, Heauen kepe your Maieflie: And when they hand against you, may they fall, As those that I am come to tell you of, The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bankefts, With a great Power of English, and of Scots, Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire overthowe: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleafe it you) contains at large. 
King. And wherefore should these good newes 
Make me feele? 
Will Fortune never come with both hands full: But write her faire words fill in fouleth Letters? Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Food, (Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast, 
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Riches) That have abundance, and enjoy it not.) I should retire now, at this happy newes, 
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddled. O me, come revere me, now I am much ill! 
Glo. Comfort your Maieflie. 
Clar. Oh, my Royall Father. 
Wep. My Soveraigne Lord, there vp you felle Jooke 
Wep. Be patient (Princes) you doe know,those Fits 
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie, 
Stand from him, give him ayre: 
Hee'th freitagh be well. 
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs, 
Th'incendiat care, and labour of his Minde, 
Hath brought the Mure, that should confine it in, 
So thime that Life lookes through, and will breake out. 
Glo. The people feare me; for they doe obferue 
His father's Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: 
The Seafons change their manners, as the Yere 
Had found some Moneths asleep, and leap'd them out. 
Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no end betweene 
And the old folks (Times doing Chronicles) 
Sayed it fo, a little time before. 
That our great Grand-fire Edward fiek'd, and dy'd.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recovereth.

Glo. This Apologue will (certaine) be his end. King. I pray thee take me vp, and bear me hence into some other Chamber. softly pray. Let there be no noise made (my gentle friends) Violesse some dull and unnotable hand. Will whisper Musick to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Roomes. King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here. Clar. His Eye is hollow, and his changes much.

War. Let no noise, let no noise.

Enter Prince Henry.


Glo. Hee utter'd much, upon the hearing it. P. Hen. If hee be sicke, or with joy, hee recover without Physick.

War. Not to much noyse (my Lords). When Prince speake lowe.

The King. Your Father, as dispos'd to sleepe. Clar. Let vs with drawn into the other Roomes.

War. Will it please your Grace to goe along with vs? P. Hen. No. I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow, Being so troubled a Bed-fellow? O poulsh'd Perturbation! Golden Care! That keep't the Ports of Shimmer open wide, To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now, Yet not to find, and halfe so deeply sweete, As hee whose Brow (with haimly Biggen bound) Snores out the Watch of Night. O Master! When he do a pinche thy Bearer, thou do'st fit Like a rich Annor, worse in heat of day, That cold'd with saftene: by his Gares of breath, These ly'ss a downey feather which stirs not; Did hee suprize, that light and weightlesse downe Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father, This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe, That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd So many English Kings. Thy due, from me, Is Testes, and brave Sorrowes of the Blood, Which Nature,茴 oue, array'd tendre little, Shall (O deare Father) pay thee pleasantly.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne, Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood) Dutres it felte to me. Loe, here it fit, Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worldes whole strength into one gyant Arme, It shall not force this I receiue Honor from me. This, from thee, will I to mine issue, As'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

War. How fares your Majestie? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords)? Glo. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege) who undertook to fit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let mee see him.

War. This door is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stood.

King. Where is the Crowne? who rooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence: 

Goe seek him out.

Is hee so affable, that hee doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick) Chide him hither: this part of his consoules With my disafte, and helps to end me. See Sons, what things you are.

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object? For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers Haue broke their sleepe's with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry. For this, they have ungrossed and pily'd vp The canker'd heapes of strange-architected Gold; For this, they have been thoughtfull to inuest Their Sons with Arms, and Marsall Exercitites; When, like the Bee, culling from every flower The venemous Sweerites, our Thieves packt with Wax, Out Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hues; And like the Bees, are nurtur'd for our paines. This bitter taste yeilds his engrossements, To the ened Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is here, that will not stay so long, Till his Friend Sicknedesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome, Wishing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheeks, With such a deep doe-drearne, in great sorrow, That Tyranny, which never quittit but blood, Would (by beholding him) have wash'd vp his Knife With gentle eye-drops. He is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lee, where he comes. Come hither to me (Harry.) Depart the Chamber, leave vs here alone. Exit.

P. Hen. I never thought to here you speake so amane. King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) so that thought: I stay too long by thee, I wastie thee.

Do'th thou fo hunger for my empyre Chayre, That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors, Before thy howre be ripe? Of foolish Youth!

Thou seest thou the Greatnesse, that will over-whelm thee, Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie I hold from falling, with so weake a winde, That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme. Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres Were thine, without offence: at my death Thou hall staff'd vp my expectation. Thy Life did manifest, thou lovd'st me not, And thou wilt have me dye afford't of it. Thou hid'st a thould and Daggers in thy thoughts, Which thou haft whetted on thy floine heart, To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What's cant thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge thy grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Beelzebub to thee.
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Heart
Be drops of Balm, to fanctifie thy head.
Oney compound me with forgotten duty.
Gie that, which gie thee life, unto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, brake my Decrees:
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forms.
Henry the first is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you false Counsellors, hence!
And to the English Countrey assemble now.
From eu'ry Region, Apart of Idlenesse.
Now neighbor-Confiners, purge you of your Scum:
Howeust a Russian that will wear'd drinkers dance?
Regul the night? Rob! Murder! and commit
The oldster fones, the newest kindes of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his treble guile.
For the Fift Harry, from curd'd License pluckes
The muzle of Restraint; and the wilde Degge
Shall flie his tooth in eu'ry Innocent.
O my poore Kingdom (sick, with cituell blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryote,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wile a Wildernesse againe,
Peopleed with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.
Frieze. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The maift Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-fall'd this deere, and deepbe Repuke,
Ere you (with griefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it fo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obdience rife,
Which my meft true, and in ward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prorata, and extraitus bending,
Heaven withes mee with me, when I heare came in,
And found no course of breath within your Maisefile.
How cold it drooke my heart. If I do saine,
O let mee, in my prefent wildeness, dye,
And never line, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead.
(And dead almoft (my Liege) doth think you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as lying fence)
And this upbraded it.
The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beft of Gold, 3r'l worthe of Gold.
Other, leffe fine in Charact, is more precious,
Prefuming life, in Medicine possible.
But thou, most Fiere, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Haste eate the Beare vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it. I put it on thy Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarell of a true Inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any staite of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the leaft Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven, for ever, keene it from my head,
And make me, as the poorer Vailefis is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneel to it.
King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'lt joyn the more, thy Fathers love.
Pleasant so wisely, in excufe of it.
Come hither Harry, fit thou by my bedde,
And hear (I think, the very laste Counsell
That ever I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what means, or indirect coode:ways
Lent this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it fate upon my head.
To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmacion.
For all the foyle of the Achievemement goes
With me, into the Earth: It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour instrue'd with boyls rous hand,
And I had many living, to upbrade
My gaine of it, by their Affinances,
Which dayly grew to Quarell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding suppos'd Peace.
All these bold Peares,
Thou seest (with permitt) I have answered
For all my Reignes, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Change the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayter fort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st so successively.
Yet, though thou standst more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not forme enough, face greets are greene.
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Have but their flings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Peare
To be against plac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least still, and lyng still, might make them looke
Too neare vnto my Stake.
Therefore (my Harry)
Be it thy courfe to buse giddly Minde
With Forsaigne Quarells: that Action hence bore out,
May waft the memory of the former dyers.
More would I, but my Lungs are wafted so,
That strength of Speech is vterfly den'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive me,
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.
Frieze. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, were it keps it, gave it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine

Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
and Warrneke.

King. Looke, looke,
Hear eome comes my Lord of Lancaster;
John Health, Peace, and Happinnesse,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring't me Happinnesse and Peace
(Sonne John)
But health (alack) with youthful wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy fight
My wooldly bufferesse makes a period.
Enter Shallov, Silence, Falstaff, Bardulf, Page, and Doone.

Shal: By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What Davy, I say? Jsi. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallov.

Shal: I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.


Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see (Davy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir Iohn, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee serv'd, and againe Sir, shall we fowe the head-land with Wheat?

Shal. Why with red Wheat Davy. But for William Cooke: are there no youg Pigeons?

Davy. Yes Sir.

Shal: Here is now the Smithes note, for Shoewing, And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cut, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Sir, a new lukke to the Bucket must needs bee had: And Sir, do you mean to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, as Hinceley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answere it:

Some Pigeons Davy, a couple of short-leg'd Hennes: a joyns of Mutton, and any pretty little one, Kidneshawes, tell William Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warr, stay all night Sir?

Shal. Yes Davy!

I will vfe him well. A Friend'sh Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vfe his men well Davy, for they are arrant Knaus, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worfe then they are bitttern, Sir: For they have marishous fowlie linen.

Shalow. Well conceited Davy: about thy Bufinesse, Davy.

Davy. I belfee you Sir,

To acquaintance William Ufer of Woncot, against Clement Parke of the hill. Shal. There are many Complaints Davy, against that Ufer, that Ufer is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.
Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. 1. Good morrow; and heaven save your Majesties Princes. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesties, Sit not so easy on me, as you think. Brothers, you mix your Sadness with some Sorrow: This is the English, not the Turkish Court; Nor Annaeus, an Annus successeth, But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers) For (to speak truth) it very well becomes you Sorrow, so Royally in your apparels, That I will deeply put the Fashion on, And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad, But entertain no more of it (good Brothers) Then a joynt burchet, laid vpon vs all. For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assured) Be your Father, and your Brother too: Let me but bearre your Love, Ile bearre your Cares; But weep that Harry's dead, and I'll wash. But Harry liues, that shall convert those Terrors By number, into hours of Happinesse. Injustice. We hope no other from your Majesties, Prin. You all look strange on me: and you moist. You are (I thinke) assurance, I love you not. Ch. 1. I am assure'd (I'll be measure'd rightly) Your Majestie hath no unjust cause to hate me. Pr. No! How might a Prince of my great hopes forget So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What Race? Rebuke? and roughly tend to Prison? This immediate Heire of England? Was this exile? May this befall'd in Lorde, and forgotten? Ch. 1. I then did vie the Perfon of your Father: The Image of his power, lay then in me, And in the Administration of his Law, Whilsts I was busie for the Commonwealth, Your Highness pleased to forget my place, The Mayesty, and power of Law, and Justice, The Image of the King, whom I presented, And strooke me in my 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, let your Decrees attouch? To plucke downe justice from your ownefull Bench; To trip the course of Law, and slunt the Sword That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon? Nay more, to turne at your most Royal Image, And mocke your workings, in a Second body? Question your Royal Thoughts, make the cafe yours: Be now the Father, and propice a Sonne, Hearst your owne dignity to much profan'd, See your most dreadful Lawes, so loosely flighted Behold your felte, so by a Sonne disdained: And then imagine me, taking you parte, And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne: After this cold confideration, sentence me; And, as you are a King, speake in your State, What I have done, that miscame my place, My perfon, or my Lieges Soueraignet. Prin. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well: Therefore full bear the Ballance, and the Sword: And I do with your Honors may encreas, Till you do.IOException, to see a Sonne of mine Offend you, and obey you, as I did: So shall I lye, to speake your 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 vp his Greatness fo, Into the hands of Justice. You did commit me: For which, I do commit into your hand, That vnlimned Sword that you have vpd to beare: With this Remembrance, That you vfe the fame With the like bold, luft, and impartial spirit As you have done (gainst me. There is my hand, You shall as a Father, to your Youth: My voice shall be heard, as you do prompt mine care, And I will stoop, and humble my Intents, To your well-practis'd, wise Directions And Princes all, believe me, I befeech you: My Father is gone wilde into his Grave, (For in his Tombe, Iye my Affections) And with his Spirits, ladly I suruive, To mocke the expectation of the World: To frustrate Prophesies, and to put out Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe After my cornning. The Tide of Blood in me, Hath proudely flow'd in Vaniety, till now. Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea, Where it shall mingle with the face of Floods, And flow beneftir in formall Maiesty. Now call we our High Court of Parliament, And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsels,

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rank, with the best governed Nation,
That Warren, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall have most part hand.
Our Coronation done, we will select
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (configning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall have iust cause to say.
Heauen hooten Harriet's happy life, one day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shalbone, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Pistol.

Shal Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eat a leafy Apple of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carraways, and so forth (Come Come Come Silence, and then to bed.

Eau You have here, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all.

Fal. This Daniel serves you for good vs: he is your Seruangetman, and your Husband.

Shal: A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir Iohn: I have drunk too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now fis downe, now fis downe: Come Come.

Sil: Ah firra(groth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praishe heauen for the merie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females cheere, and lustie Lads come here, and these: so merrie, and euer among so merrie.

Fall: There's a merrie heart, good M.Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal: Good Good M.Bardolph: Come come, Daun.

Da. Sweet sir, sir: be with you anon: most sweet sir, sir: Master Ipage good M.Page, sir, sir: Profacon. What you want in meat, wee'Il have in drinke: but you bear, the heart's all.

Shal: Be merry M.Bardolph, and my little Souldier there, be merry.

Sil: Be merry, be merry, my wife's all. For women are Sheues, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shouteride: Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M.Silence had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil: Who is? I have beene merry twice and once, I am now.

Daun. There is a dish of Lether-costs for you.

Shal. Daun.

Dan: Your Worship: Ibe with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir.

Sil: A Cup of Wine, that's briskke and fine, & drinke
When the Leman mine: and a merry heart lustes long-a.

Fal. Well said, M.Silence.

Sil: If we shall be merry, now comes in the Sweete of the eigh.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M.Silence

Gif. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ie pledge you a mile to the bottom of it.

Shal: Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou wert't any thing, and wilt not call, be thou my heart. Welcome my little tyne thee, and welcome indeed too: Ie drinke to M.Bardolph, and to all the Caullerose about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If it might see you there, Daniel.

Shal. You'll taker a quart together? Ha, will you not M.Bardolph?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a potte pot.

Shal. I shanke thee: the knave will fiske by thee, I can affute thee that. He will not eate, he is true bierd.

Bar. And ile fiske by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. 

Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes? Fall Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do Sir me right, and dub me Knight, Samings. It's not so?

Fal. It is so.

Sil: I's so? Why then say an old man can do so much what. Dau. If it pleases your Wsherpipe, there's one Piffil come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piffil.

How now Piffil?

Piff. Sir John, 'tis you Sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piffil?

Piff. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight. Thou art now one of the gretest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman Paffe of Basoon.

Piff. Paffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Piffil, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I to doe to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie toyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I preche now deliver them, like a man of this World.


Sil. O base Affrayn Knight, what is thy newes? Let King Cuntha know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Piff. Shall dunghill Currat confront the Hellens?

And shall good newes be baffeld? Then Piffil play thy head in Furies latte.

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not yeare breeding.

Piff. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir:

If you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vister them, or to conciliate them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Piff. Vnder which King?

Brazing, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piff. Harry the Fourth, or Fift?

Shal Harry the Fouth.

Piff. A foora for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy teinter Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth. When Piffil toyles, do this, and figge-me, like The bragging Spaniard.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. What is the old King dead?
Pisf. As nolle in dooce.
The things I spake are told.
Fal. Away Bardolph, Sadie my Horfe,
Mafter Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. PisF. I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune,
PisF. What? do bring good newes.
Fal. Carrie Mafter Silence to bed: Mafter Shallow, my
Lord Shallock, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boote, we go ride all night: Oh sweet PisFoll:
& away Bardolph: Come PisFoll, vitter more to mee: and
withall define something to thy selfe good. Boots,
& boote Mafter Shallow, I know the young King is sick for
free. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Laws of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
have beene my Friends: and went vnto my Lord Chiefes
Justice.
PisF. Let Voultres vllde fize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why here be, welcome thofe pleafeft days. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hotstaffe Quickly, Del Thouere-hoote,
and Beards.

Hotstaffe. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou haft drawn my
shoulder out of joynt.
Off. The Conftables haue delivered her over to mee:
and thense haue Whipping cherre enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her.
Del. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou dar'st Trip-rafg'd Raffel, if the
Child I now go with, doe miscarrie, thou haft had beter
than I'll haft thouke thy Mother, thou Paper'd Vil-
laine.
Enf. O that Sir John were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body: But I would the Fruite
of her Womb be mighty misfortune.
Officer. If he do, thou haft a dozen of Cushions
against, you haue but sixteen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pi-
foll haire among you.
Del. Ile tell thee what; thou thin man in a Cerfon: I
will have you as soundly swin'dg'd for this, you blew-
Boot'd Raffel: you filthy fam'd Corroded, if you
be not swin'dg'd, Ile forswear hafe Kirlces.
Off. Come, come, you ftree-Knight-arrant, come.
Enf. O, that rights heould thus o'come might. Wel
of fufferance, comes cafe.
Del. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Justice.
Hot. Yet, you come you fam'd Blood-hound,
Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.
Hoth. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Del. Come you thinne Thine:
Come you Raffeall.
Off. Very well.

Enter two Groomes.
1.Groo. More Rushes more Rushes.
2.Groo. The Trumpets have fouended twice.
3.Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation. Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaff, Shallock, PisFoll, Bardolph, and Page.

Falstaff. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallock, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will heere vpou him, as
be coms by: and do but mark the countenance that hee
will give me.
PisFoll. Blesse thy Lords good Knight.
Falstaff. Come heere PisFoll, and stand behind me. O if I had
had time to haue made newe letters, I would haue bor-
rowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poor fellow doth better: this doth inferre
the zeale I had to see him.
Shat. It doth fo.
Falstaff. It thewes my ernestneffe in affection.
PisFoll. It doth fo. 
Shat. My devotion.
PisFoll. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Falstaff. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, nor to remember,
Not to have patience to shuit me.
Shat. It is most certaine.
Falstaff. But to hand flamed with Tramale, 
and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, 
putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to 
done, but to see him.
PisFoll. This temper idem: for oblique loc whist eff. 'Tis all
in every parte.
Shat. 'Tis so indeed.
PisFoll. My Knight, I will commert thy Noble Lriver, and
make thee rage. Thy Dal, and Helm of thy noble thought
is in faire Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thiser
by moft Mechanicall and hurrie hand. Nowe vepe
Renenge from Ebon den, with fell Aleto's Snake, for
Del's in. PisFoll, speaks nought but troth.
Falstaff. I will deliver her.
PisFoll. There round the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
soundes.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henricke the
Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefes
Justice.

Falstaff. Save thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.
Truff. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
Impe of Fame.
Falstaff. 'Sauy thee my sweet Boy.
King. My Lord Chiefes Justice, speake to that wise
man.
Chaff. Haue you your wise?
Know you what 'us you speake?
Falstaff. My King, my love: I speake to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white hares become a Fole, and 1felc? I have
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So farre-look'd, to old, and to prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lese thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grace doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-born'd Left,
Prefume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (to shall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I choose that kept me Company.
When thou dost heare I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Roote.
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I have done the rest of my Misdirend,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meane, enforce you not to enuile:
And as we heare you do reforme your seldomes,
We will according to your streng'th and qualities,
Give you advancemement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To fee perform'd the tenure of our word, Set on.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shall. I marry Sir John, which I beseech you to let me
have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. Shallow, do not you giue me
at this: I shall be fent for in prisse to him: Look, you,
he must forme thus to the world: fear not your advance-
ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should
give me your Doublets, and stuffe me out with Strawe. I
beseech you, good Sir John, let mee haue five hundretd
of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I see, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolph.
I shall be fent for foone at night.

Ch. Supp. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleece,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Supp. I cannot now speake, I will heare you foone;
Take them away.

Pist. Sir, for the returne, for a me contente.

Exit. Master Lancaster, and Chief Justice

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intenct his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouid'd for:
But all are bann'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise, and moderate to the world.

Ch. Supp. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

Ch. Supp. He hath.

John. I will lay odes, that ere this yeere expire,
We bearre our Giant Swords, and Nature fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird to sing,
Whole Musick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

FINIS.
EPILOGUE.

FIRST, my Fear: then, my Curtse: last, my Speech.
My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curtse, my Duty:
And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you look for a
good Speech now, you undoe 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 so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very
well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience
for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this,
which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gen-
tle Creditors life. Here I pronifie you I would be, and here I commit my Bodie
to your Mercies: Be it some; and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do)
promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate 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 Gen-
tlewomen here, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an As-
sembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate,
our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you
merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-
staffe shall dye of a sweat, unde The already be be kill'd with your hard Opinions:
For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weari,
when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you:
But (indeed) I pray for the Queene.
THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

ROMOV R, the Presenter.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster.

Humphrey of Gloucester, Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.

Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of Yorke.

Mowbray.

Haflings.

Lord Bardolfe.

Trauers.

Morton.

Colesuale.

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

Warwicke.

Welfmerland.

Surrey.

Gowre.

Harcourt.

Lord Chief Justice.

Of the Kings Party.

Pointz.

Falstaffe.

Bardolph.

Putoll.

Peto.

Page.

Irregular

Humorists.

Shallow.

Both Country

Silence.

Justices.

Dauie, Servant to Shallow.

Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants

Mouldie.

Shadow.

Watt.

Feeble.

Country Soldiers

Drawers

Beadles.

Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hoteste Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheete.

Epilogue.

Wart.

Counny

Soldiers Feeble.

Stullcalfe.

Drauvers

Bssldcs.

Groorces

Northumbalands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hoteste Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheete.

Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

Of a Moat of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heauen of Immortalitie:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchs to behold the stately Scene,
Then found the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Left as, like Hounds) Should Fame, Swoord, and Fiery
Clouds for employment. But pardon, Generalls:
The flat unwearyt Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this univerall Scaffold, to bring forth
A great an Obelisk; Can this Cock-Pot hold
The violable fields of France? Or may we crumme
Within this broadwn O, the very Cages
That did affright the Ayre at Aigincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Arise in place where a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers sooth these Accomplis.

On your imaginaty Forces works,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarches,
Whose high, up- screeded, and abdominated Heads
Receiv'd our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginatory Puffance.

Think when we talk of Horses, that you see them.
Printing their proud Hooves, 'tis receiving Earth:
For if your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumps o'er Times;
Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an Hour's gallop: for the which supply,
Admit me Charus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that fierce Bill is wrig'd,
Which in thy celtichyere of thy: left Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the splintering and secular time
Did pass it out of further question.

Bish. Cant. But how my Lord shall we resit it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on; if it paff against vs,
We lose the better half of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men devout
By Testament have givn to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valud thus,
As much as would maintain, to the Kings honor,
Full fivehundred Earles, and figh hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lattes, and week age
Of indigent faint Souls, past corporal toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well suply'd:
And to the Coffers of the Kings beadle,
A thousand pounds by thy yeare Thys runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke depe.

Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention?
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter two Bishops.

2. Cant. 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 fully and religiously enfold, Why the Law Salick, that they have in France, Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme: And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord, That you should fashion, write, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your understanding Soule, With opening Titles miscerate, whole right
 Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their bloud, in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite vs.
 Therefore take heed how you impasse our Person, 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 bloud, whole guiltlesse drops Are every one, Who are fore Complain, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge unto the Swords, That makes such waste in briefe mortality.

Vnder this Conuration, speake my Lord:
 For we will hear,note, and beleue in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt, As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Sovereign, & you Peers,
 That owe your felues, your lyes, and feitures,
 To this Imperial: Throne. There is no barre
 To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamond,
 In terram Salicam Mahers su ferreland,
 No Woman shall succeed in Salicke Land:
 Which Salike Lang, the French vnfiullly close
 To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre,
 Yet their owne Authours faithfully affirme,
 That the Land Salike is in Germanie, Betwene the Fiouds of Sals and of Elce:
 Where Charles, the Great issuing subd the Saxons,
 There left behind and fetted certaine French: Who holding in diffaine the German Woman,
 For some dissimilitues of manners in their life,
 Establisht then this Law: to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land:
 Which Salike (as I faid) twixt. Elce and Sals,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meifen.
 Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
 Nor did the French poffefle the Salike Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeares
 After definition of King Pharamond,
 Idy suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeare of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feate the French
 Beyond the Rvier Sals, in the yeare
 Eight hundred fue, Behfides, their Writers fay,
 King Ppin,which deposed Childerius,
 Did as Heire Generall, being defended
 Of Bluchild,which was Daughter to King Clorhair,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crown of France.

Leigh Coper also, who vfurps the Crowne.
The Life of Henry the First.

Of Charles the Duke of Lorina, sole Heire male
Of the tree Lisse and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some Phewes or truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Consey'd himsef to th' Heire to th' Lady Longare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Lawes: The Emperour, and Laws: the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Lewis, the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vesper Caper,
Could not keep quiet in his confinance
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queenex Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Remmage, a
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorina:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-anted to the Crown of France
So, that as cleare is as the Summers Sunne,
King Pepis Title, and Hugh Caper Clayme.
King Lewis his Satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day:
But now, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highness claymeing from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their cocked Titles,
Vfurfte from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and confidence make this claim?
Bish. Canst. The same upon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the inheritance
Defend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand fast in your owne, your wind your bloody flagge,
Lookke back into your mightie Ancestors;
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tomb,
From whom you clayme: smocke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his molt mightie Father on a Hill
Stood soling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrige in blood of French Nobilitie,
O Noble English, thame could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full price of France,
And let another halfe fixed laughing by,
All out of worde, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of thee valiant dead,
And wuth your puissant Arme renew their Feasts;
You are his Heire, you fit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Velmes: and my thriue-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarches of the Earth
Dost all expect, that you should rule your felte:
As did the former Lyons of your Blood,
(mighty:
Uf. They know your Grace hath cause, and occasio,
and so hath your Highness: never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whole hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lyce passion'd in the fields of France,
Bish. Canst. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In syde whereof, as of the Spiritual
Will raise your Highness such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Glasse at one time
Bring, to any of your Anceffors.

King. We must cut only armes intoide the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againsst the Scot, who will make roade vp vs,
With all advantages.

Bish. Canst. They of those Marchers, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilling Borderer,
King. We do not reane the courting Marchers onely,
But fear the maine intentment of the Scoe,
Who hath been thill a giddy neighbour to vs,
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Sco, on his vnsumish Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Calling the gleans I. and with hot Affayles,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath spoke and trembled at till neighbouerhood,
Bish. Canst. She hath bin the more feare the harm'd, my Lieger
For here she hath but example'd by her self,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And fhee a mounting Widow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stay,
The King of Scoe: whom they did send to France,
To fall King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayer,
As is the Owele and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wracke, and fun-leffe Treasurie.
Bish. Canst. But there's a laying very old and true,
If that you will France warre, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in pray,
To her vanguardd Nest, the Wersell (Scoe)
Comes sneaking, and so fouck his Principly Eggges,
Playing the Moufe in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can use.

Exe. It followes thereu, the Cat must fly at home,
Yet that is but a craft'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the percy therue.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
The Buffed head defends it selfe at home,
For Government, though high, and low, and love,
Put into parts, doth keep in one constant,
Congreenting in a full and natural cloath,
Like Muscles.

Canst. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The flace of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavoure in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an syne or butt.
Obsequdence, for so worke the Hony Bee,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peolded Kingdome,
They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants vender Trade abroad,
Others, like Souldiers armed in their rigns,
Make boote upon the Summers Veluet budde,
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home,
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor
Who busied in his Maiesties furuyes
The forging Masons building roofes of Gold,
The civil Citizens knobbing vp the hony,
The poor Mechanique Porter, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate.
The Life of Henry the Fi.

The sad-ey'd justice with his fiery humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lox yawning Drone: this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one event, may work concertriously,
As many Arrows loosed severall ways
Come to one marke: as many ways meet in one townes,
As many fresh streams meet in one fell sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dias center:
So may a thousand actions once a loote,
And in one purpose, be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Duish me your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you shall full make all Gallia shake.
If we with these such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne devours from the doggs.
Let vs be warned, and our Nation lose
The name of hardnesse and policie.

King. Calle in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's helpes
And yours, the noble firewes of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peace. Or there weel fits,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingely Dukedomes
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Vine,
Tombleffe, with no remembrance over them
Either out our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Act, or else our grace
Like Turkish mut, shall have a tonguellie mouth,
Not worship with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cohin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May plesse your Majesty to give vs leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you faire off
The Dolphins meausung, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is subiect
As to the right of our county,
Therefore with franke and with veracious plainness,
Tell vs Dolphins minde

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highness lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Says, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: there's nothing in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot retell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meere for your spiritt
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defies you let the dukedomes that you claime
Hear no more of you. Thus the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treasure Vnle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His Preffent, and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match our Rackets to theses Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
Shall shew the Prince, and your Fathers Crownes 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 wnderstand him well,
How he comes o'er vs with our wilder days,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We never valued this poor poore of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
That men are mercyed, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fyle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Mistle,
And ploddéd like a man for working days:
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yet strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasaunt Prince, this Monk of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his sole
Shall stand faire charg'd, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Monk, mocke out of their deare hondus;
Mocke mothers from the sonnes, mocke Caffes downe;
And some are yet ungotten and unborne,
That shall have caufe to curse the Dolphins seene.
But this eyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a well-hollow'd caufe.
So get you againe peace: And tell the Dolphin,
HIs left will favour but of shallow wit.
When thousands weep more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduicte. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meslage.

King. We hope to make the Sende blush at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy houre,
That may give furthrance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Save those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be leame-colleed, and all things thought upon,
That may with best conceit approve.
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euer man now rasse his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought, 

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe eyes:
Now thou the Armee, and Honors thought
Reignes finely in the breath of euer man.
They fell the Pature now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged helles, as English Mercedes.
For now fits Expection in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hills and from the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Henry, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fears, and with pale Pollary
Seeke to duerct the English purposes.
O England. Medell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart.

What
The Life of Henry the Fift.

What mightst thou do, that honours would thee do.
Were all thy children kind and natural?
But fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow becomers, which he filleth.
With treschous Crowne's, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridg, and the second
Henry Lord Strange of Offham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland.
Upon for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirmed its Conspiracy with traitorfull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
I Hell and Tresason hold their promises,
Beke take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The trable of distance, force a play:
The humour pays'd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentiles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you fit,
And thence to France shall we come you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Passe: for if we may,
We'll not offend one tomake with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.
Exit

Enter Corporall Nyne, and Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nyne.
Nyn. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. What, are you Ancien Pfiff and your friends yet?
Nyn. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
shall be free, they shall be smilies, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not speak, but I will winke and hold up
mine eyne: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toofle Cheerful, and it will endure cold, as another Mans
sword will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will bellow a breakfast to make you friends,
and we'll be all three your friends to France. Let's
be fo good Corporall Nyne.
Nyn. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the
certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will die
as I may: That is my reft, that is the rendezvous of.
Bar. Is it certain Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quicke, and certainly the did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.
Nyn. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: Men
may steep, and they may have their threats about them
at that time, and some say, knaves base edges: It must
be as they may, though patience be a tyr'd name, yet free
will plodge, there must be Condictions, Well, I cannot
tell.
Exit Pfiffall & Quicke.
Bar. Here comes Ancient Pfiffall and his wife: good
Corporall be patient here. How now mine Hostle Pfiffall?
Pfiffall. Barke Tyke, call'th thou mee Holf, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: not shall my Nest keep
Loggers.
Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live
honesty by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keep a Bawdy-house straightly. O well day
Lady, if she be not heene now, we shall fee wilful adultery
and mutchery committed.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing
here.
Nyn. Pfiffall.

Pfiffall. Pfull for thee, Illand dogge: thou princeand cur
of Illand.
Host. Good Corporall Nyne shew thy valor, and put
up your sword.
Nyn. Will you foggge off I would have you foules.
Pfiffall. Spite, egregious dog? O Viper vile: The fouls
in thy most menuresious face, the fouls in thy teeth,
and in thy hotte, and in thy basefull Lungs,yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worse, within thy naffle mouch.
I do retorc the fouls in thy bowels, for I can take,
and Pfull cocke is vp, and shuffling the will follow.
Nyn. I am not Barkeforn, you cannot conjoure mee:
I have an humor to knocke you indifferentely well: If you
grow fowle with mePfiffall, I will crowe you with my
Raper, as I may, in faire teazmes. If you would walke
off, I will pricke your guts a little in good teazmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.
Pfiffall. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Gracen doth gape, and dotting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.
Bar. Here me, heare me what I say: Her that makes
the first fireake, he ruin him up to the brim, as I am a
solder.
Pfiffall. An oath of mickle might, and sanye shall soute.
Give me thy sly, thy fore-footes to mee give: Thy spirit:
ordain all.
Nyn. I will cut thy throat one time or in other in faire
tertizes, that is the humor of it.
Pfiffall. Couple a garde, that is the word. I delieth
againe. O bound of Croet, think'st thou my fooue to get i
No, to the spitle garde, and from the Pouring sub
infnay, fetch forth the Laird Kine of Crieffkind, Doll
Table, Table, the by name, and her espooe. I have, and
I will hold the Qu een de Quickes for the onely sly:
and Faforo, there's enough to go to.

Bar. Mint Hostle Pfiffall, you must come to my May-
flet, and your Hostlefehe is very sike, & would to bed.
Good Bardolf, put thy face between his ftoates, and do
the Office of a Warning-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.
Host. By my troth be't yeeld the Crow a pudding
one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart.
Good Husband come home pretendly.

Exeit
Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
in France together: why the diuell should we keep
knives to cut one another's threats?
Pfiffall. Let floods ore-well, and friends for food howle
on.
Nyn. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Berling?
Pfiffall. Juste is the shewe that payes,
Nyn. That now I will have that's the humor of it.
Pfiffall. As manhood shall compound: push home. Draw
Bard. By this swornd, hee that makes the first thrush,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I will.
Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course,
Bar. Corporall Nyn, be thou will be friends be friends,
and thou wilt nor, why then be enemies with me to preser-
there put vp.
Pfiffall. Noble shall thou have, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giv'e to thee, and friendship
shall comeby, and brotherhood. Ile live by 
NYNE, &
Nynne shall live by me, is not this a lust?
For I shall Suller be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue.
Give mee thy hand.

h 9

Nyn.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

**Nym.** I shall have my Noble

**Psfl.** In eafe, most in my joy.

**Nym.** Well, then, that the humor of it.

**Enter Hiffes.**

**Hiff.** As ever you come of women, come in quickly to fit John: A poore heart, hee is so bash'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.

Sweet men, come to him.

**Nym.** The King hath run bad houres on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

**Psfl.** Thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra-eted and coterorabe.

**Nym.** The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: hee passes some houres, and carrettes.

**Psfl.** Let vs condole the Knights, for (Lambekins) we will live.

**Enter Exeter, Bedford, of Wfomflem.t.**

**Bed.** For God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

**Exe.** They shall be apprehended by and by.

**Well.** How smooth and even they do bear themselves, as if alacrity in their losomes sate

Crownd with faith, and constant loyalty.

**Bed.** The King hath note of all that they intend, by interception, which they dream not of.

**Exe.** Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, whom he hath dill'd and clow'd with gracious favours; that he should for a forriage purpose, so fell

His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

**Sound Trumpets.**

**Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.**

**King.** Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Mafbarn, And you my gentle Knights, give me your thoughts: Think ye not that the powres we bear with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the aile, For which we have in head assembled them.

**Sero.** No doubt my Lorde, if each man do his best.

**King.** I doubt nor that, since we are well perfuaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That growses not in a faire content with ours: Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not with Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

**Cam.** Neuer was Monarch better feared and loved,

Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subject That sits in heart-greene and vermeiffne

Vnder the sweete shade of your government.

**Kyn.** True: shoo that were your Fathers enemies, Haue fleesp'd their gauls in hony, and doe serue you With hearts create of duty, and of eale.

**King.** We therefore have great caufe of thankfullnes,

And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of decent and merite,

According to the weight and worthieffe.

**Sero.** So ferioue shall with steeled sinewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace inclefant servises.

**King.** We judge no leffe, Vntke of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yesterda, That ray'd against our person: We consider It was exesse of Wino that set him on,

And on his more advice, We pardon him.

**Sero.** That's merie, but too much securtie:

Let him be punisht Soueraignes, lest example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

**King.** O let vs yet be mercifull.

**Cam.** So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

**Gray.** Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,

After the tale of much corruptions

**King.** Also, your too much love and care of me,

Are heale Orions 'gainst this poore wound:

If little faults proceeding on ditemper,

Shall not be winc'd at, as how shall we stretch our eye When captall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appear before vs? We'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care And tender prelution of our person

Wold have him punisht, and now to our French caus, Who are the late Commissioners?

**Cam.** I love my Lord,

Your Highness be me aske for it to day.

**Sero.** So did you say me Lige.

**Gray.** And I my Royall Soueraigne.

**King.** Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours:

There yours Lord Scroope of Malfown, and Sir Knight

**Gray of Northumberland.** this fame is yours:

Read them, and know I know your worthinffe.

My Lord of Wfomflemland, and Vntke Exeter,

We will abound to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What fee you in those papers, that you looke So much compexion? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheeckes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That has so couraged and chace'd your blood

Out of apparance.

**Cam.** I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highness mercy,

**Gray.** Sero. To which we all appeale.

**King.** The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne countenaile is supprest and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,

For your owne resons turne into your losomes,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

Their English masters: My Lord of Cambridge here,

You know how apt our love was, to accord To furnish with all apperiments,

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd

And sworne into the practices of France

To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,

This Knight no leffe for bountie bound to Vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,

Ingrateful, fustige, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst bear the key of all my countenaile, That knewst the very bottome of my faulte,

That (Almoft) might'ft have cou'd me into Geldre, Would'st thou have praftis'd on me, for thy life?

May it be possibale, that foraigne byer Could out of thee extrac't one spark of euill

That might annoy my finger? Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off at a groffe

As blacke and white, my eye will stearily see it. Treson, and murther, ever kept together,

As two yoyke diuel's sworne to eysters purpose,

Working so grossely in a natural caufe,

That admiration did not hoope at them.

But thou (gaint all proportion) didst bring in

Wonders to waite on treason, and on murther

And whatsoeuer cunning fendi it was

That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the royce in bell for excellence:
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

And other duels that suggested by treasons,
Do bosc and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetched
From gilt'ring embellishments of piety:
But he that tempr'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gave thee no innstance why thou shouldest do treason,
Vnfeke to dubb thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to writhe Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A foule for eke as that Englishman.
Oh, how haft thou with insolence infected
The sweetness of innstance? Shew men dutfull,
Why fo didst thou: feeme they graue and learned:
Why fo didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why fo didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why fo didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grossie passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Contant in spirit, not sweating with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modell complemmen,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement traufting neuer:
Such and so finely boulted didst thou feeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blots,
To make thee full fraught man, and bell-instrud
With some sufficion, I will weep for thee.
For this reuelt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the anfwer of the Law,
And God acq'it them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treafton, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of High Treafton, by the name of
Lord Strange of Montgomery.
I arrest thee of High Treafton, by the name of
Gray, Knight of Northumberland.

Seze. Our purposes, God tullly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beleeue thy Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admitt it as a motuue,
The sooner to effect what I intenden'd:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in suffrance heartily will resoyce,
Be it our King, and God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neither did faithfull hitches more resoyce
At the discurrse of most dangerous Treafton,
Then I do set this house inoye our myfelfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Souraigne.

King. God quitt you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You have confpir'd against Our Royall poytyn,
Tooy'd with an enmye proclain'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaufter,
His Princes, and his Peers to seruitude,
His Subiects to oppression, and contempt.
And his whole Kingdome into defallation:
Touching our peroon, secke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must to tender
Whoe ruine you fough, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Perse miserable wretchet) to your death:
The tale whereof, God of his mercy glue
You patience to indure, and true Repantence
Of all your deare offences: Baste them hence. 
Exit. Now Lords for France: the enterpris whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God do graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treafton, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But surely Rubbe is smoothen'd on our way.
Then forth, deare Countrymen: Let vs deliv'er
Our Puffanice into the hand of God,
Putting it bright in expedicion
Chesely to Sea, the signes of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France, Fleuris.

Pik. Pikell, Nik, Bardolph, Boy, and Hafife.
Hafife. Prity thee honest Sweete Husband let me bring
thee to Straines.

Pikell. No: for my manly heart doth etrue. Bardolph,
be blythe: Nik, owse thy vaunting Venes: Boy, bristle thy Courage vp:
for Hafife hee is dead, and wee must etrue therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereforemee hee is,
yetther in Heauen, or in Hell.
Hafife. Nay, I say, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthur's
Bolesome, if euer man went to Arthur's Bolesome: a made
a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christame
Child: a parted eunuff betweene I woulde and Osmen's
at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the
Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
Sir John (quoth I) what man? be a good cheare: to a
cried out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
to comfort him, but him a should not think of God; I
hoped there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: to a bad me I say more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any time: then I felt to his knees, and to
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any fpote.

Nik. They say he cryed out of Sack.
Hafife. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.
Hafife. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules in-
curate.

Women. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
Iour heener lik'd.

Boy. A frind once, the Deule would have him about
Women.
Hafife. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumetous, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember saw a Flee fiece upo'n
Bardolph Nofe, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell.

Bard. Well, the feuell is gone that maintaied that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his servitue.
Nik. Shall we wee fugg? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

Pik. Pikell, Come, let's away, My Lord, gie me thy Lippes,
Looke to my Chastells, and my Mowseblis:
Let Senece rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trauft none: for Oatthes
are Strawes, men Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefor eame my Chynelar.
Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-fellows in Armes, let vs to France
like Horse-
ellethes
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Paths -
Witnesse our too much memorable Blashe
When Crewhly Barstall YRIORITY was strucke,
And all our Princes captiue, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Montaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Workes of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeares beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Vicious Stock; and let vs fesse
The Nativitie mightnisten and fate of him,
Enter a Personage.

Dobt: Embassadours from Harry King of England,
Doe crave submission to your Majestie.

King. Weele giue them preeffe audience,
Goe, and bring them,

You see this Chaft is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne heade, and fllop pursuite for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, wh't what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selve-Joue, my Lyege, is not so vile a name,
As selfe-neglegeing.

Enter Exevoir.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greemes your Majestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you decy your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and by Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Civill, and the Ordinance of Times,
Voto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finer, nor no awk-ward Clayton,
Pick's from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dyers,
Nor from the dust of old Observation raked,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him cunly deriv'd
From his most fad'd, of famous Ancelors,
Edward the third; he bids you then refigne
Your Crowne and Kindgom, indiscreetly hold
From him, the Nativitie and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Even in your hearts, there will be rike for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Toute:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take merce
On the poor Souls, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vatile Lawes, and on your head
Turning the Widowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-men Blood, the priuy Maidens Groates,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatening, and my Message:
Vallafe the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expressly I bring greeting to.
King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you bear our full intent Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin, I stand here for him what to him from England? 
Exe. Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not much become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at. Thus sayes my King; and if your Fathers Highness Do not in gruit of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majestie: Hee calle you to so hot an Answer of it, That Caesar and Wombic Vaultages of France Shall chide your Trespass, and return your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance.
Dolph. Say if my Father render faire returne, It is against my will: for I desir:
Nothing but Obedt with England, To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vaniety, I did present him with the Paris-Balls. Exe. He's made your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the Millesse Court of mighty Europe: And be afford'd, you'll find a difference, As we his Subjectes have in wonder found, Between the promise of his greener days, And these be matters now: now he weighs Time Een to the utmost Graine: that you shall reside In your owne Loffes, if he stay in France.
King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full. 
Flourish. 
Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, lest that our King Come here himselfe to question our delay; For he is footed in this Land already. 
King. You shall soone dispatch, with faire conditions. A Night is but small breathe, and little poulke, To answer matters of this consequence. 
Exe. 

Athus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus. 
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies, In motion of no leafe celeritate then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer, Embarme his Royalty: and his braue Fleet, With silken Streamers, the young Phoebus faying: Play with your Fanters: and in them behold, Up on the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyses climbing; Here the shrill Whistle, which doth order give To founds confuds: behold the threaden Sayles, Borne with that ineffable and creeping Wind, Leave the huge Bottomses through the furrowed Sea, Extingue the loftie Surge. O doe but chinke, You stand upon the Rilage, and behold A Cittie on thineconstant Bilowes dauncing: For fo appears this Fleet Mafeiifically. Holding due course to Harlow. Follow, follow, Grapple your minds to sterno of this Naue, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, till, Guarded with Grandfirs, Babyes, and old Women, & byther paff, or not arrest to pyth and puluance: For who is he, whose Chin is but enrichit

With one appearanc Hayre, that will not follow These sulde and chose-drawne Cauliers to France? Works, works your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege: Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages, With fatal mouthe gaping on girded Harflew. Suppose th' Embassador from the French comes back: Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Duty, Some petty and dixprofitable Dukedomes. The offer like not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynstock now the dullish Cannon touches, Alarm, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And eech out our performance with your mind. 

Enter the King, Exeter, Bragford, and Gloucester
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.
King. Once more unto the Breach, Darst friends, once more; Or else the Wall vp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillnesse, and humilitie: But when the blast of Waste blowes in our ears, Then imitate the action of the Tyger: Stiffen the finenes, commnue vp the blood, Disguise faire Nature with hard-favoured Rage: Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the portage of the Head, Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow owtherwise it, As fearesfully, as doth a galled Rocke. Trye-hang and lusty his confounded Base, Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean. Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Noffrill wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Noblesse English, Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Waste-proues: Fathers, that like fo many Alexanders, Have in these parts from Morile even fought, And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonour not your Mothers: now attell, That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppie now to me of grosser blood, And teach them how to Waste, and you good Yeomen, Whose Lyms were made in England. I see vs here The mettle of yourPasfire: let vs fieware, That you are worthy your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you so meane and bafe, That hath not Noble luster in your eyes. I see you stand like Grey-bounds in the lips, Straying upon the Start. The Game's sport: Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge, Cry, God for Harry, England, and S.George.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Piffall, and Boy.
Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. 
Nym. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Cafe of Limes: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plainsong of it.
Piff. The plainsong is most inut: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dyse and Sword and Shield, in bloody field, both winne immorall fame.
Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and fastie.
Piff. And
Fift. And 1: If wishest would preuyale with me, my purpose should not sanye with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing onough.

Enter Flamem.

Fla. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; suauet you Cullions.


Non. Thee be good humors: your Honors wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obeyed these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all thee, but all thee three, though they would sue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-lueer'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, a face it is, but fights not: for Piffall, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole Weasons: for Nym, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee storne to say his Prayers, left a should be thought a Coward: but few bad Words are matches with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mens Head but his owne, and that was against a Poff, when he was drunke. They will feale any thing, and call it Purchafe. Bardolph toile a Lupe-cate, born it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halfeppence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn Brothers in killing: and in Calliche they toile a fire-fhouell. I knew by that piece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pocketes, as their Glowes or their Hand-ketchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I shoulde take from another Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plane packeting vp of Wretches. I must leauesthen, and seke some better Service: their Villany goes againft my weaste stomacke, and therefore I must call it vp.

Exit 

Enter Gover.

Gover. Captaine Flamem, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Fla. To the Mynes? Tell 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 Warre, the concourses of it is not sufficient: for looke you, that shuer-fare, you may discouer into the Duke, looke you, is dig his selfe soure yard under the Countermines: by Cheafe, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gover. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yifht.

Welch. It is Captaine Mackmorris, is it not?

Gover. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Cheafe he is an Affe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he has no more directions in the true discipines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman discipines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Captaine Lamy.

Gover. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Lamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Lamy is a mostvalious fullerous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheafe he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the discipines of the Prifinite Warres of the Romans.

See. I lay gud day, Captain Flamem.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captain Lamy.

Gover. How now Captain Mackmorris, have you the Pioneers given to you.

Irb. By Christ Law if I had done: the Weorde gue over, the Trumpet found the Retreat. By my Hand I twere, and my fathers Soulie, the Weorde if I had done: if it gue over: I would have blowed vp the Towne, so Christ I sue me law, in an houre, O if I had done, if I had done: by my Hand if I had done.

Welch. Captain Mackmorris, I beseech you now, will you voursaue me, looke you, a few disputation with you, as partly touching or concerning the discipines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militane discipines, that is the Point.

See. It fall be very gud, gud frith, gud Captains bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mary.

Irb. It is no time to discourse, so Christ faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Duke: it is no time to discourse, the Town is becheffed: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Christ do nothing, its shame for all: so God fa me to shame to stand full, it is shame by my hand: and there is Threats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there if nothing done, so Christ fa me law.

See. By the Mes, err the eyes of mine take themselves to sambre, ayde de gud service, or Ie ligges this: grand fort is: ay, or go to death: and Ie pay my: asvolutely as I may, that Ia Ia Ia Ia, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad fall faine hear some queition when you away.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorris, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irb. Of y Nation? What is/ my Nation? Ifs a Villain and a Baitter, and a Knave, and a Rascal. What is my Nation? Who talke of my Nation?

Welch. looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captain Mackmorris, persadenture I shall thinke you do not vse me with that affability, as in disputation you ought to vse me looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the discipines of Warres, and in the derivacion of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irb. I do not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gover. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

See. A, thats a foule fault.

Gover. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captain Mackmorris, when there is more better oppurtunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the discipines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the lasth Paze we will admit:

Then
The Life of Henry the First.

Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,  
Or like to men proud of destruccion,  
Deifie to our worst': for as I am a Souldier,  
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;  
If I begin the batail once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harlew,  
Till in her siths the lye buryed.  
The Gates of Mercy shall be all that vp,  
And the field'Souldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In libertie of bloody hand, shall rangle  
With Confidence wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe  
Your fresh faire Virginis, and your flowing Infants,  
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,  
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Friends,  
Due with his fymyrhe complication all fell feats,  
Enlyntc to wall and defolation?  
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,  
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing Violation?  
What Revne can hold licentious Wickedness,  
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?  
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command  
Upon th' entangled Souldiers in their spoyle,  
As send Precepts to the Lewisitane, to come aforde.  
Therefore, you men of Harlew,  
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,  
While ye yet Souldiers are in my Command,  
While ye yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace  
Ore-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds  
Of heady Mens, Spoyle and Villany.  
If not: why in a moment looke to see  
The blind and bloody Souldier, such foule hand  
Deiect the Lores of your thrill-thaking Daughters:  
Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,  
And their most reuerend Reads daight to the Walls:  
Your naked Infants frizzt upon Pykes,  
While the mad Mothers with their howles confudat,  
Doe breake the Clouds, as did the Winters of Jewery,  
At Heredes bloody-hunting slaughter-men.  
What say you? Will you yield, and this acquyted?  
Or guilltice in defence, be thus destry'd?  

Enter Gouvernor.  
Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin, whom of Success we entreated,  
Returns vs that his Powers are yet not ready,  
To raile so great a Siege: Therefore great King,  
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:  
Enter our Gates, dispoofe of vs and ours,  
For we no lonet are defensible.  

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnkle Exeter.  
Goe you and enter Harlew; there remaine,  
And fortifie it strongly: gainst the French  
Vie mercy to them all for vs,desire Vnkle.  
The Winter comming on, and Sicknelle growing  
Upon our Souldiers, we will retire ye Calis.  
Tonight in Harlew will we be your Guest,  
To morrow for the March we are adrest.  

Flourish, and enter the Towne.  

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.  
Kath. Alice, tu as est en Angletterre, et tu es parle  
Le langage.  
Alice. En pot Madame.  
Kath. jete pri me enigne, il faut que je apprend a parler:  
Comme apprises vous le main en Angla?  
Alice. Le main de ou appri de Main.
To buy a Stubb, and a durtie Farme
In that noteless fallen it of Albion.

Conf. Duo Walters, where have they this metall?
Is not their Clamary foggy, dry, and dull?

On whom, as in delight, the Sunne lookest pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can fudden Water,
A Drench for fur-ren'd lades, their Barly broth,
Decoo't their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, fpirited with Wine,
Scene froth fade Of, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping fishkes
Upon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more froftie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock us, and plainly say,
Our Metell is bred out, and they will glue
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To new Store France with Baslart Warrors.

Err. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Sbooles,
And reach Lewlows high, and fiftie Carranno,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heele.
And that we are most loftie Run-aways.

King. Where is Monit. the HeraldSpeed him hence,
Let him goe and England with our harpe defence
Vp Princes, and with fpirits of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the fields:
Charles Delarchef, High Conful of France,
You Dukes of Olrance, Barbou, and of Berry,
Almoin, Braham, Bar, and Burgonie,
Iaques Chaffeion, Rambures, Vandemon,
Beuvenont, Grand Free, Rauffi, and Faulconbridge,
Leu, Leyfrale, Bencignail, and Charalayes,
High Dukes, great Princes, Baron, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great Frame.
Bart. Harry England, that steepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew.
Ruth on his Hoaf, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleyes, whose low Valall Seare,
The Alpes doth fpe, and void his thrweme upon.

Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captue Chriat, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Corfil. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are fo few,
His Souldiers fiek, and fámificado their March;
For I am sure, when he fhall fee our Army,
Hecte drop his heart into the finck of fear,
And for archicament, offer vs his Rammee.
King. Therefore Lord Conful, hall on Monit.
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Rammee he will give.
Prince Dolphine, you shall fay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not fo, I doe behoref your Malefic.
King. Be patient, for you fhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conful, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt

Enter Captain, English and Welsh, Gower
and Flattane.

Gower. How now Captain Flattane, come you from the Bridge?
Flt. I floure you, there is very excellent Services committ
ed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flt. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga.
The Life of Henry the First.

William, what is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mount. Mountey.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairly, Turn thee back, and tell thy King, I do not seek him now, but could be willing to march on to Callics, without impeachmea: for to say the truth, though 'tis no wildome to confesse so much unto an eman of Craft and Vantage, my people are with a loose tongue much enfeebled, my numbers lessed: and those few I have, almost no better then so many French. Who were they when they were in health, I tell thee Heralds, I thought, upon one of my French Legges did march three Frenchmen, yet for Thee God, that I do brace my thes; this thy aye of France hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Master, here I am; My Ranforme, is this frailye and worthless Trунк; My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour Mountey, Goe bid thy Master well advise himselfe. If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, we shall thy tawny ground with thy red blood. Discolour: and so Mountey, fare you well. The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not sekke a Battale as we are, nor as we are, so we say we will not shun it. So tell your Master. Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness. Glor. I hope they will not come upon vs now. King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs. March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, beyond the River we'll encamp our felues, and on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambras, Orcleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tur, I have the best Armours of the World: would it were day. Orcleance. You have an excellent Amour: but let my Horse have his due. Conf. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orcleance. Will it never be Mornin? Dolphin. My Lord of Orcleance, and my Lord High Constable, you know of Horse and Armour? Orcleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on foure pollouers: ch'a: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrails were hyest: It Cheval volante, the Pegauus, et les marees de feu. When I bettyde him, I foare, I am a Hawke: he trots the aye: the Earth thins, when he touches it: the beste horse of his horse, is more Muscall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orclance. He's of the colour of the Numege.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Bee for Perfumes: he is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeares in him, but only in patient stillness while he has the Rider mounts him: he is indeed a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

Conf. I say
Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfryes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Honour.

Orience. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Lark to the lodging of the Lambe, varie descet'd prayle on my Palfry: it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and any Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Souereign to reason on, and for a Souereign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once Wrote a Sonnet in his Prayle, and begun thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orience. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistreffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Cousin, for my Horse is my Mistreffe.

Orience. Your Mistreffe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the precept prayle and perfection of a good and particular Mistreffe.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistreffe shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. Or thine beare was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strain Stroffers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warmd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Bobbi: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistreffe.

Conf. I had as lieue have my Mistreffe a Sow.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistreffe weares his owne Bayre.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistreffe.

Dolph. Be thane of a returne a fairer vomission of lees Lance an unworrier: thou make't vfe of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not vs my Horse for my Mistreffe, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Srarres or Sunnes upon it?

Conf. Starres my Lord,

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluous, and were more honor some were away.

Conf. E'en as your Horse bears your praysies, who would trast as well, were some of your bravages dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deserts. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be passed with English Faces.

Conf. I will not lay fo, for feare I should be fact out of my way: but I would it were morning: for I would faine be about the ears of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, etc you have them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, He goe arme my selfe. Exit. Orience. The Dolphion longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orience. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Swear by her Foot, that the may tread out the Oath.

Orience. He is simply the most aduante Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is a virtue, and he will fill be doing.

Orience. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orience. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knows him better then you.

Orience. What's beo?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee ca'n't who knew it.

Orience. He needs not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lacroque: 'tis a hooded valoure, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orience. Ill will never sayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orience. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill his due.

Conf. Well plac'd: there stands your friend for the Deuill: have at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orience. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Pooles Bolt is soone shot.

Conf. You have shot over.

Orience. Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Miff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tent.

Conf. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Miff. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant and most expert Gentleman, Would it were day! Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orience. What a wretched and peishful fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orience. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never weare such haue Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures; their Matiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orience. Foolish Currers, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads eruth like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Fiea, that dare eate his breakesfast on the Lippie of a Lyon.

Conf. Juift, juift: and the men doe sympathize with the Matiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Deuils.

Orience. 1.
Orlando, 1, but these English are scowldy out of Beefe.

Cour. Then still we finde to morrow, they have only lambeks to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orlando. It is now two o'Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

**Actus Tertius**

*Chorus.*

Now entertaine conicidence of a time,

When creeping Murmure and the poiting Darke,

Fills the wide Veffell of the Vniverse,

From Camp to Camp, through the soule Womb of Night,

The Humme of outher Army filly founds;

That the first Centinels almost receive

The secret Whisperes of each others Watch,

Fire answers fire, and through their paly Flames

Each Battala feares the others wimber'd face.

Steet threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs

Piercing the Nights dull Eare; and from the Tents,

The Armourers accomplifhing the Knights,

With busie Hammers closing Ruestas vp,

Gieue dreadfull note of preparation.

The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:

And the third howrse of drowzy Morning nam'd,

Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,

The confident and ouer-lafte French,

Does the low-rate English play at Dice;

And chide the creple-tardy-pated Knight,

Who like a foule and ougity Witch doth limpt,

So tediously away. The poore condemned English,

Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires

Sit patienty, and inly ruminate

The Mornings danger: and their gesture fad,

Instructing lance-leaste Cheekete, and Warre-worne Coats;

Pretended vnto them the gazing Moone,

So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold

The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band

Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;

Let him try, Praye and Glory on his head:

For forth be goes, and visits all his Hofst,

Sides them good morrow with a moddell Smyle,

And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.

Upon his Royall Face there is no note,

How drest an Army hath encrowned him;

Nor doste he dedicate one iot of Colour

Vnto the wearie and all-watchd Night;

But frely looks, and ouer-beates Attaint,

With chearefull Semblance, and sweet Majestie:

That every Wretch, pining and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Looks.

A largeffe vnterfall, like the Sunne,

His liberall Eye doth grace to every one,

Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all

Behold, as may vaworthiness define.

A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,

And to our Scene must to the Battala Eye:

Where, Of for pitty, we shall much disgrace,

With foure or fouc molt vile and ragged foyles,

(Fought all dispes'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,

Minding true things; by what their Mockries bee,

*Exeunt.*

**Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.**

**King.** Glesher, his true that weare in great danger,

The greater therefore should our Courage be.

God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almightye,

There is some foule of goodness in things cullt,

Would men obseruvingly distill it out.

For our bad Neighbour makes vs easily stirrers,

Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry

Besides, they are our outward Conferences,

And Prayers to vs all; admonifhing,

That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.

Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,

And make a Morall of the Duell himselfe.

*Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,

Were better then a churlifin turfe of France.

Erping. Not fo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,

Since I may stay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loose their present pains

Vpon example, so the Spirit is eas'd:

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt

The Organs, though defunct and dead before,

Broke vp their drowzie Grave and newly move

With cafted Flough, and fresh legenitie.

Lend mee thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,

Commend me to the Princes in our Camps;

Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

Defire them all to my Pavillion.

Glesher. We shall, my Liege,

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of Englonde:

And I my Boome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble Harry,

*Exeunt.*

**King.** God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest chearefully.

*Enter Pifall.*

Pif. Che voulez tu?

King. A friend.

Pif. Discourse unto me, art thou Officer, or art theye

baise, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pif. Trayll thou the puifant Pyke?

King. Even so, what are you?

Pif. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pif. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold. A

Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fife

most valiant: I kishe his duttie Shooe, and from heart

finge I love the lowly Buly. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pif. Le Roy a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pif. Know it thou Helion?

King. Yea.

Pif. Tell him Ie knock his Lecke about his Hair upon

S.D.'s day.

King. Do not ye weare your Dager in your Cappe

day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pif. goes.*
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King: I think hee would not with himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives fauce.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, methinks I could not dyse any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being iust, and his Quarrel honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I hope more then we thought thee dyse after; for wee know enough, if wee now see are the Kings Subjects: if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wapes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King him selfe hath a beart Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, shott off in a Bamstale, shall togeather at the latter day, and cry all, We dyed at such a place, some sweateing, some crying for a Supper; some upon their Wives, left peace behind them; some upon the Debits they owe, some upon their Children rawne: I am afraid, there are fewe dye well, that dye in a Bastarie: for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when Fowre is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe finfillly miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imploied upon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, transporting a Summe of Money, be seifayled by Robbers, and dye in many trecential Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular enduings of his Subjects, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their servitudes. Besides, there is no King, be his Caufe never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) hurt on them the guilt of premeditated and contirued Murther; some, of beguining Virgins with the broken Seales of Perverse; some, making the Warses their Bulwarke that issue before geered the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe: Now, if these men have defaced the Law, and our-store Native punishment; though they can out-fish men, they have no wings to flye from God, Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Laws, in now the Kings Quarrel: where they fested the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perished. Then if they dye unprotected, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of whole Impierties, for the which they are now visitated. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warses doe as every slyce man in his Bed, with every Morth out of his Conscience; and dying so, Death is to him advancement; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gaine: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.
The Life of Henry the First.

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Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, he ill upon
his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire hee should answer for one, and
yet I determine to fight lustily for him.*

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
ransom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight cheerfully: but
when our threats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
are the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word af-

fter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perilous shot out
of an Elders Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure
can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about
to tame the Sunne to see, with fanning in his face with a
Peacocks feather. You'll never trust his word after;
'come,' it's a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofs is something too round, I should
be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it
in my Bonnet: then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it,
I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here's my Glowe: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap: if ever thou
come to me, and say after to morrow, This is my Glowe,
by this Hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If I ever live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darst as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Bestriends you English fools, be friends, we
have French Quarrels now, if you could tell how to re-
ckon.

Exit Soldiers.

King. Indeed the French may lay twentie French
Crownes to one, they will bee vs, for they beeze them
on their shoulders: but it is no English Treson to eat
French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will
be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debs, our careful Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinner, lay on the King:
We must bear all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breadth of every fool, whose fince
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infortune hearts-sake must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Princes have not too,
Sawe Ceremonie, sawe generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer't more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Renes? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Oration?
Art thou toucht else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and scare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fare'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink't if thou oost, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd batterie? Ob! sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.

Thinks thou the sierie Fever will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'st so familiar with a Kings Repose

I am a King that find thee: and I know

Tis not the Balme, the Scepper, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mafe, the Crowne Imperial,
The enier-tiffed Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The faried Title running for the King,
The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beas on the high thoro of this World:
No, not all these, these-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, Jay'd in Bed and shealett.

Can steepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with his body fall'd, and vacante mind,
Gere's to hell, cran'd with disreputful broad,
Neuer fees haaride Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set.

Sweates in the eye of Phobus; and all Night
Sleepes in Elision: next day after dawn,
Doth rise and helpe Elpenor to his House,
And followes so the euer-runneng yeare
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayses with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King,
The Slabe, a Member of the Countrey's peace,
Eniories it: but in grese brains little wits,
What watch the King keeps: to maintaine the peace;
Whoole howres, the Peasant bell advantages.

Enter Epingham.

Esp. My Lord, your Nobles zealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together.

At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Esp. I will doe, my Lord.

Enter. O God of Battail, steel my Souldiers hearts.

Possifie them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of reckoning of th'opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I Richards body have interred new,
And on it have bellowed more conrte tears,
Then from itIssue forced drops of blood.

Fie hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their whiter'd hands hold vp
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:

And I have built two Chastriees,
Where the sad and solene Priests fings still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Sentience comes after all,
Imploiring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glos. My Liege:

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyet? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee

The day, my friend, and all things they for me.

Enter.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Kamesbour, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph, Monte Chenard: My Horfe, Verlet Laquay.

Ha.

Orleance. Ohe brave Spirit.

Dolph. What is your name & terme.

Orleance. I am Prince to the Prince, and I am Sir John Falstaff.

Dolph, Curn, Cousin Orleance. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke howe our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Rand. What, will you have them weep our HorSES blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Mjsinger.

Mjsinger. The English are embattall'd, you French Peers.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Doe but behold yond poore and harred Band, And your faire there shall lack away their Soules, Leaving them but the shaftes and hunkes of men, There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarcely blood enough in all their fickly Veines, To give each other Barke a flayne.

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And strive for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapoour of our Valour will overawe them.

Tis puftice against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluoues Laches, and our Pafants, Who in vanconnera ftion warne

About our Squares of Battale, were enow

To purge this field of fuch a hilding Poe; Though we vpon this Mountains Bath by,

Tooke fland for idle fpeculation: But that our Honours muft not. What's to say a

A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound

The Tucket Sonnet, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall touch downe in feare, and yell.

Enter Granuieres.

Granuieres. Why do you flay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond Iland Carrions, desperaze of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:

Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let looffe, And our Ayre makes them falling fomefmal.

Bigge Maro leemes bauqucut in their begger'd Hooft, And fainly through a routtie Beuer pees.

The Horfemen fit like fixed Candlefickes, With Torch-flames in their hands, and their poore iades

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gummie downe vparing from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouthes the Ymblit Beld

Eyce foule with chawt-graffe, full and motionles.

And their executors, the knauffl Crowes,

Eyle o'the chemall, impatient for their howse.

Defcription cannot fute it felie in words,

To demonftrate the Life of fuch a Battale,

In life fo huelleffe, as if he were it felie,

Const. They have faid their prayers,

And they flay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fent them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And grieue their falling Horfes Prouender

And after flight with them?

Const. I fay but for my Guard: on

To the field I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vfe it for my halfe. Come come away,

The Sunne is high, and we are late away.

Enter Glouceffer, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham

With all his Hoof: Salisbury, and

Winfmifland.

Glor. Where is the King?

Belf. The King himfelfe is rufe to view their Battal.

truf, Of fighting men they have full threfcore thoufand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are freth.

Satil. Gods Arme strike vpon ws, tis a fearefull olde

God buy you Princes all; I le to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedforf,

My deare Lord Gloucre, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kifman, Warriors all, adieu.

Belf; Forwvall good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee.

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art famd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Forwvall kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Belf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

MFA. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of thofe men in England,

That doe no work to day.

Kng. What's he that vishes fo?

My Couin wifhmerland. No, my faire Couin:

If we are mark to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrie love: and if to ftre, the fewer men, the greates fhafe of honour.

Gods will prays thee with not one can more.

By love, I am not couroues for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my coft;

It vernes me not, if men my Garmets were;

Such outward things dwell not in my deme.

But if it be a fine to count Honor,

I am the moft offendig Soule alive,

No taif, my Couze, with a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not looie fo great an Honor,

As one man more me thinkes who fhall from me,

For the beft hope I haue. O, doe not with one more.

Rather proclaime it (wifmerland) through my Hoof,

That he which hath no flomack to this fight,

Let him depart,his Paffport fhall be made

And Crowes for Convey our into his Pufe:

We would not dye in that mans companion,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs

This day is call'd the Feast of Crifian:

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,

Will fland a tip-ooe when this day is named;

And rowe him at the Name of Crifian.

He that shall fee this day, and live old age,

Will yeecely on the Vigil feath his neighbours,

And fay, to morrow is Saint Crifian.

Then will he flitp his fleue, and new his charles

Old men forget: yet all fhall be forgot:

But hee's remembrance, with aduance,

What fests he did that day. Then fhall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as houfehold words

Harry.
And time hath worne vs into slovenrie.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frefher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o' the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if God pleafe, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soon be leaped,
Herald, true thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I sweare, but chefe my loyants:
Which if they have, as I will leave vn them,
Shall ye call them little, tell the Constable,
Mont, I shal, King Harry, And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear Herald any more.
Exit.
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.

Enter Turke.

Turke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Yoward,
King. Take it, braue Turke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou plesest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alemam. Excursions.

Enter PiJfll, French Souldier, Boy.
Pift. Yield CURRE.

French. Le pente que vous etes le Gentilhomme de bon qual-

Pift. Qualitative culture me Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discurse.

French. O Sigenier Dieu.

Pift. O Signieur Devse should be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signieur Devse, and markes; O Signieur
Devse, thou dyell on point of Fox, except O Signieur
thou doge glue to me egrigious Ransome.

French. O prenes indiscordia nos picea de moy.
Pift. May shal not force, I will have for to Moyses:
for I will fetch thymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of
Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'esclapper le force de ton bras.
Pift. Bratle. Curethead damned and luxurious Mountain
Gaunt, offer it me Bratle?

French. O perdonne moy.
Pift. Say'll thou me foil is that a Tonne of Moyses?
Come hithe boy, aske me this fluse in French what is his
Name.

Boy. Eftone comment esto vos appeliez.

French. Bon comme tu Par.

Boy. He fayes his Name is M.Fer.
Pift. M.Fer. He fer him, and fike him, and ferret him:
discuffle the same in French into him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and fikeer, and
fike.

Pift. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Quae dis at Monseigneur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous fautes vos
profis que ce feslas icy et differt vous affure de conces es-
leurs gorges.

Pift. O.y. suppeche gorge permiss des. voet.

Boy. Turke, me Crownes, braue Crownes ne margled that
thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous suppeche pour l'amour de Dieu nos mar-
ponder, le fuiz le Gentilhomme de bon masfau gardes ma vis;
Le vous donneray doux cen esce.

Pift. What are his words?

Boy. He.
**The Life of Henry the Fifth.**

**Boy.** 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 Crownes.

**Pif.** Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

**Fra. Petit Monseigneur que dites ?**

**Boy.** Nay, it is no matter to me. I see with regard a thousand and three persons. When the eyes of me, your patriots, shall play upon him the liberty and protection.

**Fra.** Sire me: gens se vous donnent milles remercions, et le mesme bleure que le nombrer les mien, d'un Chevalier le peuflc plus brave valent et tros de l'eguide d'Angleterre.

**Pif.** Expound vnto me boy.

**Boy.** He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he eternizes himself happy, that he hath false into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and three-worly signeur of England.

**Pif.** As I lacke blood, I will some mercy shew, Follow me.

**Boy.** Saurez vous le grand Captaine ?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so empte a heart: but the saying is true. The empty vefell makes the greatest sound, Bardejue and Nymp had teeme times more vallour, then this roaring diewel old playe, that euerie one may payte his playles with a woodden digger, and they are both hand, and so would this be, if hee don't steepe this thing adventurously. It must flay with all the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray ovt, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

**Enter Conftable, Orleancas, Burbon, Dofhins, and Rambars.**

**Con.** O Diabolo.

**Orl.** O fignum est in ore psed, totius et psedie.

**Dofh.** Hoc Bien vaetere, all is confoundt all,

Reproach, and entfuling shame,
Sits mocking in our Plumer.

O mischante Fortune, do not runne away.

**Con.** Why all our ranks are broke.

**Dofh.** O perduable shame, let's flab our feltes:

Be chefe the wretched that we plaid at dice for?

**Orl.** Is this the King we lent too, for his ranfome?

**Bur.** Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe a gaine,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Let him go hencce, and with his cap in hand,

Like a bafe Pandel hold the Chamber doores,

Whilft a bafe flauce, no gender then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

**Con.** Disorder that hath fpy'de vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues,

We are now yet huing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throng,

If any order might be thought upon,

**Bur.** The diewel take Order now, lie to the thron;

Let life be short, else thame will be too long. **Exit.**

**Alarum.** Enter the King and his trave, with Prisoners.

**King.** Lues he good Vnkle; thrice within this house

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,

Laddling the plaine: and by his bloody side,

(Youake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earl of Suffolke also lyes,

Suffolke first dyed, and Youke all bagged over

Comes to him, where in gore he lay inetered,

And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gaffers

That bloodilidly dyd yavne upon his face.

He eyes aloue; Tarry my Coif Suffolke,

My foule shall thine keeppe company to heave.

Tarry (sweetefete) for mine, then flye a-bref.

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,

He fmit me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a fribble grife, lays: Deere my Lord,

Command my feruice to my Souetsigne,

So did he tune, and oure Sulfolkes stecke

He threw his wounded arm, and lift his lippes,

And so efpous'd to death, with blood he te'd.

A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and sweet manner of it's forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have flrop'd,

But I had not so much of man in me,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me vp to reaues.

**King.** I blame you nor,

For hearing this, I must perfore compound

With mixt full eyes, or they will influe to.

**Alarum**

But hearkne, what new alarum is this fame?

The French have re-enfoc'd ther feater'd men:

Then eyry fouldiar k. ll his Prisoners,

Give the word through.

**Enter Flaccum and Govor.**

**Fla.** Kill the payes and the luggage, Tis expressly against the Law of Armer, its as arant piece of knoewe

mark you now, as can be offerd in your Conscience now, it is not.

**Gov.** Tis certaine, ther's not a boy left allie, and the Cowardly Rafcalla that ranne from the bastalle he'd done this slaufter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, whereto the King moft worthily hath caus'd eyry foldiour to cut his prisoners throats. O'tis a gallant King.

**Fla.** I heere was borne at Mamouth Captaine Govor:

What call yee the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

**Gov.** Alexander the Great.

**Fla.** Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, sake the phrase is a litle va-

rations.

**Govor.** I thinkke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedonia, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, at I take it.

**Fla.** I think it is in Macedonia where Alexander is borne.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

pore: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Ould, I warrant you fall finite in the comparisions betwixt Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in Macedon, & there is also moreover a River at Monmouth, it is call'd We at Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but as all one, all alike as any fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marks Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little imoconsistaces in his praines, did in his Ares and his angiis (looke you) kill his bett friend Clytie.

Gov. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tale out of my mouth, ere it is made and finisht. I speake but in the figures, and comparisons of the: as Alexander kild his friends Clytie, being in his Ares and his Cuppe; so also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his go judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of ietts, and gypes, and knaueres, and moakes, I haue forgot his name.

Gov. Sir John Fullaffe.

Flu. That is he: lett you tell, there is good men porne at Monmouth.

Gov. Here come his Maiestie

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbam with pversation Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride chou unto the Horfemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight, If they do noter, we will come to them, And make them suffer, as I haue sworne, and Enforced from the old Afiyanfifis: Besides, we'll cut the throats of them we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall tale our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montoye.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Him. His eyes are humbler then they ve't to be.

King. How now, what means this Herald? Know not thou, That I haue find the bones of mine for ranроме? Com't thou againe for ran форме? Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable Licence, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To forst our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the white) Lyd drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood: So do our vulgar drench their peafant limbes In blood of Princes, and with woundes fleedes Fre fet-locke deep in gore, and with wilde rage Yerke out their armed heales at their dead matter, Killing them twice. O give us leave great King, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your borlemu peere, And gallop o're the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praise be God, and our strength for it.

What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by, Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Cephas Crystiannes.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (can't please to your Maiestie) and your great Vntle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most proue battle here in France.

King. They did Finbol.

Flu. Your Maiestie fayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leckes did grow, wearing Leckes in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiestie know to this hour is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do bleeve your Maiestie takes no leare to weare the Lecke upon S. Taurys day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:

For I am Welch you know good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plefe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiestie too.

King. Thanks good my Countrymen.

Flu. By lehu, I am your Masties Countryeeman. I care not who knowes I will confed it to all the Ould, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiestie, praisd be God to long as your Maiestie is an honest man, 

King. Good keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, Bring me full notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wa'nst thou that Glouce in thy Capse?

Will. And't please your Maiestie, its the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman? 

Will. And't please your Maiestie, a Rascall that swag-ger'd with me last night: who is alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glouce, I haue (worne to take him a boxe a'there: or if I can see my Glouce in his capse, which he storne as he was a Souldier he would waive if alive) I will strike it out on my self.

King. What thinke you Captaine Finballey, is it fit this fouldier keepes his oath.

Flu. Here is a Cruens and a Villaine else, and's please your Maiestie in my confience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quote from the anwser of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the duels is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee peruerd (see you now,) his reparition is as arant a villemes and a lackt sawce, as euuer his blacke thoo rodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confience law.

King. Then keep thy vow firmsh, when thou meett the fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serum thou vnder?
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. Vnde Captaine Gower, my Liege, Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literaturc in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Soulidier.

Will. I will my Liege.

King. Here Fluellen, were thou this favour for me, and strike it in thy Cape: when Alonsun and my-self were downe together, I pluck this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, he's a friend to Alonsun, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'lt me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honors as can be dedit in the hearts of his Subjectes: I would faine see the man, that he's but two legs, that shall find himselfe agreeable at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God at his grace that I might see. King. Know'lt thou Gower?

Flu. He's my deare friend, and pleaseth you. King. Pray thee goe tecke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heales. The Gloue which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box a the ear. It is the Soulidier: I by bargaine should Wear it my selfe. Follow good Cofin Warwick: If that the Soulidier strike him, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word: Some foudain mischief may arise of it: For I doe know Fluellen valiant, And dought with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an Injure. Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them. Goe you with me, Vnelle of Exeter, Exit.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is Knight you, Captaine. Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I befeech you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue I know the Gloue is a Gloue. Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Trayer as anyes in the Vailefall World, or in England. Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine. Will. Do you thinke it be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Trason his payment into powles, I warrant you. Will. I am no Trayer.


Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here be, prayde be God faris, a most conscionable Trason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day, Here is his Majestie. Enter King and Exeter

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villaine, and a Trayer, that looke your Grace, he's troooke the Gloue which your Majestie is take out of the Helmet of Alansun.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his Cape: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man, my Gloue in his Cape, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majestie hearst now, fasting your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggery, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Majestie is please me testimonie and witnesse, and will awesomen, that this is the Gloue of Alonsun, that your Majestie is give me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Gloue Soulidier.

Look, here is the fellow of it.

Twas I indeed thou promisedst to strike,
And thou haft given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please my Majestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World. King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majestie.

King. It was our selle thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: wittende the Night, your Garments, your Lowinge: and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I befeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highness pardon me.

King. Here Vnelle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, And wear it for an Honor in thy Cape, Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Sight, the fellow hox mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissention, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you to mend your shoses: come, wherefore should you be so passill, your shoses is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Harry.

King. Now Harry, are the dead numbred?

Harry. Here be the number of the slaughtred French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnelle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchy-Medal:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full sixteen hundred besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field ly safe: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there ly dead One hundred twenty fine: added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dub'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they haue lost, There be but fourteen hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And Gentlemen of blood and quality,
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Dilabretb, High Constable of France,
Lapier of Chaitlon, Admiral of France,
The Mather of the Croffe-bowes, Lord Rumbarens,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guxbard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alenfon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Barre: of Juffic Earle,
Grandprefe and Relfet, Fecunbridge and Feyet,
Boucanton and Marie, Vandenmont and Leprate.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketey, Doy Gom Emiqure;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and fourteen.
O God, thy Arme was here:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aferbe we all: when, without farstagem,
But in planke shock, and even play of Bataile,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on the other, take it God,
For it is done but thine.
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe me in proceSSION to the Village:
And be it death proclaym'd through our Healt,
To boaste of this, or take that pralle from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majestie, to tel,
how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conference, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights?
Let there be feng Non nobis, and Te Deum,
The dead with chauftie enclo'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arr'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse,
Of time of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Grant him these: there scene,
Heauie him awaie upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Seas: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyses,
Whose shoates & clappe-sou-voce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffert fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly hee sent on to London.
So swifts a great hast Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath;
Where, that his Lords defire him, to haue borne
His bruis'd Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-nellie, and selfe-glorious pride;
Guing full Trophies, Signall, and Offent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best fin,
Like to the Senators of antique Rome,
With the Plebians swarming at their heels.
Goe forth and fetch their Conquering Cæfar in:
As by a lower, but by listing likelyhood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broach'd on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citee quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Insires the King of Englands stay at home:
The Empourc's comming in behalf of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till Harry backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him: and my selfe have play'd
The intern, by remembering you this past:
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Flamellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why waste you your Lecke to day? S, Daun's day is past.
Flu. There is occasions and causes why w herefore in all things: 1 will tell you saie my friend, Captain Gower;
the rascally, feasidly, beggarly, lowly, praging Knave Piffle, which you and your felie, and all the World,
know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now of no mens:
here is come to me, and brings me presed and
fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Lecke:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contempts
with him; but I will be so bold as to weeke it in my Cup
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my defires.

Enter Piffle.

Gower. Why here hee comes, swelling like a Turky-
cock.
Flu. Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-
cocks. God pleffe you aunchient Piffles,you feure low-
ifie Knace,God pleffe you.
Prf. Ha, art thou bleedem? doe'st thou thirft, bafe
Trowan, to haue me fold vp Parceas fmall Web? Hence;
I am quaminth at the smell of Lecke.
Flu. I preche you heartily, seuretie lowifie Knace,
at my defires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Lecke: because, looke you, you do not
love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
digested do's not agree with it, I would define you
to eate it.

Prf. Not for Cadwallader and all his Gooms.
Flu. There is one Goom for you. Strike herra
Will you be so good,seould Knace,as eate it?
Prf. Bafe Trowan, thou that dyes.
Flu. 'You say very trie, feasid Knace', when Gods
will is it: I will define you to eue in the mean time, and
eate your Viçulis: come, there is fawe fute y, You
call'd me yesterdake Mountaine Squer, but I will make
you
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

 Gow. Enough Captaine, you have almonst him.

 Flu. I say, I will make him eare some part of my lecke, or I will prate his pate foure daies: bire I pray you, it is good for your greeen wound, and yourloodie Coxel-combe.

 Piff. Muft I bite.

 Flu. Yes ceretainly, and out of doubt and out of quellion too and ambiguitues.

 Piff. By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I case and I sware.

 Flu. Este I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sware by.

 Piff. Qu et thy Cudgell, thou doft fee I care.

 Flu. Much good do you feeld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skine is good for your broken Coxelcombe; when you take occasions to see Lekees hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

 Piff. Good.

 Flu. 1. Leekes is good: hold you, there is a grant to heal your pate.

 Piff. As I sware at?

 Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Lecke in my pocket, wh.ch you shall eate.

 Piff. I take thy gross in earnest of reuenge.

 Flu. If I owe you any things, I will pay you in Cud- gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: God bu'y you, and kepe you, & heal your pate.

 Exit

 Piff. All hell shall stire for this.

 Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke an ancient: Tradition begun upon an honorable respeckt, and worse as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not: swooch in your deeds any of your words. I have fene you glecking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thricke. You thought, because he could not speake English in the nation garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

 Exit

 Piff. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now? Neuer haue I that Daft is dead: Ith Spittle of a malady of France; and there my rendeoute, is quite cut off: Old I do waste, and from my wearte limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England I will sflate, and there Ile sflate: And parches will I get into these cudgel scarce, And I sware 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 Burgogone, and other French.

 King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we met; Enter into our brother France, and to our Sifter Health and faire time of day: toy and good wishes To eat most faire and Princely Cofine Katherine; And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great affenbly is coniur'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgogone, And Princes French and Petres health to you all.

 Prct. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, faetely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

 Quest. So happy be the Jifie brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which bitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their hent, The fast Ball of murthering Bafilakes: The venome of such Looks we fairely hope Have loft their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into love.

 Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

 Quest. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

 Eng. My duty to you both, oh equal love.

 Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, To bring your moff Imperiall Maiesties.

 Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Michtinefs on both parts beer can witneffe, Since then my Office hath so farre preuatly'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have concretted: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view,

 Whos Rub. or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourfe of Arts, Plentyes, and toyfull Births, Should not in this beeft Garden of the World,

 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vifage?

 Alas, Dee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

 Her Vine, the merry cheere of the heart,

 Vnpnared,dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,

 Like Prisoners wildly over-grownne with hayre,

 But forth disord'd: Twigs: her fellow Leaft,

 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femenity,

 Doth root upon; while that the Culter rul's,

 That Should daceinate such Sauersy:

 The eu'n Meade, that errt brought sweetly forth

 The freckled Cowflip, Burnes and greene Cluster,

 Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, rankes,

 Conceytes by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,

 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kefyifes, Burnes,

 Loofing both beautie and utilite;

 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,

 Defcuife in their natures grow to wildnesse.

 Even to our Houfes, and our felues, and Children,

 Hate loof, or do not learne, for want of time,

 The Sciences that should become our Countrey,

 But grow like Sauages, as Souliders will,

 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

 To Swearing, and Renne Looks, defuds Attyre,

 And every thing that seems vnnaturall.

 Which to reduce into our former fauour,

 You are assembled: and my speach entreats,

 That I may know the Le, why gentle Peace

 Should not expell thefe inconueniences,

 And bleffe vs with her former qualitie.

 Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,

 While want gies growth to th imperfections

 Which you haue cited: you must buy that Peace

 With full accord to all our luft demands,

 Whole Tenures and particular effects

 You haue encheid l'd briefly in your hands.

 Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet

 There is no Answer made.

 Eng. Well than the Peace which you before so vog'd,

 Lye's in his Answer.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

France: I have but with a curtelss eye
O're-plain't the Articles: Pleseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Counsellors privately
To fit with you once more, with better heed
To re-survey them; we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother shall I. Go ye Vnkle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Hastings, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Ament, or alter, as your Wildomes beft
Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes or fly here with vs?

Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Hapilly a Woman Vpoye may doe some good,
When Articles too muchely wed, be done on.
England. Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compro'sd
Within the fore-runke of our Articles
Que. She hath good eues. 

Manc King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier teares,
Such as will enter at a Ladies eare,
And pleade his Loue-hurt to her gentle heart.
Kath Your Maffick shall mocke at me, I cannot speake your England.

Kath. Of faire Katherine, if you will love me founedly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you conf-
ferre it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.
King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que pace semblable a les Anges?
Lady. Ouy vey emportement jauy vostre Grace assiart il.
King. I say to, dese Katherine, and I must not blush
to affirme it.
Kath. On fole Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.

Lady. What eyes you faire other that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?
Kath. Dat de tonguez de muns is full de dece-
cots: dat is de Princezz.

King. The Princeze is the better English-woman:
yfaiht Kate, moy woonge is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
could fit, thou wouldst finde the like Paine King, that
thou wouldst thinke, I had told my Farme to buy my
Crownes. I know no wayes to mine in it loose, but di-
rectely to say, I love you; then if thou urge me further,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I ware out my fuite. Give
me your answer, yfaiht Doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
game: how say you, Lady?
Kath. Sauf Yvostre honneur, me vnderhand well.

King. Marsy, if you would put me to Verfet, or to
Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vnaide me, for the one
I have neither words nor mesure; and for the other,
I have no strength in mesure, yet a reasonable mesure in
strength. If I could wanne a Lady at Leape, frugge, or by
rawing 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 Horse for her favours, I could lay
on like a Butcher, and fit like a lack Anpe, neuer off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greenerly, nor gape out
my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in procession;
one downly right Oathes, which I never vse till wig'd,
not neuer breaks for virgin. If thou canst loue a femail of
this temper, Kate, whose face it is not worth Sunne-burn-
ing? that never lookes in his Claffe, for loue of any
thing he sees there; I thrue Ethe bythy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Soulieres: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me if not to say that the I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No yet I loue thee too.
And while thou liu fi, desire Kate, take a fellow of plaine
and vnoynd Conftance, for he perfume must doe thy
right, because he hath not the gift to woone in other places:
for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can rhyme themselves
into Ladies favours, they doe always resson themselfes out
again. What's speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad;
a good Legge will fall, a strat Backe will swooe, a blacke Beard will turne white, a euidl Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will was
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his coulde
truly. If thou would have such a one, take me? and
and me; take a Souldier; take a Soulier; take a King.
And what yat fi thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should loue de enemie of France?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Em-
eme of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it; I will hate it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang upon your tongue, like a new married Wife
about her Husbands N'cke, hardly to berokes off; in
quand ser le poffijon de France, & quand vous me le pof-
ijon de moy, ( Let mee see: what then? Saint. Dions bee
my Iperde). Done vostre off France, & vous effe meere.
It was eafe for me, Kate, to conquer the King dome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall never woe thee in
French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il
et meme que l'Anglois le qual le parle.

King. No faiit est not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I chine, most truly falsely, must
needes be granted to be much at one. But Kate, doof't
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He
ask thee. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night
when you come into your Clozet, you'et quell the
gentle woman about me; and I know, Kate, you will
to his dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your
heart: but good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather
gilte Princeze, because I loose thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a faung Faith within me telleth
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breed:
Shall not thou and 1, between Saint Dumas and Saint
George, compound a Boy, half French half English, &
that
that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by th' Beard. Shall we not? what say it thou, my faire Flow'r-of-Luce.

Kate. I do not know dat.

King. No! tis herefore to know, but now to promisse: doe but promisse Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English mightie, take the Word of a King, and a Batchet. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon tresfer & denin desse.

Kate. Your Maiestee our fauie French not to deceive me as mot fage Damaiffei is en France.

King. Now fye upon my faire Frenchby mine Honot in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not swear thou loueft me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo it; notwithstanding the poore and unprofitting effect of my Viage. Now befarew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Cinuil Warrers when hee got me, therefore wee I was created with a flubborne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to woos Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I war the better I shall appease. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beauty, can doe no more spoyle vp my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worth; and thou shalt wee me, if thou wee me, better and better: and therefore tell me, fhow faire Kathierin, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, anoch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Louches of an Emprefse, take me by the Hand, and fay, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou fhalt no sooner bleffe mine Kate withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your An- fwer in broken Mutick; for thy Voece is Mutick, and thy English broken: therefore Queene of all, Katherine, break thy minde to me in broken English; will thou haue me?

Kate. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pare.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kate. Dat is as it fall alfo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. Laiffe mon Seignore, laiffe, laiffe, may say: Ie ne voue point que vous abbbie nos refaire grandious, en basant le main d'une noffe Seignore moltie refaire amillion. Laiffe fuyer mon trocquet Seignore.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Les Dames & Damoifelles pour eftre boifeant leur noffre fit non le cofombre de France.

King. Madame, my Interpretor, what fayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be fashon pour Ladies of England; I cannot tell you is boiffe en Angllifh.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maiestee entendre boffe que may.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maidis in France to kiffe before they are married, would the fay?

Lady. Only assembler.

King. O Kate, nice Culfomes cuttie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countryeys fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes our Places, flappes the mouth of all faine-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore patienly, and yeilding. You have Witch-staff 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 perfwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarches. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Powre, and the English Lords.

Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you out Princesse English?

King. I would have her leare, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is there not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that being neyther the Voece nor the Heart of Fritterie about me, I cannot fo congrue vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the frankenes of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would confine in her, you must make a Circle: if confine vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roed ouer with the Virgin Cimfon of Medecille, if shee deny the apperance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeing felfe? 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 enforces.

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 wil wince on her to content, my Lord,if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maidis well Summer, and winne keeper, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tide, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall ties me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I fhall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it loues.

King. It is fo: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindnes, who cannot fee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that standes in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspexi- tely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gystied with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So pleaxe you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flood in the way for my Wife, shall flue me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have confented to all termes of rea- son.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Wife. The King hath graunted every Article: His Daughter fift; and in sequel, all, According to their fome proposed names.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maxellie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall name your Highness in this forme, and with this addition, in French : 
Nostre trescher cite Henry Roy d' Angleterre Heretere de France : and thus in Latine: Proclamation
Filius nostre Elemurtac Rex Anglica & Horae Francea,
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 deareallyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shames looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease then hatred ; and this deare Compaignon
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In these sweete Bofomes: that neuer Warrs advance
His bleeding Sword twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me wittesse all
That here I kisse her as my Souersaigne Queene.

Queene. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one; your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles off the Bed of blessed Marriages,
Thrust in betwixt the Patience of the Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporat League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage, on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our League.
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosper be.

Enter Chorus

Thus fare with rough, and all-venable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purs'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by sharps the full course of their glory
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived
That State of England, Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he enrich'd:
And of it left his Sonne Impeniall Lord
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath throwne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

k2
The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

## Actus Primus

### Scene Prima.

**Goft.** Name not Religion, for thou liest the flesh, And ne'er throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st. Except it be to pray against thy foes.

**Bad Cese.** Cease these jars, & clear your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds' ways on; In stead of Gold, wee ye offer up our Arms, Since Armes awak'ne, so now that Henry's dead, Poftentius await for wretched yeeres.

When at their Mothers moulted eyes, Bobers shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of felt Traces, And none but Women left, to wayle the dead. **Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I salute;** Prosper this Realme, keep it from Cuiuil Brayles, Combs with aduerse Planets in the Heavens; A faire more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Julius Cesar, or bright—

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**Enter a Messenger.**

**Mess.** My honourable Lords, hear to you all. Sad tidings bring to you out of France, Of lost, of slaughter, and descomfiture: Guyen, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guyfors, Pontiers, are all quite loft. **Belf.** What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coasts? Speak softly, or the loss of those great Townes Will make him burst his Head, and rise from death. **Goft.** Is Paris lost in Roan yielded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life againe, These news would cause him once more yield the Ghost. **Exe.** How were they lost? what treacherie was ye'd? **Mess.** No treacherie, but want of Men and Money. Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, That here you maintaine seuerall Factions: And whilst a Field should be dispatcht and fought, You are disputing of your Generals, One would have lording Wares, with little cost; Another would flye twixt, but wanteth Wings: A third thickens, without expence at all, By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obstayned. Awake, awake, English Nobilitie, Let not floush dimme your Honors, new begot; Croops are the Flower-de-Lucis in your Armes Of Englands Coat, one half is cut away. **Exe.** Were our Tasss wanting to this Funeral, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides. **Bedf.** Me they concerne, Regent I am of France: Goue me my Redeo Coat, Ile fight for France. A way with these disgracefull waysing Robert; Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes, To weep their intensifie Miltenes.
Enter to them another Messenger.

Meas. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischief. France is revolted from the English quite, Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims:

Exe. The Dolphin crowned King? fall flye to him? O whether shall we flye from this reproach? Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throwes.

Bed. Glister, why doubtst thou of my forwardness? An Army have I muttered in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is out-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Meas. My gracious Lords, to add to your lamentations, Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse, I must informe you of a dismal fight, Betwixt the Coast Lord Talbot, and the French. O. What? wherein Talbot overcame, is it so? 3. Meas. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was so overthrow'd:
The circumstance I tell you more at large, The retinue from the Siege of Orleans, Haung full scarce six thousand in his troupe, Bythree and twentie thousand of the French Was round incompad, and set upon: No踔yte had he to enstrance his men.
He wanted Pikes to fert before his Archers: Instead whereof, staffe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges They pitched in the ground confess'dly, To keep the Horeftmen oft, from breaking in, More then three hours the fight continued: Where valiant Talbot, above humane thought, Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durft stand him; Here, there, and everywhere enraged, he flew. The French exclaimed, the Deuill was in Armes, All the whole Army ffood agais't him. His Souldiers fpying his vnwaited Spirit, A Talbot, a Talbot cry'd out amaine, And rushed into the Bowels of the Battale. Here had the Conquest fully beene seal'd vp, If Sir John Falkes had not play'd the Coward. He being in the Vaudeau, place behinde, With purpose to relieve and follow them, Cowardly fled, not having hurcucke one stroke. Hence grew the generall篁ack and massacre: Encloset were they with their Enemies. A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace, Thruf Talbot with a Speare into the Back, Whom all France, with their chiefes assembled strength, Durft not presume to looke once in the face. Reft. Is Talbot slain then? I will play my selfe, For living uly here, in pompa and cafe, Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting 4y'd, Vuto his daizsled foe-men is betray'd. 3. Meas. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner, And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hauemor Dowd. Most of the reft Daughter'd, or rooke likewise. Belf. His Ranflome there is none but I shall pay Ile halfe the Dolphins headlong from his Throne, His Crownes shall be the Ranlome of my friend: Foure of their Lords Ie change for one of ours. Farwell my Masters, to my Taskes will I. Bonfides in France fortheith I am to make, To keep our great Saint Georges Feast withall. Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Meas. So you had need, for Orleans is besiegd, The English Army is grown weakes and faint; The Earl of Salisbury cruethly supplyeth, And hardly keeps his men from custaine, Since they so few, watch such a multitude. Exe. Remember Lords your Oaths to Henry (worne: Esethe to quell the Dolphin vterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. Belf. I do remember it, and here take my leave, To goe about my preparation. Exit Bedford.

Gloft. He to the Tower with all the haft I can, To view th' Artillerie and Munition, And then I will proclaim ye young Henry King. Exit Gofler.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is, Being ordain'd his speciall Governor, And for his present there Ie beft deny. Exit.

In the. Each hath his Place and Function to attend: I am left out: for me nothing remaines: But long I will not be Jack out of Ofice. The King from Eltam I intend to send, And fit at chiefest Sterne of publiques Wesle. Exit.

Sound a Flaresh.

Enter Charles, Alenfon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soullars.

Charles. Marry this true moving, even as in the Heavens, So in the Earth, to this day it is not knowne.Late did he shine upon the English side: Now we are Victors, upon vs the families.

What Townes of any moment, but we have As a pleasure here we lye, nexte Orleans: Otherwheres, the familist English, like pale Ghosts, Faintly beiog vs one hour in a month. Alou. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Bekes: Esethe they must be dyetd like Mules, And have their Prousandry'd to their mouthes, Or piteous they will looke, like drowned Mice. Reignier. Let's rayfe the Siege: why hue we idly here? Talbot is taken, whom we wont to tearce: Remyndeth none but mad-brain'd Salubry, And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them. Now for the honour of the forlorn French: Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, When hee mee goe backe one foot, or flye, Exeunt.

Here Alarum, they are beareon backe by the English, with great lalfe.

Enter Charles, Alenfon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men have I? Douglas, Cowards, Daughters: I would me be haue fled, But that they left mee, & thight my Enemies. Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wasting food, Doe rush vp, vs as their hungry prey.

Alas. Froy.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage trye by Combat, if thou darst,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Refuse on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mae.

Dolph. Thou haft affinfit me with thy high termes:
Onely this prove no Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquifhft, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pauel. I am prepar'd here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Decked with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The whitch at Touraine in S. Katharine Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Pauel. And while I live, Ile ne'er flye from a man,
Here they fight, and Toane do Pauel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, flye thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Debra.

Pauel. Childs Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dolph. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou haft at once subdued.
Excellent Pauel, if thy name be so,
Leant thy feeble, and not Souterigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Pauel. I must not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from abuse:
When I haue chas'd all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinks is very long in talke.
Alain Doublet fe he twiues this woman to her smock,
Elfe ne're could he fo long protra't his speach.

Reignier. Shall we disturbed him, since he keeps no means?

Alain. He may means more then we too poor men do know,
Thele women are fread with temperst with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deifie you on?
Shall we give o're Orleans, or noe?
Pauel. Why no, I fey: disfratfull Re concras,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ibe your guard.

Dolph. What thee sayes, Ile confirmes: wee'll fight it out.

Pauel. Affignd's I am to be the English Scourge,
This night the Siege affuredly Ie rayse:
Expect Saint Marn's Summer, Halsey days,
Since I haue entered into these Warres,
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it differes to sight,
With Henrys death, the English Circle ends,
Differed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud influting Ship,
Which Caster and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was Mahamns inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspiered then.

Hielo, the Mother of Great Constantine,
Nor yet S. Philip daughters were like the.
Bright Stature of Verna, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alain. Leave off delays, and let vs rayse the Siege.

Reignier. Wou.


In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church, Here by the Cheefe, Ie drag them vp and downe. 

Winch. Gisler, thou wilt anwser this before the Pope.

Gisler. Winchester Groove, I cry, a Rope, a Rope. 
Now best them hence, why do you let them stay? 
Thee hee chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheeps array, Out Tawney-Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrize.

Here Gisler: men beat on the Cardinal's men, 
and enter in the burnt burnt the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Eye Lords, that you being suprime Magistrates, 
Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.

Gisler. Peace Mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs. Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King, Hath here dispers'd the Tower to his use. 

Winch. Here's Gisler, a Foe to Citizens, 
One that skill's in Wortes, and never Peace, 
O're-charging your free Parliaments with large Fines, 
That seeks to overthrow Religion, 
Because he is Protector of the Realm; 
And would have Armour here out of the Tower, 
To Crowne himfelfe King, and supprese the Prince.

Gisler. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. 

Here they skirmish againes.

Mayor. Naught releas for me, his tumultuous strife, 
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst cry: 

All manner of men, assembled here in Arms this day, 
Against Gods Peace and the Kings, whoe command and you, in his Highnesse Name, to repaire to your general dwellings places, and not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, Wepone, or Dogges hence forward, upon paine of death.

Gisler. Cardinal, Ibe no breaker of the Law: 
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. Gisler, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure: 
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke, 

Mayor. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away: This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuil.

Gisler. Mayor farewell: thou dost but, what thou mayst it.

Winch. Abhominable Gisler, guard thy Head, 
For I intend to have it ere long: 

Exeunt. Mayor. See the Coast clear, and then we will depart. 
Good God, these Nobles should such tumults bear, 
I my selfe fight not once in fourtie yeares. 

Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunnier of Orisance, and his Baw.

M. Gunnier. Sir-tha, thou know'st how Orisance is besiegd, 
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne, 

But, Father I know, and oft have shot at them, 

How e're unfortunate, I misd'm my sne 

M. Gunnier. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me: 
Chiefie Master Gunnier am I of this Towne, 

Something I must doe to procure me grace: 
The Princes of yall have informed me, 
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrenched, 
Went through a secrect Gate of Iron Barres, 
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Casti, 
And thence discover, how with most advantage 
They may vex vs with Shot or with Affault, 
To intercept this incommencement, 
A Piece of Ordinance 'gainst I have plac'd,
Enter Salathur and Talbot on the Turrets.

Salathur. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd? How wrought thou handling, being Prisoner? Or by what means got's thou to be releas'd? Disconfort I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner, Call'd the brave Lord Fenton de Santroyte,
For him was I exeoci'd, and renown'd,
But with a baster man of Armes by force.
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me,
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and caus'd death.
Rather then I would be so pitied else'm.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.

But O, the treacherous Talbot wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execuc.
If I now had him brought into my power.
Salathur. Yet tell thou not, how thou wast entertain'd.

Talbot. With strokes and showers, and contemptuous taunts,
In open Market-place produc'th they me,
To a publiques speec'tacle to all:
Here, say they, is the terror of the French.
The Scour-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd fingers out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grievous countenance made others fly.
None durst come near, for fear of bloody death.
In Iron walls they deemed me not secure:
So great fear of my name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steels,
And quaine in pieces Portts of Adaman,
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shor I had,
That walkt about me every minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linskock.

Salathur. I grieue to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will resound's sufficiently.
Now it is supper time in Orleans:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortisice.
Let us looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glayfield,
Let me heare your exraffe opinions,
Where is best place to make our Battle next?
Gargrave. I think at the North Gate, for there stands a Lord.
Glayfield. And I heare, at the Bulwarks of the Bridge.

Talbot. For ought I see, this Citie must be famish'd,
Or with light Skirmishes eeneble.
Here they fore, and Salathur falls downe.

Salathur. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched winners.
Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, victorious man.

Talbot. What chance is this, that suddenly hath croft vs?
Speake Salathur; at leaft, if thou canst, speake:

How farst thou, Mirror of all Marian men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Checkes like a charc off?
Accur'd Tower, accur'd fatal Hand,
That hast contribut'd this woeful Tragedie.
In thricenine Battalions, Salathur o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first transferr'd to the Wares.
Who'd any Trumpet did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did me're enuee striking in the field.
Yet isn't thou Salathur? though thy speech doth sayle,
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,
Heauen be thou gracious to none alioe,
If Salathur lusts mercy at thy hands.
Betre hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haft thou any life?
Speake unto Talbot, saye, looke vp to him.
Salathur cheer thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whilom -
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
At who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to enque me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne
Wretched France be oneiy in my Name,
Here an Alarum, and it Thundered mightie.
What flurr is this? what tumultt's in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
Enter a Major-gner.

Adie, My Lord, my Lord, the French have gathert' head
The Dolphin, with one Iane de Pucel joy'd.
A holy Propheteffe, new riven vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rase the Siege.

Here Salathur lifteth himselfe vp, and greene.
Talbot. Hear me, hear me, how dying Salathur doth groone.
It irks his heart he cannot be rousing'd.
Frenchmen, ize be a Salathur to you.
Pucel or Puffel, Dolphin of Doge, fife,
Your hearts Ie flampe our wi, my Hose heels,
And make a Quiagrire of your mingled brains.
Cenuey me Salathur into his tent,
And then we'll earte try what these daftard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Extint.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot perceveth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter Iane de Pucel,
Driving Englishmen before bar.
Then enter Talbot.

Talbot. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Pucel.

Here, here thee comes. Hie have a bowre with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ie conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway glue thy Soule to him thou feret.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis onely that must disgrace thee.

Enter the Boy.

Talbot. Heauens, can you suffet Hell so to presuyt?
My breit Ie burst with fraining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes stunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet,
They fight again.
Pucel. Talbot farwel, thy house is not yet come,
I must goe Viscount Orleans forthwith with:
A fourt Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Soldiers.
Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Seruants.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noyse or Soundier you perceive, 

Neere to the wallets, by some apparant Signe Let vs have know ledge at the Court of Guisard. 

Thus, A Maide, then fall. Thus are poor Seruants (When others sleepe upon their quiet beds) Constraine to watch in darknett, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their Drummers beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy, By whose approache, the Regions of Artois, Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us. This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure, Having all day caro'd and banquetted, Embrace we then this opportunitie, As fitting beft to quittance their deceit, Contribu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie. 

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame, Disparisng of his owne arms fastitude, To joyn e with Witches, and the helpe of Hell. 

Bar. Traitors haue neuer other company. 

But what's that Palest whom they teame so pure? 

Tal. A Maid? And be so mariall? 

Bar. Pray God the prove not masculine eee longs! 

If youd eternal the Standard of the French She carry Armour, as the hath begun. 

Tal. Well, let them preftice and comestue with spirits, God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name Let vs resolve to feale their flinty bulwarks. 

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee. 

Tal. Not altogether Better farre I guesse, That we do make our entrance generall ways: That if chance the one of vs do faile, 

The other yet may rise against their force. 

Bed. Agree'd; 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 Englisht Henry, shall this night appeare 

How much in duty, I am bound to both. 

Ser. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make all in. 

Cry. S. George, A Talbot. 

The French leape are the walls in their fitnes. Enter fourenall wayer, Baffard, Alan son, Raigne, 

halfes ready, and halfes unready. 

Alan. How now my Lords? whatall unready for 

Baff. Vntready? I and glad we are not to so well. 

Roy. Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds, 

Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores. 

Alan. Of all expolites first I follow'd Armes, 

Here heald of a warlike enterprize
More venetous, or desperate then this.

Exit. I think this Talbot be a Friend of Hell.

Reg. If not of Hell, the Heavens fure favour him.

Alans. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Jean.

Baft. Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their disowre Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leap o'er the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well deterne,
For insome and dussie vapours of the night,
Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Azme in Azme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of losing Turle-Dove,
That could not still slumber day or night.
After that things are set in order better,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messinger.

Mess. All bysle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady Countesse of Queigne,
With modestie admying thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where fey eyes,
That she may boast the head beheld the man,
Whoe glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even fo? Nay, then I see our Warses
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes eare to be encountered with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle fait.

Talb. Ne'er trust me then; for when a World of men
Could not preuaile with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womsans kindnesse ouer-ru'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submision will attend on her.
Will not your Honors bace me company?

Bef. No, truely, tis more then manners will.
And I have heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are oftem wellcome when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, along (since there's no remedie)
I meanes to prove this Ladyes courte.
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.

Cpt. I doe my Lord, and meanes accordingly.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Potter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyses to me.
Port. Madame, I will.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this expost,
As Scythian Tomroy by Cyrus death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his ascheuements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be wisemse with mine ears.
To give their censurc of these rare reports.

Enter Messinger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Messinge cruel'd, is it Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome: where is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scoure of France?
Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers stille their Babes?
I fee Report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Fadler, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wretched simple
Should flinck such terror to his Enemies.
But Madame, I have been bold enough to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leyse,
I'll fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?

Goe ask him, whether he goes?

Meas. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that there's a wrong beleve,
I goe to certifie her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be b'E, then art thou Prifoner.

Talb. Prifoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord.

And for that cause littyn's thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
Fot in my Gallery thy Picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayme thece Legges and Armes of thine,
That haft by Tyrannie thatte many yeeres
Waited out Country,flaine our Cizens,
And fent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Hapi, his.

Count. Laugh at hou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see thy Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but Talbots shadow,
Whereon to pradice your feueritie.

Count. Why art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then hau ye substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie,
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Metchan for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarities agree?

Talb. That will I shew you preeously.

Wounds b' Horses, Drummes strike up a Peale
of Ordinances: Enter Soldiers.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That Talb. is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, finewe, armes, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subvertes your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talb. pardon my abufe,
I finde thou art no leaff then fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape,
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am forry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconstrue
The minde of Talb., as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Not other satisfaction doe I crave,

But only with your patience, that we may
Talke of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
ForSoldiers themselves always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feale so great a Warrior in my House.

Enter Richard Plantagennet Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Terc. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answere in a Cafe of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Terk. Then say at once, if I maintaing the Truth:
Or eile was wrangling Somerse in this error?

Suff. Faith I have bene a Tenant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law into my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Wartwicke, then betweene vs.

W., Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bear the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him beft,
Between two Girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgment:
But in the nice Sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

Terk. Tat, cut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeaeth so naked on my side,
That any putblind eye may find it out.

Somm. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shinning, and so evident,
That it will gimmer through a blind-men eye.

Terk. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speake,
In dambe significates proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true born Gentleman,
Andstands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rofe with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rofe from off this Thorn, with me.

War. I loose no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rofe with Plantagenets.

Suff. I pluck this red Rofe, with young Somerse,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The feweest Roses are crept from the Tree,
Shall yeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subftrive in silence.

Terk. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and princifneffe of the Cafe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bliffone here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rofe side.

Somm. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rofe red,
And fall on my tides so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where full I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

L. for the Truce of Winchelsea and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created Torke,
I will not lye to be accounted Worrickes.
Meanes time, in fignall of my love to thee,
Against the proud Somerset, and William Poole,
To lupon thy partie wear this Rohe.
And here I prophesie; this brawle to day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall fend between the Red-Rohe and the White.
A thousand Souls to Death and deadly Night.
Torke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ves. In your behalfe full will I ware the same,
L. And to will I.
Torke. Thanks gentle,
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarell will drink Blood another day.

Enter Martinier, brought in a Chars, and Inlayes.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying Martinier here rest himselfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So face my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And thefe gray Locks, the Parliaments of death,
Nefliet-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edward his long and stormie
Thefe Eyes, like Lampes, whose wafting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, out. Borne with burcheting Griefe,
And pyth-lefe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droopes his sappe-lefe Brancher to the ground,
Yet are thefe Feet, whose ittung-lefe stay is stumene,
(Usable to support this Lumpa of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As writing in no other comforte have.
But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We sent doo to the Temple, ysto his Chamber,
And answere was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reigne,
Before whole Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And even since then, hath Richard begunne obseuerd,
Deprived of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrater of Despaires,
Tuff Death, kinde Vimpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargemets doth dismisfe me hence;
I would his troubles like wise were expir'd,
That so he might recour what was left.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your launging Nephew now is come,
Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Ricb. I noble Vuckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late defpight Richard, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosom spend my latter gape.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giv'e one flaming Kiss.
And now declare sweet Stem from Torke great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert defpis'd?

Ricb. First
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Rich. First, I can name Agincourt, and the Agincourt Mail, and the Agincourt Mail.

In that case, I tell thee my Device. This day in argument, on a Calf.

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me: Among which, he says, 'twas his laudist tongue, and his, and I praysed with my Fathers death; Which obloquitus fac barres before my tongue, Else with the I had requited him. Therefore good Vackie, for my fathers sake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alleine sake, declare the cause. My Father, the Earl of Cambridge, left his Head. Mort. That cause (as I am) he prays'd me, and hast desay'd me all my yellowing Youth, Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curst Instrument of his decease. Rich. Discover more at what large cause that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. Mort. I will, if this my dying breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depos'd his Nephew Richard Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heir Of Edward King, the Third of that Defcent. During whose Regne, the Percier of the North, Finding his Virtuation most virtuall, Extinguished my ancient Right to the Throne. The reason, mad shee Warlike Lords to this, Was for that (young Richard) therin reni'd; Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body. I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I derived am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas her, From John of Gaunt, doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Heroick Line. But mark it: as in this hautigie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I left my Libertie, and they their Lives, Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bellowingbrooke) did regne; Thy Father, Earl of Cambridge, then dedue From famous Edward Langley Duke of York, Marrying my Sifier, sthat thy Mother was; Again, in pitty of my hard diffiree, Leuied an Army, weenyng to redeem, And have instald it in the Dixtreme: But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earl, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimmery, In whom the Title resteth, were supprest. Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last, Mort. True, and thou seest, that I have issue have, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in th' studious ear.

Rich. Thy gravce admonishments preusely with me: But yet me thinks, my Fathers exection Was nothing leefe then bloody Tyranny. Mort. With silence, Nepha, he showd politick, Strong fixed is the House of Lancastor, And like a Mountain, not to be remou'd. But now thy Vackie is remouing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a feild place. Rich. O Vackie, would some fame of my young yeares Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do't then wrong me, as y' slaughterest doth, Which giesth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourn not, except thou forowst for my good, Only give order for my Funeral. And so farewell, and faire all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Desi. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule. In Prison haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermit over-say thy days, Well, I will locke his Council in my Breit, And what I doe imagine, let that rest. Keepers coneyou him hence, and I my selfe Will see his Buryall better then his Life. Here dyes the dusky Torch of Atoner, Chaske with Ambition of the meaneort, And for thos Wongs, those bitter Inuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my Hous, I doubt not, but with Honor to rediree. And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Euyther to be restored to my Blood, Or make my will the usuage of my good.

Alias Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, & ceter, Glosfer, & medebler, Wurwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet, Glosfer offers to put up a Bill, the which Glosfer seizes it. Wynch. Can't thou with deep premeditated Lines? With written Pamphlets, studiously deuid's? Humfrey of Glosfer, if thou canst acufe, Or ought intend'st to lay into my charge, Doe it without innuence, suddenly, As I with fudden, and extemporal Speech, Purpose to answer what thou canst object. Glosfer. Precumptious Priest, this place demands my patience, Or thou shoul'd finde thou hast dis-honer'd me. Think'st not, although in Writing I pretend'd The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbaism to rehearse the Methode of my Pennoe. No Prelate, such is thy sadacious wickedneffe, Thy lewd, pelissierous, and diuentious Branches, As very intants praise of thy pride. Thou art a most perfidious Villner, Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace, Lascivious, wanton, more then well befecom A man of thy Profession, and Degree, And dost thy Treachery, what's more manifest? In that thou lay'dst a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower. Belee, I fear me, if thy thoughts were stirr'd, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From envious malice of thy swelling heart. Wynch. Glosfer. I doe define thee, Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were couetous, ambition, or peruerse, As he will have me: how am I so poore? Or how hap's it, I feke not to aduance Or say'st my selfe but keep me my wanted Calling, And for Disflation, who pretendst Peace More then I doe; except I be proou'd. No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not, that hath incen'd thee the Duke: It is because no one should sway but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breast;
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And makes him more these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Glafs. As good?

Thou Safford of my Grandfather.

Warh. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one impertinious in another Throne?

Glafs. Am I not Protector, lawful Preist?

Warh. And am I not a Prelate of the Church?

Glafs. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And if thou, to patronage his Theft.

Warh. Venereal Glasses.

Glafs. Thou art reuercnt,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, nor thy Life.

Warh. Rome shall remedie this.

Warm. Rome shal not then.

My Lord, it were your durie to forbear.

Som. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warm. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate to to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warm. State holy, or vnflaw'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I fee must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speakes Sir Rhee when you should:

Muft your bold Verdict enter rake with Lords?
Elfe would I have a fling at Winchester.

Kng. Vnckles of Glafs, and of Wincheles,
The specciall Warsh-men of our English Weale,
I would preuyly, if Prayers might preuyly,
To ioyne your hearts in love and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iatre?
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuil diffion is a venemous Warme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyfe within, Downe with the Tauny-Coats.

Kng. What tumults this?

WaMr. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyfe againe, Stone, Stones.

Enter a Mair.

Mair. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pity the Citye of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosyters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peecle stones:

And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so falt at ane others Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke doone in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to fruit our Shoppes.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Peter.

Kng. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring handes, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle Glafs mitigate this strife.

1. Sarany. Nay, if we be forbidden Stoner, we'e fall to it with our Teeth.

2. Sarany. Doe what ye dare, we are so resolute.

Glofs. You of my household, leesse this peecul brayle.
And set this vnscommon'd fight aside.

3. Saru. My Lord, we know your Grace to bee a man
Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-wealth,
To be disgrac'd by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodys slaughtred by thy foes.

1. Saru. And the very parings of our Nalles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Glofs. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perfwade you to forbear a while.

Kng. Oh, how this discord doth afflic't my Soule,

Can you, my Lord of Wincheles, behold
My fighes and tears, and will not once relent;

Who should be pittifull, if you be not t
Or who should flody to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warm. Yield my Lord Protector, yield Wincheles,
Except you meane with obfinate repuls.

To flay your Soueraigne, and deloy the Realme.

You see what Michieles, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enaue'd through your enmities.

Then be at peace except ye traffic for blood.

Warch. He shall subnit, or I will never yeeld.

Glofs. Compasion on the King commands me floupe.

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that prouidenge of me.

Warch. Behold my Lord of Wincheles, the Duke
Hath banni't moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes is doth appyre;

Why looke you thus so sene, and tragical?

Glofs. Here Wincheles, I offer thee my Hand,

Kng. Feie Vnckle Beaund, I haue heard you preache,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And wil not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warch. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of Wincheles retent;

What'shall a Child infract you what to doe?

Warch. Well, Duke of Glosyter, I will yeeld to thee
Louv for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I gue;

Glofs. I but feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and louing Countrymen,
This token ferues for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our felues, and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Warch. So haue me God, as I intend it not.

Kng. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Glofsyter,

How joyfully I am made by this Contract.

Away my Matters, trauell vs no more,
But Ioyn in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. Saru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. Saru. And to will I.

3. Saru. And I will see what Pharick the Tausere affords.

Warch. Accept this Serowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
In the Right of richard Plamagiaus,
We doe exhbit unto your Maiestie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace make euer circunstance,
You have great reason to doe Richard right,
Especially for those occasions
At Elrhom Place I told your Maiestie.
**King.** And those occasions, Vockle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his Blood.

**War.** Let Richard be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wronges be recompen's.

**Rich.** As will the reft, so will I thine.

**King.** If Richard will be true, not that all alone,
But the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Defent.

**Rech.** Thy humble fervant vows obedience,
And humble servile, till the point of death.

**King.** Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
In regard of that done done,
I gyse thee with the valiant Sword of York.

Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created Prince of Duke of York.

**Rich.** And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dastly springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Mainfrey.

**All.** Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York.
None, perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of York.

**Gloft.** Now will it best assile your Mainduke,
To croffe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love,
Amongst his Subjectts, and his Joyall Friends,
As doth animate his Enemies.

**King.** When Giffier yes the word, King Henry goes,
For friendly counsall cut off many Foes.

**Glof.** Your Ships are ready are in readiness.
Sent Fasts: Exeunt.

**March Exeunt.**

**Exit.** I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is like to enuie:
This late dissenlion growne betwixt the Peeres,
Borne under faine of forces done,
And will at last breake out into a Flame,
As fifted members rot but by degree,
Till bones and blefs and fweates fall away,
So will this base and enuous difcord breed.
And now I feare that firlall Prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every fucking Babe,
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And Henry borne at Windfor, loose all:
Which is fo plain, that Exeunt both with,
His days may fimile, ere that haplesse time.

**Exit.**

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**Scene Secunda.**

Enter Pucell disguised, with four Saddlers with Sacks upon their backs.

**Pucell.** These are the Citty Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar fort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Comme.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the four full Watch but weake,
Ile by a sige glane notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

**Souldiers.** Our Sacks shall be a menace to fack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock,

**Watch.** Ob the.

**Pucell.** Peasants la pouvere gent de France,
Warre: that come to fack their Comme.

**Watch.** Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

**Pucell.** Now Roan, Ile shalke Bowsetts to the ground,

**Exeunt.**

Enter Charles, Balfard, Altem. Exeunt.

**Chalr.** Saint Denys bleffe this happy Strattacome,
And once againe we'le sleepe secure in Roan.

**Balfard.** Here entred Pucell, and her Praftifantes:
Now she is there, how will the specific?
Here is the beft and fairest pajage in.

**Reig.** Byf thrutting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once deliver'd, shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weareffe) which she entred.

**Enter Pucell on the top, thrutting out a Torch burning.**

**Pucell.** Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That heauen Roan unto her Countrymen,
But burning fallall to the Talbots.

**Balfard.** See Noble Charles the Bexon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret standes.

**Chalr.** Now thinke it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

**Reig.** Delerere no time, delayes thou dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, prently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

**Altem.**

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**An Altem.** Talbot in an Excursion.

**Talk.** France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but duiute thy Trecherie.

**Pucell.** That Witch, that damned Sorccrese,
Hath wrought this Helfinif Milchiefe forwates,
That hardly we escape the Pride of France.

**Exit.**

**An Altem.** Excursion: Balford brought in fiche in a Chaire.

**Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Balfard, and Rejnier on the Walls.**

**Pucell.** God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall,
Before hee'll buy againe at such a rate.

**Twas full of Damell; do you like the taste?

**Burg.** Scoife on vile Friend, and shamefull Curtizan,
I truall long to chokke thee with thine ownne,
And make the curse the Harrell of that Comme.

**Chalr.** Ye bell Grace may stanle (perhaps) before that time.

**Belf.** Oh let no words, but deedes, üeue the this Tres-
Tre. Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Braake a Launcet, and runne a Tilt at Death,
Within a Chaire.

**Talk.** Peace! Friend of France, and Hopp of all delipht.
Incompassd with thy jiffyfull Paramours,
Converes is thee to call his wifes Age,
And with Cowardise man halfe dead?
Damell, Ile have a bow with you againe,
Or else let Talbot perish with this Shame.

**Pucell.** Are ye so hot, Sir; yet Pucell hold thy peace,
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

**Thry whiffere together in cemfol.**

God speed the Parliament, who shall be the Speaker.---

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Enter Charles, Baffard, Alanfon, Pucell.
Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident, Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered; Care is no cure, but rather corrodi,
For things that are not to be remedy'd,
Let franticke Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a Peacock sweepes along his stale,
Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rude.
Charles. We have been guided by the hithertho,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.
Baffard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanfon. Wee'll let thee Stature in some holy place,
And have thee reverence like a blest Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Lawes devise:
By faire persuasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the Talbot, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweitening, if we could do this,
France were no place for Henry, our Warries,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our Prouinces.
Alanfon. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an Exiled here.
Pucell. Your Honor well perceiveth how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a faire off.

Heare, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
Here found an English March.
There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

French March.
Now in the Reveward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countryman.
Charles. Spake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Pucell. Bruse Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not ower- tedious.
Pucell. Look all to thy Country, look on settle France,
And see the Citties and the Townes defect,
By wailing Ruine of the cruell Poe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloe his under-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Malady of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vannatural Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe laft hast given her wofull Breaf.
Oh turne thy edward Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe.
One drop of Blood drawn from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then three flames of eurantine gare.
Returne thee therefore with a flour of Tersons,
And wath away thy Countries hyned Spots.
Burg. Either thy hate bewitche me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly tentic.
Pucell. Besides all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubling thy Bitch and lawfull Preogine,
Who soyn't thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truft thee, but for profits fake?
When Talsow hast fet footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Jull,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitue?
Call we to minde, and make but this for proofs:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Poe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was this Enemy,
They set him free, without his Randome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thenightfight against thy Countreymen,
And soyn't with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughty wordes of hers
Hauent basted me like roaring Cannon-flour,
And made me almost yeild upon my knees.
For give me Cousrey, and free Countreymen:
And Lords accept this hearese kind embrasse.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talsow, he no longer truft thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-saine.

Ballard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.
Alas! Pucell hath bruely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now levs on, my Lords, And loyme our Powers, And seake how we may prejudice the Foe. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Woucler, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeunt: To them with his Solicitors, Talbot.

Talk. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peers,
Hearing of your arrast in this Realme,
I have a while gived Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, little Portrefles,
Twelve Citiers, and feuen walled Townes of Strength,
Befide five hundred Prifoners of effeeme:
Let fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submifius loyalty of heart
Affribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Winkle Gloucester,
That hath so long bene resident in France?
Cast. Yes, if it please your Majestie, 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 flower Champion neuer handled Sword,
Long since we were refoled of your trust,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never haue you failed our Reward,
Or beene regerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore Iand vp, and for these good deferts,
We hereto create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senn. Flouris. Exeunt.

Monet Veron and Bafset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of the Colours that I wase,
In honor of my Noble Lord of York.
Darst thou maintaine the former words thou spakst?
Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare pawnage
The enuous barking of your famous Tongue.
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. I am happy, Sir, the Lord I honour at he is.
Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Vern. Hearke ye: not for in wisselke take ye that,
Strike him.

Baff. Villaine, thou knowest

The Law of Armes is fuch,
That who do drawes a Sword, tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Blood.
But Ile vnto his Majestie, and crave,
I may hauie liberitie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt lee, Ile meere thee to thy coft.
Vern. Well informest, Ile be there as foone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glos. Lord Bishop set the Crowsne upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Glos. Now Gournour of Paris take your oath, that you elect no other King but him;

Ehune none Friends, but such as are his Friends, and none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, do help you righteous God.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calice, To haste unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Written to your Grace, from thy Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (safe Knight) when I did meet the next,
To serve the Garter from thy Cousens Legge,
Which I have done, because (unworthily) Thou wast so instal'd in that High Degree,
Paid me Princeely Henry, and the tell:
This Dauid, at the battell of peaters,
Which I was in, was five thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trustfull Squire, did run away,
In which affay, we lost twelve hundred men,
My selfe, and duest Gentlemen beside,
Were these surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiss:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to waste
This Ornament of Kingdom, yea or no?
Glos. To say the truth, that was infamous,
And ill befoming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of dauntlie Courage,
Such as were gonne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftrefse,
But always resolute, in most extremities.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,
Dost but vnder the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophesying this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That dost presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hast't thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou wast't a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnchle Duke of Burgundy.

Glos. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd
his Stile?

No more but plainke and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish Superfession
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? I have upon especiall cause,
Had with commissione of my Countries wrathes,
Together with the pitiful complaitements
Of such as your oppression fodder upon,

Forsaken your presumtions Ballet,
And set't with Charles, the rightfull king of France
Omnimous Treachery: Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What doth my Vnchle Burgundy report?
Glos. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the word this Letter doth containe?
Glos. It is the word, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then Lord Talbot there (that talk with him),
And give him chalsiment for this abuse.
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes. But I am present,
I should have begged might have bene employd.
King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treson,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart defining us,
You may behold confusion of your forces.

Enter Vernon and Baffoe.

Ver. Grant me the Combatie, gracious Sovereigne.
Baff. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combattie too.

Tal. This is my Stunt, bear him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speake.
Say Gentlemen, what makes your this complaint,
And wherefore crave you Combatie? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Baff. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Baff. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow here with envious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rofe I wear,
Saying, the fanguine colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Mifters blushing cheeks:
When lubberly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argued betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In consutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Som. And this is my petition (Noble Lord): For though he feeme with forged quaret conteene
To set a goffe upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Prorouncing that the palatifie of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintness of my Mifters heart.

Ver. Will not this make Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of Yorke, will out,
Though he's so cunningly you smotherest.

King. Good Lord, what madnegge rules in braine-
ficke men,
When for so fligh't and frioulous a cause,
Such foolish simulations does here act:

Good Cozins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your fruiles (I pray) and be at peace.

Tal. Let this diffention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let vs decide it then.

Tal. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let itself where it began at first.
The first Part of Henrie the Sixth.

Toffe. Confirmes it so, mine honourable Lord.  
Glo. Confirmes it so? Confounded be your strife,  
And perisst with your audacious prase,  
PREFUMPTIOUS VAILLS, are you not ashamed?  
With this immodest clamorous courage,  
To trouble and disterbe the King, and us?  
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well  
To bear with their petyrts Objections.  
Much lees, to take occasion from your mouths,  
To raise a mutiny betwixt your fulses.  
Let me persuade you take a better course.  

Exeunt. It greeues his Highness,  
Good my Lords, be Friends.  

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants;  
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fauour,  
Quicke to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.  
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,  
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:  
If they perceyve discretion in our lookes,  
And that within our fulses we disgree;  
How will their grudging Remakes be prouked?  
To willfull Disobedience, and Rebellion?  
Beside, What ifamy will there stiffe,  
When Forraigne Princes shall be certifie,  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King, Flowers Peers, and cheere Nobility,  
Destroy'd themfelves, and loft the Realme of France?  
Oh thinkes on the Conquell of my Father,  
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe  
That for a stiffe, that was bought with blood.  
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull stiffe:  
I fee no reafon if I were this Rofe,  
That any one shoulde therefore be fufpicious  
I more incline to Somerfet, than Yorke:  
Both are my kinmen, and I love them both.  
As well they may expbrace me with my Crowne,  
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crownd,  
But your directions better can perfwade,  
Then I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let vs still continue peace, and love.  
Cofin of Yorke, we intefine your grace  
To be our Regent in these partes of France:  
And good my Lord of Somerfet, unite  
Your Troupes of horfemen, with his Bands of foote.  
And like true Subiects, fones of your Progenitors,  
Go cheerfuller togethger, and digeft  
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.  
Our Seffe, my Lord Protection, and the reft,  
After fome refpit, will returne to Calicke;  
From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
To be prefente by your Victories,  
With Charles, Alainfon, and that Traerious yonr  

Exeunt Maccus Torke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.  

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King  
Prettyl (me thought) did play the Otator.  

torke. And fo he did, but yet I like it not,  
In that he weares the badge of Somerfet.  
War. Toph, that was his fance, blame him not,  
I dare preume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme,  
Torke. And if I wiffe he did. But let it ref.  
Other affayres muft now be managed.  

Exeunt.  

Flourish.  
Maccus Exeuter.  

Exe. Well did you, Richard to suppresse thy voice.  
For had the patton of thy heart burnt out,  
I fear we had should have fene a clipher'd there  
More anonorous flight, more furious raging broyles,  
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:  
But howfoere, no fimple man that fees  
This tarring diford of Nobility,  
This shouldeering of each other in the Court,  
This factious bandying of their Favourites,  
But that it doth prefage fome ill events.  
'Tis much the better, when Speronets are in children's hands:  
But more, when Enraye breeds vnkinde devotion.  
There comes the ruines, there begins confusion,  

Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drummes,  
before Bordeaux.  

Tab. Go to the Gates of Bordeaux Trumpeter,  
Summon their Generall into the Wall.  

Sounds.  

Enters General of the White.  

English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,  
Seruants in Armes to Henry King of England,  
And thus he would. Open your Cittie Gates,  
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraine yours,  
And do him honour as obedient Subiects,  
And I'le withdraw me, and my bloody power.  
But if you wonne upon this proffer'd Peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Leane Pamime, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,  
Who in a moment, eaten with the earth,  
Shall lay your flately, and ayre-braving Towers,  
If you forake the office of their love.  

Cap. Thou ominous and fearless Owl of death,  
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,  
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,  
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:  
For I profeft we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to infuace and fight.  
If thou retir'd, the Dolphin well appointed,  
Stands with the faires of Warre to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee, there are fquadrons pichet,  
To wall thee from the liberty of Flights;  
And no way canst thou runne thee for redrefle,  
But death doth forth thee with apparant fpydle,  
And pale destruccion meets thee in the face;  
Ten thoundand French have tane the Sacrament,  
To ruyne their dangerous Artillerie  
Vpon no Christian ioule but English Talbots?  
Lot, there thou flanfl a breathing valiant man  
Of an invincible vnconquer'd spirit:  
This is the latest Glory of thy praffe,  
That I thy enemy dew thee withall;  
For er the Glaffe that now begins to runne,  
Finifh the procffe of his fandly hour,  
These eyes that fee thee now well coloured,  
Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.  

Drum a fare off.  
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,  
Sings beaue Muflieke to thy timorous foule,  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.  

Exit.  

Tal. He Fables not, I hearre the enemie:  
Our fome light Horfemen, and paife their Wings.  
One negligent and needlefe Discipline,  
How are we park'd and bouded in a pale?  
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,  
Mas'd with a yelping kennel of French Curries.  
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,  
Not Raveall-like to fall downe with a pinch,  
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges.
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowsards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Fri ends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Proper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets Turke. Enter Turke
with Trumpets, and mary Soldiers.

Turke. Are not the speediue Scoure return'd againe,
That doth the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Meff. They are return'd my Lord, and gie us out,
That he is march'd to Burdeus with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along,
By your espials were discouered.
Two mightier Troopes than that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeus)

Turke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemens, that were leaned for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my yde,
And I am lowert by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chesalier:

God comfort him in this necessity:
If the misfortun, farewell Warses in France.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. Thou Princeely Leader of our English strenght,
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurr to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waife of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeus warlike Duke, to Burdeus Yorke,
Elfe farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Turke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee faue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfettynge a Traitor, and a Coward;
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me wepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors live.

Meff. O send some succour to the distressd Lord.

Turke. He dies, we loose: I break my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they daily get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Meff. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong Iacob, who two houres since,
I met in traitse towardis his warlike Father;
This even yeares did not Talbot fee his sonne,
And now they meete where both their lustes are done.

Turke. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Grace:
Away, vexation almost stops my breath,
That fundred friends grieve in the houres of death,
Lond farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the ẽaste I cannot saye the man.

Maine, Blaye, Foyters, and Tavers, are wonne away,
Long all of Sorenes, and his delay.
Exit Meff. Thus while the Vulture of fedition,
Feedes in the bosom of such great Commanders,
Sleeping, neglection doth betray to loose:
The Conquest of our scare-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Honour the fight: While they each other crosse,
Lies, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loose.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expidition was by Turke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generosi force,
Might with a fally of the very Towne,
Be buckled with: the out-daring Talbot
Hath fullie all his glorie of former Honor
By this unheedfull, desperste, wilde adventure:
Talbot let him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That Talbot dead, great Turke might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-machts forces forth for yde.

Som. How now Sir William, whether you are fent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold adventure,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assailing death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody flowe from his ware-wearied Limbes,
In an advantage lingering looks for refuse
You his false hopes, the trust of England honar,
Keep off aloofe with wasteful emulation:
Let nor your proued discord keep you away
The leaved succours that should lend him yde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeld vp his life unto a world of oddes.

Orleance the Baffard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alaufson, Regerand, compass him about,
And Talbot perfithe by your default.

Som. Yorke let him on, Yorke should have sent him yde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Sureving that you wish-hold his leuted host,
Collected for this expidition.

Som. Yorke yles: He might haue fent, & had the Horfes
I owne him little Dute, and lesse Loue,
And take soule fomeone fomeone on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, nor the force of France,
Hath now inrap the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England that he breaze his life,
But dies betraied to fortune by your stripe.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his yde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tame or faine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And bye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. I fhe bead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tell. O yong Iacob Talbot, I did send for thee
to tuer thee in stragamens of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in theere-und.
When lapide age, and weake enable limbs
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boosting Straries.
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my Sweithest horse,
And I direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodainet light. Come, dally not, be gone.

Iacob. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I fly? O, if you lose my Mother, D Dishonor not her Honorable Name, To make a Bait for her, and a Slave of men. The World will say, he is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood. Talb. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain. John. He that flies so, will not re-turn again. Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye. John. Then let me stay, and Father do you fly: Your losse is great, so your regard should be; My worth renown'd, no losse is knowne to me. Upon my death, the French can little boast; In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot staye the Honor you have wonne, But mine it will, that no Exploit have done. You fled for Vantage, every one will faweare: But if I bow, they say it was for feare. There is no hope that ever I will stay, If the first howre I th rueke and run away: Here on my knee I begge Mortality, Father then Life, prefer'd with Infaulte. Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lyce in one Tomb? John. I rather then lie shame my Mothers Womb. Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe. John. To fight I will, but not to flye the foe. Talb. Part of thy Father may be fai'd in thee. John. No part of him, but will be shame in thee. Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it. John. Yes, your renowned Name a still shawe abufe it? Talb. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from thy Saine. John. You cannot withstaine for me, being alone. If Death be so apparant, then both flye. Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye? My Age was never tainted with such shame. John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame? No more can be feaun'd from your side, Than can your selfe, you felt in swaine diuive: Stay, goe, do what you will, the like doe I; For live I will not, if my Father dye. Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone. Come, ride by side, together live and dye, And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. Exit. A l a r u m : Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is harnessed about, and Talbot rescues him. Talb. Saint George, and Victory, fight Saudiers, fight: The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word, And left vs to the rage of France his sword. Where is John Talbot's pawne, and take thy breath, I gueze thee Life, and resceude thee from Death. John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne: The Life thou gaues me first, was lost and done, Till with thy Warlike Sword, desfresh of Fate, To my determin'd time thou gaues newe date. Talb. When shee the Delphine G resth thy Sword strucke, It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud deigne Of bold fact Victoire. Then Leader Age, Quick'ned with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage, Best downe Arm'd Orlean, Orlean, Stormende And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee. The irreful Baited Orlean, that drew blood From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood Of thy first fight, I soone encountred, And interchanging blowes, I quickly fled Some of his Baitard blood, and in disgrace Befoke him thus: Contaminated, base, And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine, Mean and night poore, for that pure blood of mine, Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave Boy. Here purposing the Baitard to deter her, Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care. Art thou not wearie, John? how doth thou fare? Wilt thou yet leave the Bataille, Boy, and flee, Now thou art feall'd the Sonne of Chalotiere? Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead, The helpes of one stands me in little head. Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot, To hazard all our lines in one small Boot. If I to day dye not with Frenchmans Rage, To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age. By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay, 'Tis but the shortening of my Life one day. In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name, My Deaths Renenge, thy YOUTH, and Englands Fame: All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay. All these are fail'd, if thou wilt flye away. John. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart, These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart. On that adventisge, bought with such a shame, To fauce a pauly Life, and flye bright Fame, Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye, The Coward Horfs that beats me full and dye: And like me to the pedal eyes of France, To be Shames scorn, and subiect of Mischance. Surely, by all the Glore you have wonne, And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne. Then tellke no more of flight, it is no boot, If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot. Talb. Then follow thou thy deep rate Syre of Creer, Thou Escrow, thy Life to me is sweet If thow wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side, And commendable proud, let's dye in pride. Exit. A l a r u m : Excursions, Enter old Talbot led. Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone, O, where's yong Talbot? where is valiant John? Triumphant Death, faire'd with Captivite, young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee, When he perceu'd me thrinke, and on my Knee, His bloody Sword he brandish'd ove me, And like a hanger Lyon did commence Rough deeds of Rage, and terne Impedance: But when my angry Guardant (read alone), Tending my ruine, and afayd'ly of none, Dazze-ey'd Furies, and great rage of Heart, Suddenly made him from my side to part Into the claffing Battale of the French: And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there did Thee, my Blesseome, in his pride.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Beneath by speaking, whither he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poore Boy, he fancies, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers arms,
My spirit can no longer bear these lamenst.
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are yong John Talbot graue. 

Enter Charles, Menkin, Burgundi, Baffard, and Pucell.

Chor. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Baff. How the yong whelpes of Talbot raging woe,
Did fleah his punche-fword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Maide,
But with a proud Malefis call high score
He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillow of a Giglot Wench:
Sooting in the bowls of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Baff. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lies inheared in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurfier of his armes.

Baff. Hwe them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whole life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Chor. Oh no fotheare: Fothat which we have stid
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lw. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Chor. On what submiffive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submiilion Dolfons? Its a mere French word.
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast take,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Chor. For prisoners ask thou? Hell our prisons is.
But tell me whom thou sheek it?

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earl of Wiltfioard, Waterford, and Walmes,
Lord Talbot of Cardiog and Vertshoold,
Lord Strange of Blackmers, Lord Verun of Alon,
Lord Cowen of Waggford, Lord Furnwall of Sheffeld,
The three victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
The noble Beare of S. George,
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshall to Henry the first,
Oflall his Warrs within the Realm of France.

Puc. Here's a falsely flate rile undere:
The Turk that two and fittes Kingdomes hath,
Writtes not to tedious a Stile as this:
Him that thou magnifih with all these Titles,
Stinking and by. bloune eyes heere at our feast.

Lucy. Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bulles turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead in life.
It were enough to fright the Realmes of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudefl of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may bear them hence,
And give them Buriall, as becometh their worthe.

Proc. I thinke this waffe is old Talbots Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but flinke, and putrifie the syre.

Chor. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence, but from their ashes shal be erad
A Phoenix that shall make all France afraide.

Chor. So we be rid of them, do with him what y will.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot slaine.

Scena secunda.

SEQUET.

Enter King, Glosfer, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperour, and the Earl of Arundel?
Glos. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly fure unto your Excellency,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace advanc your motion?
Glos. Well (your good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stopp effusion of our Christian blood,
And libidous queneffe on every side.

King. I marry Vnkle, for I always thought
It was both impious and vnnatural,
That such immunny and bloody strife
Should be mingled among Prufessors of one Faith.

Glos. Befide my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And further bind the knoll of amitie,
The Earl of Arimsacke were knit to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Profess his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage with a large and tumefous Dowrie.

King. Marriages Vnkle! Alas my yeares are yong:
And fittes is my hulde, and my Bookes,
Than warron dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call the Embassadors, and as you pleafe,
Let them haue their answers euerie one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countys weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Embassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of stricken better install'd,
And e'll I'd vento a Cardinall degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Here the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He'll make his cap eneueall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and responsible:
And therefore are we certainly resolvd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Albano, Bafflard, Rejnyer, and lone.

Char. These newses (my Lord's) may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said, the fair Parisians doe reuel,
And turne againe into the warlike French.
Alarum. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepen backe your powres in dalliance.
Peace. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else suie combe with their Pallaces,

Enter Scout.

Scout. Suceede unto our valiant Generall,
And happie success to his accompaneis.
Char. What tidinges send our Scout? prethee speake.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now consimy'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is.
But we will presently provide for them.

Buc. I trust the Ghost of Tavlor is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Peace. Of all base paffions, Fear is most accuert.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortune.

Enter Ione de Pocell.

Puc. The Regent couqneres, and the Frenchmen flye,
Now helpe ye charming Spellers and Petriates,
Ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And give me Signes of future accidents.
Your speedie helpe, that are fur片子.

Enter the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprise.

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They wakke, and speake out.
Oh hold me not with flience out-our long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile pop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefite:
So you do condiscend to help me now.

They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redresse, My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grumt my frite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreste you to your wanted furtherance?
Then take my soule, my body, foute, and all,
Before that England gue the French the foyle.

They depart.
See, they forlak me. Now the time is come,
That France must rulr her lofty plumed Creff,
And let her head fall into Englands lappes,
My ancient Inventions are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to bucke with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duff.

Exeunt.

Tory. Damfell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Vnhaine your spirit now with spilling Charnes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly price, fit for the diuils grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her bowes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.
Par. Chang'd lo a weifer shape thou cant not bee.
Tory. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No stake but he can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mifcheefe lights on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Tory. Fell bannning Hagge, Incantrefles hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prethee give me leaue to curse awhile.

Tory. Curse Miserantes, when thou commt to the flake

Enter Alarum.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margarets in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Cæsars on her.

Oh fairest Beautye, do not Kasım, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
I kiffe these fingers for evernal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say I that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margarets my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who soe koure art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke sm I call'd
Be not offended Natures mytracle,
Thou art slotted to be tane by me:
Do stich the Swan her downye Signets true.

Oh fry!
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings:
Yet if this servile vantage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolkes friend. She is going
Oh fly: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart lays no,
As plays the Sunne upon the gauge expandes,
Twinkling another counterfeited blaze,
So fumes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Paine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Eye De la Fale, disable not thy felle:
Haft not a Tongue? Is it no notherhere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans flight?
1: Beauties Principally Machtly is fuch,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the fentes tough.
Mar. Say Earl of Suffolkke, if thy name be so,
What ranomme my lye paie before I paie?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell the wall deny thy fuite,
Before thou make a small of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ranomme my lye?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wode:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranomme, yes or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramount?
Mar. I were well to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is mard: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He tales at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuth, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He tales of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet to my fancy may be fatisfed,
And peace established betweene their Realmes.
But there remaines a couple in that too.
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Arvion and Maine, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will lerne the mate.
Mar. Hear ye Captaine? Are you not at leyfure?
Suf. It shall be so, difdaie they are no more:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yeild.
Madam, I haue a secrect to reveale,
Mar. What though I be intial'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dphonome me.
Suf. Lady, voucheffe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be refou'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his heartes.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a caufe.
Mar. Tuth, women have bene capituate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore calle you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quaet for Qua.
Suf. Say gentile Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flave, in base feruituy.
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And shall they, If happy Englands Royal King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto me?
Suf. Ie undertake to make thee Henrys Queene,
To put a Golden Sceper in thy hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt concindet to be my——
Mar. What?
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

But Madame, I must trouble you againe, 
No lowing Token to his Majestie? 
Marry, Yes, my good Lord, a pure unsported heart, 
Nor your errand were with you, I fend the King. 
Exit. 

For, that thy felte, I will not so presume, 
To fende such peevish tokens to a King. 
Soe, Oh went thou for my felle: but Sowleffe say, 
Thou mayft not wander in that Labyrinth, There Minours and wgly Trefauns lurke, 
Sic eret. Henry with a wonderous praffe, Beshinke thee on her Vesture that surmount, Mad natural Graces that extinguifh Art, Repeat their fembance often on the Seas, That when thou eze it to kneele at Henryes feite, Thou mayft scarce heu him of his wilts with wonder. Exit. 

Enter Turks. 

Ye, Bring forth that Sacerrife condemn'd to burne. 
Sho, Ah lone, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right, Have I fought every Country fære and meer, And now it is my chance to finde thee out, Muft I behold thy timelle cruel death: Ah lone, sweet daughter lone, He die with thee. 

And, Despair. Deceit full, farbe ignoble Wretch, I never deftred of a gentler blood; Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. 

She, Our, out: My Lords, and pleafe you, tis not fo I did beget her, all the Parthian knowes: Her Mother liues yet, can refent She was the fift fruites of my Bach lefhip. 

War. Gracclife, wilt thou deny thy Parentage? I chufe to die for my father, and froft: This arge, upon that kind of life hath beene. Wicked and vile, and for her death concludes. 

Sho, Fye lone, that thou wilt be fo obfolute: God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh, And for thy fake I have fent many a teare: Deny me not, I pruythee, gentle Lone. Faced. Prettiam quae est. You have fuborn'd this man Of purpofe, to obfcure my Noble birth. 

Sho, Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieff, The morne that I was wedded to her mother. Kneele downe and take my blesling, good my Cyrle. Wilt thou not flope? Now curfed be the time Of thy naturall: I would the Milke Thy mother gaue thee when thou fuck'd her brea, Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy fake. Or else, when thou didst keep my Lamps a-field, I with fame ravenous Wolfe had eate thee. Doft thou deny thy Father, curfed Drab? O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. Exit. 

Turks. Take her away, for the hath litten too long, To fill the world with vicious qualities. 

Parke. Tis Priefel law me tel you whom you have condemn'd; Nor me, begoten of a Shepheards Swaine, But illord from the Pregnet of many Peeces, Verituous and Holy, chozen from aboue, By infpiration of Celeftiall Grace, To worke exceeding myraulcs on earth. I never had to do with wicked Spites But you that are polluted with your luflcs. Stain'd with the guilefull blood of innocents, Corrupt and tarnish'd with a thousand Vices: Because you went the grate that others huse, You judge it ftrange thing impossible To compaafte Woodes, but by helpe of duellcs.
The firft Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Charles, Alfonso, Bedford, Regailer.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France, We come to be informed by your felues, What the conditions of that league must be. 

Turk. Speake Winchelle, for boyling choller chokes The hollow paffage of my moyson d'voyce, By sight of these our basefull enemies. 

Hon. Charles, and the rest, it is escafold thus: That in regard King Henry giveth content, Of mette compassio, and of lentie, To safe your Countrie of differtellefull Warre, And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne. And Charles, upon condition thou wilt sweare To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe, Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him, And full enjoy thy Regall dignitie. 

Alas. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe? Adorne his Temples with a Coronet, And yet in substancie and authoritie, Retaine but privilege of a private man? This proffer is abord, and teasonable. 

Char. This knowne already that I am positif With most then halfe the Gallis Territories, And therein reuerenced for their lawfull King. Shall I for loue of the rest vanquist, Destroy so much from that preegistature, As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole? No Lord Ambassador, He rather keepe That which I have, than courting for more, Be cast from possibility of all. 

Turk. Inflaming Charler, haft thou by secret meanes, Given interceffion to obtaine a league, And now the manner grows to comprimis, Stand'ft thou aloofe upon Compassion Either accept the Title thou vurnip't, Of benefit proceeding from our King, And not of any challenge of Defeat, Or we will plague thee with incessant Wars. 

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy, To call in the course of this Contrat: If once it be neglectid, ten to one We shall not finde like opportunity. 

Alas. To sowe the truthe, it is your policie, To sowe your Subiects from such maffacre And ruthless daughers as are dayly scene By our proceeding in Holiety, And therefore take this compact of a Truce, Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues. 

War. How sayst thou Charles? Shall our Condition stand? 

Char. It shall: 

Oney referre' du, you claime no interef 
In any of our Townes of Garrison. 

Teo. Then sweare Alleegiance to his Maiestie, As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey, Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England, Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England. So now diuinifie your Army when ye plest: Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still, For here we entertaine a solemn peace.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Muft be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lordes, since he affects her moft,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferre'd.
For what is wedlocke forsworht but a Hell,
An Age of discorde and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom shoulde we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughters to a King:
Her peerlessse feature, ipoyned with her birth,
Approves her fitt for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is feeen)
With answer out hope In fiftue of a King.
For Kent, so doe into a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in love.
Then yeld my Lords, and here conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and done but thee,
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke; Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharp diffusion in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poete my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To croafe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry faithful and appointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth,
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excufe
This sedaine execution of my will.
And lo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my greefe.

FINIS.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Good Duke
H V M F R E Y.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hobeyes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaforde on the one side,
The Queene, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk.

By your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, Tournai,
In presence of the Kings of France and Smill,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calark, Brittany, and Alenfon,
Scout Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I have perform'd my Task, and was expou'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Delier vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happyft Gift, that euer Marquettle gavfe,
The Farewell Queene, that euer King receu'd.
King. Suffolk arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can express no kinder signe of love
Then this kindes kispe: Of love, that leaue me life,
Lend me a heart relepse with thankfullneffe:
For thou hast gluen me in this beautefull face
A world of earthy bleffings to my foule,
If Sympathy of love write our thoughts,
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall confence that mynde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Elder sief Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With rester terms, such as my wit affords,
And owre joye of heart doth minde.
King. Her sight did rauffe, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yeld with wifedomes Majefly,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Sigh is the Fulnoffe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerfull voice, Welcome my Queene.
Queen. We thank you all. Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so fit pleasse your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Soueraigne, and the French King clo'd.
For eighteene moneths concluded by content.
Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betwixt the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolk, Ambaflador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall espousse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reiguer King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.
Item. That the Duke of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be releasde and delvered to the King her father.
King. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some fadisme qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.
King. Vnkle of Wincleffe, I pray read on.
Wyn. Item. It is further agreed betwixt them, That the Dutchelffe of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be releas'd and delvered over to the King her Father, and fowe fent over one of the King of Englands own proper Coff and Charges, without baying any Denry.
King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down.
We heere crete thee the first Duke of Suffolk, And gitt thee with the Sword. Coft of Yorke, We heere dilcharge your Grace from being Regent 1st parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths Be full expy'd. Thankes Vnkle Wincleffe, Glofter, Yorke, Buckingharn, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warkhice.
We thank you all for this great favoure done,
In entertainment to my Princeley Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide
To fee her Coronation be perfom'd.
End. King, Queene, and Suffolk.

Actus tertii.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his greffe:
Your greffe, the common greffe of all the Land.
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valoure, colne, and people in the wares?
Did he fo often lodge in open field?
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toye his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Hawe you your subjects, Somerfet, Buckingham,
Brave Torke, Salisbury, and vicious Warwick:
Recieved deepes scars in France and Normandy:
Or hath mine Vaunce Beauford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, fat in the Counsell house,
Early and late, debating roo and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancy,
Crowned in Peace in delight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henrie Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatast this Marriage, canceling your Name,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Raising the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquest France,
Vandoing all as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This pretention with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. I Vuckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new Duke that rules the roll,
Hath given the Dutches of Aumon and Mayne,
Vnstr the poore King Regneri, whose large stile
Agree not with the lenness of his pury.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant sonne?
War. For greefe that they are pall recovered,
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should send hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aumon and Maine? My selfe did win them both:
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd vp againe with peacefull words!

Mort. Dian.

Torke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That durs the Honor of this Wastlike life?
France shoulde haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yielded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings hatches
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King Henrie gies away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vautes.

Hum. A proper isf, and never heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Cofls and Charges in transporting her:
She shoulde have diad in France, and stroud in France
Before.

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleisure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But is my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will ou, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy fisue: if I longer say,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordinges farewells, and gy when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. 

Exit Humfrey.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
This is such one that is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy into you all,

And no great friend. I fare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heere apperant to the English Crowne.
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the westerly Kingdomes of the Welt,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewruch your hearts, be wife and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jobe maintaine his Royal Excellence.
With God preferce the good Duke Humfrey:
I fearne myselfe, for all this flattering gloffe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

An. Why should he then protefs our Soueraigne?
He being of age to govern himselfe.
Colin of Somerset, toyne you with me,
And alotegether with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly haueye Duke Humfrey from his seat.

Car. This weigthy businesse will not brooke delay,
Ill to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

Exit Cardinal.

Sod. Colin of Buckingham, though Humfrey's pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinal,
His influence is made intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land besides,
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Defpite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinal.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerfet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While thefe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it to vs to labor for the Realme.
I never saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did bewe him like a Noble Gentlemen:
Of haue I seene the haughty Cardinal.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sware like a Ruffian, and demaine bunfete
Vnlike the Rule of a Common-wealth.
Warwick my owne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainenesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greates favoure of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Allies in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline;
Thy late exploites done in the heart of France,
When thou was Regent for our Soueraigne,
Hawe made them fear'd and honord of the people,
Joyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to briddle and surpresse
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,
With Somerfets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as wesay, seriatim Duke Humfreyes deeds.
While they do tend the profite of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwick, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of this Countrie.

Tar. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest esate.

Salisbury. Then lett mak haft away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwick. Vnto the maine?

Oh Faather, Maine is lost,
That Area which by mine owne force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Olden, Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Turky. Amoues and Maione are given to the French, Paris is lost, the state of Normandie,
Stands on a stille point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concludes on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two Dukedoms for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't so thence
'Tis thine they glue away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penworths of their pillage, And purchase Friends, and glue to Carrezans,
Still recalling like Lords still all be gone,
While as the sily Owner of the goods
Weepes over it, and wrings his haplesse lands,
And &akes his head, and trembling hands aloofe,
While all is hard, and all is borne away,
Ready to desire, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and Sold:
'Our Kings the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fallall brand Atbas burnt.
Into the Princes heart of Goldes:
Amien and Maim both given into the French
Cold newses for me: so I had hope of France,
Even as I haue of fertile Englande folte.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Newes parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Hemfry,
And when I spy advantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seek to hit:
Not shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Sceptre in his childish Fift,
Nor were the Diadem upon his head,
Whose Church-like honors first not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke to bee full a-while, till time doe serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prée into the secrets of the Sate,
Till House surftting in isotes of lowe,
With his new Bride, & Englandes deere bought Queen,
And Hemfry with the Peeres be fatne at sartes:
Then will I slie sloat the Milke-white Rofe,
With whose sweet smel the Ayre shall be perfom'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perfette His make him yield the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire Englande downe.

As to ourchase one glance unto the ground.
Humph. O Neil, sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish his Crafty wife, with ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill,
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreams this night, doth make me sad.
Eliz. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I leue requisite
With sweet rehearsal of my mornings dreame.
Humph. Me thought I fare in Szee of Majesty,
In the Catherall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were crown'd,
Where Hieue and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.
Humph. Nay Elizor, then meul I chide out Speare,
Prefumptious Dame, ill-nature'd Eilzor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realmes?
And the Proteftors wife bold of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
About the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treacherie,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feate?
A way from me, and let me heart no more.
With Elzor, for telling but her dreame.
Next time Ile keep my dreames unto my selfe,
And not be check'd.
Humph. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Messinger.
Moff. My Lord Procescor, 'tis this Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto S. Albeus,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Humph. I go, Comendel that show will ride with vs, Ex. Humph.
Eli. Yes my good Lord, he follow prefantly.
Follow me not, I cannot go before,
Where Gloster bears this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blockers,
And smooth my way upon their headleffe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sit folks, my fear not man,
We are close, here's none but thee, & I.
Humph. Jesus preferre your Royal Majesty.
Humph. But by the grace of God, and Hame aducice,
Your Gracees Title shall be multiplied,
Humph. This they have promis'd to shew your Highnes,
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

Thur
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

That shall make answers to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Extravag. It is enough, I think, upon the Questions.

When from Saint Albano we do make reuacue,
We’ll set these things effectuated to the full.
Here Hans, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Extravag.

Huns. Holo! well make merry with the Duke of Suffolk.
Marry and all: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Yea, vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mums,
The businesse shew them filent ferecicie.

Dame Extravag giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuell,
Yet haste! I flie from another Coft.

I dare not flie, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do finde it fo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Extravag aspiring humor)
Have hyed me to vnder-mine the Ducheffe,
And buze thefe Confiruations in her brayne.
They say, A crauef Knaue doo’s need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinall Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a prey of crauef Knaues.
Well, it is flant; and thus I flare at lafte.
Humes Knauerie will be the Dukeffe Wreckte,
And her Auncinture, will be Hauernes fall
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armatures
Manning the one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let’s hand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord proted his, for he’s a good man, I foue blifie him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

Peter. Here comes me thinkes, and the Quene with him: Ibe is the first fure.


Suff. How now fellow; would it any thing with me?


Quene. To my Lord Protector! Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is this?

2. Pet. Mine is, and pleafe your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping his House, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that’s some Wrong indeede.

What’s yours? What’s here? Against the Duke of Suffolk, for encluding the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?


Peter. Against my Master Thomas Hones, not sayeing, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crown.

Queen. What say’st thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightfull Heire to the Crown?

Peter. That my Miftrefse was! No forsooth; my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Whisper. *
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall sier the happy Helme. Exit.

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Ducliefe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill deman'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-shipp.

Som. If Somerset be so worthy of the Place,
Let York be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no,
Dispute not that, York is the worthy.

Card. Ambition will not fay better, let thy betters speake.

War. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke,
Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham.

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 giue his Censure: There's no Women matters.

Queen. If be old enough, what then yours Grace
To be Protector of his Excellency?

Humph. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will relieve my Place.

Suff. Refigne it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wast King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to waste,
The Dophin hath preyed on the Seas great,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Souveraigne.

Card. The Commons haue trusted, the Clerges Bagg
Are lankne and leane with thy Exortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiles Atayne
Hau of fof a male of publique Treasure.

Buck. Thy Cruelle in execution
Upon OFFendours, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queen. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne as thesus: which is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humphrey.

Give me thy Fame: what, Myndon, can ye not?
She gives the Duke a box on the ear.
I try you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. What! ye seemd to be proud French-woman?
Could I come near you, your Beautie with my Naples,
I could get ten Commandements in your face.
Kings. Sweet Aune be quiet, was against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good Kings? looke to't in time
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Matter were no Breethes,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vnveug'd.

Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,
And list after Humphrey, how he proceedings:
She's tickled now, her Fume needs no furies,
She'll gallop faste enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and broke in... 

Dukes. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their tracts: Beldam I think we watch you at an ych; What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains, My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guarded for these good defeats. Eliz. Not bale to bad as thine to Englands King, Inurious Duke, that thenceforth where's no cause, Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call this this? Away with them, let them be clap vp close, And kept sounder: you Madame shall with vs, Stafford take her to thee, We'll fee your Trinkets here all forth-comming, All away. Exit. 

Duke, Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watch her well: A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon, Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Write, What hate we here? Reader. The Duke yet lares, that Henry tall depoie: But hism out-lace, and dye a violent death, Why this is suft are Laevs Romans vacuer passio, We'll, to the tent, Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk? By Water shall he dye, and take his end, What shall betide the Duke of Somerset? Let him beaume Caflles, Safer shall he be upon the sannie Plains, Then where Caflles mounted fland, Come, come, my Lords, Thefe Oracles are hardly steain'd, And hardly understanding, The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones, With him, the Husband of this louely Lady: Thither goes thefe Newses, As faft a Horfe can carre them: A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protecor. Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York, To be the Poite, in hope of his reward, Turks. At your pleasure, my good Lord, Who's within there, he! Enter a Servant. 

Indue my Lords of Sainsbury and Warwick To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away. Exit. 

Enter the King, Queen, Protecor, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers hallowing. 

Queen. Beleeve me Lords,for flying at the Brooke, I saw not better sport thefe fewe yeares day: Yet by your leas, the Wade was very high, And ten to one,old leas had not gone out. King. But what a point, my Lord, you Faulcon made, And what a pitch the flow about the reft : To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are faine of climbing high, Staff. No maruell, and it like your Musette, My Lord Protectors Hawket doe towne so well, They know their Muset louses to be stot, And beares his thoughts about his Faulcon Pitch. Gly. My Lord, its but a base ignoble mude, That mounes no higher then a Bird can forte.
Card. I thought as much, he would be aboute the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinal, how thinke you by that? Is it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasure of quellerling Toy.

Gloft. Is the Treasure of thy Heart, Perimous Protecor, dangerous Peere, that smooth'st it so with King and Common weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinal? Is your Priests hood grown weake?

Tanta non animus Catholica; Churchmen so hot? Good Vnckle hide such mallice; With such Holyneffe, can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes so good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloft. As who, my Lord? Why, as you, my Lord, not like your Lordly Lords Protecorship.


King. I pray thee peace, good Queene, and when not on these furious Peeres, for blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blefled for the Peace I make against this proud Protecor with my Sword. Gloft. Faith holy Vnckle, would't come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st. Glof. Make vs no luscious numbers for the matter, in thine owne person anfwere thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peep: And if thou dar'st, this Evening, on the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Believe me, Cousin Glofier.

Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, we had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vnckle, see ye advis'd? The East side of the Groue:

Cardinal, I am with you.


Card. Medicin signum, Protecor fec to'well, prosect your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high, so do your stomacks, Lords.

How iskefore is this Maffick to my heart? When fuch stranguer, what hope of Harmony? I prays my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glofier. What means this noyfe?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclaime?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suff. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man as Saint Albones Shrine, Within this halfe hours hath recea'd his sight, A man that re's fay in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleuving Soules Gues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Major of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chaise.

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Proceedion, To presente your Highnesse with the man, King Grasa is his comfort in this Earthly Vale.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him here the King. His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good Felllowe, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for the may glorifie the Lord, What, haft thou beene long blinde, and now refor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and pleafe your Grace.

Wife. I indede we was.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and like your Worship.

Gloft. Hadst thou beene his Mother, thou couldn't haue better told.

King. Where went thou borsen

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodneffe hath bene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night vnhauling passe, But till remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and ofthen, In my sleepe, by good Saint Albons:

Who said, Symon, come: come off at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. J, God Almighty help me, Wilt. How can't thou fo?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Glofier. How long haft thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Glofier. What, and would it climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glofier. Master, thou lou'dest Plummes well, that wouldn't venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my life.

Glofier. A jubilant Naus, but yet it shal not serue:

Let me see thing Eyes: winke now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albons.

Glofier. Say'st thou me so: what Coloure is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glofier. Why that's well said: What Coloure is my Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coatle-Black, as let.

King. Why then, thou knowest what Coloure Iet is of?

Wife. And yet I thinket, Iet did he never see.

Glofier. But
Graft: Bert Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife: Never before this day, in all his life.

Graft: Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpe: Alas Master, I know not.

Graft: What's his Name?

Simpe: I know not.

Graft: Nor his?

Simpe: No indeede, Master.

Graft: What's his owne Name?

Simpe: Saunders Simpaxe, and if it please you, Master.

Graft: Then Saundor, sit there, The lying it Knaue in Chriftendome.

If thou hadst borne borne blinde,
Thou mightst as well have knowne all our Names.
As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight my distinguisht of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Almune here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think it, Cunnings to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpe: O Master, that you could?

Graft: My Masters of Saint Almune,
Hau ye not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whispes?

Maior: Yet, my Lord, if it pleae your Grace.

Graft: Then feed for one presently.

Maior: Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Graft: Now sethee me a Stoole hither by and by,
Now Sirrha, if you meant to sue your selfe from Whipping,
Ipee me over this Stoole, and raine away.

Simpe: Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in raie.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Graft: Well Sir, we muste have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doubler, quickly.

Simpe: Alas Master, what shal I do? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leape over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they fellow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, feeth thou this, and beeare it so long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne,

Graft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Graft. Let the be wheepe through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke Humphrey ha's done a Miracle to day,

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and Bye away.

Graft. But you have done more Miracles then 1:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to Bye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of raughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Coinmencement and Confederate

Of Lady Elizan, the Protechore Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Hauie prachtis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conuniers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fad,
Raying up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Private Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. As to my Lord Protecor, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yeat at London.

This News I thinke hath turned your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your hoarde.

Graft. Ambitious Church-man, leave to affliate my heart:
Sorrow and griefe have vanquished all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I small yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones?
Hearing confusion on their owne heads thereby,
Queen. Glafter, see here the Tailchurle of thy Neft,
And looke thy felle be faultlefe, thou went beft.

Graft. What's the name of thy selfe, to Heaven doe appeale,
How I have loud my King, and Common-welle:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to beare what I have heard.

Noble thee is: but if thee have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conquer'd with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And give her as a Prize to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glafter, honett Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse shorowly,
And call these foule Offenders to their Answeres;
And poyle the Caufe in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sauc, whose rightful caufe prevailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Torke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Torke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, gue me leau.
In this close Walke, to finifie my felle,
In erasing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to England's Crowne.

Salis. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
War. Sweet Torke begin: and if thy clayne be good,
The Nezsir is thy Subiects to command.

Torke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had leuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Haufled; and the third,
Lewet, Duke of Clareince; next to whom,
Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was Edward Laygley, Duke of Yorks;
The fift, was Iohn of Woodlocke, Duke of Glosie:
William of Windfor was the feuenenth, I Jaft,
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till Henry Bulingbrook, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of Iohn of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the foureth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, deposed the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queen to France, from whence the can.

And
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know, Harmelett Richard was murdered traiterously.

Warre, Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Turke, Whict now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonne Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should have reigned.

Salute, But William of Harfeld dyed without an Heire.

Turke, The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whole line I clayme the Crowne.
Had I sue Philip, a Daughter.
Who married Edward Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edward had Issue, Roger Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, Edward, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salute, This Edward, in the Reigne of Bullingbrookes,
As I have sead, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captytte, till he dyed,
But to the rell.

Turke, His eldest Sitter, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire into the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edward, Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonne Sonne;
By her Tlayme the Kingsonne;
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edward Mortimer,
Who married Phillips, noble Daughter.

Vnto Llum, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warre, What plaunce proceedings is more plaunce than this?

Henry doth clayme the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, Turke claymes it from the third:
Till Lliam the bloudy fayles, his should not reigne.
If fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire flippes of such a Stocke,
Then Father Salisbury, kneele wroghter,
And in this private Plot be we the fift,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

Turke, We thank thee Lords;
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be flynde
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster,
And that not suddently to be perforce,
But with advice and silent serecie.

Do ye as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At Beauforts Pride, at Somerset Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they heare that the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:
That that they seeke, and they, in seekeing that,
Shall finde their deaths, if Turke can proppice.

Salute, My Lord, breake we ooff; we know your minde at full.

Warre, My heart affurreth me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Turke, And now, this I doe affurre my felle,
Richard shull liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greates man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpet. Enter the King and States, with guard to conduct the Duke.

King. Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glouster Wife:
In night of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Book are aduiz'd to death.
You soute from hence to Prisone, back again;
From thence, into the place of Execution.
The Witch in Smirkefield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangeld on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Depoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Lye in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanely, in the Isle of Man.

Eleanor Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

King. Why, Eleanor, the Law thou feel hast judged thee,
I cannot utter, what the Law condemne;
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe,
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground,
I beeche you, Madam, you leaue me goe;
Sorrow would tollace, and mine Age woulde faile.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Glouster,
Enthou goe, gue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to him selfe Protection be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my seere;
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no leafe beold;
Then when thou went Proctor to thy King.

Queen. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be so protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme;
Give vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glouster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Harry, is my Staffe;
As willingly doe I the same refigne,
As he thy Father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy seere I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it,
Fatewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy thron.

Exeunt Glouster.

Queen. Why now is Harry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Glouster, loose him selfe,
That basres to shewd a mysasme, two Pulles at once;
His Lady banished, and a Limbe lopt ooff.
This Staffe of Honor taung, where let it stand,
Where it beft fits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this loffe Pyne, & hangis his sprays.
Thus Eleanor Pride dyes in her younes dayes.

Turke. Lords, let hym goe. Please it your Majestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Queen. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell tryde,
King. A Gods Name for the Lyfe, and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Turke. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The feruant of this Armorer, my Lords.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter at one Doore the Armerer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbour. Here Neighbour Hennor, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.
2. Neighbour. And here Neighbour, here’s a Cuppe of Charneco.
3. Neighbour. And here’s a Pot of good Double-Beere; drinke, and fear not your Man.

Armerer. Let it come yfaith; and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

1. Peter. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not a-faid.
2. Peter. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: do drink, and pray for me. I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and will thou haue my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to sleepe with my Master, heareth so much fteuce already.

Salut. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to bowlers.

Sirth, what’s thy Name?
Peter. Peter Forthoof.
Salut. Peter! What more?
Peter. Thump.
Salut. Thump? Then see thou thump thy Master well.

Armerer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans infalligation, to prove him a Knave, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter have at thee with a downe-right blow.

Tork. Disparceth, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Armerer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Traceton.

Tork. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou haft presely’d in right.

Ring. Goe, take hence that Traylor from our sight. For by his death we doe per丘se his guilt, And God in Juffice hath design’d to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murthred wrongfullie. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward, Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his Men in Mourning Cloaths.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, everybody succeeds Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Care and loyes abound, as Seasons fleet.

Gloft. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punish’d Ducheffe:
Vaneath may thee endure the Fintic Streets, To tread with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Neill, I can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abode People, gazong on thy face, With enuious Looks laughing at thy flame, That erst did fowle thy proud Charlow Wheeles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But so, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My tearr’says’d eyes, to see her Mierites.

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Skirt, and a Toper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffs and Officers.

Sirs. So pleasa your Grace, wee take her from the Sheriffs.

Gloster. No, flarte not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elizanor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now that so Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull looks, And in thy Closet pent vp, see thy shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Neill, forget this griefe.

Elizanor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilest I think I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinke I should not thus be led along, May I apper in flame, with Papers on my back, And follow’d with a Rabbale, that recose To see my teares, and hear my deepse for groans. The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the enuous people laugh, And bid me be advisd how I tread.

Ah Humphrey, can I bear this shamefull yoke? Towrest thou, that ere Ie looke upon the World, Or count them happy, that enoyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ie say, I am Duke Humphreys Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so be rul’d, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Ducheffe, Was made a wonder, and a pointing flock To every idle Rascal follower. But be thou milde, and bluss not at my shame, Nor flarte at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For Stafford, he that can doe all in all With hers, that hasteth thee and hates vs all, And Torke, and imprious Scawford, that faile Priefer, Have all lynum Bulkhe to bary thy Wings, And Bye thou how thou canst, they’re tangle thee. But stede not, eu’n, null thy foot be fear’d, Nor neuer seekes prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Neill, forbeare: thou art misled all along. I must offend, before I be auctiated:
And had I twenty times so much foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All these could not procure me any seache, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimelle.

Would it have me rescue thee from this reproche?
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Why yet the bandall were not wiped away,  But in danger for the breach of Law. Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Neil; I pray thee for thy heart to patience, Thee! few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

For I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament, Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth. Glos. And my content ye ask'd herein before? This is close dealing. Well, will I be there. My Neil, I take my leave: and Master Sheriff, Let not her Prence exceed the Kings Commission. Sh. And't please your Grace, my Commission stays: And Sir John Stanley is appointed now, To take her with him to the Isle of Man. Glos. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here? Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glos. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray You see her well. The World may laugh again, And I may rue to do you kindness, if you do it her. And so Sir John, farewell.

Elizer. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewells.

Glos. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speake.

Exeunt Glover.

Elizer. Art thou gone? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy, is Death; Death, that whome Name I of great breede fearst, Because I wish'd this World's eternitie. 

Stanly. I prethee goe, and take me hence, I care not whither, for I begge no favor; Onely consey me where thou art commanded. 

Stanly. Why, Madame, that is to the Isle of Man, There to be vs'd according to your State. Elizer. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And I thinke I must be vs'd reproachfully.

Stanly. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke Humphrey's Lady, According to that State you shall be vs'd. 

Elizer. Sheriffs farewell, and better then I fare, Although thou hast beene Conduit of my shame. Sheriffs. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. Elizer. I, farewell, thy Office is discharge'd:
Come Stanly, shall we goe? 

Stanly. Madame, your Penance done, Thee I do commend. And goe we to attyre you for our Journey. Elizer. My shame will not be fruited with my Sheet: No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes, And throt to fettle, attyre me how I can. 

Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prifon.

Enter Queen, Duchesse, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Parliament.

King. I muste my Lord of Glover not come: 'Tis not his wonte to be the hindermost, What e're occasion keepest him from vs now. 

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance? With what a Misseffte he bears himselfe, How insolent of late he is become, How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe. 

We know the time since he was mild and affable, And if we did but glance a faire-off Looke, Immediately he was vpon his Knee,

That all the Court admitt him for submission. But meet him now, and be it in the Morne, When every one will give the time of day. He kius his Brow, and thews an angry Eye, And paffeth by with furtle unbowked Knee, Difdaining duty that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne, But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, And Humphrey is no little Man in England, First note, that he is neere you in dietent, And should you fall, he is the next will mount. 

Me rememeth, it is no Politie, Respecting what a rancorous minde he bears, And his advaunce following your decease, That he should comne about your Royall Person, Or be admitted to your Highnesse Counsell. 

By flatterie hath he wonne the Coomon hearts: And when he pleasse to make Composition, 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. Now his affairs, and Weeds are fliow-rooted, Suffer them now, and they're o're grown the Garden, And choke the Herbes for want of Husbandry. 

The reverent eare I beare vnto your Lord, Made me collect thes dangers in the Duke, If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant, I will subfcribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke. 

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, Perouse my allegretion, if you can, Or else conclude my words effectuell. 

Suff. Wee hall your Highnesse scene into this Duke: And hal I but beene put to speake my minde, I think I should hau'e told your Grace's Tale. 

The Duchesse, by his subornation, 

Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises: Or if he were not prisse to thate Faults, Yet by repute of his high difente, At next the King he was fucceffive Heire, And fuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie. 

Did infigte the Bedlam braine-fick Duchesse, By wicked means to frame our Soucrainces fall. 

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deep, 
And in his fime heuere he harbores Treason. 

The Fox barks not, when he would licens the Lamb.

No, no, my Soucraining Glover is a man Unfounded and full of deep deceit. 

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, Deuise strange deathes, for small offences done?

Torks. And did he not, in his Protecftorship, Lend great fundmes of Money through the Realme,

For Souldiers pay in France, and never fent it? By meannes whereof, the Townes e'ery day revolted. 

Buck. Tur, thefes are pettie faults to faults unknowne, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey, 

King. My Lords at once, the care you haue of vs, To lowes downe Thoms that would annoy our Foot, Is worthy praffle: but shall I speake my confidence, Our Kinman Glover is as innocent.

From meaning Trefon to our Royal Person, As is the fucking Lambe, or harmeflle Doue. 

The Duke is veruus, mild, and too well given, To dreame the eluent in this world of dust. 

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond fance? 

Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd, For he's disposd as the hairfull Rauen. 

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,
For e'er's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolfe,
Who cannot stale a shape, that means deceive?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting thorn that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerest.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Souersigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somerest: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is viterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerest: but Gods will be done.

Turke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firrinely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Biosomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedy this greate erare long,
Or fell my Tude for a glorious Grauce.

Enter Gloucester.

Glof. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Now Glyfoster, know that thou art come too soon;
Vnleaf thee thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treacon here.

Glof. Well Safficer, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart宁fat, nor is not easily daunted.
The purel Sprung is not so free from muddle,
As I am cleare from Treacon to my Souersigne,
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Turke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Brides of France,
And being Protecor, stayd the Souliers pay,
By means whereof, his Highnesse hath loft France.

Glof. Is it but thought so? What are they that thinke it so?
I never rob'd the Souliers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Brie from France.
So helpe me Gods, I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studding good for England.
That Day that ere I wretit from the King,
Or any Great I hodcroed to my life.
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No, many a Pound of mine owne proper flower,
Because I would not taxe the needee Commons,
Hau'e I dispur'd to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It forces you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glof. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Turke. In your Proverbish, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of,
That England was deservde of Tyrannie.

Glof. Why 'tis well known, that whilst I was Protecor,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should met at an Offenders teases,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnleaf thee were a bloody Murderers,
Or foule felonious Thieves, that flee'd poor passengers,
I never gau'e them condigne punishment.
Murther indeede, that bloodieinne, I tortur'd Above the Feiton, or what Trepas els.

Saff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answert'd
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easie purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keep, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Glofoster, is my speciall hope,
That you will clear ye selfe from all falshome,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glof. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie cha'd hence by Rancious hand;
Foule Subornation is predominates,
And Equity e'il at your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to loose my life:
And if my death might make this land happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingneffe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, the ye be suspected no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blur his hearts mallice,
And Safficer cloudie Brow his froze mane hate
Sharpe Buckingham thunders with his rongue,
The enuous Lord that eyes upon his heart:
And dogged Turke, that reaches at the Moonne,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I have pluckt back:
By false accuse doth dwell on my life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Cauci'th haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your beft endeauce hau'e flurr'd my self:
My life, Liews to be mine Enemye:
I all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My false had notice of your Conunnicil,
And all to make away my guiltie Life.
I shall not want false Wiltnesse, to condemne me,
Nor more of Treacons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Iproverce will be well exercit,
A Staffe is quickly found to best a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his rayling is untolerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treacons secret Knife, and Traytorys Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, child, and raised at,
And the Offendor gransed scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Saff. Hath he not won our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignonominous words, though Clarkely couched?
As if the had turndome come to wraeke
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Quo. But I can gius the lofer leaue to chide.

Glof. Fare truer spoke then meant: I lofe indeede,
Beatisfied the winners, for they play'd me falle,
And well why facher lofes may loose leaue to speake.

Buck. He'll wreath the fence, and bold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner,
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glof. Ahbus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be freme to bese his Body,
Thus is the Shephered beaten from thy fide,
And Wolres are gnauring, who fahil graue thee first.
At that my fre was falle, ah that it was:
For good King Henry, thy doosy I fed.

King. My Lords, what to your wilfomes seemeth beft.

Doe. And vnder, as if our felifes were here.

Quo. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliament?

King. I margaret: my heart is crown'd with griefes,
Whole flode begins to howe within mine eyes;
My Body round overlay with miferie.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For what's most miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vincle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth and Loyalty
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That every good man rise and fear thy faith.

What lowering Scarce now emuis thy efface?
That thec great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe seek subjection of thy harmless Life,
No; thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it struggle,
Beares it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorose haste they borne him hence:
And as the Damne runnes lowering vp and downe,
Looking way her harmless young one went,
And can doe naught but wayse her Darlings loose,
Even so my selfs bewayles good Giffons eale
With fad vnhelpfull tears, and with dimd'ye eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good;
So mightie see his vowed Enemies.

His fortunes I will weepe, and twist each groaine,
Say who's a Traytore? Giffon he is none.

Giffon, Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sennes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in good Affairs,
Too full of foolish pitee: and Giffons shew
Beguiles him, as the mountfull Crocodile
With forrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, sli'd in a flowring Banke,
With Churning chesker'd doth gog seing a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.

Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge my owne Wit good:
This Giffon should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie the policie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
"That he must be condemn'd by course of Lawe.
Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie;
The King will labour till to fauce his Life,
The Commons haply rife, to fause his Life;
And yet we haue but triall arguments,
More then mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

Tarke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah Tarke, no man alive, for famine as I.

Tarke. 'Tis Tarke that hath most reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you thinke, and sleeke is from your Soules;
Wert not all one, an empiue Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protektor
Queen, So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madness then,
To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
Who being ascend'd a craffte Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly potted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
Nor let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock.
Before his Chaps be stay'd with Crimton blood,
As Humfrey prou'd by Reason to my Life.
And doe not stand on Querulls how to lay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtertice,
Sleeping or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queen. Three Noble Suffolke, it's respectively spoke.
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For thungs are often spoke, and feldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is mentorious.

And to preserve my Soueraigne from his foes,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead. my Lord of Suffolk,
Bre you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you contamin, and censure well the deed,
And Ie prouide his Executioner,
Tender to the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, he deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.

Tarke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Prince.

Suff. Great Lords, from Iteland am I come amaine
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and flop the Rasse betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vuncerable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that caues a quick expedient fllope,
What counsafe giue you in this weightie cause?

Tarke. That Somersea be fent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lockie Rulet be imploy'd,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Suff. If Tarke, with all his fair-set policie,
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have play'd in France so long.

Tarke. No, not to loose it all, as thou haft done.
I tather would have loft my Life better,
Then bring a butchen of dis-honourable home,
By staying there so long, till all were loft.
Shew me one skrake, charafter'd do thy Skynne,
Mens blest preferu'd do whole, doe feldome waine.

Qu. Nay then, this sparkle will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with.

No more, good Tarke; sweet Somersea be still,
Thy fortune, Tarke, hadst thou bene Regent there,
Mighty happily have prou'd thee worse was his.

Tarke. What, worke then might I, nay, then a blame take all.

Somersea. In the number, thee, that will nott flame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, telle what your fortune is:
Th'miciull Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trye your hop against the Irishmen.

Tarke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maistrie.
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establishe, he commerces,
Then, Noble Tarke, take thou this Taske in hand.

Tarke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord Tarke, that I will see perform'd,
But now returne we to the late Duke Humfrey.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so to breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolk, you and I must take of this evente.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

**The Duke of Suffolk, within fourteen days.**

**Enter** My Lord of Suffolk, with four commanders.

**At Butlow** I expect my Souldiers,
For there I'll shipp them all for Ireland,
**Suff.** I see it truly done, my Lord of York.  
**Exeunt.**

**Maurt York.**

**Tork.** No York, or never, I'll shrew thee thin full thoughts
And change midswort to resolution;
**Jte that thou hast't to be, or what thou art;**
Refuge to death, it is not worth thy enjoying;
Let pale-fac'd feat keepe with the meanest man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster the spring-time flowers, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignite.
My Bryane, more bushie then the laboring Spider,
Waves tedious Snakes to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To tend me packing with an Host of men:
I fear thee, but warme the这些问题 Snake,
Whom cherith in your breasts, will fling your heads.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well affid,
You put strange Weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland mortifie a mightie Band,
I will flit up in England some black Scorne,
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Hecum, or Hell;
And this fell Temper shall not cease to rage,
Vnill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes tranparent Beames,
Doze calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minifter of my intent,
I have feded a head-strong Kenefhman,
John Cadene of Alford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland haue I feene this stubborne Cade
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought fo long, till that his thidges with Darts
Were almost like a Harpe-quaile d'Orpentine:
And in the end being refuced, I haue feene
Him expire vertue, like a wife Morifco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hairy'd craftie Kenne,
Hath he consurved with the Enemye,
And vnscoufed, d' come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This Detial here shall be my subtilitie;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In fact, in gate, in speech he doth resemble,
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorkie,
Say he betaken, rackt, and corrupted;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I mowd him to thehe Armes.
Say that he thrive, as his great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strenght,
And reape the Harrell which that Rafeall sow'd.
For Humphrey; being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart; the next for me.  
**Exit.**

**Enter two or three running out the Stage, from the Mother of Duke Humphrey.**

1. **Runne** to my Lord of Suffolk: let him know
We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded,
2. Oh, that it were to doe; what have we done?

Did ever hear a man so penitent?  
**Enter Suffolk.**

1. **Here comes my Lord.**

**Suff.** Now Sirs, have you dispatchd this thing?
2. Tis, my good Lord, he's dead.

**Suff.** Why's that's well said. Go, get you to my Houre,
I will reward you for this venetrous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you luy'd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave the directions.
2. Tis, my good Lord.

**Suff Away, be gone.**

**Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Quene, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerst, with Attendants.**

**King.** Go, call our Vnkle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as'tis published.
**Suff.** I'll call him presently, my Noble Lord.  
**Exeunt.**

**King.** Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no faster gainst our Vnkle Gifler,
Then from true evidence, of good effecte,
He be approv'd in praficlife culpable.
**Queene.** God forbid any Malice should pretayle
That faultfulie may condemne a Noble man;
Pray God he may acquit him of infultion.
**King.** I thank thee Nell, these wordes content me much.

**Enter Suffolk.**

Where is our Vnkle? what's the matter?
**Suff.** Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Gifler is dead,
**Queene.** My Lord: he is dead.

**Card.** Gods sever Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

**King.** How fares my Lord?  
**Queene.** How fares my Lord: the King is dead.

**Som.** Rene vp his Body, wing him by the Nose.
**Runne.** Go, goe, hepe, hepe, Oh Henry ope thine eyes.
**Suff.** He doth reunie againe, Madame be patient.
**King.** Oh Heauenly God.

**Queene.** How fares my gracious Lord?
**Suff.** Comfort my Soveraigne, gracious Henry comfort.

**King.** What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to finge a Raunt Note,
Whose dimall tune bereft me of my Vital power:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chace away the sift-conceitid found?
Hide not thy poyzons with such fuged words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting,
Thou balfefull Messenger, out of my flight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maitie, to fright the World,
Looke not vp on me, for these eyes are wounded;
Yet does not goe away; come Bafitike,
And kille the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy;
In life, but double death, now Gifler's dead.

**Queene.** Why do you raise 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 too me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groanes,
Or Blood-consuming figlies recall his Life:

n 3
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By Suffolke, and the Cardinal! Bountefords meanes: The Commons like an angry Hince of Bees That want their Leader, scatter up and downe, And care not who they fling in his strene, My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinue, Vnstill they hearde the order of his death. King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry: Enter his Chamber, view his breathing Corps. And commend then vpon his fowde name. War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salisbury With the rude multitude, till I returne. King. O thou that judgest all things, say my thoughts: My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule, Some violent hands were laid on Humfray life: If my falsc be false, forgive me God, For judgemenone dealt well belong to thee: Faine would I goe to chace his palie lips, With twenty thousand kifes, and to draine Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares, To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke, And with my fingers feel his hand, vnfeeling: But all in vaine are thele Mebequies, Bed post forth, And to survey his dead and entrily Image: What were it but to make my fowre greater Warw. Come hither gracious Soveraigne, view this body. King. That is to see how deepse my graue is made, For with his foule fled all my worldly folace: For seeing him, I fee my life in death. War. As surely as my soule intend to live With that dread King that tooke our flate vpon him, To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull care, I do beleue that violent hands were laid Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke. Sulf. O a dreadful Oath, sworne with a sorna tongue: What instance gues Lord Warwick for his vow, War. See how the blood is fested in his face. Ofte have I seene a timely-pared Ghost, Ofathy simulanee, meager, pale, and bloodleffe, Being all descended to the labouring heart, Who in the Contiol that he holds with death, Attrafts the same for saydence gannet the enemy, Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returnd, To blyue and beautifie the Checke aagain, But feare, his face is blake, and full of blood: His eye's balls further out, then when he lived, Staring fulllyght, like a strangell man: His hayre vpreeard, his nostrils stretcht with fruguing: His hands abroad display'd, as one that graps And tuggd for Life, and was by strength subdued, Lookt on the sweets his hair (you see) is flicking, His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, Like to the Summers Corne by Tempell lodg'd: It cannot be but he was murderd here, The head of all these figures were probable: Sulf. Why Warwick, who should do the D.o death? My selfe and Benfard had him in protection, And we hope fir, are no murthers. War. But both of you were vowe D. Humfrys foes, and you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe: Tis like you would not feal him like a friend, And its well feene, be found an enemy. Queen. Than you belike suspect thes Noblemen, As guilty of Duke Humfrys timefticke death.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

War. Who finds the Hester dead, and bleeding stiff, And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe, But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Pottocks Neat, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyre foare with unblouded Beske? For ten to tenipries is this Trencher. Q. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife? Is Hussey turn'd a Kyre? where are his Pallons? Suff. I wear no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men, But here's a venefull Sword, rufft with ease, That shall be fownd in his rancorous heart, That flanders me with Murthers Crimeon Badge. Say, if thou dar'st prove, Lord of Warwick's, That I am Fairetie in Duke Henfrey's death. War. What does not Warwicke, if false Suffolk dare him? Q. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffolk date him twenty thousand times. War. Madame be still: with reverence may I fly, For every word you speake in his behalfe, Is flander to your Royall Diagnse. Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, dignable in demeanour, If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much, Thy Mother took into her blamewise Bed Some ferue untrust'd Charle; and Noble Stock Was graft with Crab.tree flippe, whole Fruitz thou art, And never of the Nevell Noble Race. War. But that the guilt of Murthers bucklers ther, And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my Soueraigne preference makes me milde; I would, false murdrous Coward, on thy Knee Make thee begge pardon for thy peaceed speech, And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st, That thou thy selfe walt borne in Baftardic; And after this peacefull Hymage done, Give thee thy hyre, and send thy Soules to Hell, Pernicious blood-fucker of sleeping men. Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I fied thy blood, If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me. War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence: Unworthy though thou art, Ic eane with thee, And doe some fertice to Duke Hussey's Ghost. Exeunt. King. What stronger Beef-plate then a heart vacuum'd? Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarell just; And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele, Whose Confiquence with Saullitie is corrupted, A mope within. Queene. What noyse is this? Enter Suffolk and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawn. King. Why how now Lords? Your wrathfull Weapons drawn, Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold? Who shall terrulous clamor hare we here? Suff. The traytous Warwicke, with the men of Bury, Set all upon me, might Soueraigne. Enter Salsbury. Salib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your mind. Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me, Though Lord Suffolk should be done to death, Or banished faire Englands Territories, They will by violence tear him from your Palace, And torture him with grievous linguing death. They say, by him the good Duke Henfrey dyde: They lay in him they tearre your Highness death, And more inkind of Low and Loyallie, Free from a stubborn opposite intent, As being thought to contradiq your liking, Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. They lay, in care of your moft Royall Person, That if your Highness should intend to sleep, And charge, that no man should disturbre your rest, In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict, Were there a Serpent seen, with forked Tongue, That Gyly gyled towards your Maleftie, It were but necessarie you were wake. Least being suffer'd in that harmfull number, The mortall Warwicke might make the sleepe eternall. And therefore doe they cry, though you forbide, That they will guard you, where you will, or no, From such fell Serpents as false Suffolk is; With whose unwonned and fatal fling, Your lousing Yorke, twenty times his worth, They lay is flamefully breft of life. Commons within. An answere from the King, my Lord of Suffolk. Suff. This is like the Commons, rude enploylists Hinde, Could send such Message to their Soueraigne: But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd, To shew how quereint an Orator you are. But all the Honors bals bath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embassadors, Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King. Within. An answere from the King, or wee will all break in. King. Goe Suffolk, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender louing care; And had I not beene cited fo by them, Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat: For sure, my thoughts doe hotely prophecie, Mifchance into my State by Suffolkes mens, And therefore by his Maleftie I sweare, Whole faire-vonworthie Depuities I am, He shall not breathe infection in this syre, But three days longer, on the paine of death. Q. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolk. King. Vnderstand Queene, to call him gentle Suffolk. No more I say: if thou do' pleade for him, Thou wilt but add more encrease into my Wrath, Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word; But when I sweare, it is irreconcilable: If after these three space thou here'be'n found, On any ground that I am Ruler of, The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life. Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with thee, I have great matters to impart to thee. Exeunt. Q. Mischance and sorrow goe alonge with you, Hezra Discontent, and Lovery Affiction, Be play-fellowes to keep you company: There's two of you, the Devil make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps. Suff. Cesef, gentle Queene, thefe Execrections, And let thy Suffolk take his beauteous lease. Queen. Eye.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch, 
Haft thou not spirit to curse thine enemy, 
Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse them? 
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, 
I would inten as bitter searching terms, 
As curt, as harsh, and horrible to hear, 
Deleri'd strongly through my fixed teeth, 
With full as many signes of deadly hate, 
As lance-f'd enuy in her loathsome cause, 
My tongue should stumble in mine earnt words, 
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint, 
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distraict: 
I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban, 
And even now my burreth'd heat would breake 
Should I not curse them. Peyson be their drink, 
Gall, worst then Gall, the daintiest that they taste: 
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cyprese Trees: 
Their cheerefull Prosped, murd'ring Basiliskes: 
Their softfull Touch, as smart as Lyzaards Rings: 
Their Musick, frightfull as the Serpents hisse, 
And loading Screech-Owles, make the Comfort full. 
All the foule terrors in darke setted hell——

Queen. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment it thy selfe, 
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glaife, 
Or like an outer-charged Gun, recoile, 
And turns the force of them upon thy selfe. 
Suf. You had me ban, and will you bid me lecte? 
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from, 
Well could I curse away a Winters night, 
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top, 
Where byning cold would never let grass grow, 
And thinkes it but a minute spent in sport. 

Queen. Oh, let me interreat thee pace, give me thy hand, 
That I may dew it with my mourdow full seas: 
Nor let the rame of heaven wet this place, 
To wash away my woeful Monuments, 
Oh, could this knife be grizted in thy hand, 
That thou mightst think upon thee by the Seale, 
Through whom a thousand signes are breath'd for thee. 
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe, 
'Tis but furmis'd, whiles thou art standing by, 
As one that surferes, thinking on a want: 
I will repeale thee, or be well affect't, 
Admonere to be banish'd my selfe: 
And banish'd I am, if but from thee: 
Go, speake not to me; even now be gone. 
Oh go not yes. Even thus, two Friends condem'd, 
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues, 
Leather a hundred times to part then dye: 
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee. 

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banish'd, 
Once by the King, and three times three by thee, 
Tis not the Land I care for, were th'oth thereuse, 
A Wildermasts is populous enough, 
So Suffolke had thy heavenly company: 
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe, 
With every general pleasure in the World: 
And where thou art not, Desolation, 
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life; 
My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whether goes Vauz to falt? What newes I prether?
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Combe downe his bair; looke, looke, it stand vp right,
Like Lime-twiges set to catch my winged soule -
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarye
Bring the strong poynson that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall moner of the heauen.
Looke with a genile eye upon this Wrench,
Oh heastes away the blude meuding Fiend,
That lays strong fire in to this wretched soule,
And from his bosome punge this blacke dispair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sat. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be
Lord Cardall, if thou think'st on heuens bliffe,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe : Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
King. Excorbe to judge, for we are fanners all.
Clove vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close.
And let vs all to meditation.

Hear vs, fight at sea. Ordinance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Saffolke, and others.

Lievs. The gaudy blabbing and remembrasfull day,
is crept into the borne of the Sea :
And now loud howling Wolves oure the lades
That dragged the Tragicke melancholy night :
Who wish their drowse, flyl, and faggling wings
Close dead-men's graces, and from their milty lawes.
Breath foule contagious darknefe in the ayre :
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilft our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heret shall they make their rancions on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maitcer, this Prifoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this :
The other Whiter Whimorne is thy thare.

1. Gent. What is my runyme Master, let me know.
A thousand Crownes, or elfe lay down your head.
Mate. And do much shall you give, or oft goes yours.

Lieve. What think you much to pay 5000 Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen ?
Cut both the Villaines thores, for dy you shall :
The lives of thofe which we have loft in fight,
Be countre-boys'd with fuch a pettic famme.

2. Gent. Ile give it you, and therefore spare my life.
Gent. And do will I, and write home for it straight.
When. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to refentence it, thoulde thou say,
And fo should thife, if I might have my will.
Lieve. Be not fo fash, take relame, let him live.
Sof. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thoulde be payed.
Whit. And fo am I; my name is Whiter Whimorne.
How now? why ftray thou? What doth death affright ?
Sof. Thy name affrights me, in whom found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And tolde me that by Water I should dye : 
Yet let not this make thee bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gaffier, being righfully founded.

3. Gent. Whither, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did bafe diabolous blure my name,
But with our fword we wipd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell renue,
Broke be my word, my Armes torme and deface,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Sof. Stay whymore, for thy Prifoner is a Prince.
The Duke of Saffolke, William de la Pole,
Whit. The Duke of Saffolke, muffled vp in ragges ?
Sof. I, but these ragges are no parre of the Duke.
Lieve. But Icure was never blane as thou thall be,
Obsture and lowly Swaine, King Henry's blood.
Whit. The honourable blood of Lancaster.
Muff not be flied by such a lieded Grome :
Haft thou not kif thy hand, and held my firyrop ?
Bare-headed plodded by my cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I thooke my head.
How often haft thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, knee'd downe at the boord,
When I have feated with Queene Margaret ?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-falle,
I, and slay this thy abstinence .
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou flound,
And duly waitted for my comping forth ?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it shame thy riotous tonge.
Whit. Speak Captain, shall Ilab the forbon Swain.
Lieve. Firft let my words flab him, as he haft me.
Sof. Bafe Queene, thy words are blunt and fo at thou.
Lieve. Countrey men are honest, and on our long boats tide,
Strike of his head. Sof. Thou dast not for thy owne

Lieve. Prifone, Sir Prifone, Lord,
I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the fletter Spring, where England drinks.
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kill the Queen, fhall steep the ground :
And thou that fhall lift at good Duke Henrie's death,
Against the feefelefe winder fhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt fhall hitte at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Haggles of hell,
For daring to styffe a myghty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a woffulfe King.
Fraeling neyther Sabach, Wealth, nor Diadem
By duellifh policy art thou grownge great,
And like ambitious Sylu outer-gord,
With gobbers of thy Mocher bleuching heart.
By thee Arrows and maines were fould to France,
The falfe resolvling Normans thorough thee,
Difdaie to call vs Lord, and Picardus
Hath flaine their Gournours, surpriz'd our Ports,
And fent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princeful Warwicke, and the Noodles all,
Whose dre全日full words were neuer drawnge in vaine,
As hating thee, and rifing vp in armes.
And now the Houte of York throt from the Crowde,
By shamefull morther of a guiltlefe King,
And loyfi proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull coloures
A duance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, flouris to shine;
Under the which is writ, iewiths unwile,
The Commons here in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerne
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee : away, counthy him hence.
Sof. O that I were a God, to thorow forth Thunder
Vpon thee paltry, filne, abided Drudges,
Small things make base men proud, thus Villaines here,
Being Captaine of a Pinnage, threats more
Then Barque, the strong illryan Pryate.
Drones facke not Eagles blood, but rob Beet-blues
It is impossible that I shold dye
make Dogges Leather of.

Hel. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benv. Then is his struke downe like on Ox, and his
quites throate cut like a Calfe.

Hel. And Smith the Wouer.

Benv. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hel. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Wouer,
and a Srynger, with infinite members.

Cade. Wee Woe Cade, sole tearn'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of fleaste a Cade of Herings.

Cade. For our enemies shal fail before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand silence.

But. Silence,

Cade. My Father was a Mostmor.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagentr.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife defendend of the Lauts.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Washer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furt'd Packe, the wafhes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, under a Ledge: for his Father had never
a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Washer. A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have fene him whipt
three Market days together.

Cade. I fear neither word, nor fire.

Wes. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coste is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, be-
ing burn't th' hand for fleasting of Sheepe.

Be. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven
halfe penny Loues sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drink
small Beers. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey goe to graffe: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God faue your Maiestie.

Cade. I thankes you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my count, and I will
apparel them all in one Linerie, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me this Lord.

Bis. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to doe. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribbleth ere,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee flings, but I say,
tis the Bees waxe for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was never mine owne man since. How now? Who's there ?

Enter of Treae.

Wesen. The Clerkse of Churard: he can write and
reade, and eate accomps.

Cade. O monstrous.

Benv. Wee haue him letting of boyes Copies.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.


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ade.
Enter Lord Stanley upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

**Scapés.** How now? Is Jacke Cade slain?
Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And here he sitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pilfing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This first year of our raigne,
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

**Seul.** Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.
Knecke him downe there. They kill him.
But if this Fellow be wife, hee'll never call saye Jacke Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

**Dickc.** My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.
Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and let London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

**Enter a Messenger.**

The Citizens rise and forsake their houses:
The Raifeall people, thirsting after prey,
Joyne with the Traitors, and so lyncely sweare
To pillie the City, and your Royall Court.

But then linger not my Lord, away, take hirse.

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Moff.** Jacke Cade hath promot London-bridge.
The Citizens rise and forsake their houses:
The Raifeall people, thirsting after prey,
Joyne with the Traitors, and so lyncely sweare
To pillie the City, and your Royall Court.

But then linger not my Lord, away, take hirse.

Kng. Come Margots, God our hope will factor vs. Yet.
Moff. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is decease.
Kng. Farewell my Lord, truut not the Kentish Rebels
But. Truut no body for feare you be erraid.

**Enter Lord Stanley and the rest, and strikes him flatte on London Stone.**

Cade. So far, now go some and pull down the Savoy:
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

**Enter a Messenger.**

Alarums. Matthew Giff is slain, and all the rest.
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. From hence forward all things shall be in commom.

**Enter a Messenger.**

Moff. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heares the Lord Say, which told the Townes in France. He made vs pay one and twenty Fines, and one challinge to the pound, the lat Subside.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, say thou Backman Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving vp of Normandie unto Monsieur Baconnet, the Delphine of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these precedent, even the presence of Lord Morimer, that I am the Befoome that must swepe the Court cleanse of such filth as thou art: Thou haft most traitorously corrupted the youth of the Realme, incurerçting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haft caufed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou haft build a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou haft men about thee, that usuallly talk of a Nowme and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as no Chifian ere can endure to heare. Thou haft annoyaed Justices of Peace, so call poore men before them, a-bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prison, and because they could not rede, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou doft ride in a foot-clot, doft thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ough't not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honest men then thou goe in their Howe and Doublets.

Dick. And warke in their shirt to, as my felle for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bonne terra, malo gent.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speakes Latin.

Say. Hear me but speake, and bare mee when you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the cuief't place of all this life: Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberrall, Valiant, & Aflie, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pity, I told not Tourne, I loof't not Normandie, Yet to recover them would loose my life:

Fuscit with favour haue I alwaies done, Prayes and Tearres have I mou'd you, Gifts could never, When haue I ought exalted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King the Realme and you, Large gifts haue I bestowed on learned Clerkes, Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King, And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen, Voleshe you be full of dietilfull spirits, You cannot but forbear to murther me:

This Tongue hath pair'd unto Foraigne Kings For your behoofe.

Cade. Tus, when fruck't haue thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands fowt haue I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

God. O monstrous Coward! Who, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. These checkers are pale for watching for your good Cade. Give him a box of his eare, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes, Hath made me full of skneze and difaete.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dike. Why doth thou quier man?

Say. The Paltie, and not feare provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes vs, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile flee if his head will flande redder on a pole, or no Take him away, and beheld him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most? Have I affred wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Cheefe fild vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I inuid'd, that ye feele my death? These hands are free from guilklesse bloodstredding.

This breast from harroting foule deceitfull thoughts. O let me live.

Cade. Ye feele remorse in my felle with his words: but Ile brite it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn-der his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take him away I Say, and strike off his head pretantly, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Commer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vp on two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: if when you make your prais', God should be so obdurate as your fuelles: How would it fare with your departed foules. And therefore yet relent, and fave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudfest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribure: there shall not a maide be married, but the shall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men shal hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can with, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commoditie vpon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braue:

Let them kiss e one another: For they lou'd well When they were alue. Now part them againe, Leave they confult about the guing vp Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Defere the spoyle of the Civie vanill night:

For with thefe borne before vs, in field of Maces, Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner Have them kiffe. Away.

Exeunt.

Almyn, and Retren. Enter againe Cade, and all his abdolites.

Cade. Vp Eith-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley

What noise is this i hear?'s

Dare any be so bold to found Retten or Parley When I command them kill?
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I hear they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast mish'd,
And hear pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forfaie thee, and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye Counsiemen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whilst it is offered you,
Or let a rable trade you to your deaths,
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God faue his Majestie,
Who hate them, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon vp, and peace by peace.
All. God faue the King, God faue the King.
Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?
And you base Peazans, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'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 Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer have guen out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Reearnts and Dislards, and delight to live in fauerie to the Nobility. Let them brake you backes with butcher, take your houes out your heads, raish your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cufle light uppon you all.
All. We'll follow Cade.
We'll follow Cade.
Clif. Is Cade the fonne of Henry the fift,
That thus do ye exclaime you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanett of you Earles and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too.
Not knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
Villife by robbing of your friends, and vs.
Wet's not a shame, that whilst you live at warre,
The feaftfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a flat o're-Sea, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes aldeat in this small broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Villaggins on'to all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades misferr,
Then you shold sloop into a Frenchmans mercif.
To France, to France, and get what you have loif:
Space England, for it is your Nature Coft:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly.
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.
Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift,bales them to an hundred mischeifes, and makes them leave mee disfollate.
I see them lay their heads together to surprize me.
My sword make way for me, for heere is no stayning:
in defight of the duels and hell, bate through the very midsall of you, and heauen and honor be with thefe, that no want of resolution in mee, but only my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me take mee to my heres.
Exit.
Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Follow me soildiers, we'll deulfe a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Enter Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and 

Somerset on the Terras.

King. Was never King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I erect out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months old.
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majestie.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retur'd to make him strong?

Enter Multituide with Halteres about their 

Neckes

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halteres on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.
King. Then heauen let ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my woes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day base you redeem'd your loues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country.
Continue full in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be unfortunate,
Affure your selues will never be vnkinde.
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do difmifie you to your feuerall Countries.
All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Enter a Misfenger

Mis. Please it your Grace to be aduertified,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Irelan,
And with a puriffant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimes as he comes along.
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he termes a Traitor.
King. Tho stands my fteare, twixt Cade and Yorke,
diffreft.
Like to a Ship, that haueing fray'd a Tempest,
Is fraught way calme, an: boored with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade drawn backe, his men difper'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, Ile send Duke Edmmond to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Vntil his Army be dismist from him.
Somerset. My Lord,
I yeilde my fteare to felfe withoout willingly,
Or vnto death, to dery my Country vnd.
King. In any cafe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is ftreicle, and cannot brooke hard Language.
Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not fo to deale,
As all things fall redound vnto your good.
King. Come wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may England carue my wretched raigne.
Enter code.

Cod. Fye on Ambitions: lie on my selfe, that have a sword, and are no ready to famish. Thesefive daies have I hid me in these Woods, and dost not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a Lese of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brice wall have I clumb'd into this Garden, to see if I can ease Grasle, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amiss to coole a man froma this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good. for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had beene left with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brually march- ing, it hath tur'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet mutt serve me to feed on.

Enter Eden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue unmoyled in the Court And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenmest me, and worth a Monarchy. I feake not to waize great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not without what enuy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And lends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cod. Here's the Lord of the foile come to feize me for a feast, for entering his Fee-ample without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ie make thee caste Iron like an Offrider, and swallow my Sword like a great pin creath and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoeuer thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? It's not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Thieve to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles in sight of me the Owner, But thou wilt brake me with these favicie terms? Iden. Sir, I am not a Thieve.

Cod. Brave thee! I by the best blood that ever was brosch'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have eat no meate these five daies, yet come thou and thy flue men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never easie grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall neere be said, while Englands stands, That a Alexander Iden an Eqrique of Kent, Tooke oddes to compare a poore famishd man. Oppose thy selfd gazying eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookeys: Set limbs to limbe, and thou art faire the lesst: Thy hand is but a finger to my silt, Thy legge a stickc compared with this Trenchon, My boote shall fight with all the strength thou haft, And if mine arm be heade in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whole greatnesse answers words. Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cod. By my Valour: the most compleate Champlion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the butty bond Clowes in chines of Beefs, eie thou deepe in thy Sheath, I be scheef Lone on my knees thou mayst be turnd to Hobnailes.

Here they fight.

Of manyaine Famine and no other hath slaine me. Yet ten thousand divellies come against me, and give me the ten meales I hole loo and Ie deie then all. Withier Garden, and be henceforth a burning place to all that do dwell in this house, because the Unconquerd foule of Cod is fired.

Iden. It's Cod that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor! Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Neve shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a Heralds coat, To emblaze the Honor that thy Masler got. Cod. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, the hath left her belte man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Cod. How much thou wrong't me, heaven be my ludge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So with E, I might thrust thy foule to hell. Hence will I drooge thee headlong by the heele With a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most vnjucious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon. Exeit.

Enter Yorks, and his Army of Irel, with Drums and Colours.

Tyr. From Ireland thus cometh York to claim his right, And placue the Crowne from feeble Henrys head. Ring Belles slow, burne Bonfres cleare and bright To entertain great Englands lawfull King. Ah Saella Manget? who would not buy thee deery? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter baleance it. A Scepter shall it haue, have I a foule, On which Ie toffe the Fleur-de-Juce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we here? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath sent him here: I must dilferbe. 

B. Tyr. Yorke, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. Tyr. Henryf of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Meffenger, or come of pleasure.

B. A Meffenger from Henry, our deare Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subieft, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne, Should raffe to great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court? Tyr. Scarce can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Bockes, and fight with Fists, I am so angry at these abiecte tarmes. And now also Ance Tolentines, On Shepe or Oxen could I spend my furie. I am farre better borne then is the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts, But I must make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I haue gleen no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deep Metancholly. The cause why I haue brought this Arntie bithes,
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King, Seditious Mset Souldieri> You CooKDand AndlctmySoueraigne, Knowing Shall! Tell May YetvvaiDC Land8,Goodt,Horfe,Armor, That Who And He We And to Kiag. rorke. ptsjre 'Sac. Kg.Hovr Jdev. Jden. Jden. Kmg.Hovr Jdev. Jden. Tmrke. Tmrke. King.Th< Tor. X.SteBuekiDgham^ometfet pledges were let boldly fight headof he that's boldly will, thus endure her hisHighntlTe will heauen their bide quickly thy himfclfi; they'secondT^art doth not become a Crowne: Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe, And not to grace an awefull Princeley Scepter. That Gold, must round engirt thee browes of mine, Whole Smile and Prowne, like to Archiller Speare Is able with the change, to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a Scepter erect, And with the same to acte controlling Lawes : Guie place ; by heaven thou shalt rule no more O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler. Som. O monstrous Traitor ! I scrrl thee Yorke Of Capitol Treafon' gainst the King and Crowne ; Obry audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace. Yorke, Wold'll haue me kneel<If I let me ask of thee, if they can brooke I bow a knee to man : Sirrah, call in my fonne to be my bale: I know ere they will haue me go to Ward, they'll pawe their swords of my infranchifement. Qi. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine, To fay, if that the Baffard boyes of Yorke Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father. Yorke. O blood-bespotted Nepoleon, Out-call of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge, The fonnen of Yorke, thy betters in their birth, Shall be their Fathers baine, and bane to thooe That for my Surety will refute the Boyes. Enter Edward and Richard, See where they come, He warrant they'll make it good. Enter Clifford. 

And here comes Clifford to deny their baile. Clifford. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King. Tor. I thakke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee? Nay, do not frite vs with an angry looke ; We are thy Soveraigne Clifford, kneele againe ; For thy fmitaking fe, We pardon thee. Clifford. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake, But thou fmitakes me much to think I do, To Bedem with him, is the man gowne mad. King. 1 Clifford, a Bedem and ambitious humor Makes him oppofe himselfe againft his King. Clifford. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower, And chop away that fateful pare of his. Qi. He iserefled, but will not obey: His fonne(fhe fayes)Shall glue their words for him. Clifford. Why what a blood of Traitors have we here? Tor. Looke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image fe. Yorke, and know a false-heart Traitor: Call hiber to the flake my two braue Beares, That with the very flaking of their Chains, They may afonifie these fell-lurking Curess, Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. 

Enter the Erccles of Warwick, and Salisbury. Clifford. Are the thy the Beares? We're not thy Beares to death, And manege the Beard in their Chaines, 1 thou don't brin them to the buying place. Salisbury. Oft haue I feene a hot ore-weening Curre, Run backe and bite, because he was withheld, Who being fuffer'd with the Beares fell paw. Clifford. Shut hisraile, betweene his legges and cride, And such a pece of fermoce you will do,
The second Part of Henrie the Sixt.

If you oppose your felues to march Lord Warwicke.
Cliff. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lampes,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy sphe.
Tor. Nay we shall heare you therowly anon.
Cliff. Take heed lest by your hate you burn your selues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Staley. Behoofe thy kynd haire,
Thou madest winder of thy braine-sick some.
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffant
And seek for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it bee basht from the frowne head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thy honourable Age with blood?
What art thou old, and want't experience?
Or wherefore deft itbe, if thou haft it?
For bowse in duke bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the grave with nicle age.
Sal. My Lord, I have confidered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my confience, do repete his grace
The rightfull heere to Englond Royall state.
King. Haft thou no sworne Allegiance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Ro. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath?
Sal. It is great faine, to vswre vnto a faine:
But greater faine to keepie a fain full oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a mardred deed, to rob a man,
To force a speckle Virgins Chafftie,
To reuoe the Orphan of his Patricion,
To winn the Widdow from her euerbom right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a soleman Oath?
Ro. A subtile Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him armes himselfe.
Torke. Call Buckingham, and all the fiends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death and dignitie,
Old Cliff. The first I warrant thee, if domes don prove true
War. You were bent to go to bed, and dreame againe.
To keepe thee from the Tempell of the field.
Old Cliff. I am resolv'd to bear a greater florne,
Then any couet not conduce vp to day:
And that I le Ye wat then upon the Burgonet.
Might I but knowe the by houled Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neale Creft,
The rampant Bear chas'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile sweare aloft my Burgonet,
As a Mountaine top, the Cedar chese,
That keepes his leaves infpight of any storms,
Even to affliction with the view thereof.
Old Cliff. And from thy Burgonet I le rend thy Bear,
And treat it under foot with all contempt,
Deplight the Bernard, that proteakes the Bear.
To Clifford. And to Armes victorius Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Chastity for flamme, speake not in spight,
For you shall suff with Ieaffh Chrift to night.
To Cliff. Foule fyngmattick that's more then thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heauen, you'll surely suff in hell. Extint
Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calleth
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bear,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead ames cries do fill the empie syre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.
Enter Torke.
War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-soot.
Tor. The deadly hunded Clifford leave my Steed:
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kyeses and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he lovd to well.
Enter Clifford.
War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Tor. Hold Warwicke seek thee out some other chace
For my selfe muft hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, fis for a Crown thou fightst.
As I intend Clifford to strive to day,
It grieues my foule to leave thee vnsall d. Exit War.
Cliff. What feel's thou in me Yorke?
Why doft thou pause?
Tor. With thy brase bearing should I be in lote,
But that thou art to fall mine enemie.
Cliff. Nor should thy proue we want praise & etceeme,
But that 'is the wise ignobly, and in Tresfon.
Tor. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As in justice, and true right express it.
Cliff. My foule and bodie on the sham both.
Tor. A dreadful lay, adreffe thee infantilly.
Cliff. La la Corone les severnes.
Tor. Thus Warre hath gain'd his peace, for y'art full,
Peace with his foule, hesuen if it bee thy will.
Enter your Clifford.
Cliff. Shame and Confudion all is on the rout,
Pears frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their mininder,
Throw in the frozen boomes of our part,
Hote Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selle-loile: nor be that loues himselfe,
Hath not esentially, but by circunstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premied Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the general Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Fathere)
To looke thy youth in peace, and to atcheue
The Silver Livery of adulued Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Russian batell? Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to fones: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be flye, Yorke, not our eild men spares:
No more will I thet Babes, Teares Virginal,
Shall be to me, euam as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrran off reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wille Oide yong Asbriru did,
In crueltie, well I seake our my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Clifforde houfe.
As did Asbriru old Ancefhers bare,
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulder.
But then, Asbriru bare a lusing loades.
Nothing to heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Richard. So lye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house pasty signe,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somersett
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull full:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill,
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Que. Away my Lord, you are low, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good Margery stay.

Que. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor flye:
Now is it manhood, wisdome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a sferre off.

If you be saine, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(A s we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this break now in our Fortunes made
May readily be flopt.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischeifs set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Unseeable discomfit
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releafe, and we will live
To fee their day, and then our Fortune gine,
Away my Lord, away.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Actus Primi. Scena Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montagu, Warwick, and Soulis.

Warwick.

Alas! Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

Edward. While we pursu'd the Horset of North, his flight stole away, and left his men. Whereas the great Lord of Northumberland, whose wars like dores could never brooke retreat; Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself. Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brief Charg'd our maine Battalies front, and breaking in, Were by the Swords of common Soulers flames. Edm. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is else flame or wounded dangerous. I left his Beater with a down-right blow: That this is true (Father) beheld his blood. Meet. And Brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire Whom I encounter'd as the Battles joynd, (blood Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did. Plan. Richard hath bell defend'd of all my sonnes: But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerlette?Nor. Such hope have all the line of God of Gaunt. Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. Warw. And do I, victorious Prince of York? Before I fee thee seated in that Throne, Which now the House of Lancaster vspres, I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall never clofe. This is the Palacc of the fearfull King, And this the Regall Seat: posceffe it Yorks, For this is thine, and not King Henry's Heires. Plant. Affiff me then, sweet Warwick, and I will, For hither we have broken in by force. Norf. We'll all affiff you; be that flay, shall dye. Plant. Thanks gentle Norfolk, slay by me my Lords, And Soulers slay and lodge by me this Night. Thus goe up. Warn. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnlesse he beke to thront you out perforce. Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her councile, By words or blowes here let vs winne our right. Rich. Atm'd as weares, let's stay within this Houfe. Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd, Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King. And bafhfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies. Plots. Then leave me not, my Lords be refluence, I meant to take poffeflion of my Right. Warw. Neithor the King, nor he that love him best, The proud def't he that holds vp Lancaster, Dates firs a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells. He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Resolu: thee Richard, chamy the English Crowns.

Exeunt. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebells fis, Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes, Backt by the power of Warwick, that fylle Peere, To aspire unto the Crowne, and reigne as King, Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd reuenge On him, his fones, his favourites, and his friends, Northumberland: If I be not, Heauens be reuenge on me. Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele. Wulf. What, shall we fuffer this? let pluck him down, My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmorland, Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he: He durft not if there, had your Father li'd. My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament Let vs affayle the Family of York. North. Well haft thou spoken, Cousin be it so. Henry. Ah, know you not the Cittie favours them, And they have troupes of Soulers at their beck? Wulf. But when the Duke is flaine, they're quickly bye. Henry. Fare be the thought of this from Henry's heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament House, Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vfe. Thou fauflous Duke of Yorke defend my Throne, And kneel for grace & mercie at my feet, I am thy Souersaigne. York. I am thine. Exeunt. For shame come downe, be made thee Duke of York. York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was. Exeunt. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Exit. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
Warw. Exeunt thou art a Traitor to the Crowne.

In following this insulting Henry.
Ciflfor. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Warw. It must and shall be so, content thyself.

Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Welfemland shall maintain.
Warw. And Warwick shall dispute it. You forget,
That we are those who chas'd you from the field,
And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March through the Cité to the Palace Gates.

Northw. Yes, sir, I remember it to my grieve,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and thes by Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lies
Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. I'v no more, left that in head of words,
If I send thee, Warwick, such a Meffenger,
As shalI revenge his death, before I strike.

Westm. Poor Clifford, how I forrne his wolfshe
These Plantagenet.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall please it in the field.

Henry. What Title ha'th thou Traitor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of York,
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,
And seiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.

Warw. Tho' not of France, its not thou haft lost it all.
Henry. The Lord Protecor loth it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you loole:
Father recea The Crowne from the Whispers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe set on your Head.

Mont. Good Brother,
As thou lou'lt and honor'ft Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not fand caulling thus.

Westm. Sound Drummes and Trumpeaters, and the
King will fly.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speake.

Warw. Plantagenet Cal speaketh first: Hear him Lords,
And be you silent and atteunte too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think it thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandire and my Father sat?
Now shall Warw voppe people this my Resume:
And their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great forrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why fainst you Lords?
My Title's good, and better ftre than his,
Warw. Prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Henry. The Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. This was by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Then 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,

Refign d the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He soz against him, being his Souereigne,
And made him to refigne his Crowne perforce.

Warw. Suppos'd, my Lords, he did it unconstrayn'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crowne?

Exeunt. Not for he could not to refigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should fucceced and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against me, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My Conference tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will resolve from me, and turn to him,
Northw. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Think me not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warw. Depo'd he shall be, in delight of all,
Northw. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southern power
Of Eife, Norfolk, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can let the Duke vp in delight of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and Ivalow me shame,
Where I shall kneel to him that flew my Father.

Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heart.

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, reigny thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what confpire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with vurtue blood,

He himself, and the Sendars follow thyself.

Henry, My Lord of Warwick, heart but one word,
Let me for this my life time reign as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me, and mine Heires,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet
Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?

Westm. What good is this to England, and himselfe?


Cliff. How haft thou inuad'd both thy felfe and vs?
Westm. I cannot lay to hear these Articles.

Northw. Nor I.

Cliff. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queen these
Neues.

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whole cold blood no spake of Honor bids.

Northw. Be thou a prey vnto the House of York,
And dye in Bands, for this vnnaturally deed.

Cliff. In dreadful Warre may'th be oue and ouer,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turnes this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exeunt. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

Henry. Ah Exeter.

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my felfe Lord Warwick, but my Sonnes,
Whom I naturally, and to all inherite.

Cliff. But be it as it may. I here entaye
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for ever,
Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,
To ese the Cuisse Warre: and whil'riue
To honor me as thy King, and Soveraigne:
And neither by Treson nor Hoffiditie,
To seke to purme downe, and reigne thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long live King Henry: Plantagenet embrace his
Head.
Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward
Sonnors.
Plant. Now Turke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accusat be he that seekes to make them foes.
Senat. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Catile.
Warw. And Ilekeepe London with my Soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my follower.
Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with grieue and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.
Exe. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Looks bewray her anger:
He scate away.
Henry. Exeuter fo will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee,
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will fly.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extremities?
Ah! wretched man, would he had dy'd a Maid?
And never seen thee, nor beheld thine Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vanityall a Father,
Hath he defer'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hast thou but lou'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Omnouyish him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that famous Duke thine Heere,
And dis-inherited thine only Sonne.
Princes. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforst me.
Queene. Enforce thee? Art thou King, and wilt be force?
I shame to heare thee speake so timorous a Wretch,
Thou haft vndone thy selfe, thy Scane, and me,
And giv'n vnto the House of Turke such a head,
As thou hast reigne but by their sufferance.
To entasie him and his Heeres vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And crepe into it faire before thy time?
Warwicke. The Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Stere Falconbridge commands the Norman Sea,
The Duke is made Procuror of the Realme,
And yet that thou be safe? Such fatisfie finds
The trembling Lambes,insuionted with Wolves.
Hath I beeene there, which is a fumie Woman,
The Souldiers should have tods'd me on their Pike's,
Before I would have granted to that A.D.
But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my felle,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vnill that A.D of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northern Lords, that have furf roughe thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they fee them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vnto vaine of the House of Turke.
Thus do I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; some, we'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and bear me speake.
Queene. Thou haft speake too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt play me?
Queene. I, to be murthred by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not longer thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loute to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into extremes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Who haue taken spirit, winged with desie,
Will cot my Crowne, and like an empie Eagle,
Tyre on the fleth of me, and of my Sonne.
The loffe of those three Lords torment my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. Exit.

Fiesbth. Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.
Richard. Brother, though I bee youngste, give me leave.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I have reasones strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Turke.
Turke. Why do now Sonnes, and Brother, at a stiffe?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.
Turke. About what e?
Reb. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Turke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your Right dependes not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heere, therefore enjoy it now:
By guing the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Turke. I took an Oath, that bee should quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forbid.
Turke. I shall be, if I clayne by open Warre,
Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speake.
Turke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
Richard. An Oath is of so moment, being not tooke:
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie over him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did viusre the place.
Then seeing twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frutulous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweate a thing it is to wear a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elieon,
And all that Poets faire of Blisse and Joy.
Why doe we linge thus? I cannot reft,
Vnill that White Rose that I wear'd, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of Henry's heart.
Turke. Richard enough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And when on Warwick do this Enterprife.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolke, And tell him prouly of our intent. You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kingshemen will willingly rife. In them I trust: for they are Southerne, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what retelle more? But that I seeke occasion how to rile And yet the King not pruine to my Drift, Not any of the House of Lancastor.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? Why committ thou in such posture? Gabriel. The Queene, With all the Northern Earles and Lords, Intend here to besiege you in your Castle. She is hard by, with twentie thousand men: And therefore forsie your Hold, my Lord. Torb. I, with my Sword. What thinkst thou, that we feare them? Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me, My Brother Meanewse shall post to London. Let noble warlike Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left Protectors of the King, With powersfull Politie strengthen them selves, And tell them, let simple Henry, not his Oathes. Mean. Brother, I goe: I wanne them, feare it not: And thus most humberly I doe take my leave. Exeunt Meanewse.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.


Edward. I hearre their Drummes: Let's set our men in order, And haste forth, and bid them Battle straighte. Torb. False men so cowtious though the odds be great, I doubt not, Vackle of our Victorie. Many a battells haue I wonne in France, When as the Enemy hath beene tenne to one. Whose should I not now haue the like successse? Auruem. Exeunt.

Enter Rutland, and his Tunes.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I bye, to scape their hands Ah Tuber, look how bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

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\( \text{Oath, that you should make me so, by thee now.} \)

The wanton Edward, and the Jilie George!

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Didge, your Boy, that with his grumbling ryece
Was wont to chear his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the ref, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Turke, I sayd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his lattipies point,
Made idle from the Bafome of the Boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I promise this to dare thy Cheeles withall!
Alas poor Turke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate
I pray thee grieve, to make me merry, Turke.
What, hath thy ferne heart so pachte thine entarles,
That not a Tear can fall, for Rutlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad:
And, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, rase, and frst, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I fee, to make me Sport:
Turke cannot speake, unlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Turke; and Lords, how lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileif I doe sete is on.
I marry Sir, now lookest he like a King,
That, is he that tooke King Henres Chare.
And this is he was his adopted Heire,
But how is, that great Plantagenet
It crownd to be a Queene, and broke his folemme Oath?
As I belinke me you should not be King,
To make me a deare Queene, and all the World your Queen:
And will you pale your head in Henres Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh! this is fault too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And while we breathe, take care to doe him dead.
Clifford That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.
Queene Nay flay, let's heare the Orizons hee

Turke. Shee-Waffe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France.
Whole Tongue more poyson then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beferming is in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Tull,
Vpon their Woest, whom Fortune captuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, enchanging,
Made impudent with vie of euisl deedes.
I would asay, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee where thou cam'st off, of whom demur'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee;
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father barers the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so weightie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to intoll?
It needes not, nor it boaste thee nor, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be vnsily'd,
That Beggers Mounted, runne their Horse to death,
Tis Beautifull that doth make Women proud,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small
Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admirable,
The contrary, doth make thee wonder at.
Tis Governement that makes them feeme Diuus,
The want thereof, makes thee abonnamable.
Thou art as opposit to euery good,
As the Antipodes are vmoys,
Or as the South to the Separtion.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

How couldst thou drestye the Life-blood of the Child, 
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall; 
And yet be scene to bquare a Womans face? 
Women are soft, milde, pitifull, and flexible; 
Thou. . .ebrute, obdurate, finitie, rough, temereleffe. 
Brid'st thou me rage? why now thou haft thy wish. 
Would'ft haue me weep? why now thou haft thy will. 
For raging Wind blowes wp inceffant flowers, 
And when the Rage allays, the Raine begins. 
Those Teares are my sweet Restolnds Obelequies, 
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, 
Gains't thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman, 
Nortomb. Befirew me, but his passwords me fo, 
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares, 
							Torky. That Face of his, 
The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht, 
Would not haue stay'n with blood: 
But you are more inhuman: more inexorable, 
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania. 
See, ruthless Queene, a hapless Father Teases: 
This Cloth thou dipst in blood of my sweet Boy, 
And I wish Teares doe waft the blood away. 
Keepes thou theNapkin, and goe boast of this, 
And if thou tell'st the heauie florie right, 
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will fled Teases: 
Yes, even my Foes will fled fast-falling Teases, 
And say, Alas, it was a pitiusse deed. 
There, take the Crown, and with the Crownes, my Curfe, 
And in thy need, fuch comfort come to thee, 
As now I reape at thy too cruel hand, 
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, 
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood upon your Heads. 
Northumb. Had he beene laughter-man to all my Kinne, 
I should not for my Life but weep with him, 
To fee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule. 
Queene, What, weeping rife, my Lord Northumberland? 
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all, 
And that will quickly drie 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. 
Torky. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, 
My Soule fyles through these wounds, to fseeke out thee. 
Queene. Off with his Head, and fet it on Yorke Gazet, 
So Torky may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke. 
Flourish. Exit. 

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, 
and their power. 

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't: 
Or whether he be fcape away, or no, 
From Clifford and Northumberland's pursuite? 
Had he beene ta ne, we should have heard the newest; 
Had he beene faine, we should haue heard the newest; 
Or had he fcape’, we thinke we should have heard 
The happy tidings of his good escape, 
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad? 
Richard, I cannot say, untill I be refresh'd 
Where our right valiant Father is become. 
I saw him in the Battale range about, 
And watcht him how he finged Clifford forth. 
Me thought he bore him in the thickeft troupe, 
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat, 
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges: 

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry, 
The rest fland all aloofe, and bark at him, 
So far'd our Father with his Enemies. 
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father. 
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne. 
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, 
And takest her farwell of the glorious Sunne. 
How well remembes it the prime of Youth, 
Tranidn'd like a Yonker, prauing to his Love? 
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three Sunnes? 
Richard. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfert Sunne, 
Not seperat with the racking Clouds, 
But feuer'd in a pale clearning Skye. 
See, fee, they ioyn, embrasse, and teeme to Kiffe, 
As if they vow'd some League indivisible. 
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sonne: 
In this, the Heauen figures some euernt. 
Edward. Tis wondrous strange, 
The like yet never heard of. 
I think it cites my Brother to the field, 
That way, the Sonnes of brave Placentia, 
Each one alreadie blazing by our needes, 
Should not withstanding ioyn our Lights together. 
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World. 
What ere it bode, hence-forward will I beare 
Vpon my Target three faire fining Sunnes. 
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters: 
By your lease, I speake it, 
You loue the Breeder better then the Male, 

Enter one blousing. 

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell 
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? 
Mist. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, 
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was faine, 
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord. 
Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much. 
Richard. Say how he dyde, for I will hear it all. 
Mist. Environed he was with many foer, 
And flood against them, as the hope of Troy 
Against the Greeks, that would have entr'd Troy, 
But Hercules himselfe must yield to oddes: 
And many frowares, though with a little Axe, 
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tender'd Oake. 
By many hands your Father was fabe'd, 
But oneely fought for by the infall Arme 
Of vn-rellenting Clifford, and the Queene: 
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high defiglie, 
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, 
The ruthless Queene gave him to, dry his Crieres, 
A Napkin, steeped in the harsneffe blood 
Of sweet young Restolnd, by rough Clifford faine: 
And after many foemes, many fable taunts, 
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke 
They fet the same, and there it doth remaine. 
The faddled Speacle that ere I view'd. 
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leve upon, 
Now thou art gone, we have no Saffe, no Stay. 
Oh Clifford, boy'teous Clifford thou haft faine 
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie, 
And techerously haft thou vanquift him, 
For hand to hand he would have vanquift thee. 
Now my Soules Pallaze is become a Prifon; 
Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

In haste, post haste, are come to loane with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

_Ed._ Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick? And when came_George_from Burgundy to England? _War._ Some six miles off the Duke is with the Solders, And for your Brother he was lately sent From your kinde Aunt Datchesse of Burgundie, With ayde of Soldiers to this needfull Warre. _Rich._ Twas oddes billeth, when valiant Warwick fled; Often have I heard his prises in Pursuite, But we're till now, his Scandal of retire. _War._ Nor now my Scandal, Richard, dost thou heare: For thou shalt know this ftong right hand of mine, Can plucke the Diadem from faint Harri head, And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fift, Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre, As he is fam'd for Mildmfee, Peace, and Prayer. _Rich._ I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not, This loose I bringe thy gloryes make me speake; But in that troublous time, what can be done? Shall we goe shrowly by our Costes of Steele, And wrappe out bodies in blacke mounting Gownes, Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads? Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes Tell our Devoction with restengefull Annnes? If for the left, say I, and to it Lords, _War._ Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out, And therefore comes my Brother Mountague: Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene, With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland, And of their Feather, many mee proud Birds, Have wrought the cattel-melting King, like Wax. He swore consent to your Succession, His Oath enrolled in the Parliament, And now to London all the crew are gone, To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong: Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe, With all the Friends that thou beate Earle of March, Amongst the losing Wiffmans can't procure, Will but amount to fuse and twenty thousand, Why Via, to London will we march, And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds, And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes, But never once againe turne backe and flye. _Rich._ I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake; Ne're may he live to see a Sun-shine day, That cries retire, if Warwick bid him stay. _Ed._ Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leaue, And when thou fallst (a God forbid the houre) Muff Edward fall, which peril heart forefend, _War._ No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York: The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne: For King of England shal thy be proclaimed In every Barrough as we pace alonge, And he that throwes not vp his cap for joye, Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague: Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne, But found the Trumpets, and about our Task. _Rich._ Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele, As thou haft thence it finnise by thy deede, I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine. _Ed._ Then strike vp Drumes, God and S. George for vs.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news ?

Msf. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The Queen is coming with a pursuivant Hoast, And creates your company, for speedy counsel. 

War. Why then, it forces, brave Warriors, let's arise. 

Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northam, and young Prince, with Drummers and Trumpeters.

Qua. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke, You take the head of that Arch-enemy, That sought to be incompost with your Crown. Do not the object cheer your heart, my Lord. 

K. I, as the rocks cheere them that feare their wrack, To see this fight, it strikes my very soule: With hold reuenge (drear God) 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly haue I infringing'd my Vow. 

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harrfull pity must be layd as side: To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beast, that would viture their Den. Whole hand is that the Forrest Bear doth liche? Not his that dightens yolvs yong before her face. Who feapes the lurking Serpens mortall fling? Not he that feths his foot upon her backe, The smalllest Wome will turne, being troden on, And Doues will pecke in safeguard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did jettel at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And calfe his issue like a looking Sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Did ye not confent to disfither him: Which argued thee a molt vnlovving Father. Unreasonabell Creatures feed their young, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seen them euem with those wings, Which sometime they have vs'd with fearefull flight, Make waare with him that chimb'd vnto their neft, Offering their owne and their long defence? For Shame, my Liege, make them your President: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long heereafter fay into his childre, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My custeifie Father fondly gave away. Ah, what a shame were this? Locke on the Boy, And let his manly feakes, which promifeth Successfull Fortune feed thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. 

Kung. Full well hath Clifford plaide the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford tell me, did it shoke your heare, That things ill got, had euer bad successe. And happy always was it for that Sonne, Whole Father for his boading went to hell: He leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behind, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the ret is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in possession any lot of pleasure. 

Ah Coiu Yorke, would thy best Friends did know, How it doth greece me that my head is here. 

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, out froes are nye, And this soft courrage makes your Follower faint: You promiff Knighthood to our forward Sonne, Vnleaseth your sword, and dub him prefently. 

Edward, and little downe, 

King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And leane this Leeffon, Draw thy Sword in right. 

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingely leave, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, we it to the death. 

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Msf. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Cometh Warwick the backling of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him, Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand. 

Qu. I would you Highnesse would depart the field, The Queen hath best successe when you are abente. 

Qua. Go rate thys Minions, proud infubiling Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soveraigne, and thy lawfull King? 

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee: I was adopte Hare by his confent. 

Clif. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he doe waste the Crowne, Haue cause'd him by new A& of Parliament, To blot his name, and lay his owne Sone in. 

Clif. And reason too. 

Who should fucceede the Father, but the Sonne, 


Clif. I Cooke-back, here I stand to answer thee, Or any he, the proudest of thy forts. 

Rich. I was you that kill'd yong Rutland,was I not? 

Clif. I, and old Yorkes, and yet not satisfied. 

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give figuall to the fight. 

War. What say' st thou Henry, 

Wilt thou yeild the Crowne? 

(you speake) 

Qua. Why bow now long-tongu'd Warwick, dare When you and I, met at S. Albone last, 

Your legges did better fence you then your hands. 

War. Then twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: 

Clif. You said io much before, and yet you flyed. 

War. I was not your valor Clifford drave me thence. 

Now no nor your manhood that dont make you fly. 

Rich. Northumberland, I bold them reverently, Breake off the palsy, for scarce I can reftaine The execucion of my big-swole heart. 

Vpon that Clifford, that cruel Childslayer. 

Clif. I swow thy Father, can't thou him a Child?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. I like a Daffy, a treacherous Coward, As thou didst I kill our tender Brother Rutland, But ere Sun set, Ill make thee curse the deed:

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear me speak.

Qu. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prusee gine no limits to my Tongue, I am a King, and prudel'dg'd to speake,

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting hert Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Execution vnvheth thy word:

Ed. by him that made vs, I am resolue'd,

That Clifford's Manhood, eyes upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or not:

A thousand was there before his Falls to day,

That we're shall dine, unleffe thou yield the Crownes,

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head,

For Yorke in Indeces put his Armor on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick fakes it is right,

There is no wrong but everything is right.

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother flauds,

For well I wot, thou haft thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyer thus like thy Sire nor Damme,

Rich. As a foule misshapen Strygmistke,

Mark'd by the Delities to be avoided.

As some Tastes, or Lizards dress'd full Rages.

Rich. Iron of Naples, bid with English gift,

Whose Father bears the Title of a King,

(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)

Shall not thou know, knowing whete thou art extrauget,

To let thy tongue dreekt thy base-Lorne heart.

Ed. A wife of straw were worth a thousand Cushaws,

To make this flammed Celler know her wife:

Helen of Greece was fayer farte then thou,

As though thys Husband may be resolue;

And all the world was Agamemnon his wond'd

By that falle Woman, as this King by thee;

His Father rest'ed in the heart of France,

And cam'd the King, and made the Dolphin fwope:

And had he match'd according to his State,

He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a beggar to his bed,

And grace'th thy pove Sire with his Brillian day,

Even then that Sun's Sunne brou'ds thowre for him,

That waf't his Fathers fortunes forth of France,

And happe't dedition on his Crowne at home:

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?

Had'ft thou bene mecke, our Title full had slept,

And we in pitty of the Gentle King,

Had flipt our Claime, vntill another Age.

Clu. But when we law, our Sunshine made thy Spring,

And that thy Summer bred vs no increse,

We fet the Axe to thy Hubring Rooste:

And though the edge hath something hit our felues,

Yet know thou, since we have began to strike,

We'll never cease, till we have home thee downe,

Or burst' thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this Revolution, I deifie thee,

Not willing any longer Conference,

Since thou deniedst the gentle King to speake,

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,

And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay Edward,

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer flye,

These words will cof ten thousand lines this day.

Eventu annis.

Arms, Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,

I lay me downe a little while to breate:

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Hast robb'd me of my strake fines of their strenght,

And fright of fright, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vengeable death,

For this world brownes, and Edward Sane is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what hopes of good?

Enter Clarence.

Clu. Our hap is loste, our hope but fled dispaie,

Our rankes are broke, and ruine follows vs.

What counœuvre gie you; whether shall we flie?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,

And weake we arc, and cannot flie pursuice.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why hast thou drawn thyself?

Thy Bloodes blood the thirty earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the Sweett point of Clifford's Lance:

And in the vpyng of deathe, he crye,

Like to a dismall Cange heard from Sire,

Warwicke, revenge; Brother, revenge my deathe,

So underneath the belly of their Seeds,

That Rain'd their Feetlakes in his fmocking blood,

The Noble Gentleman gave vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our Blood;

Ile kill my Horfe, because I will not flie:

Why fland we like softt-hearted woman here,

Waving our loffe, whiles the Foe doth Rage,

And looke vp, as if the Tragedie

Were plicated, by counterfettering Actors.

Here on my knee, I vow to God above,

If ever paws againe, never fland full,

Till either death hath cloe'th thefe eyes of mine,

Or Fortune giv'n me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,

And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:

And ere my knee rife from the Earths cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou feter vp, and plucker downe of Kings,

Beseeching thee (if wish thy will it flands)

That to my Foes this body must be prey,

Yet that thy brenned gales of heaven may ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinfull soule.

Now Lords, take leue vntill we meete againe,

Where eret be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother,

Gie me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,

Let me intreate thee in my weary armes:

I that did never wepe, now melt with weeping,

That Winter should cut our Spring-time fo.

War. Away, away,

Once more sweet Lords farewel.

Clu. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,

And guie them leave to flye, that will not flie:

And call them Pillars that shall fland to vs:

And if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As Visitors vsc'd at the Olympic Games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,

For yet is hope of Life and Victorie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have fngled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
We'th shout in hand with a Brawnscap,
Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cerest these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
And so haste at the.

They Fight. Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwick, chine out some other Chace,
For my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.

Enter King Henry alone.

Here, This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepherd bowling of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now seways it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
For'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde;
Now seways it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
For'd to returne by force of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood presailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: than, another beft;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equal poife of this fell Warre.
Hereat on the Mole-hill will I fit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victor:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too.
Haue chide me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper beft of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For is what in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! one thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To fit upon a hill, as I do now,
To caufe our Dials quirefully point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleat,
How many Hours bring about the Day,
How many Days will finish vp the Year?
How many Years, a Mortall man may live.
When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
So many Hours, mift I lend my Flocke;
So many Hours, mift I take my Rest:
So many Houres, mift I Contemplate:
So many Houres, mift I Sport my selfe:
So many Days, my Eues have bene with yong:
So many weekes, ete the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ete I shall fheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hours, Days, Moneths, and Years,
Paft over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely!
Glours not the Hawthorne but a sweeter fade
To Shepheard, looking on their filly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopt.
To Kings, that feare their Subiecll trescherie?
Oh yes, it doth: a thoufand fold is doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Cords.

The cold thirme drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Deligaces:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Misrulft, and Trefon waits on him.

Enter a Sone that hath kill'd his Father, as
one does: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sone at an-
ter door.

Son. I'll blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight,
May be pooffled with some store of Crownes,
And I that (happly) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeald both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, (wvares) haue kill'd:
Oh heavy times be geting fuch Euens.
From London, by the King was I prefu forth,
My Father being the Battle of W'rwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prefu by his Mafter:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Haue by my bands, of Life bereazed.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away thefe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they have flou'd their fill.
King. O piteous fpectacle! O bloody Times!
Where Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Demes,
Pooe harmeffe Lambeis abide their eminity.
Wepe wretched man: Ile syde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cuill Warre.
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefs.

Enter Father, bearing of his Sone.

Fa. Thou that fo folutely hath refifted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me fee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: feee, see, what showes at bee,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that killeth mine Eye, and Heart.
O pity God, this miserable Age!
What Stragem? how felf is Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnatural.
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too foone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
King. Wo a boute wo: greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would fly all thef roughfull deeds:
O pity, pity, gentle heauen pity:
The Red Rofe and the White are on his face,
The fackall Colours of our fliuing Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well refembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) prefemeth
Wither one Rofe, and let the other flourifh.
If you content, a thoufand lives muft wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and neere be fatisfied?

Fa. How will my Wife, for flaughter of my Sonne.
Shed tears of Teares, and neere be fatisfie?
King. How will the Country, for these wofull chances,
Mil-thinke...
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Mis-think't the King, and not be satisfied?

Say. Was ever Sonne, so rent'd a father's death?

EaH. Was ever Father so bemoaned his Sonne?

Hm. Was ever King so green'd for Sobieskis woes?

Much is your sorrow, Mine, ten times so much.

Say: He beare thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

EaH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image there shall go,
My sighing brest, shall be thy Funeral bell:
And to obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the love of thee, have no more,
As Priam weep'd, llis Valiant Sonnes;
Ille beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

Exit

Hm. Sad-hearted men, much outgone with Care;
Here sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums & Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prv. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuit.

Qv. Mount you my Lord, towards Warwicke post a
maine.

Edw. and Rich'd like a brace of Grey-bounds,
Huing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody scelle graffit in their yeollow hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence unsame.

Emr. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, like you way before.

Hn. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to fly, but love to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away, Exeunt.

A loud alarm. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Here beares my Candle out; I, here it dies, Which whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,
More then thy Bodies part with my Soule:
My Loue and Fare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thoy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening milproud Yorke;
And whether bye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who should know, but Harryr Enemies?
O Pharus; hadst thou never gien consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had seare'd the earth.
And Henry, hadst thou (away) as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Guiling no ground into the house of Yorke,
They never then had sprung like Sommer Flies;
I, and ten thousand in this lullkeless Realme,
Held left no mourning Widdows for our death,
And thou this day, hadst it kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle syre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Boodlesea are Plaints, and Curellce are my Wounds:
No way to bye, nor strengh to hold out Flight:
The Foe is merrifee, and will not pity:
For of their hands I have defac'd no pitty.
The syre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much cold of blood, doth make me faint:
Corme York, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
I shall your father's bones; Split my breat.

Alarums & Excursions. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and
Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the crowmes of War, with peacefull looks.
Some Troopers pursuit the bloody-minded Queenne,
That led enar Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Sandle, fill'd with a freerng Guff
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves.
But think ye (Lords) if Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Grasse,
And wherefore he is, he's purely dead. Clifford groans
Rieb. Whole soule is that which takes him heavy leave?
A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing,
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battales ended,
1Friend or Foe, let him be gently vted.

Rieb. Resoule that doorne of mercy, for it's Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But set his muth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender spry did sweetely spring,
I meete our Princeely Father, Duke of Yorke,
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down f head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In dead whereof, let this supply the roomes,
Measure for measure, must be answer'd.
Ed. Bring forth that man, which Schrewsbows to our house,
That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall hop his dismall threatning found,
And his ill-boding conge, no more shall speake.
War. I think it understanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, doft thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we say.
Rieb. O would he did, and to (perhaps) hee doth,
Tis but his policy to counterter,
Becauze he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the times of death he gase our Father.

Clif. If so thou thinkst,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rieb. Clifford, sake mercy, and obstat no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, desvile excuses for thy faults.
Clif. While we desvale fell Torrures for thy faults.
Rieb. Thou didst oole Yorke, and I am sone to Yorke.
Edv. Thou pinnit it Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Clif. Where's Captaine Margaret, so hence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Swear at thou was't wond.

Rieb. What not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends in oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two hours life,
That (In all despit) might relye at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
Stife the Vilaine, whole enヴァnch'd thirft
York, and yong Rutland could not satiate
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And rese in the place your Fathers stands.
An I now to London with Triumphant march,

p 3

There
The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth mourne;
And Nero will be taint with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her British Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwick to gie:
Shew on his left side, crouning syde for Henry;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward
Shee Weppeis, and fayes, her Henry is depos'd;
That the (poore Wrench) for greefe can speke no more.
Whiles Warwickie tells his Trile, smooths the Wrong,
Infereth arguments of mighty strengt,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promis of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and suppot King Edwards place.
O Margaret, thus twill be, and thou (poore foule)
Art then forstaken, as thou wert forlorne.

Hen. Say, what art thou talkd of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I feene, and lefte then I was born to:
A man at leaft, for leffe I should not be:
And men may take of Kings or of why?
Hen. I, but thou talkt it, as thou wert a King,
King. Why fo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hen. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian fiones:
Nor to be feene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crownie it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.

Hen. Well, if you be a King cround with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you must be contented:
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the King Edward hath depos'd
And we but subjects, smirke in all Allegance,
Will appre hend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you never smirke, and break an Oath,
Hen. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now,
King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hen. Here in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was appointed King at nine months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were fowne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, have you not stolne your Oathes?
Sun. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer King
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breache a Man?
Ah fimple men, you know not what you fwayne:
Longe, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me again;
Obeying with my wine when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gulf:
Such is the lightneffe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that finne,
My milde intreatye shall not make you gulltie,
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinkfo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to Harry,
If he were feated as King Edward is.
Sinkfo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King perfoyme,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Enter (K.Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Grey.
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albones field

This
This Lady's Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His Land then fized on by the Conqueror,
Her Fuit is now, to sell these those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrel of the House of Yorks,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.
Rich. Your Highness shall doe well to grant her Fuit,
It were diuinon to deny it her.
King. It were no lese, but yet Ie make a pawfe.
Rich. Yes, it is fo :
I fee the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Fuit.
Clarence. Her knowes the Game, how true he keepes
the winde ?
King. Widow, we will consider of your Fuit,
And come some other time to know our minds.
Rich. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay : May it please your Highness to telle me now, And what your pleasure is, shall fascifie me.
Rich. I, Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall plasse you : Fight closer, or good faith you thinke a Blow.
Clarence. I feare he not, volee fire chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for heele take vantages.
King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me.
Clarence. I thinke he means to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me : heelee rather give her two,
Rich. Three, my most gracious Lord.
Rich. You shall have foure, if you be ruled by him.
King. Twere pittie they should loose their Fathers Lands.
Rich. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
King. Lords. give vs leave, Ie trye this Widowes witt.
Rich. I, good leasue have you, for you will have leasue
Till Youth take leasue, and leasue you to the Crunch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love you Children?
Rich. I,full as dearly as I love my selfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doet them good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some
harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.
Rich. Therefore I came into your Majestie.
King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Rich. So shall you bind me to your Highness Service,
King. What Service wilt thou doe me, if I give them?
Wid. What you command, that refes in me to doe.
Rich. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doeit.
Wid. Why then will I doe what your Grace com-
mands.
Rich. Hee pleyes her hard, and much Raine weares the
Marble.
Clarse. As red as fire? may then, her Wax must melt,
Wid. Why hoppes my Lord? shall I not hearse my
Taskes?
King. An easie Taskes, it is but to loue a King.
Rich. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subject,
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely glue
thee.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. That would be tenne daies wonder at the least.

Clarence. That day longer than a Wonder lattis.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well, lest on Brothers, I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her Husband Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

No. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,

And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.

King. See that he be contey’d unto the Tower:

And goe with Brothers to the man that rooke him,

To question of his apprehension.

Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable,

Excuse.

Mantau Richard,

Rich. Edward will vse Women honourably; Would he were wafted, Marrow, Bones, and all,

That from his Loynes no hopeful Branch may spring,

To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for:

And yet, betwixt my Sons Wifdome and mee,

The lastfull Edwards Titl burey’d,

Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,

And all the vnlook’d-for Iluue of them Bodies,

To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:

A cold premeditation for my purpose,

Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigne,

Like one that wanders upon a Promontore,

And fyres a farre-off shot, where hee would tread,

Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,

And chaies the Sea, that funderes him from thence,

Saying her’le lade it dry, to haue his way:

So doe I with the Crowne, being so farre off,

And so I chaie the meanes that keepes me from it,

And so (I fay) Iccte the Caufes off,

Fluttering me with impossibilities:

My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o’re-weenes too much,

Willing my Hand and Strength could equal them.

Well, fay, there is no Kingdome then for Richard:

What other Plesure can the World afford’?

He make my Heaven in Ladies Lappe,

And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,

And watch sweet’ Ladies with my Words and Lookes,

Oh miserable Thought! and most unlikley,

Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.

Why Louis foreworke me in his Mother Wombe:

And for I should not deie in her foit. Lawes,

Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Pride,

To tirchike mine Arme vp like a withier’d Shrub,

To make an enuious Mountain on my Back,

Where fets Difhorine to mocke my Body;

To shape my Legges of an eaqueall fize,

To dif-proportion me in every part:

Like to a Chaos, or an vn-luck’d Bearce-whelpe,

That carres no impoffion like the Damme.

And am I then a man to be belou’d?

Oh monftrous fault, to harbouer such a thought.

Then fince this Earth affoord no log to me,

But to command, to check, to o’te-bearce fuch,

As are of bitter Perfon then my felfe:

Ie make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,

And whiles I live, account this World but Hell,

Vntill my mis-fap’d Trunkie, that bares this Head,

Be round impaied with a glorious Crowne.

And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,

For many Lives stand betwixt me and home:

And I, like one loft in a Thornie Wood,

That rens the Thome, and is rent with the Thome,

Seeking a way, and flaying from the way,

Not knowing how to finde the open Aye,

But toiling desperatly to finde it out,

Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne;

And from that torment I will free my felte,

Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe,

Why I can smiie, and murther whiles I smile,

And cry, Contenent, to that which grieues my Heart,

And wet my Cheekes with artificial Teares,

And frame my Face to all occaions.

If he drawne more Saylens then the Mermaid shall,

If he flye more gazers then the Basilike,

If he play the Osaron as well as Niftex,

Dowerce more flyly then Vflifer could,

And like a syn, take another Trop.

I can add Colour to the Cameron,

Change shapes with Prestes, for advantages,

And set the nurthless Martones to Schoole.

Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?

Tut, were it further off, he plucke it downe. Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siller Bonas, his Admiral, call’d the Donorbo : Prince Edward,

Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.

Lewis, and vffeth up againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,

And Birth, that thou should’st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Marg. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret

May sit beside her fayle, and leane a whafe to ferue,

Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)

Great Albions Queene, in former Golden daies:

But now my heart hath tred my Title downe,

And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,

Where I must take like Sea, into my fortune,

And to my humble Seat conforme my felfe.

Lewis. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this deep, despaire?

Marg. From such a caufe, as falls mine eyes with teares,

And flops my tongue, while hee is drown’d in cares.

Lewis. What arte it be, be thou full like thy felfe,

And fit thee by our fide.

Seate her by him.

Yield not thy necke to Fortune ysocie,

But let thy daintie minde full ride in triumph,

Out of all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,

It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

Marg. Thoſe gracieous words

Reuicte my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-y’d tearows leave to speake.

Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,

That Henry, fole poftfessor of my Love,

Is, of a King, become a banifh’d man,

And for’d to live in Scotland a Fororne;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke,

Vfarpes the Regall Title, and the Sest

Of Englands true voyage Lawfull King,

This is the caufe that I, forad offseason

With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Hennes Harte,

Am come to eauise thy fuft and lawfull yede:

And if thou fail, and all our hope is done,

Scotland bath to helpe, but cannot helpe;
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 161

Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure feize’d, our Souliours put to flight,
And (as thou feest) our felues in heauie plignt.

Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to brestke it off.

Marg. The more we flay, the stronger growes our Foe.

Lewis. The more I fly, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waieth on true forrow,
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What’s hee approacheth boldly to our pre-sence?


Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?

Marg. I now begin’s a secon Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moves both Windes and Tynde.

Warw. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sovereigne, and thy friend, Friend,
I come (in Kindneffe, and unfayned Love),
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confirme that Amity
With Nuftall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henrys hope is done.

Warm. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona,
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiffe your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereigns Heart;
Where Fame, late entaring at this heauifull Ear,
Hath plac’d thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Lewis. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heart me speake,
Before you answret Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meant honet Looke,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceffities:
For how can Tyrants safely governe home,
Vntil abroad, they purchase great aliancy?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry lieth full: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince Edward (hand, King Henry’s Sonne.
Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw no on thy Dinger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vnfraters fwy, the rule a while,
Yet Heau’ns are iuift, and Time fupprefifts Wrongs.

Warm. Inuiouf Margaret.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warm. Because thy Father Henry did vnpriue,
And that no more art Prince, then ftee is Queene.

Oxf. Then Warwick disfain’d great Johne of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after Johne of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wildome was a Mirror to the wife:
And after that wife Prince Henry the Fifte,
Who in his Prowesse conquier’d all France:
From theft, out Henry liuely descends.

Warm. Oxfoord, how haps it in this smooth difcourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath left
All that, which Henry the Fifte had gotten:


Me thinks thefe Peeres of France should smile at this.
But for the reft: you tell a Pedigree
Of three score and two yeeres, ailly time
To make preffcription for a Kingdome worth,
Oxf. Why Warwick, canft thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obeys? & thirteene and fix yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treafon with a Bluff?

Warw. Can Oxford, that diduer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For fhame leaxe Henry, and call Edward King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose inuious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Audrey Peres
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his meillow’d yeeres.
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?

No Warwick, no: while Life vpholds this Armes,
This Annie vpholds the Houfe of Lancaster.

Warm. And I the Houfe of York.

Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our requent, to hand aife,
While I live further conference with Warwick,
They f tand alafe.

Marg. Hauens graunt, that Warwick wordes be
With him not.

Lewis. Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy confience
Is Edward thy true King? for I was loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warm. Thercon I pawned my Credit, and mine He.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warm. The more, that Henry was unfortune.

Lewis. Then further: all difsembling fet a side,
Tell me for truth, the meafure of his Loue
Vnto our Sifter Bona.

War. Such it feemes,
As may befeeme a Monarch like himfelfe.
My felfe have often heard him fay, and fwear,
That this his Loue was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintaynt’d with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Difdaine,
Vntil the Lady Bona quit her paiue.

Lewis. Now Sifter, let vs heare your firme refolute.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, fhall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day,

Warm. When I haue heard your Kings deferct recounted,
Mine ear hath temptd judgement to defire.

Lewis. Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sifter fhall be Edwards.

And now forthwith fhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Joynture that your King muff make,
Which with her Dowre fhall be counter-poy’d:
Draw neare Queene Margaret, and be a witneffe,
That Bona fhall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.
Marg. Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my fuit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henrys friend.
Lewis. And fift is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weke,
As may appear by Edwards good falvace:
Theu ‘is but reafon, that I be relea’d
From giving ayde, which late I promis’d,
Yet fift you have all kindneffe at my hand,
That your Effaire requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warm. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his safe;
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queen)
You have a Father able to mainaine you,
And better t'ears, you troubled him, then France.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queen)
You have a Father able to mainaine you,
And better t'ears, you troubled him, then France.

The Exaffm Sxis Speak.
And sent led.
This life
Thy dyes conuencie, and thy Lords false love,

For both of you are Birds of selfe-fame Feather.

Lew. Warwick, this is some poete to vs, or thee.

Poet. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you.

Ox. Smiles at her newes, while Warwicky frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay marque how Lewis flapses as he were nestled.
I hope, all's for the best.
Warw. Lew. Warwick, what are thy News now?

And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with whom'd ioyes.
Warw. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What hast thy King married the Lady Grey?
And now to moot thy forgerie, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he feakes with France?
Dare he presume to sorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Mafiety as much before:
This proue th Edwards Love, and Warwickes honesty.
War. King Lewis, I heree protest in foff of besouem,
And by the hope I haue of heavenly bliffe,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;
No more my King, for he dithonors me,
But moft himselfe, if he could fee his Shame.

D. I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death:
Did I let paft th'abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Native Right?
And am I gizard at the laft, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defert is Honor,
And to reparaie my Honor loft for him,
I here renounce him, and returne to Henry,
My Noble Queen, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitor:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Jane,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwick,
These wordes have turn'd my Hate, to Loe,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joye that thou becom'st King Henries Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I his vnfained Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchefta to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choen Soldiours,
Ie vndertake to Land them on our Coaft,
And force the Tyran from his fear by Warre.
Then let his new-made Bride shall successe him.
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Too renowned Prince, how shal Proter Henry use,
Voycel thou refuse him from foule dispaire?
Bona. My Quartel, and this English Queene, are one.
War. And mee faire Lady Bona,ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and chine, and Margaret.
Therefore, at laft, I firme am resolvd
You shall haue aye.

Mar. Let me glue humble thanks for all,at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meffenger,returne in Poste,
And tell faire Edward, thy supped King.
That Lews of France, is sending out Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Then see what's past, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shorly.
I wore the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laydes side,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong.
And therefore lle vn-Crown evm, a't be long.
There's sherry reward, to be gone.

Lew. But Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with fieue thousand men
Shall cross the Seas, and bid faire Edward battle.
As well as occasion lures, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt.
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This shall affure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ie ioynemr mine eldest daughter, and my Iojy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yet, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Some Edward, file is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevoable.
That onely Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prin.Ed. Yes, I accept it, for she well deservers it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my hand,
He gues his band to Warw.
Lew. Why stay we now? These foolishs shalbe leueld
And thou Lord Bourbon,our High Admiral
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleece.
I long till Edward fall by warres mishance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Mar, and Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I returne his sweene and mortall foe:


War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I returne his sweene and mortall foe:
Master of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre shall anwer his demand.
Had he none els to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his left to Sorrow,
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And lie be Cheefe to bring him downe against:
Not that I pity Henries misery,
But fecke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerse, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know, its faire from hence to France.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 162

How could he stay till Warwick made return? 

som. My Lord, forbear this talk; here comes the 

King. 

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lord Grey, Pembroke, Stafford, Hasting: some stand on one side, 

and expose on the other. 

Rich. And his well-chozen Bride. 

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke. 

King. Now Brother of Clarence, 

Howlike you our Choyce, 

That you stand presuie, as halfe malecontent? 

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, 

Or the Earle of Warwick, 

Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement, 

That they let take no offence at our abufe. 

King. Suppoie they take offence without a cause 

They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward, 

Your King and Warwick, and must have my will. 

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King: 

Yet hauie Marriage faldome proueth well. 

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too? 

Rich. Not I: no: 

God forbid, that I should with them fentrd, 

Whom God hath IOynd togethe: 

I, and I ware pinte, to fudder them, 

That youske fo well together. 

King. Setting your akomes, and your mislike aside, 

Tell me some reafon, why the Lady Grey 

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene? 

And you too: Somerset, and Montague, 

Spake freely what you thinke it felle. 

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion: 

That King Lewis become your Enemy, 

For mocking him about the Marriage. 

Of the Lady Bona, 

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gauie in charge, 

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage. 

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appende'd, 

By fuch inceotion as I can deuife? 

Mont. Yet, to have IOynd with France in fuch alliance, 

Would more haue strenghtned this our Commonwealth. 

Gainst foraine forraces, then any home-bred Marriage. 

Hal. Why, knowes not Montague, that of felle, 

England falle, if true with in the felle. 

Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France. 

Hal. 'Tis better wing France, then troubling France: 

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas, 

Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable, 

And with their helpers, onely defend our felves: 

In them, and in our felves, our fafetie lyes. 

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hasting well defières 

To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford. 

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt, 

And for this once, my Will shall fand for Law. 

Rich. And yet me thinke, your Grace hath not done well, 

To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord States 

Unto the Brother of your loving Bride: 

Shee better would have fittede me, or Clarence; 

But if you Bride you bury Brotherhood. 

Clar. Or else you would not have beholde' the Heire 

Of the Lord Bernall on your new Wives Sonne, 

And leave your Brothers to go speed elsewhere. 

King. Als poor Clarence; is it for a Wife 

That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee. 

Clarence. In chuffing for your felle, 

You knew'd your judgement: 

Which being shallow, you shall gue me leave 

To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe; 

And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you. 

King. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King, 

And not be ty'd into your Brothers will. 

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie 

to raie my State to Title of a Queene, 

Doe me but right, and you must all confesse, 

That I was not ignoble of Descent, 

And meaner then my selfe hauie had like forte 

But at this Title honors me and mine, 

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing, 

Deth cloud my joyers with danger, and with sorrow. 

King My Loue, forbear to dwayne upon their frownes 

What danger, or what frowne can befal thee, 

So long as Edward is thy confant friend, 

And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey? 

Nay, whom they fhall obey, and love thee too, 

Vntil he felle he fhall have for armed at my hands: 

Which if they doe, yet will I kepe thee safe, 

And they fhall feel the vengeance of my wrath. 

Rich. I heare, yet fay not much: but thinke the more. 

Enter a Poftle. 

King. Now Meffinger, what Letters, or what News 

from France? 

Poft. My Soueraigne Lige, no Letters, & few words, 

But such as I (without your speciall pardon) 

Dare not relate. 

King. Goe too, weep pardon thee: 

Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words, 

As neere as thou canst quefte them. 

What anfwer makes King Lewis unto our Letters? 

Poft. At my depart, these were his very words: 

Goe tell falle Edward, the supposed King, 

That Lewis of France is sending out Masters, 

To reuell it with him, and his new Bride. 

King. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinke me Henry, 

But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage? 

Poft. These were her words, wr't red with mild disdaine 

Tell him, in hope he'll proue a Widow shortly, 

Ile were the Willow Garlind for his Like. 

King. I blame not her; she could fay little lesse: 

She had the wrong. But what said Henriques Queene? 

For I have hear'd, that she was there in place: 

Poft. Tell him (quoth she) 

My mourning Weedes are done, 

And I am readily to put Armour on. 

King. Belike the minds to play the Amazon. 

But what said Warwick to these invectives? 

Poft. He more incens'd against you Maiestie, 

Then all the reft, dicharg'd me with these words: 

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, 

And therefore Ile vnrown him, 'till he be long. 

King. Haddurft the Traytor breath out so proud words? 

Well, I will aome me, being thus fore-warn'd: 

They shall hauie Warres, and pay for their prefumpton. 

But fay, is Warwick friends with Margaret? 

Poft. I, gracious Soueraigne, 

They are fo link'd in friendship, 

That yong Prince Edward marries Warwick Daughter. 

Clarence. Belike, the elder; 

Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick other Daughter
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your selfe.
You that loue me, and Warwick, follow me.
Exeunt Clarence, and Somerset follows.
Rich. Not 1:
My thoughts asyme at a further matter:
I lay not for the love of Edward, but the Crown.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet sin I amn'd against the worst can happen:
And haflie is needfull in this defpifate Case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickly will be landed.
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Enter Pembroke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, Hastings and Montaigne.
Refusse my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwick, by bloud, and by aliance:
Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather with you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mount. So God helpe Montaigne, as hee proues true.

Hal. Of Hastings, as hee favours Edward's cause.
King. Now, Brother Richard, wilt you stand by vs?
Rich. Yes, I in defight of all that shall withstand you.
King. Why so? then am I sure of Victoria.
Now therefore let vs hence, and lofe no howre,
Till we meet Warwick, with his forrowe powre.


Enter Warwick and Oxford. in England, with French Soldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hiterto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?
Cler. Fear not, that my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome into Warwick.
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistirfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pass'd an open Hand, in signe of Love;
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edward's Brother
Were but a forlorn friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what releifs? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelesly encamp'd,
His Soldiers lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may forpize and take him at our pleasure.
Our Scouts have found the aduenture very safe:
That as Viflins, and stout Diodorus,
With fleet and manhood foile to Rhesus Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fastall Steeds;
So wee, well cover'd with the Nights black Mantle,
As at waues may beat downe Edward: Guard, and
Fiere himselfe: I say noe,laughter him,
For I intend but one to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.
They all cry, Henry.
Why then let's on our way in secret fort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.
1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his Post.
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.
2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?
1. Watch. Why no, for he hath made a solemn Vow.
Neuer to lyse and take his natural Reft,
Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite supprest.
2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so nerre as men report.
3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble men is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?
1. Watch. Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

2. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him?
While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?

2. Watch. Tis the more honour, because more dangourous.

3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would wake him.

1. Watch. Unless our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. Watch. 1: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
And French Soldiers, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. Watch. Who goes there?

2. Watch. Stay, or thou dwrest.
Warwick, and the rest cry all Warwick, Warwick,
And set upon the Guard, who fight, crying, Arre, Arre, Arre.
Warwick and the rest following them.

Enter the Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.
Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chair: Richard and Hastings, sit upon the Stage.

Sen. What are they that dye there?

Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?

Why Warwick, when wee parted,
Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd,
When you digraced me in my Embassadore,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you governe any Kingcome,
That know not how to vive Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to serve your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to finde for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to throw your selfe from Enemies?

Enter Richard, Lord Hasting, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hasting, and Sir William Stanley, leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, into this chearful Thicket of the Parke. Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother, is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands he hath good service, and great liberty. And often but attended with weak guards, come hunting this way to disport himselfe. I have advertis’d him by secret means, that if about this hour he make this way, under the colour of his visit, he shall beare his friends with horse and men, to let him free from his Captivitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsmen with him.

Huntsmen. This way my Lord, for this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man, see where the Huntsmen stand.

Now Brother of Gloger, Lord Hasting, and the rest, Stand you thus close to these the Bishops Decree? Rich. Brother, the time and case, that ere we haste, Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Edw. But whether shall we then? Hal. To Lyn my Lord, and shipt from shame to Flanders.

Rich. Well I’faith believe me, for that was my meaning. 

K. Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardness.

Rich. But wherefore play we’tis no time to talke. K. Ed. Huntsman, what sayst thou? Wilt thou go along? Hunsf. Better do so, then tell, and be hang’d. Rich. Come then away less hast no more ado, K. Ed. Bishop farewell, Sheld thee from warwicke crowne, and pray that I may re-pole the Crowne.

Enter Robin Hone the first, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, and Lantenne.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends have shaken Edward from the Regall scene, And turn’d my captives to liberty, My feare to hope, my forrowes to joyes, At our enragement what are they due? Peers? Laws. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Soultains, But, if an humble praisie may praisie, I then crave pardon of your Majestie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well y’place me? Nay, be thou sure, I’ll well require thy kindness. For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure: I, such a pleasure, as uncaged Birds Conceive, when after many mopey Days. At last, by Notes of Household harmony, They quite forget their lofe of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Six.

But whereas after God, thou seest me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By louing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blest Land
May not be punishd with my thwarting statures.
Warneke, although my Head still were the Crowne,
I here reigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warne. Your Grace hast full beene fam'd for veruous,
And now may seeme as wise as veruous,
By foldering and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men nightly temper with the Sarses:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chasing me, when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No Warneke, thou art worthy of the fway,
To whom the Hauins in thy Nativity,
Adwight d'an Olue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likly to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.
Warne. And I shew Clarence only for Protector.
King. Warneke, and Clarence, giue me both your Hands:
Now soyme your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no disention hinder Government;
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my felle will lead a proue Life,
And in devotion spend my latter daies,
To unnes rebuke, and my Creatures pruyfe.
Warne. What answerst Clarence to his Soursaignes will ?
Clar. That he contentt, if Warneke yeild consent,
For on thy fortune I repole my felle.
Warne. Why then, though loth, yet muft I be content;
Weeke yeake together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his cafe.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forwth with that Edward be pronoune d a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Gooods confiscate.
Clar. What eile ? and that Succession be determined
Warne. I, therin Clarence shall not want his part.
King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sorne Edward,
Be sone to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doublell fear,
My soy of libertie is halle eclips'd.
Clar. It shal bee done, my Soursaigne, with all speede.
King. My Lord of Somerset,what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care ?
Som: My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Riel mond.
King. Come hither, Englands Hope : 
Lay his Hand on his Head.
Of my daining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisse,
His Looke's are full of peacefull Majestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Sceptre, and himselfe
Likely in time to bleisse a Regall Throne.
Make much of him, my Lords, for this is hee,
Muft helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Pafs. 
Warne. What newes, my friend ? 
Pafs. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares hence) to Burgundie
Warne. Vnausor newes : but how made he escape ?
Pafs. He was conuery'd by Richard Duke of Golfeter,
And the Lord Hasting, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forreft side,
And from the Bishops Hunselfen refceu'd him.
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.
Warne. My Brother was too castleffe of his charge,
But let vs hence, my Soursaigne, to proude
A salve for any tore, that may betide
Exceunt
Somm. Somerset, Richmon'd, and Oxford.

Somm. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward,
For doublelfe, Burgundie will yeeld him helps,
And we shall have more Warses befor't be long.
As Henries late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmon'd,
So doth my heart incline me, in these Conflicts,
What may befal him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forwth we'e send him hence to Britannie,
Till forum be paft of Giull Emnntne.
Somm. Ife 1: for if Edward re-pollislie the Crowne, 1
'Tis like that Richmon'd, with the ref, shall downe.
Somm. It shall be fo. he shall to Britannie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedilly,
Exceunt.


Edo. Now Brother Richard,Lord Hasting, and the ref,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh newe amends,
And syes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state,for Richard Regall Crowne.
We'll haue we pafs'd, and now re-gas'd the Seas,
And brought defined helps from Burgundie,
What then remantes, we being thus assau'd
From Rauenpurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome ?
Rich. The Gates made fast ?
Brother, I like nor this,
For many men that flamble at the Threatfield,
Are well fore-told, that danger lukes within.
Edo. Tulf man,seabounden must not now aligft vs.
By faire or foule means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
Hatt. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
them.
Exter. On the Walls, the Mayor of Yorke, and his Brothre.

Mayor. My Lords,
We were forewarned of your comming,
And haught the Gates,for fasettie of our felues,
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry.
Edo. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward,at the leaft is Duke of Yorke.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leffe.
Edo. Why and? I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.
Rich. Bur
Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Maister Mayor; these Gates must not be shut.

But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

And all those friends, that desire to follow mee.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery.

Our trustie friend, vnto he be decidu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,

As every loyal Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thanks good Montgomery.

But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,

And owne clayme our Duke's, done

To God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,

I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:

Drumme strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate

By what fate meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talle you of debating in few words,

If you're not here proclaime your selfe our King,

He leave you to your fortune, and be gone.

To keepe them back, that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore rand you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,

Then we'll make our Clayme:

Till then, its vnto us to concerne our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule.

Rich. And fearlesse minds clyme fowsest onto Crowns.

Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,

The brut thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for this my right,

And Henry but vnpers the Diadem.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speakes like himselfe,

And now will I be Edward: Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpets, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow Souther, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of

England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whoso'e'er paaignes King Edwardes right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throw downe his Crowntes.

All Long live Edward thourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montgomery,

And thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll require this kindnesse.

Now for this Night, let's have harbor here in York:

And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre

Aboue the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his Mate;

For well I know that Henry is no Souldier.

Ah froward Clarence, how euer it becommes thee,

To fluster Henry, and forfait thy Brother,

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on brave Souther: doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large Peace.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Montague,

Clarence, Oxford, and Souter.

War. What counsaile, Lord's Edward from Belgie,

With that hafie Germans, and blust Hollanders,

Hath passe'd in safegue by the Narrow Seas,

And with his troupes dar march amaine to London,

And many goodly people flock to him.

King. Let's have men, and beat him back againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being fupper'd, Riuer cannot quench.

War. In Warwick shire I haue true-breared friends,

Nor mutinuous in peace, yet bold in Warre,

Those will I muster vp: and thou Soun Clarence

Shalt firre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,

The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.

Thou Brothert Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestereshire, first find

Men well enclin'd to hearse what thou commandst.

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the lowing Citizens,

Like to his Hand, get in with the Ocean,

Or modest Dyke, circled with her Nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him,

Tince Lords take issue, and stand not to reply.

Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Helter and my Troyes true hope

Clar. In signe of truth, I kissy thy Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Of. And thus I feaue my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my lowing Montgomery,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coventry,

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Palace will I rest a while.

Coun of Exeter, what thinkest thy Lordship?

Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounte mine

Exer. The doubt is, that he will seduce the tell.

King. That's not my feare, my need hath got the fame

I have not so fast mine ears to their demands,

Nor postfzed off their faires with flow delays.

My pitie hath beene balme to heal their wounds,

My mildnesse hath alayd their dwelling grises.

My mercie dryd their warres flowing tears.

I have not beene desirous of their wealth.

Nor much oppress them with great Subsidies.

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd,

Then why should they loose Edward more then me?

No Exeter, their Graces challenge Grace.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And when the Lyon fawes upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him.
Show what, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.
Exe. Heake, heark, my Lord, what Shone are thefe?

Enter Edward, and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the chamefafe Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclame vs King of England.
You are the Poune that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now flies thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much t. higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake,
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course.
Where perceptioe Warwick now remains:
The Sunne glines hot, and if we efc delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop’d for Sea.
Rich. Away betimes before his forces move
And take the great-grownne Trayer unawares.
Braue Warriors, march alane towards Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messangers, and others upon the Tract.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honett fellow?
Meff. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?
Where is the Post that came from Mountague?
Meff. By this at Daintrey, with a puissant troope.
Enter Somersole.
War. Say Somersole, what sayes thy loving Sonne?
And by thine guile, how high is Clarence now?
Someru. At Southam I did issue him with his forces,
And doe exped him here some two howres hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hearse his Drumme.
Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam Iyes: The Drum your Honour heares, marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? be like vnlook’d for friends.
Someru. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.
Rich. See how the furly Warwickian mans the Wall.
War. Oh ravid spight, is sportfull Edward come?
Where steep our Scouts, or how are they fucedd?
That we could heare no newes of his repaire.
Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speater gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call Edward King, and at his halds begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee thee Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeffe who feet thee vp, and pluck thee downe,
Call Warwick his Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaft he would have saied the King,
Or did he make the leaft against his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I by my faith, for a poore Earl to giue, He doth thee fervice for so good a gift.
War. This is that gave the Kindeome to thy Brothe.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwickes gift.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.

Perhaps thou wilt obliest my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, we are more impieties,
Then Iaphus, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Treps that made,
That to澍love well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclame my selfe thy mortall foe:
With reflection, wherefore I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou strive abroad)
To plague thee, for thy soule mis-leading me.
And so, prow'd-hearted Warwicke, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pard on me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, do not frowne upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconfiant.

Ead. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou nuit hadst defier'd our hate. Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh passing Trasyor, perjur'd d and vnaught.

Ead. What Warwicke,
Wilt thou leave the Town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?
Warw. Alas, I am not cooped d here for defence:
I will away towards Barnett preferndly,
And bid thee Battale, Edward, if thou durst.

Ead. Ye Warwicke, Edward dates, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie.

Exeunt. March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Ahurum, and Excursus. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Ead. So, I see thou there: dyke thou, and dye our seare,
For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd us all.

Now Musicques is faile, I feeke for thee,
That Warwicke Bones may kepro thine companie.

Exeunt.

Warw. Ah, who is night come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, Terke, or Warwicke?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my wants of strength, my feke heart shewes,
That I must yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the enqueft to my foe,
Thus yieldst the Cedars to the Axes edge,
Whole Armes gheer theter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose fhand the ramping Lyon lept,
Whole cap-branch over-peer'd fess spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Tuell Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Hate beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To fetch the fiercer Trefans of the World:
The Wrenches in my Brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were like'd own to Ingly Sapulchers:
For who lu'd King, but I could digge his Grave?
And who durft smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow?
Lor, now my Glory enter'd in duff and blood,
My Patke, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forfike me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Regime, but Earth and Duff?
And huse how we can, yet dye we must,

Enter Oxford and Somerford.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke was thoy as we are,
We might recouer all our Loffe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power,
Even now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye?
Warw. Why then I would not flye, Ah Montague,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while,
Thou loust me not: for, Brother, if thou dyest,
Thy toares would wafh this cold congealed blood,
That gleves my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Montague hath breath'd his lafte,
And to the laste gaspe, cry'd out for Warwicke:
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have saied, and more he spokt,
Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diffinguished: but at laft
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell Warwicke.

Warw. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your felues,
For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Ofy. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they bear away his Body.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence and the rest.

King. Thus fare out fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are gread with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaines his eafefull Welterne Bed:
I mean, my Lords, whose powers that the Queene
Hath ray'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our Coule,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will soone diffipre that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.
Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If the hase time to breathe, be well affir'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our losung friends,
That they doe hold ther course toward Twesbury.
We hauing now the best at Barnett field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourish. March. Enter the Queenes young Edward, Somerford, Oxonord, and Saddlers.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ner' t fit and wallte their losse,
But chearly seke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Maft be now blowne out of boord,
The Cable broke, the holding Anchors loft,
And halfe our Sylors swalow'd in the flood?
Yet lines our Pilot fill. 'tis meet, that he
Should loue the Helme, and like a fearfull Lad,
With fearfull Eyes aside Water to the Sea,
And give more stregthe to that whish hath too much,
While in his moane, the Ship slips on the Rocke,
Which Industry and Courage might haue fauid?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say Warwicke was our Anchors: what of that?

q 3 And.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And Mountague oue Top-Mast: what of him? Our laught'red friends, the Tacklers: what of thee? Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor? And Somerset, another goodly Man? The friends of France oue Swoords and Tacklings? And though vnskilled, why not Ned and I, For once allow'd, the skilful Pilots Charge? We will not from the Heimte, to fit and weep, But keep our Course (though the rough Winde say no) From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack. As good to chide the Waere, as speake them faire. And what is Edward, but a ruffell Sea? What Clarence, but a Quick-fond of Deceit? And Richard, but a raged fasill Rocke? All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke. Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while: Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly finke, Be pride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death. Thus speake I ( LORDS) to let you understand, If safe some one of you rouse from vs, That there's no hopp'd for Mercy with the Brothers, More then with ruffell Waere, with Sands and Rocks. Why courage when, what cannot be abated, Twere childish weakeesse to lament, or faesse. Prince, Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words, Inuife his Brest with Magnamnike, And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes. I speake not this, as doubting any here: For did I but suspect a fearless man, He shoule haue leave to goe away betimes, Leave in our need he might infell anoter, And make him of like Spirit to himselfe. If any fuch be here, as God forbid, Let him depart, before we neede his helpe. Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage, And Warriours faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame. Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather Dost live againe in thee; long may it thou live, To bear his Image, and renew his Thrones. Sam. And he that will not fight for such a hope, Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day, If he thife, be mock'd and wonder'd at. Qu. Thanks gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes. Prince. And take his thankes, that ye hath nothing else. 

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Readie to fight: therefore be refoliose. Oxf. I thought no lefe; it is his Policie, To hafle thus falsifie foode vs vnprovaid. Sam. But hee's decei'de, we are in readie measure. Qu. This chesse my heart, to see thy forword deme. Oxf. Here pitch our Battelie, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood, Which by the Heauens assiaince, and your strength, Muft by the Rests be hewne vp yet ere Night. I need not adde more fuel to your fire, For well I wot, ye blazze, to burne them out: Gue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

DEW. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say, My teares gaine-say: for every word I speake, Ye fee I drinke the water of my eye. Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne Is Prisoner to the Floe, his State vnpard, His Resigne a sлаughter-house, his Subiects flame, His Statues cancel'd, and his Treasure spent: And yonder is the Wolfes, that makes this spoyle. You fight in lustice: then in Gods Name, Lords, Be valiant, and gue signall to the fight. 

Alarm, Retreat, Exeunt. 

Exeunt. 

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queen, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

EDW. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles. Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight: For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head. Give heare them hence, I will not heare them speake. Oxf. For my part, Ite not trouble thee with words. Som. Nor I, but swinge with patience to my fortune. Exeunt.

Edw. So part we sadly in this troublous World, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward, Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life? Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

EDW. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake. What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick? Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing Armes, for flattering my Subjectts, And all the trouble thou haft turn'd me to? Prince. Speake like a Subject, proud ambitious Turk. Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth, Refigne thy Chayre, and where I fland, kneele thou, Whil'ft I prophose the femle-lame words to thee. Which (Traytor) thou would it haue me answer to. Qu. Ah, that thy Father bad bene too refolvd Rich. That thou mightst haue worne the Perticoat, And not haue profane the Brich from Langaier. Prince. Let a head fable in a Winters Night, Hit Curnish Riddles forto with this place. Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word. Qu. I, thou woult borne to be a plague to men. Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold. Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooked-bache, rather.

Edw. Peace willfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue. Clar. Vntur'd Lad, thou art too malapers. Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vvdutufull. Lasciuos Edward, and thou periu'd George, And thou mis-fapen Dick, I tell ye all, I am your better. Traytors as ye are, And thou vnlip't my Fathers right and mine. 

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayther here. 


Clar. And ther's for twittting me with perturie 

Clar. Sads him.

Qu. Oh, kill me too. 

Rich. Marry and shall. 

Offer to kill her. 

Edw. Hold, Richard, bold, for we have done too much. Rich. Why
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 171

Rich. Why should thee live, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth this sowne? ye meanes for her reueerie.

Rich. Clarence execue me to the King my Brother:
He hence to London on a serius matter,
Ere ye come there, be fere to beare some newes.
Cll. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower. Ext.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speke to thy Mother Boy.
Can it thou not speke? O Tristors, Motherers!
They that rob'd Cafar, shoot no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it,
He was a Man; this (in repsect) a Child,
And Men, we're send their fury on a Child.
What's worse then Murthers, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Camballes,
How sweet a Plant have you vnamely crop:
You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have thurr'd up remorse,
But if you euer chance to have a Child,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off.
For thence you have rid this sweet yong Prince.
King. Away with her, goe bearre her hence perfere.
Qu. Nay, never bearre me hence, dispach me hence:
Here theteth thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.
Cll. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Cll. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it.
Qu. Didst thou not hear me sweete I would not do it
Qu. I, but thou wert to forswear thy life,
'Twas before, but now it's Charity.
What wilt thou now? Where is that beakes butcher Richard?
Hard fauord Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here; Murther is thy Alme-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ere'rt put' backe.
Ed. Away I say, I charge ye bearre her hence,
Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.
Ext. Queene

Ed. Where's Richard gone.
Cll. To London all in post, and I guesse,
To make a bloody Suppet in the Tower.
Ed. He's done: some thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well the fares,
By this (Hope) she hath a Sonne for me.
Ext.

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant
on the Wallers.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I shoul'd say rather,
Tis fine to flatter. Good was little better:
'Good Gloffer, and good Devill, were alike,'
And both preposterous therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our felues, we must confere.

Hen. So flies the wretched shepheard from 't Wolf.
So first the harmeless Sheep doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throat, into the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath Remains now to be Acte?
Rich. Sulpiation always haunts the guilty mind,

The Thesee doth fear every banch an Officer,
Hen. The Bird that hath bin linned in a banch,
With trembling wings miffdoubteth every banch;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
HauIng now the fatal Object in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lin'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Eath. Why what a peitifull Fowsle was that of Creec,
That taught his Sone the office of a Fowl,
And ye for all his wings, the Fowl was drownd
Hen. I dedaine, my poore Boy learen,
Thy Father Minne, that deme'd our courfe,
The Sonee that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy wife, the Sea.
Where enoufhus Gullie did (fallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eates that Traficie History.
But wherefore doft thou come? Is't for my Life?
Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his prelumptiun,
Hen. Hadft thou him kill'd, when first I did prefume:
Then hadst thou not 'lied to kill a Sone of mine:
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now misfrust no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans figne, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-stading-eye,
Men for their Sonses, Wives for their Husbandes,
Orphans, for their Parents timelies deathes,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast borne.
The Owe fhriek'd at thy birth, an euelle figne,
The Night-Crow cry'd, abiding bucklel time,
Dogs how'd and hideous Tempers fhook down Trees:
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimneys top,
And chant ring Pres in difmal Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth iffele then a Mothers hope,
To win an indignet and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goody Tree.
Theft had thou in the head, when thou wert borne,
To fignifie, thou cam'ft to bite the world:
And if the refle be true, which I have heard,
Thou can't

Rich. Ile hear no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech,
Stabbe him.
For this (among the felf) was I ordain'd
Hen. I, and for much more slaufter after this,
O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee.

Dye. Rich. What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted,
See how my fword weepes for the poore Kings death,
O my fuch purple tears be allway fhed.
From thofe that with the downfall of our howse
If any Spark of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and fey I fent thee thither.

Stabbe him again.

I that have neyther pitty, loure, nor fcare,
Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
For I have often lid my Mother fay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward,
Had I not reafon (thinks ye?) to make haft,
And fecke their Ruine, that flipt' out Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Woman cride
O Iesus bleepe vs, he is borne with teeth,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should fastle, and bite, and play the dogge;
Then since the Heauens haue shap’d my Body fo,
Let Hell make crook’d my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother;
And this word (Loue) which Gray-beards call Duline;
Be reftident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my felfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keepest’l mee from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzze abroad fuch Prophetes,
That Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his faires, Ie be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy tune is next, and then the refi,
Counting my felfe but bad, till I be beft.
I throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome. Exit

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,
Nephew, and Attendants.

King. Once more we fit in England’s Royall Throne,
Re-purchac’d with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow’d downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three fold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubtèd Champions:
Two Clifforde, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne’re spurr’d their Couriers at the Trumpets found
With them, the two brane Beares, Warwick & Montague.
That in their Chains fetter’d the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreft tremble when they roaz’d.

Thus have we Swept Sufpicion from our Seat,
And made our Footsteps of Security.
Come hither Beefe, and let me kisse my Boy:
Kong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my felfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoot in Summers fealding heat,
That thou might’st repofelle the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blast his Harkeft, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This Shoulder was ordain’d fo thicker, to haue,
And haue it shall some weight, or breake my backe.
Work thou the way, add that shalt execute.
King. Clarence and Glifter, Ioe my lovely Queene,
And tis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cia. The duty that I owe unto your Maiesty,
I Scale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.
Cia. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree frō whence it sprang’l
Writeffe the louing kiffe I give the Fruite,
To fay the truth, to Indue kife his masters,
And cried all halfe, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I seated as my Soule delights,
Having my Countriez peace, and Brothers Loue.
Cia. What will your Grace have done with Margaret,
Kneward her Father, to the King of France
Hath pown’d the Sieits and Jerusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransom:
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what fefts, but that we spend the time
With stoutly Triumphes, mirthfull Comickes frowne,
Such as besifts the pleafure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell lowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lafting joy

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the
Battell at Bolworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that ever vpon our house
Became pins of Anchors at the bottom of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browses bound with Vicious Wreathes,
Our bruised arms hung vp for Monuments;
Our ferne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreaffull Marches to delightful Messures.
Grim-viug'd Warre, hath finisht his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barb'd Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He expers nimby in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laticious pleasing of a Lure.
But I, that am not finp'd for sportive trickses,
Not made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely flampt, and wantlous Mafiey,
To itru before a woonst ambling Nymph:
I, that am curld of this faire Proportion,
Checked of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finifh'd, rent before my time
Into this brethening World, ferce halfe made vp,
And that fo famely and unshonable,
That dogges batke at me, as I halte by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to paflate away the time,
Vnleffe to fee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And defect on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And have the idle pleasures of these dayes,
Plots haue I lade, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreams,
To for my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am Subtyle, Falle, and Treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophete, which fayes that G:
Of Edward beyres the mother, shall be.
Due thoughts downe to my soule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury guarded.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That waies upon your Grace?

Clas. His Majestie ending your persoun safety,
Hath appointed this Conduit, to convey me to the Tower.
Rich. Upon what caufe?

Clas. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Majestie hath some intent,
That you should be new Chrifined in the Tower.
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Clas. Yes Richard, when I know; but I proteft
As yet I do not: But as I can leerne,
He heartens after Propheties and Dreams,
And from the Croffe-row placeth the letter G:
And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His ilue dissufhed should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I leerne) and such like toys as these,
Hath moose his Highneffe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are hel'd by Women
'Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his Wife, Clarence his fister,
That tempteth him to this brutifh Extraverty.
Was it not f Lee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him fend Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this prefent day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Clas. By heaven, I thinke there is no man secur
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That cudge between the King, and Miftref Shores.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Gott my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ite tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in faule with the King,
To be her men, and wearie her Liuer.
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her felfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Godsips in our Monarchy.

Bro. I befeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majestie hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shal have pruife Conference
(Of what degree fouer) with your Brother.
Rich. Even to, and please your Worship Drakenbury, you may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treaton man; we say the King is wise and virtuous, and his Noble Queene well stroke in yearne, faire, and not zealous.
We say, that Shore's Wife was a pretty Foot, a cherry Lop, a bonny Eye, a paling pleaing tongue;
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Dru. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do to with Mistris Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were beft to do it secretly alone.

Dru. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knave, would't thou betray me?

Dru. I do beleeve your Grace to pardon me, and wiffall forbear.
Your Conference with the Noble Duke. We know thy charge Drakenbury, and will obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abjicet, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King, and whatsoever ye will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edward Widdow, Sifter, I will performe it to infranchice you.
Meane time, this dpeace ingrate in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisionment shall not be long, I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, have patience.

Cla. I must proffire: Farewell.

Exit Clar. Rich. Go tread the path that thou that reft are return.
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loose thee fo,
That I will shortly tend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new deliverd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chambelaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Acre,
How hast your Lordship brooke' improviment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to give them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonement.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haste presui'd as much on him, as you,
Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be wou'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzardz 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 Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. John, that News is bad indeed
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Perfon:
'Tis very gresuous to be thought upon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go ye before, and I will follow you.

He cannot lose I hope, and must not dye,
Till! Good be pack'd with post-horfe up to Heauen.

Rich. In to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well feeld'd with weppy Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to busifie in.
For then, lie marry Warwickes yongest daughter.
What though I kill her Husband, and her Father,
The readeft way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto;
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lies and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the first with Holbards to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be thowed in a Herie;
Whyls I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untempered fall of Vertuous Lancaster.

Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaundered Sonne,
Stab'd by the felfsame hand that made them weares,
Loc'd ant the windows that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleffe Balme of my poore eyes,
O cursed be the hand that made the holes,
Curst the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curst the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that harded Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can with to Wolves, to Spiders, Totes,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues,
If ever he have Childe. Abarbitue be it,
Prodigious, and untemperate brought to light,
Whose goe and unsuall Apect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his whappinets,
If ever he hate Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Cherley with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interreet.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Reft you, whiles I lament King Henrys Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Glosfer.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down. Aro. What blacke Magitian conjures vp this Feud,
To stopp devoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villains set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ike make a Coarse of him that disobeys.
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Chor. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich. Vamond's Dogge,
Stand'rt thou when I command:—
Adunce thy Halberd higher then my brief,
Or by S. Paule Ile strike thee to my Foot,
And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Ana. What do you trouble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Vouchsafe thy dreadful minifter of Hel;
Thou hadst but power over thy Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not have: Therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curfi.

An. Foule Diuell.

For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell.

I fill'd it with ourying cries, and deep 
Exclaimes:—
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen, sir, the dead Heinriss wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed a present,
Blust,blust, thou lump of foul Reformation:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where blood doews.

Thy Deeds inhuman and vnnatural,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnatural.

Oh God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death:
Oh Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his death.

Either Hell with lightning strike the murder'd dead:
Or Earth open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleflings for Curfes.

An. Villaine, thou know'st not law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angells are so angry:
Vouchsafe divine perfecion of a Woman
Of these impo'd Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquie my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (des't'd infection of man)
Of these knowne evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient of use to excuse my selfe.

An. Foole then hear'st thou can thinke thee,
Thou canst make no excuse current,
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such disguis, I should acquie my selfe.

An. And by disposing that thou hast excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Rich. Say that I flew them not.

An. Then say they were not flame:
But dead they are, and diuellish flave by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is alive.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and diame by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule thought that Lyb,
Queen Margaret say
Thy murd'rous Faulcon smokings in his blood:
The which, thou once didst bid against her breast,
But that thy Brothers beste side the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her hand's round tongue,

That said their guilt, upon my guiltless Shoulders.

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dreamt it on ough't but Butcheries:
Did it thou not kill this King?


An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God grants me too.
Thou may'st be damn'd for that wicked deed,
O he was gentle, milde, and veracious.

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him,

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt never come.

Rich. Let him thank me, that holpe to fend him this-
ther:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou wist for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yass one place else, if you will hire me name it.

An. Some dungeon.


An. I'll rest beside the Chamber where thou lyest,

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope fo.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our witts,
And fall something into a fower method.

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
Of thes Plantagenet, Henry & Edward,
As blamfull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accust effect:

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To under take the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet Tombes.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Thee nailles should rent that beauty from my Cheeks.

Rich. These eyes could not endure 3 beaute's wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sonne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blanke night ore-shade thy day, be death thy life.

Rich. Curse not this selfe faire Creature.

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reneg'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrel moft vnnaturall,
To be reneg'd on him that loueth thee.

An. It is a quarrell full and reasonable,
To be reneg'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

An. His better doth not breath upon the earth.

Rich. He lies, that loses thee better then he could.

An. Name him.


An. Why that was be.

Rich. The selfe same name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Here.

Spits at him.

Why doft thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poynson, for thy sake.

Rich. Neuer came poynson from 0 sweet a place.

An. Neuer thing poynson on a fowler Tongue.

Out of my fight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.

These eyes of thine, from mine have drawne fale Treses;
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Sham’d their Aspects with tears of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tears,
Not when my Father York, and Edward went,
To bear the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac’d Clifford smooke his sword at him.
Not when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad story of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made paufe to sob and wepe:
That all the flanders by had wet their checkes
Like Three beds with raines. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did fcorne an humble tear.
And what the frowrues could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never found to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learn that soothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propound’d my Fee,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
She looks sorrowfully at me,
Tesch not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For killing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
Loe howe, I lend thee this thre poynted Sword,
Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true bref.
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it nacked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death upon my knee,
He loget his bref open the offer at with his sword.
Nay do not paufe: For I did kill King Henrie,
But twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now dispatch: Twas I that flabb’d poyng Edward,
But twas thy Frencely face that fete me on.
She fells the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arife Difsembler, though I with thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage.
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a fater truer Loue,
To both their deaths fhall thou be accesse.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. Tis figured in my tongue.
An. I teare me, both are falle.
Rich. Then nether Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That fhall thou know beareafter.
An. All men hope live fo.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Look howe the King incomparably thy Finger,
Even fo thy Bref inclofe my poore heart:
Wear all both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devoted Soule may
But end one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doft conferre his happinesse for ever.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleafe you leaueth the sad designe,
To him that hath moft caufe to be Mournet,
And prently repaie to Crosbie Houfe:
Where (after I have solemnly inter’d)
At Chetney Monaff try this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient dury fee you,

For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it is so,
To let you are become to penitent.
Rich. And Trifle and Cackle, go along with me.
An. Bid me farewell.
An. Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I have faide farewell already.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Gray. What patience Madam, there’s no doubt his Malevol
Will sooner recover his accustom’d health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse.
Therefore for Gods sake entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Gray. If they were dead, what would bede on me?
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Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. But Good time of day unto your Royal Grace. Dur. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have bin. Qu. The Countres Reuelmes, good my Lof Derby. To your good prayer, will fearfully say Amen. Yea. Derby, not withstanding flie's your wife, And loues not me, be you good Lord suff'd, I hate not you for your proud arrogence. Dur. I do beleev you, either not beleue The enuius flanders of her fafe Accusers: Or if he be assur'd on true report. Beat with her weak-knel'd, which I thinke proceed From wayward sicknede, and no grounde madice. Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby, Dur. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, Are come from visiting his Majesty. Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords. But. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully. Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him? But. I Madam, he defire to make atonement; Between the Duke of Glosseff, and your Brothers, And between me, and my Lord Chamberlain, And fent to warme them to his Royall presence. Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be, I fear out happiness is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong and I will not inducme, Who is it that complains unto the King, That I (forsooth) am ferne, and loue them not? By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly, That fill his ears with such disdious Rumors, Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceall, and cogg, Ducke with French nod, and Apish curteisie, I must be hold a tancorous Enemy. Cannot a plaine man live, and chinke no harte, But thinke a simple truth must be abus'd, With filth'en, fiere, infaming Tackes. Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace? Rich. To thee, that haile not Honesty, nor Grace: When have I inured thee? When done thee wrong? Or thee? or thee? or any of your Fashon? A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preferre better then you would wish) Cannot be quiet feaue a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints, Qu. Brother of Glosseff, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall disposition, (And not provok'd by any Sutor else) Anyning (belike) in your interiour hatred, That in your outward action shewes it false Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, Makes him to fend, that he may learne the ground. Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles daie not perch. Since euicie Glosseff became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jacke. Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother You enuoy my advancement, and my friends: (Glosseff) God grant we never may haue neede of you. Rich. Meante time, God grants that I have neede of you. Our Brother is imprifon'd by your meanes, My selfe digrac'd, and the Nobilitie Held in contemps, while great Promotions Are daily guin to ennable chofe That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble. Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height, From that contented hap which I Using'd, I never did incense his Maiestye Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin An earnest advocale to ples for him. My Lord you do me shamefull justice, Falcyly to draw me in these vie superfet. Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane Of my Lord Highg's late imprifonment. Rich. She may the Lord for. Rich. She may Lord Rower, why who knowes not so? She may do more far then denying that: She may helpes you to many faire preferments, And then deny her syding hand therin, And lay those Honors on your high defert. What may the not, the may, I mayr may the. Rich. What manner may the? Ric. What manner may the Maiestie with a King, A Bacheeller, and a hand'some stripling too, I win your Grandam had a wonder match. Qu. My Lord of Glosseff, I have too long borne Your blunt vp braiding, and your bitter foices: By heaven, I will acquittance his Maiestie Of those grosses taunts that oft I haue endur'd, I had rather be a Countrie Jeurnan maid Then a great Queen, with this condition, To be fobated, fecri'd, and formed, Small joy haue I in being Englands Queen.

Enter old Queane Margaret.

Mar. And lefern be that small, God I beleev him, Thy honor, flate, and fte, is due to me. Rich. What threat ye me with telling of the King? I will swooth in prefence of the King: I dare not fende to th' Towne. Tis time to speake, My paines are quite forgot. Margaret. Out Dicuell, I do remember them too well: Thou kill'dst my Husband Henry in the Tower, And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesbury. Rich. Ere you were Queane, I, or your Husband King: I was a packe-bore in his great affaires: A weeder out of his proud Adererfenes, A liberall rewarder of his Friends, To royalize his blood, and open mine owne. Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine.
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Rch. In all which time, you and your Husband Gry
Were careless, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In Margaret Bastarde, at Saint Alban's, Saint?
Let me put your minds, if you please;
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have bee, and what I am.
Q. M. A mith rous Villaine, and so full thou art.
Rch. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
I, and forswore himselfe (which I is pardone.)
Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rch. To fight on Edward's partie, for the Crownes,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is staid up;
I would to God my heart were flat, like Edwards,
Or Edward's soft and pitifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.
Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacademon, there thy Kingdom is.
Rw. My Lord of Glofflor: in those busie dayes,
Which here you vpe, to prove vs Enemies,
We follow'd then out Lord, our Soneraigne King,
So should you do, if you should be his King.
Q. M. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler.
Eare be it from my heart, the thought thereof,
Q. M. As little toy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little toy you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little toy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am free, and altogether soylese:
I can no longer hold me patient:
Here we, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In hating that which you hau'e pluck'd from me:
Which off you tremblest not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake as Reblels.
Ah gentely Villaine, doe not runne away,
Q. M. (right)
Rch. Foulie wrinkleth Witch, what makst thou in my
Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make before I let thee goe.
Rch. Where thou hast misbound, on paine of death?
Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in Banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow't to me,
And thou a Kingdom: of all you, alledgeance;
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vfurpe, are mine.
Rch. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee,
Who be called your Warlike Brown with Paper
And with thy scorne drew not Rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gait the Duke a Clown,
Scape'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie Rutland;
His Curfe then, from bitternesse of Soule,
Denounced against thee, are all false upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. M. So, if God is strong, to right the innocence.
Hal. O, I was the foolish deed to plant King Babe,
And the most merrie, that ere was heard of,
Rch. Tyrants themselves were, when it was reported.
Dow. No man but profeccted reuenge for't.
Burk. Northumberland, then present, wepte to see it.
Q. M. What were you in facching all before I came,
Reedy to each other by the throat,
And issue you all your hatred soon now on me?
Did Yorke draw Curfe preuail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes loste, my woull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish Beat?
Can Curfe pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quack Curfe,
Though not by Warre, by Surprize get your King,
As out by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward out Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy selue a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lux thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long may it shoule, to waie thy Childrens death,
And see another, I seeth thee now,
Death in thy Right, as thou art fall'd in me,
Long dy thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many lengthned bowers of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rwes and Dervet, you were Bandier by,
And to waile thou, Lord Hafling, when my Sonne
Was stabb'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But enioye, wise accesse and Accouut off.
Rch. Haue done thy Charms, y' have w toda wh' thetat Hagg.
Q. M. And leaue out thee? Any Dog, any fool shoule bear me.
If Heaven haue any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be tipe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubled of the poor Worlds peace.
The Worne of Confescion full began thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspected: for Traytors while thou liv'dst,
And take deepre Traytors for thy dearest Friends.
No scope close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Vunglye It be while fome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with: Hell of ougly Devil's
Thou eluith mark'd, aboue rooting Hogge,
Thou that wall feald in thy Natruite
The flate of Nature, and the Sonne of Helle,
Thou flander of thy hauoe Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed life of thy Father Loyne,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deterred--
Rch. Margarett.
Q. M. I call thet not.
Rch. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all the bitter Names.
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curfe,
Q. M. Tis done by me, and ends in Margarett.
Q. M. Thus haue you breath'd thy Curfe against your self.
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vain flourishe of my fortune,
Why breath't thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enfraseth thee about?
Poole, fool, thou what is a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curfe this porfyous Bunch-back Toade.
Yorke, Falle bodyng Woman, and than frantick Curfe,
Les't thy hartinge, thou moue our patiense.
Q. M. Foulie shame upon you, you have all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you we lane'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ferue me well, you all shold do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects;
O ferue me well, and teach your subiects that duty.
Dow. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
Q. M. Peace Master. Margarett, thou are malapert,
You base new lampes of Honor, so feare current.
Enter Catesby.

**Cates.** Madam, his Majesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours most gracious Lord.  
**Qu. Catesby.** I come, Lords will you go with mee.  
**Rich.** We wait upon your Grace.  

**Enter all but Catesby.**  

**Rich.** I do the wrong, and first begin to bawle.  

The secret mischief that I set abroad, I lay unto the gracious charge of others.  
**Clarence, who I indeed have call in darkness,**  
I do beweepe to many simple Guiles,  
Namely to Dorset, Hastings, Buckingham,  
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,  
That erre the King against the Duke my Brother.  
Now they beleuie it, and withall what me  
To be reueng'd on Ruel, Dorset, Grey.  
But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,  
Tell them this God bids vs do good for cuill :  
And thus I cloath my naked Villaine  
With odde old ends, Bothe forth of Holy Writ,  
And leeme a Saint, when most I play the deuil,  

**Enter two watchmen.**  
But soft, here come my Executioners,  
How now my hardy rout resolued Mates,  
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?  
**Qu.** We are your Lord, and come to have the Warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.  
**Bar.** Well thought upon, I have it hearre about me :  
When you have done, repaire to Creedly place ;  
But first be sodain in the execution,  
Without obtrude, do not heare him pleade ;  
For Clarence is well spoken, and pernappes  
May move your hearts to pitty, if you mark him.  
**Ul.** Tur, tur, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,  
Talkers are no good dooers, be a fur'd :  
We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues.  
**Rich.** Your eyes dropp Mill-Rones, when Poolies eyes  
fall Teares :  
T I like you, Lads, about your businesse straight,  
Go, go, dispatch,  
**Ul.** We will our Noble Lord.  

**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter Clarence and Keeper.**  

**Kep.** Why lookest thou, your grace so heavily to day.  
**Qu.** O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearfull Dreams, of ugly fights,  
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,  
I would not spend another such a night  
Though to were to buy a world of happy dailes  
So full of delightful were was the time.  
**Kep.** What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me  
**Qu.** Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,  
And in my company my Brother Glauber,  
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,  
Upon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy lives,  

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During the wars of York and Lancaster
That bad before vs. As we pae'd along
Upon the greenly footing of the Hrchers
Me thought that Gloufter humbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him)outer-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drove,
What dreusal noise of water in mine ears,
What sights of vgy death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wretches;
A thousand men that Finnes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, beapes of Pearl,
Infamible Stones, unravelled jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-men Scullens, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As twere in forme of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That wou'd the flamy bottome of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Keep. Had you such foorys in the time of death
To gaze upon these Ercers of the deep?
Cis. Me thought I had, and often did I fruis
To look on the Ghoft: but still the enuious Flood
Stop d in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandring yer.
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoft burft, to belch it in the Sea.
Keep. Awak'd you not in this fores Agony?
Cis. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempel to my Soule,
I past (me thought) the Melancholy Ford,
With that forewerry-man which Poets write of.
Vto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who plaoke alow'd. What course for Perierie,
Can this darke Monarchie afford sallie Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright bayre
Dazzled in blood, and he think'd d out alow'd
Clarence is come, self, self, fretting, cerue Clarence,
That flabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Sieze on him Furies, take him unto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of soule
Friends uninor'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noife,
I (trembling) wak d, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Inscription made my Dreame.
Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkers) to hear you tell it.
Cis. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my Soule)
For Edward's sake, and see bow he requies mee.
O God! if my deeps prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guilelesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I praythee sit by me a while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.
Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seasons, and reposeing hours,
Makes the Night morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honors, for an inward Toyle,
And fewest Inimations
They often false a world of relifeft Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and tooe Name,
There's nothing differes, but the outward face.

Later two Monarches.

1. Mar. Who, ho, who's here?
Bra. What would it thou fellow? And how camest thou hither?
2. Mar. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
Bra. What so breve?
3. tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him fee our Commission, and take no more. Reads
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not resoun what is meant hereby,
Because I will be gulliede from the meaning,
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keys,
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have refign'd to you my charge.
Exit.
1. You may fir, 'tis a point of wisdom; doe
Par you well.
2. What, shall we flabb him as he sleepe?
3. No: he'll lay 'was done cowardly, when he wakes
4. Why he shall never wake, until the great judgement day
5. Why then he'll lay, we flabb'd him sleepeing.
6. The vrging of that word judgemenet hath been a kind of remorse in me.
7. What art thou afraid?
8. Nor to kill him, having a Warrant,
But to be dam'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.
9. I thought thou hadst bin resolute.
10. So I am, to let him live.
11. He backe to the Duke of Gloufier, and tell him so.
12. Nay, I praythee flay a lustre.
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells tway.
1. How do't thou feele thy selfe now?
2. Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with mee.
3. Remember our Rewarde, when the deed's done.
4. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Rewarde,
5. Where's thy conscience now.
7. When hee opens his purse to give us our Rewarde,
thy Conscience eyes out.
1. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertain mee.
2. What if it come to thee againe?
3. Hee not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot fleke, but it sneereth him: A man cannot swear, but it Cheakes him: A man cannot lie with his Neighbours Wife, but it deedes him. 'Tis a blustering fame'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans boalome: It filleth a man full of Oblacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggars any man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavour to trust to himselfe, and live without it.

1. Tis
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

1. "Tis even now as my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and believe him not: he would infinuate with thee but to make thee fight.
3. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prentice with me.
4. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.
5. Come, shall we fall to work?
6. Take him on the Cobbard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmsey-Butte in the next room.
7. O excellent device; and make a top of him.
8. Soft, he walks.
10. No, we'll reason with him.
12. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.
13. In Gods name, what art thou?
14. A man, as you are.
15. But not as I am Royall.
16. Nor you as we see, Loyall.
17. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
18. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.
19. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?
20. Your eyes do menace me; why lookes you pale?
21. Who fent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
22. To, to, to.
23. To. To murther me?
25. Cla. You fearfully hauing the hearts to tell me so, and therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
26. Wherein my Friends have I offended you?
27. Offended vs have you not, but the King.
28. Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
29. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
30. Are you drawne forth among a world of men to flay the innocent? What is my offence?
31. Where is the Evidencie that doth accuse me?
32. What lawful Queft have given their Verdict in this business?
33. Who pronounced the bitter sentence of poore Clarence death, before I be conuict by course of Law?
34. To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.
35. I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse, that you depart, and lay no hands on me: the deed you undertake is damnable.
36. What will we do, we do upon command.
37. And be that hath commanded, is our King.
38. Cla. Erroneous Valias, the great King of Kings.
39. Hath in the Table of his Law commanded that thou shalt do no murther. Will you then spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Man's.
40. Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, to huile upon their heads that break his Law.
41. And that fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, for sake Forwetlaving, and for murther too.
42. Then did it receiue the Sacrament, to fight.
43. In quarrill of the House of Lancastre.
44. And like a Tractat to the name of God,
45. Did it breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
46. Vnto the Bowels of thy Soule taungeth Sonne.
47. Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.
49. When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?
50. Cla. At last! for whole fake did I that ill deede?
51. For Edward, for my Brother, for his fake. He fends you not to murther me for this;
Enter Ratcliff, and Gloster.

Ratcliff Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

King, Happy indeed, as we have spent the day: Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity, Made peace of enemies, fair love of hate, Between these swelling wrong encended Peers. Rich. A blest labour my most Soueraigne Lord: Among this Princeful heape, if any here By faire intelligence, or wrong lurizze Hold me a foe. If I vawfully, or in my rage, Have ought committed that is hardly borne, To any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his Friendly peace: Tis death to me to be at eminitie: I hate it; and desire all good mens love, First Madam, I intreate true peace of you, Which I will purchace with my dutious service. Of you my Noble Cousin Buckingham, If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwine vs. Of you and you, Lord Riuers and of Dorset, That all without deferr have from't me: Of you Lord Woodvir, and Lord Scalys of you, Dukees, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all. I do not know that Englishman alive, With whom my soule is any jot at oddes, More then the Infant that is borne to night: I thank ye God for my Humilitie. Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: I would to God all frisles were well compounded. My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highness To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace. Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered love for this, To be so flowstel in this Royall preffence? Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? They You do him inuie to scomme his Cousie, all stare. King. Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is? Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this? Bee. Looke I foe pale Lord Dorset, as the rest? Der. I my good Lord, and no man in the preffence, But his red colour hath forlooke his cheekes. King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was receiv'd. Rich. But he (poore man) by your fift order dy'd, And that a winged Mercurie did breare: Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand, That came too late to fee him buryed. God grant, that some lefe Noble, and lefe Loyall, Nerier in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, Defere not worke then wretched Clarence did, And yet go currant from Subition.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Der. A boome my Soueraigne for my seruice done. King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow. Der. I will not rife, vnlesse ye Highnesse hear me. King Then say at once, what is it thou requestes. Der. The forfeir (Soueraigne) of my seruants life, Who blew to day a Riotous Gentleman, Lately attendent on the Duke of Norfolke, We will purchase of the Duke of Norfolke, And shall that tongue giue pardon to a faue? My Brother kil'd no man, his fault was Thought, And yet his punishment was bitter death.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adults?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soule did for sake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me
And said deare Brother true, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen(almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did guie himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numble cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

When but your Carters, or your wayting Vaulllins
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and serve'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You lightest are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniustly too) must grant it you,
But yet my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake unto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Hau'e beene belonging to him in his life;
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come hastings helpe me to my Ghosts.
Ah poore Clarence. Excutent some with K. & Queen.

Rich. This is the fruits of rafhnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death.
Od they did vrge it full into the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buc. We wait upon your Grace. extant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Duke's of Yorks, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beast your Breifs
And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Cowtawayes,
If that out Noble Father were alive?
Duch. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the fikkneffe of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It was loft forrow to write one that's loft.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it.
God will revenge it. whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I
Duch. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel
Incompasable, and shall now both live.
You cannot guesse who caus'd you Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can for my good Vnkle Gloster

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deus's impeachment to imprison him;
And when my Vnkle told me so, he wept,
And piaxed me, and kindly kiit my checke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me delyer as a childe.

Duch. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vixer give thee deepse vice.
He is my Sonne, I, and therein my blame.
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did difemble Grandam?
Duch. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
River & Dore after her.

Que. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and wepe?
To chide my Fortune, and ternore my Selfe.
He loyne with blanke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemy.

Duch. What means this Scene of rude impatience?
Que. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament; if you, be berefe,
That our swift-winged Souls may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Duch. Ah so much intereat have in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewep a worthy Husband's death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images,
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one falfe Glasse,
That gressee me, when I see my blame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haft the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cuftfe hate I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane.)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunty! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we syde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherles differe was left vnman'd,
Your widdow-doulour, likewise be vnvept.
Que. Give me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waster Moone,
May lend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.
Duch. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Que. Wha'st ay had I but Edward, and he's gone?
Chil. Wha'st ay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. Wha'st ay had I, but they? and they are gone.
Que. Was never widdow had fo deete a loffe,
Chil. Were never Orphans had fo deete a loffe.
Duch. Was never Mother had so deete a loffe,
Alas! I am the Mother, shee God bere.
Their woes are parcel'd, mine is general.
She for an Edward weepes, and so do I;

1
Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Hasting, and Rothes.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause To waile the dimming of our shining Starre: But none can help our harms by wailing them. Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy, I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee, I crave your Blessing.

Dor. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast, Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie. Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man, That is the butt-end of a Mothers Blessing; I may say that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You coldly, Princes, hast-foroaring-PEeres, That beare this heavy mutuall losse of Moane, Now cheere each other, in each others Loue: Though we have spent our Horsest of this King, We are to reape the Horsest of his Sonne, The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates, But lately splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together, Muff genly be prefered, cherished, and kept: Me ferme it good, that with some little Traine, Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be sent Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Roper. Why with some little Traine, My Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry my Lord, left by a multitude, The new-heel'd wound of Malice should break out, Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the blade is greene, and yet yngowen d, Where every Harfe beares his commanding Raue, And may drave his course as please him selfe, As well the fear of harme, as harme apparent, In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs, And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Kas. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all, Yet since it is but greene, it should be put To no apparent likely-hood of breach, Which haply by much company might be urg'd: Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham, That it is meete for few shold fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go wie to determine Who they shall be that (hall pose to London, Madam, and you my Sister, will you go To give your censures in this businesse.
Exnmt Chur. Tomorrow, Andac The Pursuing In So To That I I hope praytho Qu^, Turk*., Turk. Arch. long with all my heart to fee the Prince: I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. Quy. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke His almoft ouer taken in his growth. Yorke. I Mother, but I would not have it so, Turk. Why my good Coife, it is good to grow. Turk. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper, My Vakle Ravers talk'd how I did grow. More then my Brother. I quoth my Vakle Gloufer, Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space. And since, I thinkes I would not grow so fast, Becaufe sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make haf. Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did object the name to thee. He was the wretched'd thing when he was yong, So long a growing, and so fullyere, That if his rule were true, he should be gracious. Turk. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam. Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt. Turk. Now by my truth, if I had beene remembred, I could have gien my Vakles Grace, a flourish. To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine. Dut. How my yong Yorke, I prysthe let me heere it. Turk. Mary (they say) my Vakle grew so fast, That he could grow a curt al two to hores old, It was full two yeares ere I could get a tooth. Grandam this would have beene a byting left. Dut. I prysthe pretty Yorke, who told thee this? Turk. Grandam, his Nurse. Dut. His Nurse? why the was dead,ere? why haste, Turk. If t'were not thi, I cannot tell who told me. Quy. A parious Boygo too,you are too shrew'd. Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childre. Qu. Pitchers have ears. Enter a Messinger. Arch. Here comes a Messinger: What News? Mess. Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report. Qu. How doth the Prince? Mess. Well Madam,and in health. Dut. What is thy News? Mess. Lord Rius, and Lord Grey, Are sent to Pommet, and with them, Sir Thomas Dougan, Prisoners. Dut. Who hath committed them? Mess. The mighty Dukes, Gloufer and Buckingham.

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Puruing danger: as by prove we see
The Water swell before a boyfulrous Horse:
But Iesue is all to God. Whither away?
2 Mytbe we were sent for to the lobbies,
3 And lo was I: Ile bære you company. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bisippo song Yorks, the Queens, and the Dutchaffe

Arch. Last night I heare they lay at Stony Stratford, And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will bee here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Quy. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
His almost ouer taken in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not have it so,

Dut. Why my good Coife, it is good to grow.

Tur. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vakle Ravers talk'd how I did grow.

More than my Brother. I quoth my Vakle Gloufer,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space.

And since, I thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the name to thee.

He was the wretched'd thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so furyerly,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Tur. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Tur. Now by my truth, if I had beene remembred,
I could have gien my Vakle Grace, a flour.

To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke, I prysthe let me heere it.

Tur. Mary (they say) my Vakle grew so fast,
That he could grow a curt at two hours old,

It was full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam this would have beene a byting left.

Dut. I prysthe pretty Yorke, who told thee this?


Dut. His Nurse? why the was dead, ere? why haste,

Tur. If t'were not thi, I cannot tell who told me.

Quy. A parious Boygo too, you are too shrewd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childre.

Qu. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messinger.

Arch. Here comes a Messinger: What News?
Mess. Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Mess. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy News?
Mess. Lord Rius, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pommet, and with them,
Sir Thomas Dougan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty Dukes, Gloufer and Buckingham.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloufer, and Buckingham, Lord Cardnall, with others.

Toc. Welcome sweete Prince to London, To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome dear Coifie, my thoughts Souveraign.
The weariest way hath made you Melancholy.

Prem. No Vakle, but our croffes on the way,

Hauie made it tedious, wearieome, and heseule.

I want more Vakles here to welcome me.

Rich. Sweete Prince, the unainted vertue of your yeares
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deciet:

No more can you dillinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never iumpeth with the heart.

Thoske Vakles which you want, were dangerous:

You Grace attended to their Sigred words,

But looke not on the payfon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such falfe Friends.

Prem. God keepe me from false Friends,

But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Major of London cometh to greet you.

Prem. Enter Lord Major.

Le. Major. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happy dayes.

Prem. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all;
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York, would long ere this, have met us on the way. 

For what a Slugg is Hakes, that he comes not to tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hales.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hales. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; the Queene your Mother, and your Brother York, Haue taken Sanctuaries: the tender Prince would faie hauie come with me, to meet your Grace, but by his Mother was perforce with held.

Buck. Fie, what an inordinat and punctious course is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace Perfailde the Queene, to tend the Duke of York? 

Vnto his Princely Brother presently?

If the dense, Lord Hales goe with him, and from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oportune Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate, To mitide entreaties, God forbid we should infringe the holy Priviledge of blest Sanctuaries: not for all this Land, Would I be guilfe of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fentencles obstinate, my Lord, too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age, You breake noe Sanctuaries, in fizing him: The benefitt thereof is always granted To those, whose deings have defered the place, And those who have the wit to clayme the place: This Prince hath neyther clam'd it, nor defered it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it. Then taking him from thence, that is not there, You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there: oft haue I heard of Sanctuaries men, but Sanctuaries children, are 'till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o't rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hales, will you goe with me?

Hales. I goe, my Lord. 

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, make all the special hast you may. Say, Vnlke Gloufetar, if our Brother come, Where shall we fowre, till our Coronation? 

Glo. Where it thinketh best vnto your Royall felo.

If I may countenize, some day or two.

You Highthefle shall repose you at the Tower; Then where you please, and shall be thought most fitt for your bell health and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Iulius Caesar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place, Which since succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred, 

Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age, 

As were retold to all posteritate, 

Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe never live long.

Prince. What say you, Vnlke?

Glo. I say, without Change, Fame lives long. 

Thus, like the forswell Vice, Iniquity, 

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Iulius Caesar was a famous man, 

With what his Valour did enrich his Wits, 

His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour live; 

Death makes no Conquest of his Conquerors, 

For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life. 

I tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live till I be a man, 

I win our ancient Right in France againe, 

Or dye a Soulsire, as I liued a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorks, Hales, and Cardinall.


Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

York. Well, my dear Lord, so much I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefes, as it is yours: 

Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title, 

Which by his death hath lost much Majestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

York. I thank you, gentle Vnlke. O my Lord, 

You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth: 

The Prince, my Brother, hath out-grown me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? 

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraigne, 

But you have power in me, as in a Kingman.

York. I pray you, Vnlke, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Beggar, Brother?

York. Of my kind Vnlke, that I know will glue, 

And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile give my Cousin.

York. A greater gift? O that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts, 

In weightier things you're a Begger my Lord.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, with great content.

Glo. What would you have my Weapon, little Lord? 

York. I would that I might thank you, as, as, you call me.

Glo. How? 

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be croffe in talke: 

Vnlke, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

York. You mean to beare me, not to beare with me: 

Vnlke, my Brother mockes both you and me, 

Because that I am little, like an Age, 

He thinkes that you should b'are me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons: 

To mitigat the scorn he gives his Vnlke, 

He prettily and aptly taunts him selfe: 

So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, will please you passe along? 

My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham, 

Will to your Mother, to entreat of her, 

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What?
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Burk. What shall you goe into the Tower, my Lord?

Prcke. My Lord Protector will have it so.

Burk. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Burk. marry, my Vacke Clarence angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I feare no Vackes dead.

Glo. Nor none that lieth, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.

Burk. But come my Lord: and with a hauie heart,

Thinking on them, goe into the Tower.

A Senec. Exeunt Prince, Turks, Haffings, and Dorset.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, and Catsby.

Burk. Thynke you, my Lord, this little prating Turke
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
To taun't and fcover you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doub't: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingeniouf, forward, capable:

He is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Burk. Well, let them ref't: Come hither Catsby,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As clofly to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'lt our reasons very'd upon the way.

What think'ft thou? is it not an easy matter,

To make William Lord Haffings of our minde,
For the intamation of this Noble Duke

In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile;

Catsby. He for his fathers fake do loues the Prince,

That he will not be wone to ought against him.

Burk. What think'ft thou then of Stanley? Will not he?

Catsby. He will doe all in all as Haffings doth.

Burk. Well then, no more but this:

Goe gentle Catsby, and as it were farre off,

Sound thou Lord Haffings,

How he doth stand affeccted to our purposes,

And summons him to morrow to the Tower,

To fit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him trable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be beleaue, ye finde, cold, unwilling,
Be thou fo too, and do brake of the talkes,
And give vs notice of his inclination:

For we tomorrow hold divided Counells,

Wherein thy felles shall highly be employ'd.

Rich. Command me to Lord William; tell him Catsby,

His ancient Knot of dangereous Adueraries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,

Glue Mifs tres Shere one gentle Kiffe the more.

Burk. Good Catsby, goe effect this businesse foundly.

Catsby. My good Lords both, with all the seed I can.

Rich. Shall we hear from you, Catsby, ere we sleepe?

Catsby. You fhall, my Lord.

Rich. At Crasby House; there fball you find vs both.

Exit Catsby.

Burk. Now, my Lord,

What fhall we doe, if we perceiue

Lord Haffings will not yeild to our Complots?

Rich. Chip off his Head:

Something wee will determine:

And looke when I am King, callame thou of me

The Erledome of Hereford, and all the mueables

Whereof the King, my Brother, was poffeff'd.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Haffings.

Meff. My Lord, my Lord.

Haff. Who knockes?

Meff. One from the Lord Stanley.

Haff. What is't a Clocke?

Meff. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Haffings.

Haff. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

Meff. So it appear'd, by that I have to say:

Fifth, he commends him to your Noble felke,

Haff. What then?

Meff. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

He dreams the Bore had rafed off his Helmet:

Besides, he fayes there are two Counsellors kept,

And that may be determinded at the one,

Which may make you and him to ruc at th'oother.

Therefore he fends to know your Lordship's pleafure,

If you will prentity take Horfe with him,

And with all speed poft with him toward the North,

To fhow the danger that his Soule divine.

Haff. Goe fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,

Bid him not feare the imperated Counsell

His Honor and my felfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend Catsby;

Where nothing can procede, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence:

Tell him his Fears are fhallo fubftance.

And for his Dreams, I wonder hee is fo fimple,

To craft the mockery of vnquiet flumberers.

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

Were to incender the Bore to follow vs,

And make pursuance, where he did meane no chace.

Goe, bid thy Master life, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall fee the Bore will vie vs kindly.

Meff. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you fay.

Exit.

Enter Catsby.

Catsby. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord,

Haff. Good morrow Catsby, you are early flirring;

What newes, what newes, in this our toting State?

Catsby. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;

And I beleue will never stand upright,

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Haff. How weare the Garland?

Doeft thou meane the Crowne?

Catsby. I my good Lord,

Haff. Ile have this Crown of mine out fro'm my Shoulders,

Before Ile see the Crowne fo foule mis plac'd;

But canft thou guess, what he doth ayme at it?

Catsby. 1.
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Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, who's your Bore-spear man? Fears the Bore, and goe to vnprovided? 

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby; You may ies on, but by the holy Roan, I do not like these feuerall Councils, I. 

Cates. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours, And never in my days, doe protest, Was it so precious to me, as't is now. 

Think you, but that I know our fate secure, I would be so triumphant as I am? 

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, wher they rode from London, Where iocund, and suppos'd their states were free, And they indeed had no caufe to mistrust: But yet you see, how soone the Day o'er-cast. 

This sudden flab of Rancour I mildoubt: Pray God (I say) I proue a nedleffe Coward. 

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent. 

Cates. Come, come, haste with you: Was it what, my Lord, To day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded. 

Stan. They, for thier truth, might better wear their Heads, Then some that bate accus'd them, wear their Hats. 

But come, my Lord, let's away

Enter a Pursuayant.

Cates. 1 on my life, and hopes to find you forward, Vpon his partie, for the game thereof: And thereupon be found you this good newes, That this same very day your enemies, The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret. 

Cates. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, Because they have beene still my adveraires: But, that I give my voice on Richard side, To barre my Masters Heres in true Defeants, God knowes I will noe doe it, to the death, Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind. 

Cates. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence, That which brought me in my Masters hate, I live to looke upon thair Tragedie. 

Well. Catesy,ere a fort-night make me older, He send some packing, that yet thinke not on't. 

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord, When men are vnpreppard, and looke not for it, 

Cates. O monitrous, monitrous, and so falls it out. With Rivers: Stratford, Grey, and so 'twill doe 

With some men else, that think themselves as safe As thou and I, who (as thou knowes) are desire 

To Principly Richard, and to Buckingham. 

Cates. The Princes both make high accouunt of you, For they account his Head upon the Bridge. 

Cates. I know they doe, and I have well deferv'd it.

Enter Buckingham.

But. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine? Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest, 

Your Hoot, he hath no throwling worke in hand. 

But. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, 

The men you talk of, came into my minde, 

What, doe you toward the Tower? 

But. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there; 

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence. 

Cates. Nay like enough, for I stilly Dinner there. 

But. And Supper too, although thou knowes it not 

Come, will you goe? 

Cates. It noe upon your Lordship.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Ratcl. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this, 

To day faine thou behold a Subiect die, 

For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyalty. 

Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you, 

A Knot you are of dammed Blood-suckers. 

 Vaughan. You live, that hall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out. 

Ratcl. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison! 

Farall and ominous to Noble Princes: 

Within the guile Cloture of thy Walls, 

Richard the Second here was hackt to death: 

And for more slander to thy diurnal Seat, 

Wee give to thee our guileful blood to drinke. 

Grey. Now Margaret Curfe is faine upon our Heads, 

When thee exclaim'd on Halting, you, and I, 

For standing by, when Richard lab'd her Sonne. 

Ratcl. Then curs'd be Richard, 

Then curs'd thee Buckingham. 

Then curs'd thee Halting. 

Oh remember God, 

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs: 

And for my Sister, and her Principly Sonnes, 

Be satisfies, dear God, with our true blood, 

Which, as thou knowes if, mostfully must be spilt. 

Rat. Make halfe, the house of death is expir'd. 

Ratcl. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace. 

Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven.

Exeunt.
There's some conceit or other like him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.  
I think here's neither man in Christendome  
Can last his lute, or hate, then he.  
For by his Face straightly shall you know his Heart,  
Der. What of his Heast perceiue you in his Face,  
By any likely good he shew'd to day?  
Hof. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:  
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they desire,  
That do conspire my death with diuellish Plots  
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have preuiud'd  
Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.  
Hof. The tender loure I bear your Grace, my Lord,  
Makes me moff forward, in this Princely posture,  
To doome th'Offendors, whoolese they be:  
I say, my Lord, they have deferred death.  
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their cuill.  
Looke how I am bewitch't: being mine Arme  
Is like a blased Sapling, with'd vp.  
And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch,  
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,  
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.  
Hof. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.  
Rich. If th'oue Protector of this dammed Strumpets,  
Talk'thou to me of lfs: thou art a Traytor,  
Off with his Head: now by Saint Paul I weare,  
I will not dye, untill I fee the fame.  
Lewell and Ralclife, looke that it be done:  
Exequ.  
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

Enter Lewell and Ralclife, with the  
Lord Holfngt,

Hof. Woe, woe for England, not a whight for me,  
For I, too fond, might have presented this:  
Steady did dreame, the Boste did rowfe our Helmes,  
And I did forete it, and disdaine to lye:  
Three times to day my Fost-Cloath-Horsse did stumble,  
And ftreched, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loth to bearre me to the slaughter-house.  
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the Purisuant,  
As to too triumphing, how mine Enemies  
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.  
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heausie Curse  
Is lighted on poore Holfngts wretched Head,  
Rc. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:  
Make a Short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.  
Hof. O momentarie grace of mortall men,  
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,  
Lies like a drunken Sayerl on a Maff,  
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,  
Into the fatall Bowles of the Deepe.  
Lew. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaime.  
Hof. O bloody Richard! miserable England,  
I prophecie the fearfull'st time to thee,  
That ever wretcheid Age hath look'd vp.  
Come, lead me to the Block, bearre him my Head,  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.  
Exequ.
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Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in versus Armour, 
...ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin, 
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, 
Mutter thy breath in middle of a world, 
And Rich. What? sigh? you sigh againe begin, and stop againe, 
As if thou were diseasht, and mad with terror? 

Buck. Tis, I can counterfeite the deepest tragedian, 
Speak, and looke backe, and prie on every side, 
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw: 
Intending deepes suspicion, gullie Lookes 
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles; 
And both are ready in their Offices. 
At any time to grace my stratagems. 

But what, is Catesby gone? 

Richard. He is, and see he brings the Major along. 

Enter the Major, and Catesby. 

Buck. Lord Major. 

Richard. Look to the Draw-Bridge there. 

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme. 

Richard. Catesby, go to lookke the Walls. 

Rob. Lord Major, the reason we have sent. 

Richard. Lookke back, defend thee, here, are Enemies. 

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs. 

Enter Lovell and Ratscliff, with Hatings Head. 

Richard. Be patient, they are friends. Ratscliff, and Lovell. 

Lovell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor, 
The dangerous and unsuspect'd Hatings. 

Richard. So dare I loud the man, that I must wepe: 
I took him for the plainest Harmless creature, 
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian, 
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded 
The Histories of all her secret thoughts. 
So smooth he daw'd his Vice with flow of Vertue, 
That his apparant open Guilt omitted, 
I made his Conversation with Shakes Sife, 
He li'd from all satherer of suspense. 

Buck. Well, well: he was the counter feigned Major, 
That ever li'd. 

Would you imagine, or almost believe, 
Went not that, by great pretrefation 
We liue to tell it, that the fastill Traitor 
That day had plotted, in the Counsell-House, 
To murth me, and my good Lord of Gloster. 

Major. Had he done so? 

Richard. What dost thou think we are Turkes, or Infidels? 
Or that we would, against the form of Law, 
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, 
But that the extreme peril of the cafe, 
The Peace of England, and our Persons safety, 
Enforced us to this execution, 

Major. Now faire befall you, he deserv'd his death, 
And your good Graces both have well proceeded, 
To warnes fallce Traysors from the like Attempts. 

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands, 
After he once fell in with Misreare Shore: 
Yet had we not determinit he should dye, 
Untill your Lordship came to see his end, 
Which now the louing hafe of these our friends, 
Something against our meanings, have prevented; 
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heared 
The Traitor speake, and timourously confesse 
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons: 

That you might well have signifi'd the fame 
Vnsto the Citizens, who haply may 
Misconnet vs in him, and wayle his death. 

Yet, But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serue, 
As well, that I had fere to heare you speake: 
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both, 
But I acquaint our curious Citizen 
With all our intent proceedings in this cafe. 

Richard. And to this end we wish'd your Lordship here, 
To avoid the Confuses of the carping World, 

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent, 
Yet winne'th what you have us intend: 
And so, my good Lord Major, we bid farewell, 

Richard. 

Go ease, after, Cousin Buckingham. 

The Major towards Guild Hall byes him in all poffe; 
There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 
Inferre the Baftarde of Edwards Children. 

Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, 
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne 
Here to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House, 
Which, by the Sign thereof, was teemed fo. 
Moreover, yge his hatful Lusitue, 
And basifie appetite in change of Luft, 
Which stretcht unto their Serves, Daughters, Wives, 
Euen where his raging eye, or sawege heart, 
Without conroll, jufied to make a prey, 
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person: 

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child 
Of that infatuate Edward; Noble Turke, 
My Princey Father, then had Warres in France, 
And by true computation of the time, 
Found, that the fitte was not his bese: 
Which well appeared in his Lineaments, 
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father: 

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'wre farre of, 
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues, 

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I lie play the Orator, 
As if she Golden Fee, for which I plead, 
Were for my life: and so, my Lord, adue. 

Richard. If you thrue well, bring them to Baynardes Castle, 
Where you shall finde me well accompanied: 

With reuerends Fathers, and well-learned Bishops. 

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke 

Looke for the Neues that the Guild-Hall affords. 

Exit Buckingham. 

Richard. Go to Lord with all speed to Doctor Shoue, 
Go to the Fryer Pinder, bid them both 
Meet me within this houre at Baynardes Castle. 

Exit. 

Now will I goe to take some proue order, 
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of fight, 
And to gue order, that no manner perfon 
Have any time reconcufe vnto the Princes. 

Exeunt. 

Enter a Scriverman. 

Sir. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hatings, 
Which in a feat Hand fairely is engaide, 
That it may be to day read o're in Paines. 
And mark how well the fequell hangs together: 
Eleuen houres I have spent to write it ouer, 
For yefer-night by Catesby was it fent me, 
The Precedent was full as long a doing, 
And yet within thefe five houres Hatings li'd, 
Vnainted, vnexamind, free, at libertie. 

Here's a good World the while, 
Who is so fro, that cannot fee this palpable deceu? 

Yet
Enter Richard and Buckingham at several Doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what say ye before the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Touch ye the Battalions of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, And his Contract by Deputie in France, Th'nivate greediness of his defer, And his enforcement of the Citie Wits, His Tyrant for Trifles, his owne Battalies, As being got, your Father then in France, And his remembrance, being nor like the Duke, Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments, Bring the right Idea of your Father, Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde : Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace, Your Bunntie, Verre, faire Humilitie: Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose, Vastoue, or lightly hand in discourse, And when my Oratorie drew toward end, I bid them that did loue their Countries good, Cry, God save Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word, But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale : Which when I saw, I reprehended them, And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wiftfull silence? His answer was, the people were not fled To be spoke to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg'd, to tell my Tale again : Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred, But nothing spake, in warrant from himselfe. When he had done, some followers of mine owne, At lower end of the Hall, hald up their Caps, And some reme voyces cry'd, God save King Richard; And thus I took the vantage of those few, Thankes genle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, This general applause, and chearfull shoute, Argues your wildeome, and your love to Richard; And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-jeile Blockes were they?

Would they not spake? Will not the Mayor then, and his Brethren, come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand: intend some feare, Be not you spake with, but by mightie fur : And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, And fland betweene two Church-men,good my Lord, For on that ground Ile make a holy Defecce: And be not easily wonne to our requests, Play the Maid's part, fill answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them, As I can say no to thee for my selfe,

No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go,yo vp to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knockes.

Enter the Mayor, 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 encreas your Grace, my Noble Lord, To visti him to morrow, or next day ; He is within, with two right reverend Fathers, Diuinely bent to Meditation, And in no Worldly suits would he be mou'd, To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returnes, good Catsby, to the gracious Duke, Tell him, my selfe, the Mayor and Aldermen, In deep deignes, in manner of great moment, No lefe importaing then our general good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catsby. Ile fignifie so much into him straignt. Exit. Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward, He is not bulling on a lowd Loue-Bed, But on his Knees, at Meditation:

Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans, But meditating with two deep Diuines; Not sleeping, to engroffe his idle Body, But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule. Happie were England, would this vorious Prince Take on his Grace the Souternagite thereof, But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Mayor. Marty God defend his Grace should say vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catsby comes again.

Enter Catsby.

Now Catsby, what sayes his Grace?

Catsby. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him, His Grace not being want'd thereof before: He feares, my Lord, you mean not good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should Suspeect me,that I meane no good to him:

By Heauen, we come to him in perfite loue, And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit. When holy and devout Religious men Are at their Besides, 'tis much to draw them thence, So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard alfo, betweene two Trifles.

Mayor. See where his Grace standes, betweene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriftian Prince,

To thay him from the fall of Vancie ; And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand, True Ornaments to know a holy man, Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince, Lend favourable ear to our requestes, And pardon vs the interruption

Of thy Devotion, and right Chriftian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:

I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me, Who extoll in the seruice of my God, Defer't the vifitation of my friends.

But hearing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above, And all good men, of this Voguemin'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspeect I have done some offence, That comes disgraceful in the Cities eyes, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?

Bad is the World, and all will come to nought, When fuch ill dealing must be feene in thought. Exit.

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Buck. You have, my Lord: Would it might please your Grace, On our entreaties, to amend your fault.


Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you renigne The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majestically, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Possession, of your Birth, The Linsall Glory of your Royall House, To the corruption of a blemish Stock; Whiles in the mildness of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Countries good, The Noble Ie doth want his proper Limmes: His Face de fluoride with skares of Infamie, His Royall Stock graff with ignoble Plants, And almost shoulterd in the swalloweing Gulfe Of darke Forgiveness, and deeper Oblision, Which to recure, we heartily sollicite

Your gracious felfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Government of thys your Land: Not as Protector, Steward, Subtitute, Or lowely Factor, for anotheres gaine; But as succiessfully, from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Empryrit, your owne. From this, conforted with the Citizens, And your very Worthifull and louing friends, And by their vehement Inflation, In this instant Caufe come I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell if to depart in silence, Or briterly to speake in your reprooue, Belf fitteth my Degree, or your Condition. If not to anser, you might haply thinke, Tongue-yd Ambition, not replying, yielded To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignetie, Which fondly you would here impose on me. If to reprooue you for this fuit of yours, So fason'd with your faithfull loue to me, Then on the other fide I check'd my friends. Therefore to speake, and to avoid the furt, And then in speaking, not to incure the laft, Definitely thus I answer you.

Your loue deferues my thankes, but my defert Vammissible, shunnes your high requests. Firth, if all Obstacles were cut away, And that my Path were even to the Crowne, As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth: Yet so much is my pouer of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my defects, That I would rather hidde me from my Greatnesse, Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea; Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid, And in the vapoure of my Glory smother'd. But God be thanked, there is no need of me, And much I need to helpe you, were there need: The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruis, Which mellow'd by the healing howers of time, Will well become the Seat of Majestie, And make me (as I doubt not) very happy by his Reigne.

On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Starses, Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Confiance in your Grace, But the respectes thereof are nice, and truall, All circumstancies well considered. You lay, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So lay we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady Lucie, Your Mother liues a Witneffe to his Vow; And afterward by subtitute bresto'd To Bea, Sifter to the King of France. These both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-crass'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beatie-waining, and diftrusted Widow, Even in the after-mone of her brief days, Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye, Seduced the pitch, and height of his degree, To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie. By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More bitterly could I expostulate, Salue that for reverence to some alius, I gave a sparing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie: If not to blesse vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie From the corruption of abuting times, Vnto a Linsall true deriued coufe.

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. Buck. Refute not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue. Catesb. To make them joyfull, grant their lawfull fuit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me? I am vnit for State, and Maiestie: I doe beseech you take it not amisse, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you. Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale, Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne, As well we know your tenderneffe of heart, And gentle, kind, earnest remorse. Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred, And egally indeede to all Eftates; Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no, Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King, But we will plant some other in the Throne, To the dignifice and downe-fall of your House: And in this resolution here we leave you. Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. Extent.

Catesb. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their fuit. If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce trie to a world of Cares, Call them again, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kind entreaties, Albeit against my Confiance and my Soule. Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and fage graue men, Since vou will buckle fortune on my back, To bear her burchen, where I will or no, I must haue patience to endure the Load: But if black Sendall, or foule-face'd Reprooch, Attend the fequall of your Imposition, Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me From all the impure blot, and flaines thereof; For God doth know, and you may parte fay, How farre I am from the defire of this.

Maior. God bleffe your Grace, we see it, and will lay it.

Rich. In faying fo, you shall but fay the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title, Long live King Richard, Englands worthe King.

Al. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Even when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To
Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchesse of York, and Marguerite Dorset.

Duch. York. Who meetes vs here?
My Niece Plantagenet,
Loe in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, fies wandering to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both, a happie
And a joyfull time of day.
Qy. As much to you, good Sifer: whither away?
Anne. No further then the Tower, and as I gesse,
Upon the like devotion as your felues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qy. Kind Sifer thankes, we'le enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Mafter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leane,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not tuffer you to visit them,
The King hath finfly charged the contrary.
Qy. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.
Qy. The Lord protector him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betwene their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bare me from them?

Duch. York. I am ther Fathers Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I heare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my pennis.
Lieu. No, Madame, no, I may not leaue it so: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of York as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queens.
Come Madame, you must straight to Wellmease,
There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene.
Qy. Ah, cut my Lacie sunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swayne with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Delightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.
Dorf. Be of good cheere: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qy. O Dorf, speake not to me, get thee gone;
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy boats,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe croste the Seas,
And lute with Richmond from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thce, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encreafe the number of the dead,
And make my dye the thral of Margaret Curfe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor England counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counte, Madame: Take all the twift advantage of the howers:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not the tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. York. O ill differing Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice halt thou hatchte to the World,
Whose vnsouled Eye is murtherous,
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I am all haffe was sent.
Anne. And I with all vnprillinge will goe,
O would to God, that the insidius Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
Were redd Steele, to serte me to the Braines,
Anoynd let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qy. Goe, goe, goe, poore Soule, I enioye not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy felle no harme.
Anne. No why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry Curfe.
When feather the blood was well withit from his hands,
Which slafed from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Steine, which then I weeping follow'd
O, when I fay I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wifh: Be thou (quoth I) a curfe,
For making me, so young, fo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ft, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou halfe made me, by my deare Lords death.
Lastly, I can repent this Curfe againe,
Within fo small a time, my Womans heart.
Groffely grew espous to his howe words,
And prou'd the publick of mine owne Souls Curfe,
Which hitherto had mine eyes from reft:
For never yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreams was full awak'd.
Befides, he hates me for my Father's sake,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qy. Poore heart adies, I pittie thy complaing:
Anne. No more, then with my Soule I moune for yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull wellcommers of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore Soule, that tak't thy issue of it.

Du. T. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sancrurie, and good thoughts assist thee,
I to my Gresse, where peace and reft lyne with mee.
Eighte oddes yeeres of sorrow hase I feene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a wecke of teene.
Qy. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancients Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enioe hath immad within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude rigg'd Nurfe, old fullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes v'e my Babies well;
So foolish Sorowes bids your Stones farewell.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingharn, Catsby, Ratchiffe, Lewel.


Thus high, by thy advice, and thy affiance, Is King Richard feated:

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 trie if thou be earnest Gold indeed:

Young Edward lies, think now what I would speake. Buck. Say on my yowing Lord.


Rich. O bitter conference!

That Edward shall should live true Noble Prince. Cousin, thou wait not want to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I with the Bafards dead, And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'ft thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all false, thy kindneffe freezes:

Say, have I thy content, that they shall dye? Buck. Give me some little breath, some pewe, deare Lord, Before I positiuely speake in this:

I will reslove you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catsby. The King is angry, see he ganswes his Lippes.

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Foolees, And vnrespectue Boynes: none are for me, That looke into me with considerate eyes, High-reaching Buckingham groves circumfpect.


Rich. Know'lt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold Will temp't into a false exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit: Gold were as good as twentie Orators, And will (no doubts) remp't him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Terrill.


The deeps revoluing wittie Buckingham, To more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes. Hath he so long held out with me, witn'rd, And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse Dorset As I hear, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catsby, rumor it abroad,

That all my Wife is very grieuous fiche,

I will take order for her keeping clofe.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, Whom I will marry straights to Clarence Daughter: The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dreamt'lt: I say againe, give out, That Anne, my Queene, is fickle, and like to dye,

About it, for it standes me much ypon

To stop all hope, whole growth may dammage me, I must be married to my Brothers Daughter, Or else my Kingdome falls on bristle Glaife:

Muther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine waye of gaine. But I am in

So faire in blood, that finne will pluck on finne,

Teares-falling Prittie devoiders not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me,my gracious Lord.

Rich. Da'lt thou reslove to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleafe you:

But I had rader kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft: two dreppe enemies,

Foes to my Ref, and my sweet sleepes disturbers, Are they that I would have thee deale ypon:

Tyrrel, I meant those Bafards in the Tower,

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them, And foone lle rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou fin'gt'll sweet Musique:

Harke, come hith in Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: life, and lend thine Eare, There is no more but fo: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straights.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late requet that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that ref, Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wifes Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clame the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the mounabiles, Which youe haue promised I shall potifie.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the conary Letters to Richmond, you shall answere it,

Buck. What fayes your Highnesse to my just requet?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did propheticke, that Richmond Should be King,

When Richmond was a little pucuifh Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to reslove me in my fault.

Rich. Thou troublift mee, I am not in the vaine,

Exit. Buckingham.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deepes servisce

With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me chinke on Haffings, and be gone

To Breincow, while my fearefull Head is on.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,

The most arch deed of pitioous massacre.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and Corfe, who I did suborn
To do this piece of wretched Butcher;
Abeit they were left by Villainy, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderness, and mild compasion,
Went like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth Corfe) girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalk, 
And in their Summer Beauty they kill each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Corfe) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Duell, there the Villaines flops:
When Dighton thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere the frame.
Hence both are gone with Confession and Remorse,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And beere he comes. All heath my Soeveraigne Lord.
Re. Kindre Treue, am I happy in thy Newses.
Tr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beg't your Happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did't thou see them dead.
Tr. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle Treue.
Tr. The Chaplainne of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me Treue soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tel the processe of their death,
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be heritors of thy defire.
Farewell till then.
Tr. I humbly take my leave.
Rich. The Sonne of Clarence have I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly have I mastich in marriage,
The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bofore.
And Anne trye wife bath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine richmond sighes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot looke sharply on the Crowne,
To her go, I joyfully thorwing woore.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou can't in so blunderly
Rat. Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Wellhmen
Is in the field, and still his powre excreath.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more noore,
Then Buckingham and his raths lesied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that failefull comming
Is leaden feruitor to dull decay.
Delay lest impotent and Snake-pac'd Beggary:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Hermes to a King:
Go muter men: My countness is my Shield,
We must be briefe, when Traitors brave the Field.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the tootent mouth of death:
Here in these Confines fitly have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies,
A dire induction, am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the confequence
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comest here?

Enter Dachzeff and Queen.

Qu. Ah my poore Prince! ah my tender Babes:
My enbowed Flowres, now appearing sweetes:
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixd in doome perpetuall,
Hower about me with your ayer wings,
And hearre your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hower about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant mome, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce,
That my wo-weatherd tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward, pays a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the inrailer of the Wolfe?
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall living ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds frame, Graues due, by life vituper,
Breefe abharch and record of tedious dyers,
Reft thy weefe on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou wouldst affoone as to a Graue,
As thou canst yeild a melanchollie feate:
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here,
Ah who hath any caufe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient sorow be most retournent,
Gius mine the benefit of flagonerie,
And let my greeter frowne on the upper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Horseband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rusland too, thou bost't to kill him.
Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath erepte
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacter of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauded eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe be looke to chafe vs to our graces,
Of vpright, just, and true-disposing God.
O vpright, just, and true-disposing God,
Do I thank thee, that this carnall Cure
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Prays on the issue of his Mother's body,
And makes his Pate-fellow with other none.

But oh! Horrible wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness me, I have wept for thee.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloye me with beholding it,
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward.

Yong Yorke, he is but boost, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loffe.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that flipt my Edward,
And the beholders of this frantIce play,
The adulterate Hassings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet liues, Hels blace Intelligencer,
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy soules,
And lend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Infus his pitious and unpivted end.
Earth gaps, Hell burns. Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To have him fiodainly conrey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

Q. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that soule buncch-bac'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, saue fashion of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, as Iores Shadwol, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Indice of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd high, to be hurl'd downe belowe:
A Mother only mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou walt, a gasti Flagg
To be the syme of eyuer dangerous Shot,
A ligne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble,
A Queene in it self, only to fill the Scene,
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doth thou joy?
Who fuses, and kneelees, and fayes, God fave the Queene?
Where be the bendeing Peeres that flatred thee?
Where be the threnging Troopers that followed thee?
Decline all this, and fee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a molt defettered Widdow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wastes the name:
For one being fued too, one that humbly fuses:
For Queene, a very Catiffle, crown'd with care;
For the that scornd at me, now scornd of me:
For the being feared of all, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Juflice what about,
And left thee but a very prey to time.

Having no more but Thought of what thou walt.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst wrupe my place, and doth thou not
Vrpe the just proportion of my Sorrows?
Now thy proud Necke, bares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, even here I flip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell Yorke wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
The English woes, thou make me sole in France.

Thou, O thou well skill'd in Curses, flay s-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead hapinnesse, with living woe:
Thinketh that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that flew them howler then he be is:
Beating thy loffe, makes the bad cauer worse,
Resolving this, will reach thee how to curse.

Q. Thy victimes are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharper.
And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Q. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Whyt Windy Aturnnies to their Clients Woet,
Avery succeders of intellime eyes,
Poore breathing Oratos of miferie,
Let them haue scope, though what they will harmn,
Helping nothing else, yet do they chase the hart.

Q. If so then, be not Tongue-ry'd, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpetounds, be copius in exclamations.

Enter King Richard, and his Trone

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Q. O that, which might have intercepted thee
By stranling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the laughers,Wretch what thou haft done.

Q. Hid'll thou that Forhead with a Golden Crown
Where should be branded, if that right were tig?
The laughet of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dye death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-flawe, where are my Children?

Q. Thou Too, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brothcr Clarence?

Q. And little Ned Plameget his Sonne?

Q. Whereas the gentle Rovr, Vaughan Gray
Q. Where is kinde Hassing?

Rich. A flouris Trumpeters, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale woman
Rail on the Lords Amoiments. Strike I say,

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intrest me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Q. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. 1. I think God, my Father, and your selfe.

Q. Then patiently hear my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the ascent of tepooof.

Q. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but fle not heare.

Q. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breede (good Mother) for I am in haft.

Q. Art thou so halfe? I have flaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at laft to comfort you?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Ricb. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Hear me a word:
For I shall neuer speake to thee again:

Ricb. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this worse thou turn a Conqueror:
Or, I with grifes and extreme Age shall perish,
And no more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee this most greuous Curse,
Which in the day of Estell yeare thee more
Then all the complent Armour that thou wert It.
My Prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little foules of Edwards Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies;
And promise them Success and Vi*ory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will thy end:
Shame fereus thy life, and doth thy death attend.
Exit.

Ricb. Though far more curse, yet much liefe spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Ricb. Stay Madam, I must takle a word with you,

Qu. I have no more fones of the Royall Blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praying Numus, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore left not to their lies.

Ricb. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Versuful and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must the dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, file her Beauty,
Slauder my Selfe, as falle to Edwards bed:
Throw over her the vale of Infamy,
So the may live inardon of bleeding daunger,
I will confefl the was not Edwards daughter.

Ricb. Wrong not her Byrth, the is a Royall Princess,
To foue her life, felay the is not so.

Ricb. Her life is safef onely in her byrth,
And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Ricb. Lee at their Birth, good barres were opposed.

Qu. No, to their lives, all friends were contrary.

Ricb. All vnauodyd is the doome of Defliny,

Qu. True: when deuyd grace makes Defliny,
My Babes were deffin'd to a fater death,
If grace had bleft thee with a faire lifer.

Ricb. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?

Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of CONFORT, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life,
Whole hand fonder lasch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirecly) gane direction.
No doubt the mordous Knife was dull and blunr,
Till it was wherced on thy flone-hard heart,
To rewilt in the Intraties of my Lambes,
But that still vle of greese, makes wilde greese tarme,
My tongue should to thy eares nor name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchord in thine eyes :
And I in fuch a defirate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of failes and traching reef,
Ruff all to peeces on thy Rokey bosome.

Ricb. Madam, fo thirise I in my enterprise
And dangerous faccette of bloody wares,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,
To be difcourfed,that can do me good.

Ricb. That advancement of your children gentle Lady
Up to some Scaffold,there to lofe their heads.

Ricb. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high imperialis Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canf thou demitie to any child of mine.

Ricb. Even all I have, I, and my wife and all,
Will I withall inow a child of thine:
So in the Lebe of thy angry soule,
Thon drowning the sad remembrance of thofe wrongs,
Which thou suppos'dst I have done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe,leaff that the proceeds of thy kindlecce
Last longer telling then thy kindllecce date.

Ricb. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter,

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her Soule.

Ricb. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule.
So from thy Soules love didft thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.

Ricb. Be not so haftly to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who does not make all his King.

Ricb. Even he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Ricb. Even so: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woou her?

Ricb. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

Ricb. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A can of bleeding heares; their bleeding grace
Edward and Tyrke, then haply will the weepce:
Therefore present to her, 8ofterime Margaret
Did to thy Father, flepp in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which fay to her did drecyne
The purple fappe fro' th'weet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of the Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st it way her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Ruerwr, I (and for her fake)
Mad'ft quake conueynance with her good Aunt Anne.

Ricb. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlefe thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard,that hath done all this.

Ricb. Say that I did all this for love of her,

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choofe but hate them
Having bought loue, with fuch a bloody spoyle.

Ricb. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale wasdifyed sometimes,
Which after-hours gives leyfure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter:
If I be ruled the ifuue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreafe, I will begre
Mine ifue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little lefle in luo,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one flepe below,
Even of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, faue fer a night of groans
Endard 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 loss you have, is but a Son being King,
And by that loss, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you a Father, who would,
Therefore accept such Kindness as I can.
Of your Sonne, that wish a fearfull foule
Leads discontented Reppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy 'Dorset, Brother'.
Against all you be Mother to a King:
And all the Rines of distressfull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we hauze any goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Laires sha, you have shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Loue, with interrest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experiences,
Prepare her eyes to see a Wears Tale.
Put in her tender heare, the aspiring Flame
Of Golds Soueriegtie : Acquaint the Princeflo
With the sweet files hours of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Atme of mine hath chaffit
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd a Buckingham,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaine my Conquest wonne,
And the halfe be folle Vttershe,Cofers Cofers.
Qu. What were it to beff, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord! or shall I say her Vnlke ?
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkle?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law,my Honore, and her Loue,
Can make serme pleasing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which the final purchace with filla lating warre.
Rich. Telher, the King that may commend, inrears.
Qu. That she hands, which the kings King forbids,
Rich. Say the shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To waite the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will loue her euerlaitingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer laft?
Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her face lies end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life laft?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
Rheh. Say, I her Souerie, am her Subed low.
Rich. But the your Subied,shothes such Soueriegtie.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Qu. An honest tale spedds beft, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my lounge tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a myle.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants) in their graves;
Harpe on it still flall, till heart-stringes breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George,my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, disfuned, and the third vurpt.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath :
Thy George prophan'd, hath left his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blenfam'd, pawn'd his Knightly Verue ;
Thy Crowne vurpt'd, digras'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldst sweare to be beleu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou haft not wrong'd,
Rich. Then by what selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe, is selfe-mifers'd.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Qu. Thy life hath it dis honor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Qu. Heaven's wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,
The vanity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst it not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circing now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child.
And both the Princes had bene breathing heerre,
Which now two tender Bed-followes for dut,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wommes,
What canst thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ote-past:
For my selfe have manye teares to waft.
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee,
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouen'd youth, to waite it with their age:
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waite it with their Age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Mifers'd ere v'sd, by times ill-v'sd repaht,
Rich. As I entered to prison, and repent : 
So throuse I in my dangerous Affayres.
Of hostile Armes : My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres.
Day, yeeld me not thy light; but Night, thy raft.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loose,
Immulate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beastous Principly daughter.
In her, confints my Happinesse, and thine :
Without her, followes to my selfe, and the:
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Deaths, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay ;
It cannot be suoyd, but by this:
It will not be suoyd, but by this,
Therefore dear Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my lour to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I have beenes:
Not my defects, but what I will deferv:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peuell found, In great Desigines.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich. If the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forger my selfe, to be my selfe.
Rich. Ift your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters woume I bury them.
Where in that Neff of Spicery they will breed,
Selles of themselfes, to your recomforture.
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to my will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
Exit Qu.
Rich. Beseech her my true loves kiff, and so farewell.
Relenting Foonle, and shallow changing Woman.

How
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

How now, what newses? Enter Catesby.

Ran. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Western Coast Ridest a piaifant Naue: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vna'm, and vnequ'd to beat them backe.
Tis thought, that Richard is their Admiral? And there they hall expect the next of Buckiegham, to welcome them ashore.
Ran. Some light-foot friend post to S Duke of Norfolk: Ratcliff thy felle, or Catesby, where is hee?
Cat. Heere, my good Lord.
Rich. Catly, flye to the Duke. Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
When thou can'st that thither, Dull vnmindfull Villaine, Why thyft thou there, and go'ft not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me thy Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leue straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddently at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe.
Ran. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?
Ran. Your Highnesse told me I should poffe before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd. Enter Lord Stanley.
Stanley, what newses with you?
Sta. None, good my Liege, to poffe you with hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoydaye, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayeft tell thy Tale the nearest way?
Once more, what newses?
Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,
Whose-blu'd Runagates, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Sirr'd vp by Davr', Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clame the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empie? is it the Sword vniwayd? Is the King dead? the Empire vnoffer'd?
What Heare of Turke is there alive, but we? And who is Englands King, but great Turke! Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Vna' fee for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
Rich. Vna' fee for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Tou wil rvolt, and flye to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore misfrunt me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vp, upon the Western Shore,
Safe-conducing the Rebels from their Shippers?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they shoul dtere their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maisttie to give me leave,
I will vpp to my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maisttie shall please.
Rich. I, thou wouldst be gone, to ioyne with Richmond.
But he not trust thee.
Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doublefull,
I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Goe then, and muster men but lease behinde
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke thy heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with me, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtnay, and the haughtie Prelace,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many most Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. In Kent, my Liege, the Goulfs are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham,
Reh. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He shrieketh them.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newses.
Meff. The newses I have to te. your Maisttie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee merrie:
There is my Purfe, to curre that Blow of shine,
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Taylor in?
Meff. Such Proclamation hath beene made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. Sirr Thomas Lewell, and Lord Marquesse Darfier,
Tis sayd my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Britaine Naue is dispers'd by Templest.
Richmond in Darfier shire, sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Affillants, yea, or no?
Who aswer'd him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie: he misfrunting then,
Hoy'sd falye, and made his courfe againe for Britaine,
Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with horrie Enemies,
Yet to best downe those Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newses: that the Elle of Richmond
**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is slaine vp in hold:
If I resolv'd, off goes yong George head,
The see of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Wichall say, that the Queene hath heartily confessed
He shoulde efpoufe Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princeyly Richonow?
Chri. At Penbrooke, or at Hertford itelf in Wales.  
Der. What men of Name infort to him.
Chris. Sir Walter Heron, a renowned Soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubtled Penbroke, Sir Inner Blues,  
And Rice 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 withall.
Der. Well hyc thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will reforme him of my minde.
Farewell.  

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Bishops, Heretres, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends
Bru'st 'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,  
Thus farte into the bowels of the Land,
Hauwe we marcht on without impediment;  
And heere receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vvpurping Doare,
(Tha spy'd you Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wath, & makes his trough
In your embode 'd bofomes: This foule Swine
Is now even in the Centry of this Ifle,
Ne'ere to the Towne of Leicester, as we learm:
From Tamworth thither, but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Harneft of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody trystall of harpe Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conference is a shoudand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubts not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for ftaif.  
Which in his deerefeel needs: will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,  
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures King,  

**Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, Rutland, and the Earl of Surrey.**

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bofworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so fad?  
Sur. My hear is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Heere molt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we molt have knockes:
Ha, molt what?  
Nor. We molt both giue and take my lounge Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, alls one for that.

Who hath defierd the number of the Tractors?  
Nor. Six or saven thousand is their vnlm power.  
Rich. Why our Battalions trembling that accounts:
Besides, the Kings names is a Tower of strengfeh,
Which they upon the edifice fection went.
Vp with the Tent, Come Noble Gentlemen,  
Let vs surveye the vantage of the ground.
Call for somen men of sound direction:

**Let's**
Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buff day.  


Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Track of his fiery Carte,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard;
Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent:
I'll draw the Forme and Modell of our Battale,
Limit each Leader to hisistent Charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you sit William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me;
The Earl of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captain) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnfeile I have mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am affraid I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least.
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I undertake it,
And to God give you quiet rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captain Blunt.
Come Gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to morrowes Business;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's a Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Ink and Paper.
What is my Beater esfer the thing was?
And all my Armour into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readiness.
Rich. Good Norfolk, by thee to thy charge,
Vicerefull Watch, choose trusty Companions,
Ner. I go my Lord.
Rich. Sit with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Ner. I warrant you my Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purfuanant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowlle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surray for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staves be found, & not too heavy: Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'd I the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surray, and himselfe,
Much about Cockset time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Scuddlers.
Kng. So I am satisfied: Glue me a Bowlle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor ch offers Mind that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And help me to armee. Leave me I say.  Exit Ratcliffe.

Enter Derby to Richmonds in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afoord
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how faires our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attorney, bleefe thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent hours flye on,
And flakie darkenesse breaks within the East.
In breefs, for so the season bids we be,
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitremet
Of bloody strokes, and mortall flaring Warrs:
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With best advantage will deceased thee ime,
And syde thee in this double stroke of Armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being feared, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight,
Farewell: the lyeure, and the fearfull time
Cuts of the ceremonious Vowes of Loeu,
And ample entertrance of Sweet Discourse,
Which to long fundred Friends should dwell vp
God giues ye lyeure for these rites of Loeu.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and sped well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
It sitre with troubled noyse, to take a Nap.
Left leden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Monet Richmond.

Oh thou, whose Captain I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forcés with a gracious eye:
Put in their handes thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may craft downe with a heauie fall,
Th' iurement of Arcms is no Adversity,
Make vs thy ministers of Chafement,
That we may prieze thee in thy victory:
To thee do commend my watchfull foules,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
Harry the first.

Gh. to Rich. Let me fit heauy on thy foule to morrow:
Think how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth.
At Teukesbury: Dispare therefore, and dye,
Ghost to Richm. Be cheerfull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher's Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henettes fille Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the first.

Gh. When I was mortall, my Anointed body
By thee was punished full of holes;
Think on the Tower, and me: Dispare, and dye,
Harry the first, bids thee dispare, and dye.

To Richm. Venorous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Dost comfort thee in sleep: Live, and flouris.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me fit heavie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was wafh'd to death with Fullsome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile bestir'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelette Sword, dispair and dye.
To Rich. Thou of the house of Lancaster
The waung heyes of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Lieue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ran. Let me fit heavie in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'de at Pompes: dispair and dye.
Grey. Thinke upon Grey, and let thy soule dispair.
Vaugh. Thinke upon Vaughan, and with guile oun'te.
Let fall thy Lance, dispair and dye.
All to Rich. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guile: guiltly awake,
And in a bloody Battell and thy doyes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispair, and dye.
Hast. to Rich. Quiet, varrioulted soule,
Awake, awake:
Arms, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghos. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, flame, and death,
Thy Nephewes foule bids thee dispair and dye.
Ghos. to Rich. Sleepe, Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Lue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flowrish,
Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife

Gho to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Atheny Wife,
That never slept a quiete hour with thee,
Now fillest thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelette Sword, dispair and dye:
Gho to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepeth thou a quiet sleepe:
Drames of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee;
Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Gho to Rich. The fool was
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny,
O, in the Battaille think on Buckingham,
And dye in terrors of thy guiltnesse,
Drames on, drames on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispair; dispairing yeild thy breath.
Gho to Richm. I dyed for hope
 Ere I coul'd lend thee Aydes;
But there thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride,
Rich. Gave me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
Have mercy vns. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou affliet me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling fifth.

What do I see my Selfe? There's none els by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am.
Is there a Murdherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then Rye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Left I Reveunte. What my Selfe upon my Selfe?
Alacke, I love my Sefle. Wherefore? For any good
That my Selfe, hath done unto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Sefle,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foolo, of thy Sefle speake well: Foolo, do not flatter,
My Conscience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periour, in the high'ld Degree,
Murthert, ferne mutcher, in the dye'r degree,
All feuerall finnes, all vs d in each degree,
Throng all too'th Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispair, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pitie me.
Nay, wherefore should they since that I my Sefle,
Find in my Sefle, no pitie to my Sefle.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murthert
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Racliff.

Ras. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Ras. Racliffe my Lord, tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done fatuation to the Morn,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O Racliffe, I fear, I fear.
Ras. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apostile Paul, shadows to night
Have stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the subsance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proffes, and led by shallow Richmondd.
Tis not yet euer day, Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eale-dropper.
To here if any meane to shankke from mee,

Excom Richard & Racliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richm and sitting
in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardie flaggerd here?
Lords. How have you fleped my Lord?
Rich. The sweetesleepe,
And fairest bedding Dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowse head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodys Richmurtred,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Vitory:
I promife you my Heart is very inecd,
In the remembrance of to faire a dream,
How faire into the Morning is it Lords?
Lvs. Upon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then his time to Arme, and giue direcction.
His Oration to his Souldiers.
More then I have said, louing Countrymen,
The leyfure and inconuenience of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet rememver this,

God
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

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God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged fouls,
Like high rest'd Balwarexes, stand before our faces.
(Richard except) there whom we fight against,
Had rather have 'em win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentleman,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rages in blood, and one in blood establi'd; 
One that trade means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd chose that were the means to help him:
A base foul stone, made precious by the spoyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers,
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleep in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the byre,
If you do fight in safeguard of your wifes,
Your wifes shall welcome home the Conquerer.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.

Enter King Richard, Ratclife, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?  
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Arms.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?  
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is,
Tell the clocke there.  
Clock strikes.
Give me a Kalender: Who faw the Sunne to day?  
Rat. Not I my Lord,
King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Book,  
He should have brond the East an hour agoe.
A blacke day will be to somebody. Ratcliff.
Rat. Your Lord.
King. The Sun will not be fenes to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowe upon our Army.
I would these dewy trees were from the ground.
Not fhiue to day? Why, what is that to me.
More then to Richmond? For the false-fame Heauen.
That frownes on me, looks fadly vp on him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vanquish in the field.
King. Come, buttle, buttle. Captivation my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Bastell shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Confounding equally of Horse and Foot.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midd:
John Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Duke of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus direct, we will follow

In the maine Battell, whose pulleace on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeft Horse:
This, and Saint George to care.
What think'th thou Norfolke,
Nora. A good direction wilelike Souriage.
This found on my Tent this Morning.
Ickeley of Norfolke, be not so bold,
For Dickyn thy master is bought and hold.
King. A thing duell'd by the Enemy.
Go Gentleman, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babbling Dreams affright our foules:
For Confidence is a word that Cowards vie,
Dare'st at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our Princesnes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joynes bravely, let vs not tell pell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have inform'd I?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A for of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-aways,
A stem of Brittanies, and bose Lackey Peasants.
Whom there or-cloayed Country vomits forth
To desperates Adventures, and afford Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to wrack:
You hasting Lands, and bold with beauteous wises,
They would restraine the one, disdain the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Brittanies at our Mothers soill,
A Milke-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over chooes in Snow:
Le's whip these bragges o're the Seas againe,
Lath hence these or-wing Ragges of France,
These famdib Beggers, weary of their lines,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meane (poore Rats) had hang'd them selves,
I were he conquer'd, let us conquer vs,
And not these basard Brittanies, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of France.
Shall these enoy our Lands? eye with our Wises?
Reuief our daughters? Drum afore off
Hersike, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentleman of England, fight boldely yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the withen with your broken fnaues.
Enter a Mollenger.

What sayes Lord Stanely, will he bring his power?  
Asf. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his fonne George head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marth:
After the battale, let George Stanely dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S-George
Inspire vs with the flame of fury Dragons:
Upon them, Victorie fits on our helpees.

Alarum, confusion. Enter Catesby.

Cut. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
Rescue, Refuge;
The King snatches more wonders then a man,
Daring an Archers, and such danger.
His horse is saine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throne of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.  

Burg.
FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.


Will be deserv'd. For gentle Heareris, know
To ranke our choisen Truth with such a show
As Poets, and Fights, and Beside for Thynges
Our owne Braine, and the Opinion that are bring
To make that only true, we now intende,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend,
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowen
The Poet and Heppy Heareris of the Trone,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinkye see
The sweet Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Lusing: Thinkye see them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of them and Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How some this Mibrosine, meta Myffy:
And if you can be merry then, Ile syj.
A Mai may weipe upon his Wending day.

Nex. Then you left
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but ow married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes matter, till the last
Made former Woroonders, it's.
To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,
Shew dlike a Mine. Their Dwarsfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gile: the Madams too,
Nor would no toole, did almoost sweat to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Make
Was cryde incomparabe, and th ensuing night
Made it a Poole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equal in Jolure, were now bel, now worthi
As preference did present them. Hum unye,
Still him in prase, and being present both,
Twas said they saw but one, and no Dickeyer
Durst waggye his Tongue in censur, when these Sunnes
(For to they phrase 'em) by their Metals challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Aethus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abingdon.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Now I thank you Grace:
Healthfull, and ever since a freth Admire
Of what I saw there,
Back. An timeily Ague
Seid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sinner of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twas Guynes and Arde.
I was then present, saw them sake of Harlebske,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What fower Thron'd ones could have weight'd
Such a compounded one?
Back. All the whol time
I was by Chambers Prisoner.

Beyond.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now scene, possible enough, got credit
That Beaux was beleev'd.

Bu. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and effect
In Honor, Honestly, the true of every thing,
Would by a good Discouer loose some life,
Which Audience, was tongue too

Bur. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it sought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Disdaining his full Function: who did guide,
I mean who let the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you judge;
One cerete, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Bur. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinal of York.

Bur. The duell speed him: no mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities I wonder,
That such a Knave can with his very bulk
Take up the Rayes of the beneficent Sun,
And keeps it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not prop't by Aunclestry, whole grace
Chalkes Successors their way: nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affinities: but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O guess vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guist that heaven gues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Nor. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath gues him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him, whence he's the that,
If not from Heil? The Duell is a Niggard,
Or he's gues all before, and he begins
A new Heil in himselfe.

Bur. Why the Duell,
Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the pruity of th'King) & appoints
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon; and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councell, out
Muft fetch him in, he Papers.

Nor. I do know
Rumours of mine, three at the least, that have
By this, so fiek'd their Eftates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Bu. One more
Have broke their backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greelingly I think,
The Peace between the French and vs, not valued
The Cost that did conclude it.

Bur. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesse; That this Tempelt
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The lodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath swaw'd the League, and hast atach'd
Our Merchants, and Bode our Burdeens.

Nor. Is it therefore
Th'Ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry is't.

Nor. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd.
At a superfuous rate.

Bur. Why all this businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinal carried,
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Between you, and the Cardinal. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his highHered would effect, wants no
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharper edge: it's a long, and may be fuide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thibet he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'll unde it wholesome. Loc, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinal in his pageage, forth his eye on Buck-

Nor. The Duke of Buckingham Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Sir. Here's to please you.

Nor. Is he in person ready?

Sir. As you please, your Grace.

Nor. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall teffin this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.

Bur. This Butchers Court is vermond'd-mou'd, and I
Have not the power to muzle him, therefore beft
Not wakke him in his flumber. A Beggers bookes,
Out-worth a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temperance, that's th'applianc onely
Which your disesse requires.

Bur. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye requi'd
Me as his abject obiect, at this instant
He bore me with some tricke; He's gone to th'King:
He follow, and out-flare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reson with your Choller question
What'tis you go about; to climb steep hills
Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horie, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tires him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you. Be to your felie,
As you would to your Friend.

Bur. He to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe
This foolish fellows insolence; or proclaim,
There’s difference in no petitions.

Ner. Be adult: 1

Hear not a furnace for your foes hot
That it doth scarce your felse, We may out-run now
By violent wilfulness that which we run at
And lose by over-running; know you no, the
Fire that mounts the liquor still run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wait’s ir. be adult; I
Say again there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your felse;
If with the tap of reason you would quench,
Or but alay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I eie go along
By your precept: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gill I name not, but
From seriou motions, by Intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Fountains in faly, when
We ece each grain of gravel; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaflous.

Ner. Say not treaflous.

Buck. To th’King hee fay, & make my youth as strong
As hore of Rockets attend. This holy Fire,
Or Waffe, oth, or both (for he is equall rauous
As he is furble, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yet reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, fogflees the King our Matfel
To this left costly Treaty: Thentruwe,
That swallowed to much treasure, and like a glaffe
Did breake in wretchedness.

Ner. Faith, and for it did.

Buck. Pray give me tuous Sir: This running Cardinal
The Articles o’ the Combination drew
As himselfe plead’d and they were ratified
As hee crude thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th’dead. But our Count-Cardinal
His done this, and its well for worthy Woffter
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a bind of Pappe
To his old Demand) Charles the Emperor,
Vnder pretence to fee the Queene his Aunt,
(For was indeed his colour, but he came
To whipsit Woffter) where makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their armes
Breed him some presuader; for from this League,
Peep’d harming that menaced him. Priouly
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ece he promis’d, whereby his Suit was grant’d
Ere it was ask’d. But when the way was made
And paid with gold: the Emperor thus desir’d,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone hee shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.

Ner. I am forry
To heare this of him; and could with he were
Something mitaken in it.

Buck. No, nor a filibab:
I do prouncne him in that very shape
He shall appear in prose.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him,
and two or three of tbe Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeants: excute u.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earle
OfHereford Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of High treason, in the name
Of our most Souveraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has faine upon me, I shall perth
Vnder deuce, and prafifie:

Bran. I am forry,
To see you come from liberty, to looke on
The businesse present. To his Highness pleasure
You shall to th’Tower

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence, for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit part, black. The will of Heau’n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.

O my Lord Abergury: Fart you well,

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas’d you shall to th’Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abro. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey’d.

Bran. Here is a warrant from

The King, t’attacch Lord Mountains, and the Bodies
Of the Duke Confeffor, John dela Car,
One Gilbert Perce, his Counsellour.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o’ th’Plot: no more I hope.

Bran. A Monbe o’ th’Chorden.

Buck. A Michael Higheyn
Bra. He.

Buck. My Suveryour is taken. The ore-great Cardinal
Hath shewn him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,
Whore Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By DArkning his cleere Sunne.My Lords farewell. Exe.

Scene Secunda.

Carneus Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shou-der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Llewelly. the Cardinal
places himselfe under the King freste on
his right side.

King. My life is felle, and the bitt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I flood eth’he walow
Of a full charge confeduratie, and giue thankes
To you that choak’d it. Let be cold before vs
That Gentleman of Buckingham, in person.
He heare him his confeduratie sufficie,
And point by point the Tresonies of his Master,
He shall gainre rela.

A neft within crying roomes for the Queene, shord by the
Duke of Newefel Enter the Queene, Newfelfe and
Seffaleth hee kneel. King efeeth from his State,
take her up, kifer and placeb her by him.

Queene. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suior.
King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Never name to, vs; you have halte our powers.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. And for me, I have no further gone in this, than by a single voice, and that not paid me, but by learned approbation of the Judges: If I am traduced by ignorant Tongues, which neither know my faculties nor perform, yet will be the Chronicles of my doing: Let me say, 'Tis but the fate of Place, and the tough Brake That Vire must gose through: we must not stint Our necessary addictions, in the feare To cope malicious Centurions, which ever, At rauous Fifties doe a Vefell follow That is new triud'; but benefit no further Then vainly longing, What we oft doe best, By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) Is Not ours, or not allow'd; what word, as offf Hitting a greater quality, it cride vp For all the fett at I shall hand full, In feare our motion will be muck'd, or carp'd at, We should take roote here, where weest; Or fit State - Statues onely.

Card. Things done well,
And with a cue, exempt themselves from feare: Things done without example, in their issue Are to be first. Have you a President Of this Commission? I believe, not any, We must not rend out Subject of our Laws, And tickle them in our Will. Sixth part of each? A trembling Contribution; why we takse From every Trec, lop, barke, and part o'th Timber:
And though we issue it with a roote thus hackt, The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County Where this is question'd, fend our Letters, with Free pardon to each man that has deny'd The force of this Commission: pray looke too's;
I put it so your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters witt to every Shire, Of the Kings grace and pardon: the grieved Commons Hardly conceive of me. Let it be noe't, That through our Intercession, this Requemement And pardon comes: I shall soon advis you Further in the proceeding.

Exit Seruitor.

Quer. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham Is run in your displeasure.

Kim. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learned, and a most rare Speaker, To Nature none more bound; his training such, That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers, And meete feake for sayd one of himselfe: yet fett, When these so Noble benefits sall prone Not well despis'd, the minde growing once corrupt, They turne to vicious forms, ten times more vygly Then euer they were fayre. This man so compleat, Who was enob'd montonf wonders; and when we Almost with raunfh defliming, could not finde His house of speech, a minute: Hey, (my Lady) Hath into monstrous habis put the Graces That once were his, and is become as blacke, As if he had been'd in hell; Six by V's, you shall heare (This was his Gentleman in truth) of him Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him receave The for-received praifies, whereof We cannot feele too little, heart too much.
Card. Speak forth, &c. with bold Spirit relate what you Most like a secret full Subiect have collected

Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kim. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was visuall with him; every day It would invent his Speech: That if the King Should without issue dye, he'll carry it so To make the Scepter his. These very words I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law, Lord Abouery, to whom by oth he mened To revenge upon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highness note This dangerous conception in this point, Not frendly to his wish to your High person; His will is most malignant, and it strecthes Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinall,
Delivered all with Charity.

Kim. Speake on;

How grounded he the Title to the Crowne
Upon our faile; to this poynst hau't thou heard him, At any time speakes outh?

Sur. He was brought to this,

By a bane Prophetic of Nicholas Henton.

Kim. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartruese Fryer,

His Confessor, who fed him every minute With words of Sovereignty.

Kim. How know'v thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highness sped to France, The Duke being at the Roff, within the Parish Saint Lawrence Poulnery, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londemans, Concerning the conversion of the French journey. I replide,

Men fear the French would prove perfidious To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke Said, Twas the same indeed, and that he doubted 'twould prove the verity of certaine words Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, fayes he, Hath fent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choyce bower To hestre from him a master of tense moment:

Whom after under the Commissions Seale, He solemnly had sworn, what he had spoke My Chaplain to no Creature living, but To me, should vster, with demure Confidence, This proufing enu'd; de neither, King nor his Heyres (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him truste To the loure of thee' Commonalty, the Duke Shall govern England.

Queen. If I know you well,

You were the Dukes Surveyor, and loft your Office On the complain't of his Tenants; take good heed You charge not in your spleene a Noble person, And speake with your nobler Soule; I say, take heed; ye've hardly breftech you.

Kim. Let him on: Go forward.

Sur. On my Soule, I speake but truth,

I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Duels illusions The Monk might be deced'd, and that 'twas dangerous For this to ruminate on this so faire, vnnil It forg'd him some defigne, which being belced It was much like to doe. He answer'd, 'Thou, It can doe me no damagging further, That had the King in his list Sicknesse faileth,

The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone off.

Kim. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,

There's mischief in this man; can't thou say further? Sur. I can my Ledge.

Kim. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenworth,

After your Highness had reprovd the Duke About Sir William Blamner (quint. Kim. I remember of such a time, being my sworn enemy, The Duke receu'd him, but on what hence?

Sur. If (quanto he) I for this had beene committed, As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid, The part my Father meant to ad vpon

Th'Viturpet Richard, who being at Salisbury, Made fait to come in's presence; which if granted, (As he made semblance of his duty) would Have put his knife into him.


Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes lie in freedome, And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God me calle.

Kim. That's something more would out o'those; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife He fretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger, Another spread on his breast. mounting his eyes, He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor Was, were he emoll'st'd he would outgoe His Father, by as much as a performance Do's an irreproful purpose.

Kim. There's his period,

To ftech his knife in vs: he is attach'd,

Call him to present tryall: if he may Find mercy in the Law, tis his if none, Let him not seake of vs: By day and night Hee's Traytor to th' heigh. 

Everore.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaime and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is it possible the spells of France should juggle Men into these strange mysteries?

L. San. New cokelmes,

Though they be never so ridiculous, (Nay let'em be vunamly) yet are follow'd,

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English Have got by the late Voyage, is but merely A fit or two o' th' face, (but they are shewed ones) For when they hold 'em, you would sweaze directly Their very notes had been Councillors To Popes or Clothariers, they keep State to.

L. San. They have all new legs, And lame ones too would take it, That never fee'em pace before, the Spanien A Spring-halt rain'd amog 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,

Their clothes are after such a Pagan cut too, That sure th'hau'e worn out Christen dome: now how? What newses, Sir Thomas Lowell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lowell.

Lowell. Faith my Lord,

I heare of none but the new Proclamation, That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Chau.
Cham. What is't for?

Law. The reformation of our truell'd Gallants,
That fill the Courts with quarrels, talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad tis there;
Now I would pray out Monstors
To think you English Courtesys may be wise,
And notice for the Lawe.

Law. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remants
Of Poole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forereign wife's dome, renouncing chaste
The fable they haue in Tennis and all Stockings,
Shrots blifled Breeches, and those types of Truell;
And underland againe against honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowe, there, I take it
They may Cara Pratleige, wee away
The lig end of their towne, and be laught at.

L. San. Tis time to glue 'em Physicke, their disrailes
Are gone to receasing.

L. Cham. What a lose our Ladies
Will have of these trummuers?

Law. I marry,
There will be none indeed Lords, the flye whoresons
Have got a speding strike to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, he has no Fellow.
L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
For sure there is no concering of em: now
An honest Courtly Lord as I am, shent
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by it Lady
Held current Musick too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord Sand's,
Your Col's tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. Noble Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stompe.

L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whether you are a going?

Law. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a gueff too.

L. Cham O, its true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies, there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome lie alloure you.

Law. This Churchman
 Bears a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt, he's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him,
L. San. He may my Lord,
He swerable whilsum in him;
Sparing would save a wofe fine, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberal,
They are fee here for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now gave for great ones.
My Barge flyes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be.
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Compstollers.
L. San. I am your Lordships,

Scena Quarta.

Hobbes. A final Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests, then Enter Anne Budin,
and divers other Ladies & Gentlemen as Guests
at one Doors, at another Door enter
Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hm, Guest, Ladies,
A general_welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dectates
To faire content, and you. None here he hopes
In all this Noble Feast, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry;
As a first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chambers, Anne L. Sand's and Lawll.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clasps my heart;
Cham. You are young Sir Henry Guilford.

Law. Sir Thomas Love'll, had the Cardinal
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they refited,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Law. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

Law. I would have,
They should finde as fair entertainment.

Law. Fair how easy:
Law. As faile as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit, Sir Harry
Place you on that side, I take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather.
My Lord Sand's, you are one will keep'em warm:
Pray sit between these Ladies.

Law. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to take a little wild, forgive me.
I had it from my Father.

Law. But Was he mad Sir?
San. Very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, till I did now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now ye are fairly feared: Gentlemen,
The penance eyes on you, if these faire Ladies
Pisse away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hobbes. Enter Cardinal Woful, and takes his State.
Card Y'are welcome 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.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowlie may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Card. My Lord Sand's,
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours.
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen.
Whose fault is this?
Sen. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheeckes, ey Lord, whene shall have'em,
Take vs to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gambler
My Lord Sandv.
Sen. Yes, if you make my play:
Here's to your Ladi'ship, and pledge it Madam.
For it's true such a thing.
An. B. You cannot know me,
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharge.
Sen. I told your Grace, they would take anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out those, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, farewell not;
By all the lawes of Warre ye are pruifledg'd.

Enter a Seruants.
Cham. How now, what is't?
Sera, A noble troupe of Strangers,
For fo they seeme, th'haue left their Barge and landed.
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From foreigne Princes.
Card. A good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome: you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduete 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
Afler his, and Tables remou'd,
You haue now a broken Banket, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shouwre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hobagog. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, after'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully faliace him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speake no English, thus they praid To tell your Grace: That bountie heard by fame
Of this to Noble, and so faire affirnbly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no leffe.
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty.)
But leave their Plockes, and vnder your faire Commaund,
Grace leave to viewe these Ladies, and entreat
An house of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaines,
They have done my poor house grace;
For which I pay'em a thoufand thanks,
And pray'em take their pleasures.

Shooe Ladies, King and An. Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I eret touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew theer.

Musick, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my issue sud duty
I would surrender it.

Whisper.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they? 

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me fee then,
By all your good leaves Gentlemen; here I make
My royall chose.

Kim. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or I tell you Cardinall,
I should judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is grown fo pleafant.
Kim. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullen Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women.
Kim. By Heaven she is a dainty one, Sweet heart,
I was vnanimously to take you out,
And not to kiffe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the Baneret ready
I'm Privy Chamber r.

Kim. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I fere, with dancing is a little heared,
Kim. I fere too much.
Card. There's frether arte my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kim. Lead in your Ladies euery one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forfake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healthes,
To drink to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreme
Whos beft in favour. Let the Musicke knock it.
Enter with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doors.
1. Whether away to faft?
2. O, God free ye:
3. Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
4. Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
5. He faie you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prifoners.
6. Were you there?
7. Yes indeed was I.
8. Pray speake what he's happen'd.
10. Is he found guilty?
11. Yes truely is he,
And condemned unfto.
12. I am forry for.
13. So are a number more.
14. But pray how past it?
15. He tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded full not guilty, and alledged
Many harsher reasons to defeate the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, procef, confesfions


The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke defied,
To him brought wine once to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor
Sir Gilbert Pickle his Chancellour, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with the Discell Monke,
Hephes, that made this mischiefe;
1. That he was
That fed him with his Propheties.

1. The same,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he saie
Would have flown from him; but indeed he cou'd not;
And to his Peers upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spake, and reasoned for life: But all
Was either pitt'd in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he bear himselfe?
3. When he was brought agen to th'Bart, to hear
His Knell rung out, his judgemenet, he was fin'd
With such an Agent, he wept extremely,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and haftly:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the reft swew'd: most Noble patience.
2. I do not think he feares death,
1. Sure he does not,
He never was so warmfull, the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this,
1. Tis likely,
By all conicidences: First Kildaro Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, whom remou'd
Eriele Surry, was sent thither, and in half too,
Least he should helpe his Father.
2. That triacle of State
Was a deepere enuisons one,
3. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will finde employment,
And faste enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him pernickiously, and o'my Conference
With him ten faddom depe: This Duke as stouch
They loure and desire on all him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtiers.

Enter Buckingham from his Arrangement, Tripples before
him, the Ace with the edge towards him. Haldent on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovill, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sandi, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble run'red man you speake of.
2. Let's stand close and behold him,
Buck. All good people,
You that thus faire have come to pity me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and love me.
I have this day received a Trators judgemenet,
And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beare witness,
And if I have a Conference, let it fincke me,
Even as the Ace falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
That done upon the premises, but justice:
But such that fought it, I could with more Christiaus:
(De what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefe;
Nor build their walls on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltie blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I mere hope,
Nor will I flee, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
It only bitter to him, only dying:
Got with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Stecle tall on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name,
Lowell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lowell, I at free forgive you
As I would be forgien: I forgive all,
There cannot be those mutueresse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Emly shall make my Grace,
Command mee to his Grace.
And if the speake of Buckingham pray tell him,
You meet him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule be safe,
Shall cry for bleffings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his years;
Ever belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he, fill up one Monument.
Lay to thy warme side I must conduct thy Grace,
Then glue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vane. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming. See the Barge be ready,
And sir it with such furniture as suites,
The Greatness of his Person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone, my State now will but morke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Confulable,
And Duke of Buckingham now poore Edward Bokjamin,
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now secket;
And wish that blood will make 'em one day groome for;
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who stiffness head against Vouring Richard,
Flying for succour to his Seruants Bantler,
Being diffire, was by that wretch besaid,
And without Tryall, fell: Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly puying
My Fathers loffe, like a moe Royal Prince
Reford'd me to my Honour's: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble.
Now his Sonne, Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke ha'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 gone in Fortune; both
By your Seruants, by those Men we lou'd moft:
A moe vnaural and faithlees Soriuce.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiueth as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your Loues and Counsel,
Be fafe you be not looafe: for tho':e you make friends,
And give your hearts to; when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye; never found again But where they meant to sink ye: all good people Pray for me, I trust now for sake ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me: Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad, Speak as how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me. 

Exit Duke and Temple.

1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls I fear, too many curles on their heads That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse, This full of woes: yet I can give you incling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keep et from ys: What may it bet? you do not doubt my faith Sir? This Secret is too weighty, twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

2. Let me have it: I do not talk much. I am confident: You shall Sir: Did you not of late daysy behoke A buzzing of a Separation Between the King and Katherine? Yes, but it held not: For when the King once heard it out of anger He sent Command to the Lord Mayor straight To stop the rumors and silly throes tongues That durst discover: But that slander Sir, It found a truth now; for it grows again Fresther then et it was; and held for certaine The King will venture at it. Esthe the Cardinal, Or some about him recee, have out of malice To the good Queen, polei him with a scruptile That will enode him. To confirm this too, Cardinal Campion is asur'd, and lately, As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tw the Cardinal; And meere to revenge him on the Emperour. For not beflowing on him at his asking, The Archbishops of Toledad, this is purpos'd. 2. I thynke You have hit the marke; but is't not cruel. That she should feel the terrors of this: the Cardinal Will have his will, and the matter fall. 1. Tw wofull. We are too open heere to aruge this: Let's thynke in private more. 

Scena Secunda.

M.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading the Letter.

Lord, the Heret yeur Lordship putt for, with all the care I had, I saw well recev'd, reden, and furnis'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by Commission, and some power took em from me, with the reason too muchfull would bee few et be.

fors a Subjct, if not before the King, whose fop we other wise Ser.

I fear he will indeede; well, let him have them; bee will have all I thynke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Duke of Nor-

falle and Suffis. Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine. Chrm. Good day to both you Grace, Suff. How is the King improyed? Chrm. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cauie? Chrm. It concerns the Marriage with his Brothers Wife, Her crepe too excessive his Conscience. Suff. No, his Conscience Her crepe too excessive another Lady. Nor. Tis fo;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King,Cardinal, That blind Preist, like the eldest Sence of Fortune. Turner what he will. The King will know him one day. Suff. Pray God he doe not. He'll never know himselfe: doe. Nor. How boldly he works in all his businesse, And with what zeal! For now he has crackt the League Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew) He diue into the Kings Soul, and there Create Dangers, doubtse, wringing of the Conscience, Fears, and despair, and all thee for his Marriage. And out of all these, to requite the King, He counsels a Divorce, a foile of her. That like a Jewell, he's hung twenty yeares Above his necke, yet never lost her Jusice; Of her that loves him with that excellence, That Angels love good men with: Even of her, That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious? Chrm. Heaven keep me from such counsel: it is most true These never are every where, every tongue speaks' em, And every true heart weeps for't. All this dis e Looke into these affaires, see this main end, The French Kings Suffer. Heaven will one day open The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his flivery, Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this impertinent man will work vs all From Princes into Pages: all mens honourz Lie like one lumpes before him, so be fashioned into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lord, I love him not, nor fear he, there's my Creed: As I am made without him, so he fland, If the King pleaue: his Carles and his blessings Touch me alike: there break I not beleive in. I knew him, and I know him: to leave him To him that made him proud; the Pope. Nor. Let's in. And with some other busines, put the King From thee fad thoughts, that worke too much upon him: My Lord, youe beare vs company? Chrm. Excuse me, The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides You'll finde a most unfit time to disturbe him: Health to your Lordships.

Nor.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Enter Gardiner.

Wel. Give me your hand; much joy & favour to you; You are the Kings now. Gard. But to be commanded or ever by your Grace, whose hand he's rais'd me. Ken. Come hither Gardiner. Gardiners and whisper. 

Comp. My Lord of Torkes, was not one Doctor Pace In this mans place before him? Wel. Yes, he was. Comp. Was he not held a learned man? Wel. Yes surely. Comp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then, Even of your selfe Lord Cardinal. Wel. Have I? me? Comp They will not fikke to say, you enviue him; And fearing he would rife (he was so vertuous ) Kept him a fouteigne man full, which so great he'd him. That he ran mad, and dide. 

wel. Heaven's peace be with him: That's Christian care enough: for living Murmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a Fools; For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow, I'll command him followes my appointment, I will have none to neere els. Leave this Brother, We lust not to be grippe by meaner person. Ken. Deliver this with modesty tooth Queen. Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of For such receipt of Learning is Black-Fryers : There ye shall meete about this wastly busines. My Wel, see it furnisht, O my Lord, Would it not greeve an able man to see So sorte a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience, O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither here's the pang that pinches. His Highness, having li'd so long with her, and the So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life, She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now ater So many course of the Sun entreated, Still growing in Mollify, and pomer, the which To leuse, a thousand fold more bitter, then 'Tis sweet at full l'acquire After this Proceede. To give her the augurs, it is a pitty Would move a Moniter. Old L. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her. 

An. Oh Gods will, much better She ne'er had knowne pomer; thought be temporal, Yet if that quarrell Fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 'tis a suffarence, panging As soule and bodies learing. Old L. Alas poor Lady, She's a stranger now againe. An. So much the more Much pity drop upon her; verily I sweare, it's better to be lowly borne.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

And range with humble lines in Content,
Then to be perk’d vp in a glistening grace,
And weare a golden towre.

Old. Our conte
Is our best having.

An. By my troth, and Maidchenhood,
I would not be a Queene.

Old. Befeware me, I would,
And venture Maidchenhood for’t, and so would you.

For all this spice of your Hippocrate,
You that have to faire parts of woman on you,
Have (too) a Woman heart, which ever eat
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say fully, are Blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your loft Chureell Conference, would receive,
If you may please to short itch

An. Nay, good troth.

Old. Yes troth, & trothly you would not be a Queen?

An. No, not for all the riches under Heavens.

Old. This strang's threepence bowl’d would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
To bear that load of Title?

An. No, in truth.

Old. Then you are weekly made placke off a little,
I would not be a young Couni in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: if your backe.
Cannot vouche safe this burthen, tis too weeke
Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe trie it;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old. In faith, for little England
You’d venure an embalmin: I my selfe
Would for Cimmerian, although there long’d
No more to ch’ Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Euer Lord Chamberlaine.

(known
L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies: what’se worth to
The secre of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miftris Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and coming
The accion of good women, there is hope
All will be well.


Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heauly blessings
Follow such Creatures That you may, faire Lady
Perceve I speak sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many versus; the Kings Maiesty
Commonds his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe’s purpose honour to you no lese flowing,
Then Matchonell of Penbrooke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annually support
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kind of my obedience, I should tender
More then my All is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words dutely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Befeech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady: I shall not fail to approove the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus’d her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are hanging,
That they have caugh the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a lemma.
To lighten all this Ile. I’ll to the King,
And say I spake with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour’d Lord.

Old. Why this is: See, see,
I have bene begging fore发布的 years in Court
(An yeart a Courtier beggarly) not could
Come put betwixt too easily, and too late
For any gust of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fife heetes: fye, fye, fye upon
This complet fortune: have your mouth full vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me,

There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would not be
For all the maid in Egyptians: have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old. L. With your lessons, I could
Ore Mount the Lake, The Marchioness of Penbrooke?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises me thousands: Honour shall
Is longer then his foreshirt: by this time
I make your backe will bear a Dutchesse, Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on. Would I had no being
If this falce my blood a jot: it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queene is comfortable, and we forget all
In our long absence: pray do not delere,
What heere y’ have heard to her.

Old. L. What do you think me. — Except

Scene Quarta.

Trumpet, Seren, and Candles.

Enter two Vergers, with three silver candles; next them two
Servants in the habite of Dollars; after them, the Bishop of
Cantebury at an; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely,
Rochford, and S. Alpe: Next them, with some small
Distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
Great State, and a Cardinals hat: Then two Purse bearers
Standing, each a silver Crosse. Then a Gentleman Vicer borne
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a
Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Pottes; After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals sit
under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some dis-
ance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Conclivity: Below them
the Serviers. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.
Car. Will it our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded:  

King. What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides th'Authority allow'd,  
You may thenparethat time.

Car. Be't so, proceed.  
Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.  
King. Here.  
Scrib. Say, Katherine Queen of England,  
Come into the Court.

The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair,  
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feste. Then speaks,

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,  
And to beflow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,  
Borne out of your Dominions: having here  
No Judge indifferent, nor no more suffrance  
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir  
In what hour I offended you? What cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceede to put me off.  
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your Dislike,  
Yet, fubject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorrow,  
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre  
I ever contradicted your Desire?  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends  
Have I not freue to love, although I knew  
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,  
That had to him deny'd your Anger, did I  
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice  
He was from hence elijach'd? Sir, call to minde,  
That I have bene your Wife, in this Obedience,  
Upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest  
With many Children by you. If in the course  
And proceefe of this time, you can report,  
And proute it too, against mine Honor, aught;  
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Love and Dutie  
Against your Sacred Petition; in Gods name  
Turne me away: and let the foul?l Contempt  
Shut doore upon me, and to give me vp  
To the sharpe'lt kindes of Justice. Please you, Sir,  
The King your Father, was reputed for  
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent  
And unnatch'd Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinard  
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one  
The wiffell Prince, that there had reign'd, by many  
Ayeares before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wife Councell to them  
Of every Retaine. that did debate this Buineffe,  
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humble  
Befeech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be your Friends in Spaine, adviz'd; whose Counsaille  
I will implore. If not, I'll name of God  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.  
Wol. You have here Lady,  
(And of your choice) these Reuuard Fathers, men  
Of fingoar Integrity, and Learning;  
Yea, the eleaf of Land, who are assembled  
To please your Caufe. It shall be therefore booteiff,

That longer you debate the Court, as well  
For your owne quiet, as to refolute  
What is vnsetled in the King.  
Camp. His Grace  
Hath spoken well, and iuifiul: Therefore Madam,  
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,  
And that (without delay) they Arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.  
Qu. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.  
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.  
Qu. Sir, I am about to wepe: but thinking that  
We are a Queene (or long, hauve dream'd do) certaine  
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,  
Ile turne to spakkes of fire.  
Wol. Be patient yet.  
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,  
Or God will punifh me. I do beleue  
(Indue'd by potent Circumstances) that  
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,  
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you  
Have blowne this Coale, between my Lord, and  
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I lay aigne,  
I viterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule  
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not  
At all a Friend to truth.  
Wol. I do prefer  
You speake not like your folke: who everyet  
Have stood to Charity, and displayed their effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome,  
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong  
I have no Spinee against you, nor inuiucce  
For you, or any; how farre I have proceeded,  
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted  
By a Commission from the Conflitores.  
Yea, the whole Conflitores of Rome. You charge me,  
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,  
The King is prefent: If be knowne to him,  
That I gainfay my Deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily my Falfehood, yea, as much  
As you have done my Truth. If he know  
That I am free of your Report, he knowes  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to  
Remoue thefe Thoughts from you. The which before  
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do befeech  
You gracious Madam) to vs inade your speaking,  
And to say fo no more.  
Quen. My Lord, my Lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weake  
To jope your cuning. Y're meek, & humble-mouth'd  
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,  
With Meckenelle and Humilitie: but your Heart  
Is cram'd with Arrogancc, Spinee, and Pride.  
You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favor.  
Gone lightly of your lowe Rappes, and now are mounted  
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words  
(Domeflickes to you) ferue your will, as't please  
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your persons Honor, then  
Your high profession Spiritual. That agra  
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here  
Before you, alle, Appoite vnto the Pope.  
To bring my whole Caufe tore his Holieffe,  
And to be judeg'd by him.  

Sbe Curfiseth to the King, and offers to depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queen is obilinate,
Stubborne tojustice, and to accuse it, end
Difdainsfull to be tride by it; it is not well.
She's going away.

Kim. Call her again.

Cran. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gen. Vp. Madam, you are cold backe.

Que. What need you now to pray you keep your way,
When you are cold returne. Now the Lord helps.
They vexe me palt my patience, pray you passe on
I will not tarry no, ever more
Upon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of the Courts.

Exit Querte, and her Attendants.

Kim. Goe thy wayes Kate,
That man it's world, who shall report he's
A better Wife, let him in naught be thought,
For speaking falle in that; thou art alone
(If they rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy pay
Soveraigne and Proutes, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queenes: She's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she's ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

wel. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnesse,
That it shall plesse you to declare in hearing
Of all these care(s for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be volo'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfy) whether ever I
Did broach this businesse to your Highnesse, or
Laid any scapule in your waye, which might
Induce you to the question on that era.
Haste to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, speake one, the least word that might
Bet to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Perision?

Kim. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from it: You are not to be taung
That you have many enemies, that know not
They are for so; but like to Village Curtes,
Burke when their fellows doe By some of theke
The Queen is put in anger; you are execude.
But will you be more iuitifd? you euer
Haue with it the sleeping of this businesse, never deier'd
It to be broach'd: but you hasten'd oft.
The past get made toward it; on my honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre clear him.

Now, what mould you come?
I will be bold with time and your attention:
(Too:)
Then markes his induction. Thus it came; give heed
My Confession first recei'd a tendance,
Scruple, and prece, on certaine Speeches vntil'd
By th'Bishop of Sarum, then French Embassador,
Who had beene hishir, sent on the debat
And Marriage't was the Duke of Orleane, and
Our Daughter Mary It's Progress of this businesse,
Ere a determinate resolution. hee
(Imean the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter was legitimate,
Regarding this our Marriage with the Douwarer,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite thoake

The boosome of my Confrence, enter'd me;
Yea, with a spittng power and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which for'd such way,
That many mad's confedentings, did throng
And preift in with this Caustion. First, I thought
I found not in the smile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Natures, that my Ladies wou'd
If it concern'd a male-child by me, should
Do no more Offices of life too; then
The Graue does to th'dead: For her Male issue,
Or else where they were made, or shortly after
This world had sry'd them. Hence I took a thought;
This w .. a judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the bell Heyre o'th World) should
Not be gladdened in me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes flood in
By this my illus fate, and that gauze to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulking in
The wild Sea of my Confiance, I did liere
Toward this remoyde, wherupon we are
Now present here togethers: that's to say,
I meant to reeifie my Confiance, which
I then did exte fulc'lyke, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With yow my Lord of Lincolne; you remember
How under my apprehension I did reache
When I first mould you.

B. Lin. Very well my Lidge,
Kim. I have spoke long, be please yowes selfe to say
How fare you fast inside me.

Lin. So please your Highnesse,
The question did at first so flagger me,
Beauteg a State of mighty moment in,
And consequence of death, that I commited
The darling Counfaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnesse to this courfe,
Which you are running here.

Kim. I then mould you,
My Lord of Cauffburg, and got your issue
To make this prescnt Summons unsolicite.
I left no Reverend Petison in this Court,
But by particular content proceeded
Vnder yow hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike'sth world against the perion
Of the good Queene; but the sharpes thorny points
Of my allegend reasones, driveth this forward:
Prous but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear our mostall State to come, with her,
(Therfor the Queene) before the primfl Creature
That's Parggon,do'th World

Camp. So please your Highnesse,
The Queene being ablen't, is needfull finestuffle,
That we adsume this Court till further day;
Meane while must be an eeme motion
Made to the Queene to still backe her Appeale
She intends when his Holieffe.

Kim. I may perswasse
These Cardinals tryst with me: I auborne
This dilatory both, and trickers of Rome.
My learn'd and wellbelued Servants Cranmer,
Pretehce returne, with thy approch; I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, let on.

Excuse, in manner as they ever'd.

v 1
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women as at work.

Queen. Take thy Nurse wench.

My Soule groves sad with troubles,
Sing, and dispase 'em if thou canst: Iesse working:

SONO.

O Beauf with his Late made Trees,
And the Mountaines sing that freeze,
How themselues when world did sing.
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring, as Sinon and Shawers,
There had made a loyning Spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the Billows of the Sea,
Huse their heads, and then lay.
In cert Musick is such Arts,
Killing care, and griefe of heart,
Fall asleep, or bearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gerd. And please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gerd. They will'd me say to Madam.

Queen. Pray their Grace
To come nearer: what can be their business:
With me, a poor weake woman, pale from sorrow?
I do not like their coming; now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Welles & Companjon.

Welf. Peace to your Highnessye.

Queen. Your Grace find me here part of a Housewife,
(I would be all) against the world may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Welf. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chambers we shall give you
The full euid of our comming.

Queen. Speake it here.

There's nothing I have done yet of my Conscience
Defenses a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this wish as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
About a number) if my actions
Were told by euer tongue, euer eye saw'em,
Ency and false opinion foes against'em,
I know my life to euen. If your business
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth louses open dealing.

Card. Tanta cfr ete mentis integritas Regina formidans.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin; I

am to chuch a Truante faire my comming,
As not to know the Language I have lis'd in: (ous: A strange Tongue makes my cuse more strange, supspite;
pray speake in English, there are some will thank you,
If you speake truth, for their poor Misftis fake;
Believe me he's had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing't force I ever yet committed,
May be absolat'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity thouh breed,
(And servise to his Maiestie and you)
So deeps suspicion, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the wyse of Acculation,
To taine that honour euerly good Tongue blesses;
Not to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much high Lady; not to know
How you stand minded in the wygby difference
Betweene the King and you, and to delibeer;
(Like free and honest men) our outi opinions,
And comforts to our caufes.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bow your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Capture
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye favours an Answer
In such a point of weight, to meere mine Honour,
(And more mine Life I learne) with my weak wit;
And to such men of graver and learning:
In truth I know not. I was let at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her fake that I have borne, for I feele
The laft fit of my Greatnesse; good your Grace
Let me have time and Counsell for my Caufes;
Alas! I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelcss.

Gerd. Madam,

You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
Your hope and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you think Lords.
That any English man dare give me Counsell;
Or be a knowne friend (gainst his Highnes pleasure,
Though he be grown to desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my affilictions,
They that my truth shall growe, but not here.
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrie Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leasure your gracees, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maire cause into the Kings protection;
He's louing and most gracious ' I will be much,
Both for your Honor be better, and your Caufe:
For if the tryall of the Law o'renkeye,
You'll part away disgrace'd.

Gerd. He tell you righty.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye with fer both, my rude
Is this your Christian Counsell? Our oune ye.
Heaven is above all ye; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage misplace vs.

Queen. The more blame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two reuered Cardinal& Vrures
But Cardinal Sins,and hollow hearts I soe feare ye;
Mend'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cardinal char ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, taught at, fecond?
I will not wish ye hallo my misties,
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I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heavens fake to take heed, lest at once The burden of my favour, fall upon ye. 

Car. Madam, this is a more distraction, You turne the good we offer, into envy. 

Quo. Yet turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all such false Professors. Would you have me (If you have any Justice, any Pity, If ye be any thing but Churchmen habits) Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me? Also, he's banish't me his Bed already, His Lod, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchedness? All your Studies Make me a Care, like this. 

Camp. Your fears are worse. 

Quo. Have I lived thus long (let me speake my self) Since Verruc finde no friends? a Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vanglory) Neuer yet branded with Suspiion? Hane I, with all my full Affections Still met the King? And had him next Heau'n?Obeys'd him? Bin (out of fondneffe) superflitious to him? Almost forgett my Prayes to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords, Bring me a constant woman to her Husband, One that nee'dream'd a toy, beyond his pleasure; And to that Woman (when she has done moft) Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience. 

Car. Madam, you wander from the good We syume. 

Quo. My Lord, I dare not make my selfe to guiltie, To gu'e wp willingly that Noble Title Your Master wed me to; nothing but death Shall e divorce my Dignities. 

Car. Pray heare me. 

Quo. Would I had never trod this English Earth, Or felt the Frailities that grew upon it: Ye haue Angles Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts. What will become of me now wretched Lady? I am the most unhappy Woman living. 

Alas (poore Witches) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pitys, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred wepe for me? Almost no Grace allow'd me? Like the Lilly That once was Miftis of the Field,and flourished, He hang my head, and perish. 

Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know,our Ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why hold we (good Lady) Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Dispers, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such wronges, not to fowe 'em. For Goodness sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your selfe: I, viterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage, The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience, So much they love it. But to throbbe Spirits, They swell and grow, as terrible as Thome. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as easy as a Calme; Pray thinkes vs, Those we profess,Piece-makers,Friends, and Servants. 

Camp. Madam,you'l finde it so: 

You wrong your Vertues 

With these weak Women feares. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, ever eall. Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loves you. Beware you look not for us (if you please) To trufts in your busineffe we are ready To vie our wroth Studies, in your seruice. 

Quo. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I have vs'd my selfe vnammanely, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a seemly answer to such persons. Praye my seruice to his Maiestie, He's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers While I shall have my life. Came reverent Enders, Beflow your Counsell on me. She now bagges That little thought when the feet footing here, She should have bought her Dignities so deere. 

Scena Secunda. 


Nor. If you will now write in your Complaints, And force them with a Conspicacy, the Cardinall Cannot stand under them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall suffaine noe newe disgraces, With the Duke of York, you have alreadie. 

Syr. I am joyful To meet the last occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-law, the Duke, To be reveng'd on him. 

Suf. Which of the Peers Have uncomendg'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? When did he regard The flampe of Nobleme, in any perfon Out of himselfe? 

Chew. My Lords, you speak your pleasures: What he deferves 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 accesse to the King, never attempt Any thing on him for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King in's Tongue. 

Nor. Of feare him not, His spell in that is out : the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetled (Not to come off) in his displeasure. 

Syr. Sir, I should be glad to hear such Nevess as this Once every houre. 

Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the Dincosse, his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded: wherein he appears, As it would with mine Enemy. 

Syr. How came his 

Practises to light? 

Suf. Most strangely. 

Syr. O how! how! 

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried, And
And came to th' eye o' th' King, whosein was read
How that the Cardinal did invent his Holiness
To play the Judgement of Diuorc'e; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
That King is tangled in a fiction, 10
A Creature of the Queenes. Lady Anne Bullen,
Suf. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Suf. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trichtes founder, and he brings his Phy sicke
After his Patients deaths; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sus. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I profess you have it.
Suf. Now all my joy
Trace the Coniect of.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order guien for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may he left
To some estes unrecorded. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blest to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Suf. But will the King
Digeft this Letter of the Cardinai's?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No no:
There be more Waspes that buzz about his Nose,
Will make this fling the sooner. Cardinall Campeiro
Is flown away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Has left the caufe o' th King unhanded, and
Is posied as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To secound his plot. I do affure you,
The King c'ry de Has, at this.
Cham. Now God mence him,
And let him c'ry Hasowder,
Nor. But my Lord.
When returnes Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Hove fastened the King for his Diuorc'e,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriages shall be publis'd,
And her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paint
In the Kings buiness.
Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it. an Arch-bishop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. Tis to
Enter Wolsey and Cromwel.
The Cardinall,
Nor. Oh, for his obfcrue, he's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwel,
Gaut you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he at the o' th'inside of the Paper?
Crom. Petently
He did vnselle them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde t a ocede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend me here this Morning.
Crom. Is he really to come abroad?
Crom. I thinkke by this he is.
Card. Leave me a while.
Exit Cromwel.
It shall be to the Dutches of Alfonso,
The French Kings Sifer; He shall marry her
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no Anne Bullen for him,
There's more in't then false Vilage. Bullen?
No, wot'te no Bullen? Speedily I wish
To heere from Rome. The Machionefle of Penbroke?
Nor. He's discommanded.
Suf. May he be heers the King
Does what his Anger to him.
Suf. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Misfor Misfor? The Queues, Queene?
This Candle burns not sheere, 'tis I mutt paint it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her venous
And well deruring? yet I know her fur
A speenly Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our caufe, that she should lyke 'tch bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe,there is sprung vp
An Hereticke, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one
Hath crawli'd into the Iauore of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something

Enter King reading of a Schedule.

Suf. I would 'twer somthing y would see the string,
The Mafter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What plices of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'heure
Seemes so bow from him? How, 'tch name of Thrift
Does he take this together? Now my Lords,
Saw ye the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood here observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He beates his lip, and flarts,
Stops on a foddain, lookest upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gait, then fops againe,
Strikes his brett hard, and anon, he cafts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him fit himselfe.
King. It may well be,
Theris a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wht you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwircitingly)
Forsooth an Innterpyry, thus importing
The feueral parcels of his Places his Treasure,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Houfhold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subject.
Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet
To bleffe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation were above the earth, and fix on Spirituall obiect, he should fall, dwell in his imagings, but I am afraid His Thinking are below the Moon, not worth His serious considering.

King take his 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 fume, and brent the Incuriously Of your bent Grace, in your mind, the which you were now running in. To heal from Spirituall Injuries, a briefe Span To keep your eirthly Arbitr, fur in that I demand you an Ill Husband, and am gild To have you threneth my Companion.

Car. Sir, For Holy Offices I have a time, a time To think uppon the past of hustiness, which I bere the Thinker; and Nature does require Her times of preferation, which perfect Her faire forme, among it my Brethen mortall, Must glose my endurance. To heal you, you have gied well.

Car. And euer may your Highness yoke together, (As I will lend you caufe) my doing well, With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again, And I a kind of good deed to say well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father! fond you, He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word upon you. Since I had my Office, I hawe kept you next my Heart, hawever long time Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home, But par'd my present Eluising, to belowe My Bounties upon you.

Car. What shou'd this mean?

Sur. The Lord increas this businesse.

King. Have I not made you The prime man of the State? Pray you tell me, If I what now pronounce, you have found true: And if you may confess, I say wherewith If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soveraigne, I confess your Royall graces Shew'd on me daily, have bene more then could My studied purpoe require, which went Beyond all mans endeavor. My endeavor, Have euer come too short of my Desires, Yet fall d with my Abilities. Mine owne ends Have bene mine to, that euermore they pointed To this good of your most Sacred Perfon, and The profit of the State. For your great Graces Heip'd vpon me (poore Vnderwriter) I Cannothing render but Allegians thanke, My Prayers to beassent for you; my Loyalite Wher euer ha's, and euer shall be growing, Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd: A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is Therein illustrated, the Honor of it Does pay the Aft of it, as it contrary The fouveraine is the punishment. I preforme, That as my hand's ha's open'd Bounty to you, My heart drop'd Loe, my powars raid' Honor, more On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart, Your Braine, and every Function of your power, Shou'd not consist of gaving that your bond of duty, At w: in Loues particular, be more To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profess,

For that your Highness,e good, I ever labour'd More then mine owne, that am, hare, and will be (though all the world should cracke their duty to you, And throw it from their Soule, though perils did Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and Apppear in forms more horrid) yet my Duty, As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, Should they this whole kind, wilde Rivers breake, And stand vafheken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he has a Loyal breef, For you have scene him open't. Read o're this, And after this, and then to Breakfast with What appetite you have.

Exit King, surnowning to the Cardinal, the Nobles thronng after him smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this mean?

What foaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it? He part'd Eorowning from me, as I Rume Leap'd from his Eye. So lookes the chafed Lyon Upon the daring Hunterman that has gaid him. Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper: I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:

This paper he's vs'd me: Tis the Accomplishments of all that world of Wealth I have drawn together For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Pope) And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! I do so to the Foolie to fall by. What croffe Distill Made these your Space, a Secret in the Packes I sent the King, is there no way to cure this? No new deuice to bear this from his Braines? I know 'twill fire me strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope? The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse I write too a Holiness. Nay then, farewell: I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse, And from that full Meridian of my Glory, I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the Evening, And no man see me more.

Enter to profess, the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Now Hear the Kings pleasure Cardinall, Who commands you To render up the Great Seale presently Into our hands, and to Confine your felle To After-bouche, my Lord of Winchester, Till you ha're further from his Highness.

Car. Stay: Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie Authority so weighty. Soft. Who dare cross 'em, Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly? Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it, (I mean your malice) know, Lords, you dare, and must d'ny it. Now I see Of what course Mettle ye are molde, Enuy, How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As it is fed ye, and how sleeke and warnoon
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enious course, men of Malicie; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Scale You sake with such a Violence, the King (Mince, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me: Bad me enjoy, with the Place, and Honors During my life: so to confirm his Goodnese, Tid it by Letters Patent. Now, who'll take it? Sur. The King that gave it. Car. It must be himselfe then. Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest. Car. Proud Lord, thou liest! Within the flethe fortie howres, Suryey durt better Have burnt that Tongue, then fade so. Sur. Thy Ambition (Thou Scarlet fiuue) robb'd this bewailing Land Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law, The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals, (With thee, and all thy best parts bond together) Weigh'd not a hair of this. Plague of your politie, You sent me Deputie for Ireland, Farte from his fuccour; from the King, from all That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him: Whilf thy great Goodnese, out of holy pitty, Abfolu'd him with an Axe, Wahl. This, and all else.
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit, I answ'rer, is most false. The Duke by Law Found his defects. How innocent I was From any pruate malice in his end, His Noble lurie, and foule Caufe can witniffc. If I lou'd many words, Lord, I shoul'd tell you, You have as little Honfite, as Honor, That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth, Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master, Dare mate a founder men then Surrie can be, And all that love his follies. Sur. By my Soule, Your long Coas (Priest) protects you, Thou fouldt fit feele My Sword i'th life blood of thee elle. My Lords, Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance? From and from this Fellow? if we live thus tamely, To be thus iaded by a peer of Scarlet, Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward, And dare vs with his Cap, like Latkes. Card. All Goodnese Espoyfon to thy Stomacke. Sur. Yes, that goodnese Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one, Into your owne hands (Cardinal) by Extortion: The goodnese of your Intereception Parts You writ 10th Pope, against the King: your goodnese Since you provoked me, shall be most notorious. My Lord of Norfoke, as you are truly Noble, As you respect the common good, the State Of our defpia'd Nobilitie, our Iffues, (Whom if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen) Produce the grand summe of his fones, the Articles Collected from his life. 1e flatter you Worfe then the Searing Bell, when the browne Wench Lay killing in your Armes, Lord Cardinal. Sur. How much me thinkes, I could defpife this man, But that I am bound in Charitie againft it.

Nor. Thofe Articles, my Lord,are in the Kings hand; But thus much, they are foulc ones. Wahl. 'So much faireer And fooleffe, shall mine Innocence ariе, When the King knows my Truth. Sur. This cannot fave you: I thanke my Moneym, I yet remember Some of thofe Articles, and out they fhall. Now, if you can btuff, and cre guilde Cardinal, You'l hew a little Honfite. Wahl. Speake on Sir, I dare your worst Obfervations: I ftill blufh, It is to fee a Nobleman want manners. Sur. I had rather want thofe, then my head; Have at you. First, that without the Kings affent or knowledge, You wrought to be a Legare, by which power You main'd the judiciation of all Bifhops. Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex novus Was ftill inftre'bd: in which you brought the King To be your Servant. Sur. Then, that without the knowledge Either of King or Counsell, when you went Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders, the Great State. Sur. Item, You fent a large Commission To Gregory de Caffado, to conclude Without the Kings will, or the States alowance, A League betweene his Highnese, and Ferrara. Sur. That out of more Ambition, you have caud your holy-Hat to be ftampd on the Kings Coine. Sur Then, That you have fent innumerable Subftance, (By what means got, I leave to your owne confience) To furnifh Rome, and to prepare the wayes You have for Dignities, to the more vendoing Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are, Which since they are of you, and odious, I will not marke my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord, Prefile not a falling man too farte: tis Virtue: His faults feem open to the Laws, let them (Nor you) correct him. My heart weeps to fehim So little, of his great Selfe. Sur. I fay him. Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleafure is, Because all thofe things you have done of late By your power Legacie within this Kingdome, Fall into the compaffe of a Premiun; That therefore such a Wit be fucd against you, To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements, Callifes, and whatfoever, and to be Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge. Nor. And to fure I leave you to your Meditations How to live better. For your fuborne answer About the gifting backe the Great Seale to vs, The King fhall know it, (and no doubt) fhall thank you. So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal. Exeunt all but Wolfe.

Wol. So farewel, to the little good you beare me. Farewell! A long farewell to all my Greafefle. This is the State of Man: to day he putt forth The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blomfome, And beares his blufhing Honor thicke upon him: The third day, comes a Froft; a killing Froft, And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
In the Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I doe. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swarm on bladders: This many Summers in a Sea of Glory
But faire beyond my depth, my high-blowne Pride
A length broke under me, and now he's left me
Weary, and old with Strule, to the mercy
Of rude Firearme, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feel ye heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favour?
There is beside that shame we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their name,
More pangs, and feares then wars, or women have;
And when he fallet, he falls like Lucifer,
Ne'er to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell? standing amazed.

Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.

Card. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline, Nay, and you weep
I am far from that.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well?

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know my selfe now, and I feel with me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities.
A Hill, and quiet Conference. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillars, out of pitie, taken
A load, would sink a Navy, (too much Honor)
O is a burden Cromwell, too a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,

He's made that right wise of it.

Card. I hope I have:

I am able now (me thinks)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soul, I feel)
To endure more Miseries, and greater feare
Then my Weake hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What News thro' bread?

Crom. The beauteous, and the worth,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Card. That's somewhat foaste.

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness favour, and live justice
For Truths sake, and his Conference; that his bones,
When he's run his course, and Drapes in Bresfings,
May have a Tombe of Orphans teares wept on him.

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome
Inhalf'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Neues indeed.

Crom. Left, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrete long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappells and the royce is now
As long about her Coronation.

Card. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.

O Cromwell,
The King's he gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have left for ever.

No Sun, shall view what forth mine Honors,
Or glide against the Noble Troopers that weighted
Upon my Smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwell,
I am a poor false man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may sooner set) I hate him told,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me, will flatter him
(Knows his Noble Nature) not so let
Thy hopeful fortune perish too. Good Cromwell
Neglect him not; make we now, and provide
For those owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needes forgo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
Bare winneffe, all that hate not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. Cromwell, I did not thinke to finde a taste
In all my Miseries: But show halfe fore me
(Out of thy honest truthe) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus fare thee well, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And Decepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, must more be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of Glory,
And founded all the Depth, and Shotes of Honours,
Bound thee a way (out of thy wacke) to rifte in:
A Sure, and faste one, though thy Master muft it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, bring away Ambition,
By that done fell the Angels; how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Lowe thy selfe left, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, enly gentle Peace
To silence enuous Tongues. Be just and fair not:
Let all the ends thou ay'm'lt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall (O Cromwell)
Thou fall it a blessed Martyr.
Sure the King: And praythee lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have
To the last penny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe 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 Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Mus Quatuor. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once again.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your hand here, and behold,
The Lady Anne, passe from her Coronation.

2 Tis
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Tis all my business. As our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Trall.
"Tis very true. But that time offers'd more,
This general joy.

Tis well! The Citizens
I am sure have few wise at full their Royal minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Signs of Honor.

Not I assure you better taken Sir.
May I be bold to take what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.

Yet, 'tis the Lift
Of those that claim their Offices this day,
By cuttome 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 read the rest.

I thank you Sir: Had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of Kambro?
The Princecss Doxgner? How goes her business?

That I can tell you too. The Archbishops
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reeserued Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; five miles off
From Amphill, where the Princecss lay, to which
She was often ceded by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the main attend.
Of all these learned men, she was divorced,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Knycton, Where she remains now sick.

Alas good Lady,
The Trumpets sound; Stand close,
The Queene is coming.

The Order of the Coronation.

A linez Flours of Trumpets.
Then, two Litudes
Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
Quiresisters singing. Muficke
Maiter of London, bearing the Azure. Then Garter, on
his Coat of Arms, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper
Crown.

Marquefe Dorset, bearing a Sceptror of Gold, on his head,
A Denny Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey,
bearing the Red of Silvan with the Dove, Crowned with an
Earl's Coronet. Collars of Effes.

Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate for Coronet on his head
bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Red of Marshalship,
A Coronet on his head. Collars of Effes.

A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque Ports, under it
The Queene in her Robe, on her horse, richly adorned with
Pearls. Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London,
and Winchester.

The Old Dukeof York, in a Coronall of Gold,
orn'd with Flowers bearing the Queenes Train.
The Queneef of Nortfolke, in a Coronall of Gold,
orn'd with Flowers bearing the Queens Train.
Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plate Circles of
Gold, withtous Flowers,
Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and
then A great Flourish of Trumpets.

A Royal Train believe me. Thee I know.
Who's that that bears the Sceptor?
Marquefe Dorset.
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.
A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolk,
'Tis the fame: high Steward.
And that my Lord of Nortfolke?
Yes.
Heaven bleffe thee,
Those half the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straies that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.
They that bear
The Close of Honour over her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
Three men are happy,
And so are all, are you her.
I take it, she that carries up the Train,
is that old Noble Lady, Durtcheffe of Nortfolke.
It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
Their Coronets say fo. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
No more of that.
Enter a habd Gentleman.
God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
Among the crowd it's his Abbey, where a finger
Could not be widge'd in more: I am fliled
With the more ranknesse of their joy.
You saw the Ceremony?
That I did.
How was it?
Well worth the seeing.
Good Sir, feake i to vs?
As well as I am able. The rich flames
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a preap'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from ben, while her Grace fvaie downe
To refit a while, fome halfe an hour, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoing freely
The Beauty of her Perfon to the People.
Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a joye soe fe
As the Thowdowes make at Sea, in a finte Tempell,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Huts, Cloakes,
(Doubtles, I thonke) flrow vp, and had their Faces
Bril looke, this day they had beene loft. Such joy
I newer faw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a wecke to go, like Rammes
In the out time of Ware, would make the price
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could fay this is my wife there, all were woon
So strangely in one peece.
But what follow'd?
At length, he Grace rofe, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where the kneele'd, and Sime like
Caft her faire eyes to Hauean and pray'd deouculty.
Then rofe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bypofh of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Confessor's Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblems
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Queire
Scena Secunda.

Easter Katherine Doegger, joces, lead betweene Grifith, her Gentleman Vnder, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do your Grace?
Kath. O Grifith, fitce to daesh:
My Legges like losden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Rench a Chaere,
Now go (me thinker) I feel a little eafe.
Didst thou not tell me Grifith, as thou leadeft mee,
That the greate Childes of Honor, Cardinalis: why?
Was daesh?
Grif. Ye Madam: but I thank your Grace
Out of the paine you suffred, gave no eare to't.
Kath. Pre'thie good Grifith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he lefte before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the flou' Easte Northumberland
Arryfed him at Yorke, and broughte him forward
As a man sorely taunted, to his Answer,
He fell fitske sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not fit his Mule.
Kath. Alias poore man,
Grif. As I was, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Couent, honouredly receiv'd him;
To whom he gaue those words. Of Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the formes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Gie him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknefe
Perfus'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the twelfth of eight, which he himselfe
Foreord should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Tears, and Sorrowes,
He gue his Honors to the world a-gen,
His blefed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,
His Featus lyde gendely on him.
Yet thus fare Grifith, give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded flamack, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by fuggellion
Try'd all the Kingsdom, Symone, twice faire a y.
His owne Opinion was his Law. Th'other
He would lay vntreath, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruines) pitifull.
His Promifes, were as he then was, Mythful:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing,
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:
Men well manners, live in Briffe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yet good Grifith,
I were mauficous elfe.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one
Exceeding wise, pure spoken, and perfuading:
Loyly, and fowre to them that lovd him not:
But, to those men that fught him, he was the Summer
And though he were vnfaftified in gifting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in beholding Madam,
He was most Princely: Euer winneffe for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he vaid in you,
Ipswich and Oxforde: one of which, fell with him,
Vntil he was willing to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though vnfinnfull?) yet to Famous,
So excellent in Art, and full foaring,
That Chrystendome shall euer speake his Vertue.
His Overthrow, he crie'd Happiness upon him.
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Bleffednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'd, being God;
Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But fuch an honnift Chronicler as Grifith.
Whom I mofht were Liuem, thou haft made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modell.
(Now in thy Are) Honor. Peace be with him,
Patience, be neere me still, and let me lower,
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Grifith,
Cauhe the Musitians playe me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell, whil's I fit meditating.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

On that Caelithall Harmony I go too.
Sad and slemere Mrslick.
Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

Enter Falstafly
Enter Falstaffly tripping one another, free Peringsges, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlandds of roses, and golden Wizards on their faces, Branches of roses or Palmes in their hands. They first Cenge unto her, then Dance: and at certain Charges, the first two hold a spaire Garland over her Head, at which the other feare make reuerend Curfses. Then the two that holdles Garland deliver the fame to the other near two, who obferve the fame Order in their Charges, and holdling the Garland over her head, w'hich done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obferve the fame Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her feeps) signes of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And from their Dancng warth, carrying the Garland with them.

The Musickke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone
And leave me here in wretchednesse, behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw we none enter since I slept?
Grif. None Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a bleffed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Caft thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happinesse,
And brought me Garlandes (Griffh) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall affuredly.
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Potefle your Fancy.

Kath. But the Musickke ceafe,
They are fast and heavy to me.

Musickke ceases.

Pat. Do you now
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawn? How pale the lookes,
And of an Exxct cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And like your Grace--
Kath. You are a fawey Fellow,
Deferves we no more Reverence?
Grif. You are too blame.

Knowing she will not loose her wonted Creatnesse
To vie to rude behauiour. Go, too, kneele.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haft made me vnnattractive. There is staying
A Gentleman fent from the King, to fee you,
Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me ne're fee again.

Exit Messengers.

Enter Lord Capheubus.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Empror,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capheubus.

Cap. Madam the fame. Your Servante.
Kath. Of my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, fince first you know me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne service to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who pretends much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Parson after Execution;
That gentle Physick given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Warms, and my poore name
Bind'd in the Kindgdom. Patience, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I have commende to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaffe louses: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thick on Blessings on her,
Befeeching him to gluze her vertuous breeding.
She is yong; and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deere well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake: that loud him.
Heauen knows how deere.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittle
Vpon my wretched women, that is long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is none, I dare sayow
(And now I should not lye) but will defere
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those are men are happy that shall haue'em.
The left is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus,
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deerest in this world,
As you with Christian peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vige the King
To doe me this last night.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honett Lord. Remember me
In all humilite unto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is paffing
Out of this world. Tell him in deeth I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. Griffth farewell. Nay Paternesse,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; brew me our
With Maidens Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalm me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterce me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Kathern.
Enter Gardiner Bishop of Wincheste, a Page with a Torch before him, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, it's not.
Boy. It hath strooke.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities.
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waste these times. Good house of night Sir Thomas:
Whether so late?

Law. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did Sir Thomas and left him at Pimpero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Law. 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 semes you are in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late bustnisse: Affaires that wake
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilnder Nature, then the bustnisse
That seekes dispach by day.

Law. My Lord, I love you;
And durf commend a secret to your care
Much weightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
She't with the Labour, end,

Gard. The fruitse he goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and life: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish it grabb'd up now.

Law. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Confidence fayes
She's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladye do's
Defure our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, you are a Gentleman
Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Cromer, Cromer, her two hands, and five
Sleep in their Graves.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd th'kingdome: as for Cromewell,
Befide that of the jewell-Houfe, is made Master
Oth'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of close Preferments,
With which the Limne will load him. Th'Archbyshop
In the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yet, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell you) I think I have
Intenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For I know he is, they know he is)
A moit Arch-Hermitique, a Peithence
That does inflect the Land: with which, they mowed
Here broken with the King, who hath so farre
Given care to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princeely Care, for-resting those foul Mischiefs,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishops 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 haste. All fail? What means this? Hoa? Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Kep. Yes, my Lord:

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Kep. Your Grace must weigh this till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buss.

Cran. Tis Buss. This is a Peere of Malice; I am glad I came this way so happily. The King shall understand it presently.

Exit Buss.

Cran. Tis Buss.

The Kings Physitian, as he pass'd along,

How earnestly he cais his eyes upon me:

Pray heaven he found not my disgrace for earlaine

This of purpose laid by fome that have me,

(God tune their hearts, I never fought their malice)

To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me

Wait elfe at doore: a fellow Counsellor

Mong Boyes, Groome, and Lackeyes. But their pleasures

Mufi be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Buss, at a Window above.

Buss. He now your Grace the strangest fight.

King. What's that Buss?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

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**Butt.** I think your Highness saw this many a day.

**King.** Body a me: where is it?

**Butt.** There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at Rome in the highest Purse-waists,
Pages, and Foot-boys.

**King.** Ha! 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honestly among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so no fear of favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a Post with Packet:
By holy Mary (Butt) there's a hurry
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain close:
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chypres and Stool'd, and
placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places
himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
Scent being left word abuse him, as for Canterbury in Seats.
Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamber-
lain, Gardner, fast themselves in Order on each side. Com-
manded as lower end, to Secretary.

**Cham.** Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Council?

**Crom.** Plead ye Honours,

The chiefes cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

**Gard.** Has he's had knowledge of it?

**Crom.** Yes.

**Nerf.** Who waits there?

**Keep.** Without my Noble Lords?

**Gard.** Yes.

**Keep.** My Lord Archbishops:
And he's done halfe an hour to know your pleasures.

**Cham.** Let him come in.

**Keep.** Your Grace may enter now.

**Crommer** approaches the Council Table.

**Cham.** My good Lord Archbishops, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this prefent, and behold
That Chypre and emptine: But we are men
In our owne natures frail, and capible
Of our flesh, few are Angells out of which frailty
And want of wisdome, you that best should teach us,
Have mistend'med his selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For to we are informed by new opinions,
Dissers and dangerous, which are Heresies;
And not reformed, may prove pernicous.

**Gard.** Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for those that tane wild Horfes,
Pace'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But flop their monthes with fatborn Bitts & sparte'em,
Till they obey the managge. If we suffer
Out of our easinsie and childishe pitty
To one mans Honour, this concoming sicknesse;
Farewell all Physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uprisings, with a general Lament
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper Germany can deceitly winke
Yet freshlie pinn'd in our memories.

**Cham.** My good Lords; Elsewhere, in all the Progresses
Both of my Life and Office, I have laboured,
And with no little fludy, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely, and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more delicately, and with shires against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
Defacters of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With lefse Allegiance in it. Men that make
Eunus, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Date bite the bell. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vote against me

**Suff.** Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vesture no man dare accuse you. (ment.
**Gard.** My Lord, because we have busines of more emo
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our consent, for better request of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower.
Where being but a private man against,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

**Cham.** Ah my good Lord of Winchelsea: I thanke you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both hide your Lordship, Judge and Luror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my vnoing. LOwe and meeknese, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Call none away: That I shall clearme selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conference,
In doing dalywrong. I could say more,
But eueryon to your calling, makes me modest.

**Gard.** My Lord, my Lord, you are a Secetary,
That's the plainest truth; your painted glosse discoures
To men that understand you, words and weakeflie.

**Crom.** My Lord of Winchelsea, y're a little,
Bip your good name, too falsely, for Noble,
How euer faultly, yet should finde relief?
For what they have bene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

**Gard.** Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie, you may work
Of all this Table say so.

**Crom.** Why my Lord?

**Gard.** Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sett? you are not found,
**Crom.** Not found?

**Gard.** Not found I say.

**Crom.** Would you were halfe so honest?
Mens prayers then would feeke you, not their fearers.

**Gard.** I shall remember this bold Language.

**Crom.** Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

**Cham.** This is too much;
Fortbear for shame my Lords.

**Gard.** I have done.

**Crom.** And I.

**Cham.** Then thus for you my Lord, it stands aggre,
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be consuaid to th's Tower a Prifoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne vnto vs: as you all agreed Lords,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords? Gard. What other, Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome: Let some o'th Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Meas! I goe like a Traytor ther.
Gard. Receive him, And see him safe to'th Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to lay. Looke there my Lords, By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause Out of the gripe of cruel men, and give it To a most Noble judge, the King my Master.
Cran. This is the Kings Ring.
Sen. To no counterfeit.
Cran. To the right Ring, by Heau'n! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stome a rowling, Twould fall upon our selues.
Nas. Do you thinke my Lords, The King will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?
Cran. This is too certaine, How much more is his Life in value with him! Would I were fairly ou't on't.
Cran. My mind gave me In seeking tales and informations Against this man, whose honesty the Dwell And his Disciples only enuy as, Ye blew the fire that burns ye, now have at ye.

Enter King, speaking on them, takes his Seate.
Gard. Dread Souereaigne,
How much we are bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes, that gave vs such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious: One so much beloved, makes the Church:
The cheere, syme of this Honour, and to strengthen That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Judgement comes to hear The cause bewrith her, and this great offender.

Ka. You were ever good at foddaine Commendations, Bishop of Wincelfter. But know I come not To bear such flattery now, and in my presence They are to thinke, and safe to hide offences, To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me: But wheresoe thou tak'st me for, I am sure Thou hast a cruel Nature and a bloody. Good man fit downe: Now let me see the proudest Here, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee. By all that's holy, he had better change, Then but on' thinks his place becomes the next.

Sur. Myt it please your Grace;

Ka. No Sir, it do'st not please me, I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, And wisedome of my Counsell; but I finde none:
Was it disdention Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you defile that Title) This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see, More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the sword, had ye meane, Which ye shal never haue while I live.

Cran. Thus faire
My lord, I dreed Souereaigne, may it please your Grace, To let my tongue excelse all. What was purposed Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world then malice, I'm sure in one.

Ka. Well, well my Lords respect him, Take him, and vs him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a Prince May be beholding to a Subject; I am for his lawe and feruice, to vs. Take me no more adoe, but all embrace him; Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterburie I have a Suite which you must not despise me.

This is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme, You must be Godfather, and awaue for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now live may glory In such an honour: how may I defender, That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Ka. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare my spoone?
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old Duchess of Norgeby, and Lady Marquest! Don't you will these plase you?

Once more my Lord of Wincelfter, I charge you Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I do it.

Cran. And let Heau'n
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (Seants, Ka. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew this thy true The common voyce I see it verified Of thee, which I sith thus: Doe my Lord of Caubury A faire to thee, and hee's your friend for euer.
Come Lords, we retire time away: I long To haue this young one made a Christian,
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine: So I grow stronger, you more Honoure game.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Trompul wanishing Enter Porter and bus man.

Par. You'le leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye stude Stoves, leaue your gaping:

Whar. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.
Par. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Roger: Is this a place to roaste in? Fetch mee a dozen Crab-tree Eares, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em: Ile scratch your heads; you must be feating, Christians! Do you knowe for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Raskills?

Mon. Pray Sir be patient; 'lis a most impossible, Vnlesse we swepe 'em from the dore with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em fleape
On May day Mornynge, which will never be; We may as well pufh against Powles as furne 'em.
Par. How got they in, and be hang'd?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Man. Alas I know not, how get the Tide in? As much as one found Candle of four foare, (You see the poore remainder) could distribute, I made no spare Sir.

Per. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Gay, nor Coldbrand, To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker: Let me more to fear a Chine anse, And that I would not for a Cow, God faue her.

Wil. Do you hear M. Porrer?

Per. I thank be with you presently, good M. Peffy.

Keep the door close Sitha.

Man. What would you have me do?

Per. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to murther in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great Tole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs? Hilles me, what a sty of Formation is at doe! On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all rogeth.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow who weare the doore, he should be a Brashier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-days now reigne in Noife, all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that Pate-Drake did hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noife discharged against me; hee stands there like a Morreter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdaughters Wife of small wit, neere him, that ral'd upon me, till her punk'd porterger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I mit the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who eat out Clibbes, when I might see from faire, some forty Trunchoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o'th' Sround where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome haffe to me, I defide 'em still, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loore shot, delivered such a quinte of Pubbles, that I was faine to draw mine Emanuel, and let 'em win the Worke, the Duell was amongst 'em I think barely.

Per. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhous, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limbehoue, their desire Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbe Parke, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running Banquets of two Beesles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are here? They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming, As if we keep a Fair here? Where are these Porters? These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine hand followers? These a timber rabble let in: are all thefe Your faithfull friends o'th Subdew? We shall have You see the poore Officers, and to many may doe, Not being tyme a pieces, we have done: An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, The King blame me for't; I lie ye all

By th' heeles, and sodainly on your heads, Clap round Finer for negle: y'are lazy knaves, And here ye lose baiting of Bombers, when Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets found, Th's come already from the Christening, Go breake among the presset, and finde away out To let the Treepe passe freely; or lie finde A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Mondnes.

Per. Make way there, for the Princeffe.

Man. You great fellows, Stand close up, or lie make your head ake.

Per. You th' Chambler, get vp o'th' raile, Ile pecke you o'te the palese elfe. Extent.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mover, Carter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, and two Noblemen., bearing great standing Beaux for the Christening Curts. Then enter Norfolkmen bearing a Canopy, under which the Duke of Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Childre richly habited in a Mantle, etc. Traine borned by a Lady: Then follows the Marchenffes Dorfes, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Trumpes passe once about the Stage, and Carter speaks.

Gari, Heaven From they crosse goodnese, fend prosperus life, Long and ever happie, to the high and Mighty Princeffe of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen, My Noble Partners, and my felic thus pray All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady, Heaven euer laid vp to make Patents happy, May hourly fall upon ye.

Kin. Thank you for your good Lord Archbishop: What is her Name?

Cran Elizabeth.

*Kin. Stand vp Lord, With this Kiff, take my Blessing: God protect thee, Into whole head, I give thy Life.

Cran. Aem.

Kin. My Noble Gofflys,y'have been too Prodigall; I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady, When she ha's to much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir, For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter, Let noe chikle Flatteri, for they'll fade'em Truth, This Royall Infant, Heaven full most about her, Though in her Cradlet, Yet now promiseth, Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings, When Th' shall bring to openace: She shall be, (But few new luying can behold that goodnese) A Patterne to all Princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: She was never More couetous of Wifedome, and faire Vertue Then this pure Souls shall be. All Princesse Grace That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this, With all the Vertues that attend the good, Shall full be doubled on her. Truth shall Narfe her,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Countess her.
She shall be loud and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Pows shalke like a Field of beaten Coral,
And hang their heads with sorrow.
Good grows with her.
In her days, Every Man shall ease in safety,
Under her owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and thole about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatest; yet by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her; But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new crease another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall the issue her Bleffedness to One,
(When Heauen shall call her from this cloud of darknes)
Who from the Sacred Ashes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as the was,
And fo stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shone,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountains Cedar, reach his branches;
To all the Phinies about him: Our Children Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

K. Thou speakest wonders.

C. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne er.
Would I had knowne no more: But the must dye,
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
A most unspotted Lilly shall the passe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourn her.

K. O Lord Archbishop
Thou haft made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Gracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall defire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Major,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thank ye.
She will be fiche els. This day, no man thinke
'Thas businesse at his house; for all shall play:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Tis ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here. Some came to take their ease,
And sleepe an All or two; but those are scare
Whom haue frughing with our Tempests so faire clear,
They I say you naught. Others to hear the Cry
Who is extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which we haue not done neither, that I care.

All the expelled good we are like to beare,
For this Play at this time, is onely on
The mercifull Constatution of good womem.
For such a one we fam'd 'em. If they beare,
And say we will doe, I know when a whole.
All the best mem are ours; for it is all hop.
If they hold, when their Ladies shall com clap

Finis.
The Prologue.

IN Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgilous, their high blood chas'd
Hane to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with theministers and instruments
Of cruelle Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their war is made
To ranfacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauisht'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepe, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pavillions: Priaim fixe-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antemonidus with mastic Staples
And contraryne and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard And bitherto am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce, but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument,
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes are the rauant and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle, staruing 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.
Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

All here my Varlet, Ile vears me againe.

Why should I wear without the walls of Troy
That finde such cruel battell here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troilus has hast none.

Pan. Will this geere here be mended?

Troilus. The Greeks are strong, & skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercennede Valiant:
But I am weaker then a woman scarce;
Tamer then sleep, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilllesse as unpreadid Infancc.

Pan. Well, I have tould you enough of this:
For my part, Ie not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have
a Cake out of the Wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

Troilus. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. I, to the leau'ing: but heres yet in the word hereafter, the Roodening, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oven, and the Baking: in May, you must stay the cooling of it or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troilus. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere the be, Dost leffer blench as Sufferance, then I doe:
At Prans: Royal Table do I sit;
And when faire Cressid come into my thoughts,
So (Trisnor) then she comes, when she is thence

Pan. Well.

She look'd yefternight faire, then euer I saw her looke, Or any woman eft.

Troilus. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a figh, would rise in twain.
Least Helleor, or my Father shou'd perceiue me:
I hau'e (as when the Sunne doth light a corn) Buried this figh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But fowre, that is couch'd in feeming gladness,
Is like that mirth, Faste turnes to sudden fadnesse.

Pan. And her hair was not somewhat daker then Helen, well go too, there were no more comparison be-
twene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinde
man, I would not (as they teares it) praise it, but I wold
Enter Pandarus O God, how do you plague me? I cannot come to Cressida but by Pandarus, and he's so ready to be wou'd to work, as she is flibborne, chaff, against all sults. Tell me, the better way to do they Daphnis Love. What Cressida is, what Pandarus, and what we: her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearl, between our Illust, and where she resides. Let's be cold with the wild and wandering Goed. Our self, the Merchant, and this sitting Pandar, our doubfull hope, our convooy and our Barke. 

Alarum. Enter Enter. 

Scene. How now Prince Troylus? 

Wherefore not a field? Troy. Because not there; this women answers forts, for woman not is it to be from thence. What newes a Enter from the field to day? Troy. That Paris is returned home, and hurt, Troy. By whom Enter? Troylus by Melanusa. Troy. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a fear to sorree. Paris is gored with Melanusa horse. Alarum. Enter. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day? Troy. Better at home, if I would mine were may: but to the sport abroad, are you bound with this? Alarum. In all swift haste. Troy. Come gone were then togeth. 

Exeunt. Enter Cressida and her man. Cre. Who were those went by? Man. Queen Hecuba, and Helen. Cre. And whether go they? Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower, whose height commands as subdued all the sille, to see the battell. Helen whole patience, is as a Vertue fast, to day was mour'd. He chides Andromache and slorne his Amazon. And like as there were husbandry in Ware, before the Sume rose, he was bearne lyte, and to the field goe's he; where every flower did as a Prophet were what it forsw, In Hellers wrath. Cre. What was his cause of anger? Man. The nose goe's this; there is among the Greeks, a Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Helen, They call him! Man. Cre. Good, and what of him? Man. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone. Cre. So do all men, while they are drunk, or have no enges. Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beas of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churchish as the Bear, low as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valor is crufit into folly, his folly saced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries some flame of it, he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire, he hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing he out of eye, that he is a godlike Beare, many hands and none else: or publimed, Argus, all eyes and no light. Cre. But how fould this man that makes me smile, make Helen angry? Man. They say he yeelded day cop'd Hellers in the battell and broke him downe, the dild indk & shame where.

of, hath ever since kept Helen falling and waking. Enter Pandarus. Cre. Who comes here? Man. Madam your Nephle Pandarus. Cre. Hecules a gallant man. Man. As may be in the world Lady. Pan. What's that what's that? Cre. Good morrow Nephle Pandarus. Pan. Good morrow Cozen Cressida: what do you talk of good morrow Alexander, how do you Cozen when were you at Illust? Cre. This morning Nephle. Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Helen smir'd and got your yea came to Illust? Helen was not up there was she? Cre. Helen was gone but Helen was not up? Pan. 'Ere for Helen was shirng early. Cre. That were we talking of and of this anger. Pan. Was he angry? Cre. So he faires here. Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, hee leay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylus will not come faire behind him, let them take here of Troylus I can tell them that too. Cre. What's the angry too? Pan. Who Troylus? Troylus is the better man of the two. Oh Jupiter, there's no compassion. Pan. What not between Troylus and Helen? do you know a man if you see him? Cre. I if I do not saw him before and knew him. Pan. Well I say Troylus is Troylus. Cre. Then you say as I say, For I am sure he is not Helen. Pan. No not Helen is not Troylus in some degrees. Cre. 'Tis suff, to each of them he is himselfe. Pan. Himselfes as poor Troylus I would he were. Cre. So he is. Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India. Cre. He is not Helen himselfe: nor he's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are about, time must friend or endwell Troylus well, I would my heares were in her body: no, Helen is not a better man then Troylus. Cre. Excuse me, Pan. He is elder. Cre. Pardon me, pardon me. Pan. Tho' ther's not come too's, you shall tell me another tale when others come too: Helen shall not have his will this yeare. Cre. He shall not need it if he have his owne. Pan. Not his qualities. Cre. No matter. Pan. Not his beause. Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better. Pan.' You have no judgement Neece; Helen her selfe swore the other day that Troylus for a browne fawour (for so I must confess) not browne neither. Cre. No, but browne. Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne. Cre. To say the truth, true and not true. Pan. Shall I publish his composition about Paris. Cre. Why pass hath colour enough. Pan. So he has. Cre. Then Troylus should have too much, if the propis'd him about, his composition is higher then his; he having colour.
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pand. Ile be borne 'tis true," he will wepe you an'twere a man borne in April. Sound a retire.

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an'twere a restless against May.

Pand. Harke they are comming from the field, that we stand vp here and fee them, as they passe toward Ilium, good Nece, do, sweet Nece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may fee more brauely, I tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke Troilus above the rest.

Enter Cressida.

Cres. Speake not so loud.

Pand. That's Cressida, is not that a braine man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troilus, you that see ane.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pand. That's Antenor, he has a through'd witt I can tel you, and he's a man good enough, he's one of shone's judgament in Troy whose father, and a proper man of perfon; when comes Troilus? Ile shew you Troilus anon, if he fee mee you shall fee him him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pand. You shall fee.

Cres. If we do, the rich shal have, more.

Enter Helen.

Pand. That's Helen, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Go to you way Helen, there's a braine man Nece, O brave Helen! Look how her lookek there's a countenance, if not a braine man?

Cres. O brave man!

Pand. Is anot? Ile doos an man heath good, looke you what harks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you fee? looke you there? there's no lieing, laying on, cal't off, who all as they say, there behack.

Cres. Be bold with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pand. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the duell come to him, it's all one, by Gods bid it doees ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris; looke yee yonder Nece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Helen heath good now. I would I could fee Troilus now, you shall Troylus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Helenus.

Pand. That's Helenus, I maruell where Troylus is, that's Helenus, I think he went not forth to day: that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight Vnkle?

Pand. Helenus no: yes helke fight indifferent, well, I marvell where Troylus is, harke, do you not hae the people crue Troylus, Helenus is a Priest.

Cres. What for sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pand. Where t Yonder? That's Daphobus, 'tis Troylus' Ther's a man Nece, hem; A brave Troilus, the Prince of Chialtialye.

Cres. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marketh, in not him; Ob true Troylus: looke well upon him Nece, looke you how his Sword is blou- died, and his Helmet more back then Hector, and how he lookek,
Troylus and Cressida.

lookers, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he'se
saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way,

**Enter common Scandalous.**

*Cref. Heere come more.*

Pan. Alls, fools, doles, chafe and bran, chaffe and
branch: poore edge after meet. I could flue and dye t'eyes
of Troylus. Neere looke, neere looke: the Eagles are gone,
Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be
such a man as Troylus, then Agagament and all Greece.
*Cref. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better
man then Troylus.*

Pan. Achilles, he is a Dazey-man, a Porter, a very Camel.
*Cref. Well well.*

Pan. Well, well, Why hasse you any settings have
you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth,
b suy, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gen-
tleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice,
and that fitting reason a man?
*Cref. I am a man and then be bak'd with no Dare
in the pye, for then the man dars out.*

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes now
in what ward you dye.
*Cref. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon
my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend
mine honesty; my Maeker, to defend my beauty, and you
to defend all these: and at all these wares I lyt at, at
a thousand watches.
*Pan. Say one of your watches.*

*Cref. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of
the cheereft of them too. If I cannot ward what I would
not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the
blow, unleffe it was past hiding, and then it's past watch-
ing.*

**Enter Boy.**

**Pan. You are such 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 t'well good Neece

*Cref. Aide Vnkle

Pan. **He be with you Neece by and by**

*Cref. To bring Vnkle

Pan. **I, a token from Troylus**

*Cref. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand
Words, vowes, gifts, tears, & loues full facefree,
He offers in others enterprise;
But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,
Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet held I off. Women are Angels swooning,
Things won are done, royes foule byes in the dooing;
The belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vagian'd, more then it is
That she was ever yet, that ever knew
Long got to sweet: as when desire did fue:
Therefore this maxime out of loose I reach;
*Atcheiement, a command; vagian'd, beoffred,
That though my heart Contents frome loue dote beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes apprase. Exit.*

**Enter Agagament, Nifler, Vypse, Dianc
And, Melaunc, with others.**

Agam. **Princes:**

What green hath set the loundies on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all deffigent, begun on earth below

Fayles in the promill lagenne: checkes and dissaters

Grow in the veins of Actions, highest read.

As knout by the coll occas of meeting tap,

Infekt the found Pine, and divers his Graine

Tortuce and erant from his course of growth.

Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppoole to fare,

That at feven yeares siege, yet Troy walle trium,

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw

Blas and thwart, not answering the syne

And that unboyled figure of the thought

That gau'st sustemmed shape, Why then you Princes

Do you with checkes aba'd, behold our works.

And think them shame, which are (indeed)ought elfe

But the prostrate trist of great Joue,

To finde pesufite confancie in men?

The fineccse of which Metssia is not found

In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,

The Wife and Peole, the Artifl and vn-read,

The hard and fond, seeme all affine, and kin.

But in the Winds and Tempet of her crowsen,

Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;

And what hath maffe, or matter by it selfe,

Lies rich in Verue, and winngiled.

Nifler With due Obeersance of thy godly fees,

Great Agagament, Nifler shall apply

Thy latef wordes.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true proue of men: The Sea being smooth,

How many shallow bubble Boates dare fade

Upon her patients braft, making their way

With those of Noble bulke?

But let the Ruffian Boate once enraged

The gentle Thress, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Moutains out,

Bouncing betweene the two mooyt Elements

Like Perles Horse. Where's then the favcy Boate,

Whose weake vnmember d sides but even now

Co-riv'd d Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a Toffe for Neptune. Even so,

Dost valours shew, and valours worth divide

In Glories of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splittng windes

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled under shade, why then

The thing of Courage,

As rowe'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tur'd in selfe-fame key,

Returns to chiding Fortune.

Vypse. Agagament.

Thou great Commander, Nereus, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirite,

In whom the temper, and the mindes of all

Should be thu up: Hece what Vypse speakes,

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway,
And thou most reverend for thy strictest awe, 
I give to both your speeches: which were such,  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in Brasilia and such again.  
And Aenarbus Nefer (by God in Siver).  
Should with a bond of yre, strong as the Arxletre  
in which the Heauen ride, knot all Greekes ears  
To his experienced tongue: yet let it please both  
(Thou Great, and Wise) to give Phryges speake.  
Age. Speak Prince of Ilahas, and be't of offeke expect:  
That matter needlefull of importellfe burthen  
Disoste thy lips; then we are confident  
When r finance Theseus opens his Mallice tawes,  
We shall please Mufircke Wirt, and Oracle;  
Ulyss Troy yet upon his baths had bene downe,  
And the great Hektor's sword had lack'd a Master  
But for these infances.  
The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected;  
And looke how many Grecian Tens do stand  
Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.  
When that the Generall is not like the Huse,  
To whom the Enragers shall all repair,  
What Honeyscreed Degree being wizarded,  
Th' nochtheft flyswes as fairly in the Maske.  
The Heaune themselves, the P LANets, and this Center,  
Obferve degree, priority, and place.  
Injustice, counte, proportion, feason, forme,  
Office, and custody, in all line of Order:  
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol  
In noble eminence, enthron'd and rparked  
Amad't the other, whose mot'tunable eye  
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euell,  
And patters like the Commandment of a King,  
Says checkes, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
Euell mixture to disorder wander,  
What Plagues, and what poorets,what mutiny?  
What raging of the Sea? Shaking of Earth?  
Commotion in the Windes, Frightes, changes, horrors,  
Diuer, and eracke, rend and destinate  
The vnry, and married shame of States  
Quite from their fixture? No, when Degree is flakk'd,  
(Which is the Ladder to all high designtes)  
The enterprise is fickle. How could Communities,  
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,  
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,  
The primogenite, and due of Byth,  
Pragrasite of Age, Crownes, Scepriers, Lawrels,  
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?  
Take but Degree away, vno that string that,  
And beside what Difcord followes: each thing meetes  
In more oppugnancia. The bounded Waters,  
Should lift their boomes higher then the Shores,  
And make a foppe of all this Solid Globe:  
Strength shou'd be Lord of imbecility,  
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:  
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,  
(Betweene whose endless errre, Justice recides)  
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.  
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power.  
Power into Will, Will into Apptite,  
And Apptite(an unfuerfall Wolfe,  
So doubly seconced with Will, and Power)  
Must make perfecion on vnuerfall prey,  
And Iaff, esse up himelfe.  
Great Agamemnon:  
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,  
Followes the choaking:  
And this neglection of Degree, is it  
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose  
It lieth to clime. The Generall's disdain'd  
By him one flap before; he, by the next  
That next, by him beneath: so every step  
Exampled by the first pace that is fickle  
Of his Superior, grows to an emissius Feator  
Of pale, and bloodleffe Emulation.  
And this he Feator that keeps Troy on foote,  
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakest lines, not in her strength.  
Neft. Most wisely hath Phryges hereo discouder'd  
The Feator, whereof all our power is fickle.  
Age. The Nature of the fickleste found ('Ulyss)  
What is the remedie?  
Phyl. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,  
The finewe, and the fore-hand of our Hote,  
Hauing his ear full of this very Fame,  
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent  
Lyres mocking our designtes. With him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazye Bed, the day-long day  
Breakes fentril lefts.  
And with ridiculous and suukward a'ktion,  
(Which Slanderer, he imitations call')  
He Pages vnto Sometimes great Agamemnon,  
Thye topleffe deputation he puts on;  
And like a frustring Player, whose conceit  
Lies in his Har-miring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the woodden Dialogue and feund  
'Twixt this flichtech footing, and the Seafolage,  
Such to be pittied, and overretted fpeeched  
He adts aby Greatmen in: and when he speakes,  
'Tis like a Chimea mending. With rearmes unqu'ard,  
Which from the tonge of rooring Toraph drops,  
Would fernes Hyperbole. At this fully flute,  
The large Achilles (on his preft-bed lolling)  
From his deep Chefe, leaghes out a lowd influent,  
Cries excellent, 's Agamemnon luf.  
Now play me Nefer: hum, and broke thy Beard  
As he, being dreeft to some Oration  
That's done, as neere as the extremeft ends  
Of parables I like, as vultan and his wife,  
Yet god Achilles still cries excellent,  
'Tis Nefer right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night-Alarime,  
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age  
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,  
And with a paffe folumbing on his Gerget,  
Shake in and out the Rious; and at this fport  
Sir Yolour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus,  
Oh, give me ribs of Steele, I shall (plt all  
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashon,  
All our abilities, gifts, names, shapes,  
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,  
Atchievements, plots, orders, preentations,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Successe or loffe, what is, or is not, serves  
As flute for these two, to make paradoxes.  
Neft. And in the imitation of these twaine  
Who (as Phyls says) Opinion crownes  
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infed:  
Aias is grownse felle-will'd, and bears his head  
In such a reyne in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him;  
Makes faticous Feasts, sales on our state of Ware  
Bolds.
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as to Oracle, and sans Theuses
A Gue, whose Call comes flanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with dart,
To weaken and deferish our exposure,
How ranke forever rounded in with danger.

A Gue, They take it in our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-Ball prescence, and effector no straie.
But that of hand: The tall and mentall part,
That do contrive how manie hands shall strike
When timefle call them on, and know by measure
Of their obstrener toyie, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-woke, Mapp'y, Cloke-Ware:
So that the Ramme that battters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or wheele that with the finetness of their foules,
By Reafon guide his execution.

Nea. Let this be granted, and Achilles horse
Makes many Tires famous,
Tucket
Men. From Troy.
Agg. What would you fore your Tore?
Nea. Is this great Agamemnon Tent, I pray you?
Agg. Even this.
Nea. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kings eyes?
Agg. With fairety stronger then Achilles arme,
Fored all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce,
Call Agamemnon Head and Generall.
Agg. Fairlease, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Agg. How?
Nea. I take, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheke be ready with a blush
Medall as morning, when the coudy eyes
The youthful Phobus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agg. This Troyan scorne vs, vs the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Nea. Courtiers as free, as deboonair, as Vestr
As breading Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would feeme Souldiers, they have galleis,
Large Armes, strong joynts, true swords, & windy accord,
Nothing so full of heart: But peace is ever,
Peace Troyans, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worhience of praise doth reigne his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the p's se forth.
But what the reaping enemy commend,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise folk pure tranqulis.
Agg. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe Agg?
Nea. I Grecke, that is my name.
Nea. Sir pardons, for Agamemnon cases.
Agg. He heares ought priuately
That comes from Troy.

Agg. Not I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpeter to awake his ear,
To let his fense on the assentive bent,
And thus to speake.

Agg. Speake frankly as the winde.
It is not Agamemnon sleeping hour,
That shoul know Troyan he is awake,
He tells thee to himselfe.

Agg. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Beefe voyce thro' all those lazie Tents,
And every Grecke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meaneas fairely, shall be spoile nowd.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great Agamemnon here in Troy,
A Prince call Hecia, Prusam is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-commende Truce
Is rully groome. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among all the fastit Folke of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he sees his peril,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes nor his heare,
That loses his Miftres more then in confession,
(With trust wages to her owne lips he loucet
And dare know her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hecia, in view of Troyans, and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his bift to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Grecke did confesse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and wallies of Troy,
To rowze a Greckian that is true in love.
If any come, Hecia shall honour him:
If none, he'll stay in Troy when he retires,
The Greckian Dames are fan-burnt, and not worth
The pleasure of a Lance: Even so much.

Agg. This shall be told our Louers Lord Agamemnon:
If none of them have soule to such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a mette recearent proofe,
That meantes not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets Hecia: if none eile, lie be he.
Nea. Tell him of Hecia, one that was a man
When Hecia Granden fuekt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Greckian world,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Love: retell him from me.
Hee hide my Sileer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wifer'd browne,
And meeting him, wil retell him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandam, and as chaffe
As may be in the world: his youth in blood.
He pawns this truth with my three drops of blood.

Nea. Now heavens for bid such carisfite of youth.

Vifs. Amen.

Agg. Make Lord Agamemnon,
Let me touch your hand;
To our Paulishment I'll lead you fiest:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Feo.

Exeunt.

Vifs. Hecia.

Nea. What sayes Hecia?

Vifs. I have a young conception in my braine,
Be you my tyme to bring it to some shape.

Nea. What?

Vifs. This is:
Blunt wedges true hard knos: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturitie blowne ep
In make Achilles, truth or now be crop'd,
Or be all of a nursery of like culn
To our bull's vs all.

Nef. Well, and how?

Uph. This challenge that the gallow Helen founds,
How ever it is sped in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nef. The purpose is periphus even as substance,
Whose grovemenes little characters bunme vp,
And in the publication make no staine,
But that Achilles, were his braine as barren
As bankets of Lybias, though (Apollo knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity finde Helen's purpose
Pointing on him.

Uph. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nef. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from Helen bring his Honor off,
If not Achilles; thought he's a sportful Combatte,
Yet in this stall, much opinion dwells.
For here the Troyans take our dearst repute
With their finl't Pallis: and true to my Pheesy,
Our imputation shall be oddely pois'd
In this wilde action. For the success
(Although particular) shall give a scolding
Of good or bad, unto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subsequent Volumes, there is scene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maffe
Of things to come at large. It is fuppof'd,
He that meets Helen, allues from our choypie:
And choife being natural acte of all our soules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth Boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diffit'd
Out of our Veruses; who miscarrying,
What heat from hence receyues the conquiring part
To steelea strong opinion on themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bows
Difchivie by the Limbs.

Pheisy. Give pardon to my speech.

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Helen:
Let vs (like Merchants) fhew our fowlst Wares,
And think percheane they'fell: if not,
The lutter of the better yet to feew,
Shali fewe the better. Do not confent,
That ever Helen and Achilles meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nef. I fee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Pheisy. What glory out Achilles fhares from Helen,
(Were he not proued) we all should ware with him:
But he already is too infolent,
And we were better parench in Africk Sonne,
Then in the pride and falt fcone of his eyes
Should he fame Helen faire. If he were joy'd,
Why then did we out maine opinion cnfih
In taint of our belt man. No, make a Larryly,
And by deute let blockish Azax draw
The fort to fight with Helen: Among our felce
Give him allowance as the wortbiet man,
For that will phyricke the great Myrmidon
Who bryoles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Creff, that proued there blew Iris bent.
If the dull brainelefe Azax come safe off,
Wael'd drefle him vp in voyces: the faile,

Yet go we under our opinion fill,
That we have better men. But hit or miff,
Our projects life this shape of fence affames,
Aaer employ'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.

Nef. Now Pheisy, I begin to relih thy advise,
And I wil give a tale of it forthwith
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tare the Msstiffes on, as 'twere their bone. Examns
Enter Aias, and Therfis.

Aias. Therfis?

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (full) all our generally.

Aias. Therfis?

Ther. And thofe Byles did rumne, fyfo; did not the General rune, were not that a botchy core?

Aias. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him.
I fee none now.

Aias. Thou Bitch-Wolffe-Sonne, canty not here?
Fyfel then.

Sirest him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungre bree-wittet Lord

Aias. Speake then you whom I leavent speake, I will beate thee into hand-fornettes.

Ther. If that sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:
but I think thy Horse will sooner con an Oration, then fylearn a prayer without books: Thou canst stricke, canst thou? A red Murren'oth thy fides stricke.

Aias. Toalds foole, leame me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doft thou thinke I haue no fonce thou stricke'ft

Aias. The Proclamation.

(merthys)

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aias. Do not Parpente, do not; my ftringes itch.

Ther. I would thou didft itch from head to foot, and

I had the fcratching of thee, I would make thee the loomft flab in Greece.

Aias. I fay the Proclamation.

Ther. The grumblebree & raife every hour on A-

Achilles, and thou art as full of enoy at his grætes, as Cer-

beris is at Proprion's beauty. I, that thou barklt at him,

Aias. Mihtifie Therfis.

Ther. Thou shoulft stricke him.

Aias. Cobofle.

Ther. He would pun thee into fhivers with thy fill, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aias. You holton Cure.

Ther. Doso.

Aias. Thu foolc for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord; thou haft no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Afinico may t usher thee. Thou feurly valient Affe, thou art herte but to breath Troyans, and thou art bought and foldie a-

mong theo of any wit, like a Barbarian fife. If thou wile to beat me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what thouart

by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Aias. You dogge.

Ther. You feauny Lord.

Aias. You Cure.

Ther. Mars his Icet do rudenes, do Camell, do, do,
Enter Achilles, and Paraleus.

Achil. Why how now Azax wherefore do you this?

Howard. Therfis! what's the matter man?

Ther. You see he there, do you?

Aechil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Aechil. So I do; what's the matter?
Troylus and Cressida.

Thur. Nay but regard him well. Achill. Well, why do I do so. Thur. But yet you look not well upon him, for he comes ever you take him to be, he is Achill. Achill. I know that foole. Thur. I, but that foole knows not himself. Achill. Therefore I beseach thee, Let me, lo, lo, what madamow of wit he vsters; his custom hauet cases thus long. I have bobb'd his brain. more than he has beaten his bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a penny, and his Pianatur is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achillis) Achill who wears his wit in his belly, and his garters in his head, He tell you what I say of him. Achill. What? Thur. I say this Achill. Achill. Nay, good Achill. Thur. Has not so much wit. Achill. Nay, I may hold you. Thur. As will flop the eye of Helen Needle, for whom becomes to fight. Achill. Peace foole. Thur. I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: be there, that he, look ye there. Achill. O thou damn'd Gurre. I shall Achill. Will you let your wit to a foole. Thur. No, I will not; for a foole will shame it. Pat. Good words Thyself. Achill. What's the quarrel? Achill. I had thee wise Owle, goe learme me the curse of the Proclamation, and he replies upon me. Thur. I ferue thee not. Achill. Well, go on, go on. Thur. I ferue here voluntary. Achill. Your last ferue was in feruance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is benten voluntary: Achill was here the voluntary and you asunder in Imprese. Thur. E'ten'to, a great decree of your wit too lies in your finnewes, or else there be Lairs. Helles thall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fowle nut with no kernel. Achill. What with me to Thyself? Thur. Thou art a phifer, and old Neffer, whose Wit was mouldy ete their Grandfides had nails on their toes,you like drill.Ozen, and make you plough vp the warre. Achill. What? Thur. Yes good foorth, to Achill to Achill, so. Achill. I shall cut out your tongue. Thur. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards. Pat. No more words Thyself. Thur. I will hold my peace when Achill Brooch bids me, shall I? Achill. There's for you Patroclus. Thur. I will I live you hang'd as Cocopales are I come any more to you or Teants: I will keape where there is wit fluring, and issue the fallon of fooles. Exit. Pat. A good riddance. Achill. Marry this Sir is proclam'd through all our haur, That Helles by the lit house of the Sunne, Will with a Trumper, twist our Teants and Troy To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes, That hath a foameake, and such a one that dare Mantaine I know not what: 'tis truth. Farewell. Achill. Farewell who shall answer him? Achill. I know not, as put to Lottery: otherwise

Hecknew his man.

Achill. O meaning you, I will goe learn more of it. Exeunt. Enter Priam, Hefte, Troylus, Paris and Helenus. Pri. After so many hauers, Jues, speeches spent, Thus once againe says Nefar from the Greckes, Deliuet Helen, and all his age in eile (As honour, loffe of some, trogulies, expence, Wounds, friends, and what-els deere that is consem'd In hot digestion of this comoner Warte) Shall be broke off. Hefte, what say you too. Hefte. Though no man letters feares the Greeks then I, As you as touches my particuler: yet dred Priam, There is no Lady of more folter bowels, More spunge, to facke in the fence of Farseis, More ready to cry out, who knows what folloues Then Helles is: the wound of peace is furrey, Surety secure: but madefi Doubt is ca'd The Beacon of the wise: hebet that feareth To thoth bottom of the woof. Let Hefte go, Since the first word was draince about this question, Every tytie foulc mongft many thousand difines, Hast bin as deere as Helf: I mean of ours: If we have lost too many teints of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us (Had it out name) the walew of one ten: What merit's in that reafon which Competes The yealding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother: Weigh you the worth and his honor of a King (So great as our dread Father)n in a Scale Of common Oudoes? Will you with Counters summe The palt proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waffe moft forsiomelefe, With fame and onees to diminuete, As feares and reafons? Fie for godly shame? Hel. No manuel though you but to sharpe against reas, You are so empty of them, should not our Father Regare the great essay of his affayres with reas, Because your speech hath none that tells him fo. Troy. You are so dreames & flammers brother Priam You fayre your glouses with reas there are your reas You know on enemy tends you harme, You know a Darb impley'd is perilous, And reafon eyes the obiect of all harme, Who manuels the when Helens beholds A Grecian and his Iward, if he do fer The very wings of reas to his heales: Or like a Starre disband'd. Nay, if we talke of Reafon, And Eye like chidden Mercuric from Ioue, Let's fuch our gates and sleep: Mannoed and Flonor Should have hard hearts, wold they but fer their things With this cromes'd reas of reas and respect, Makes Luers pale, and lullyhood deceif.

Hefte. Brother, fie is not worth What the doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's sught, but as 'tis valwe? Hefte. But value dwells not in particular will, It holds his estesse and digniti As well, wherein 's precious of it failes, A sin the prizes: 'Tis made foilable To make the teriuer greater then the God, And the will deere that is increasable To what inestionly it felle afficts, Without some image of the affed merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

p.3
Troylus and Cressida.

My Willienkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two steads Pylos' twist the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I aux'd
(Although my will diffals what it elest)
The Wite I chose, there can be no evasion
To bleach from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turn not back the Sikes upon the Merchant
When we have spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Visands
We do not throw in vurestipulate fume,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengance on the Grecians;
Your breath of full content bellied his Sales,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) rooke a Truce,
And did him furice; he toucht the Port's des'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Grecians held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & fresnesse
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.

Why keepe we here the Grecians keepe our Aunt?
Is the worth keeping? Why the is a Pelae,
Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And our dome Crow'd Kings to Merchants,
If you turnch, 'twas wisedome Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all dislike, Go, go!)
If you confesse, he brought hone Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clape your hands,
And ride incrinable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomens rate,
And so a deed that Fortune never did?

Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most bafe!
That we have flone what we do fear to keep.
But Theues unworthy of a thing so flone,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrons in our native Place.

Enter Caffandras with her harpe about
her ears

Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.
Prias. What naught? what shreoke is this?
Troy. 'Tis out mad frater, I do know her voyce.

Caf. Cry Troyans.

Hel. It is Caffandra,
Caf. Troyans cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophertick sweetes,

Hel. Peace fitter, peace.

Caf. Virgins, and Boys, midst age & wrinkled old,
Soft infaunce, that nothing can but cry.
Add to my clamour: let vs pay brestes
A moity of that maffe of moose to come.
Cry Troyans cry, praffle your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilien hand,
Our fire-brand Brother Paris bernes vs all.

Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a weep;
Cry, cry, Troy bernes, or else let Helen goe.

Hel. Now youthful Troylus, do not these life strains
Of diuersion in our Sister workte
Some touches of remorse? Or to your blood
So maily hot, that no distrusts of Reascon,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Troy. Why Brother Helen,
We may not think the insinueth of each sate
Such, and no other then event doth form it,
Nor once deffe the courage of our minds;
Because Caffandra's mad, her braineske ruptures
Cannot diftablke the goodnesse of a quarrel,
Which hath our severallHonours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my privete part,
I am no more touchd, then all Princes furnish,
And love forbid there should be done among vs
Such things as might offend the weakeft sence,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Elle might the world censure of levity,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attetch the gods, your full content
Gaine wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on fro dire a proiect.
For what (ala) can thes my sngle armes?
What propogination is in ones mans valour
To stand the darts and dardinesse of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I prosect,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne're retraute what he hath done,
Nor taint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris you speake
Like one bestorted on your sweet delights;
You have the Hony fill but thee the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no prose at all.
If I propose not meerely to my self,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soyle of your faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treson were it to the ranfiled Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession vp
On remares of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a braine as this,
Should once fet footing in your generous bodomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our parte,
Without a heart to endure, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none to Noble,
Whose life we are all belloved, or death vosaff'd,
Where Helen is the fubiec. Then (I say)
Well my we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worldl large spaces cannot parallell.

Hel. Paris and Troylus, you have both said well
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haste glo'd, but superficill, not much
Volite young men, whom Argula thought
To hear Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of disempted blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twiught right and wrong: For pleresse, and revenge,
Hau eares more deshe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature csates
All doe be rendered to their Owners: now
What mercer debts in all humanitie,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corruped through afficion,
And our great mindest of parcell indulgence,
To their bemefull wills refet the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most diffobedient and refraturie.
If Helen then be wife to Spart's King
(As it is knowne she is) thes Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake slowed
To have her bashe return'd: Thus to perfist
In doing wrong, extenusures not wrong,
But makes it much more beauty. Helers opinion
Enter Thersites.

How now Thersites? what light is in the Labyrinth of thy wit? shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thus? he bears me, and trails at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beat him, whilst he ran'd at me: I think I have been one; he learned to ensnare and rout Diomed, but he fee some issue of my spurre full executions. Then ther's Achilles, arate Engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undernurse it, the wall will stand till they tell of themselves. O thou great thunder-dater of Olympus, forget that thou art India the King of gods: and Morcey, look all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leaf, and little wit from them that they have, which short-sam'ud ignorance is false knows, is so abundant, soe, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a Spider, without drawing the missle Lions and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-nacht, for that mee chiques is the cause dependant on those that warre for a placketer. I have laid my prayers and diuell, enue, fay Amen? What ha me my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites, Good Thersites come in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have flin'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy selfe by thy selfe. The common cutte of mankinde, solie and ignorance be thine in great revewe, heaven bleffe thee from a Taurus, and Discipline come not weere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if the that thee thet thee sayes thou art a faire countre, I be forsworne and forsworne, and the newe crowed any but Lazaus, Amen. What's Achilles?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. 1, the heavenes here me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why haft thou not sent thy selfe into my Table, to many meseles? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Paratras, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy Lord Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knowes Paratras: then tell me Paratras, what art thou?

Patr. Thou art not tell that know't.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. He declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Paratras known, and Paratras is a fool.

Patr. You tafell.

Ter. Peace fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a professor'd man, proceede Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Ther-

thine is a fool, and as eorcen, Paratras is a fool.

Achil. Derict this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command A

chilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Aga

memnon, Ther's is a fool to serve such a fool: and Paratras is a foolish appoynt.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Vifnet, Neftor, Diomedes, Axia, and Clistus.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it fulfill's thee thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Paratras, He speake with no body: come in with me Thersites.

Exit.

Ther. Here is such paterchie, such fugling, and such nauseate: all the argument is a Cockold and a Whore, a good guarr to draw emulations, factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Suppneago on the Subject, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Aegam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill disposedmy Lord.

Aegam. Let be knowne to him that we are here: He sent our Messengers, and we lay by our appertnements, visiting of him: Let him be told of, to perceane he thinke We dare not mewe the question of our place, Or know nor what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Ulf. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, He is not sick.

Aegam. Yet, Lyon sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it Melancholy if it will flue the man, but by my head, it's pride: but why, why, let him show vs the cause? A word my Lord.

Neft. What moves Aegam thus to bay at him?

Ulf. Achilles hath inceigned his Foole from bim.

Neft. Who, Thersites?

Ulf. He.

Neft. Then will Aegam lacke matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulf. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-

ment Achilles.

Neft. All the better, their faction is more our with then their faction; but it was a strong couzill that a Foole could disuade.

Ulf. The smates that wisedome knets, not folly may easily emote. Enter Paratras.

Here
Troylus and Cressida.

Here comes Parrelus.

Nef. No Achill with him?

Vif. The Elephant hath defay, but none for curfele: His legge are legs for nocellity, not for flight. Parre. Achill bids me fay he is much forry; If any thing more then your ipore and pleafure, Did moyle your greatneffe, and this noble State, To call upon him: he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digestion take; An after Diners break.

Aga. Hear you Parrelus:

We are too well acquantied with thefie anfwers: But his eafion vanged thus Swift with forrne, Cannot outflie our apprehentions. Much attribute he harf, and much the reafon, Why we fcribe to him, yet all his venures, Not veruoufly of his own part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glaffe; Yea, and like faire Fruit in a vaulted dome dish, Are like to not vnafted: gore and tell him, We came to speake with him: and you fhall not fine, If you doe fay, we think him out proud, And vnder honours in selfe-affumtion greater Than in the name of judgement: & worther then himfelle Here tends the fauage filengee he puts on, Doe safe the holy strength of their command: And vnder write in an obfening kind His humorous predominance. yes watch His pettie lines, his ear, his flowers, as if The paffage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price fo much, Wele none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, Iye vnder this report. Bring alon himbas, this cannot goe to warre: A flaming Dwarfes, we doe allowance giue, Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him fo. Pat. I shall, and bring his safe wore prefently. Aga. In second voyce wele not be fattud, We come to speake with him, Ulfiff enter you, Ee. Ulfiff.

Aga. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is. Aga. Is he fo much, doe you not think, he thinkes himfelfe a better man then I am?

Aga. No question. Aga. Will you subscribe his thought, and fay he is?

Aga. No. Noble Aga, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aga. Why fhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the clearer Aga, and your vortues the faire: he that is proud, eares vp himfelfe: Pride is his owne Gaffe, his owne trumpeter, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praires is felle but in the deede, destroys the deede in the praire.

Enter Ulfiff.

Aga. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingending of Todes.

Nef. Yet he loves himfelfe; it's not strange?

Vif. Achill will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Vif. He doth rely on none, But carries on the fireame of his dispose, Without obeisance or respect of any,

In will peculliar, and in felfe admifion.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our faire requete, Vmont his perfon, and share the ayre with vs?

Vif. Things small as nothing, for requete take onely He makes no applauch; pooffit he is with greatesse, And speaks not to himfelfe, but with a pride That quarrels at felfe-breath. Imagin'd wrath Holds in his blood fuch sullen and hot discourses, That twixt his mental and his attache parts, Kingdom'd Achill in commotion rages, And batteis gainft it felfe; what fould I fay? He is fo plauge proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recovery.

Fif. Let Aga goe to him.

Aga. Dero Lord, you and greave him in his Tene; Tis faid he holds you well, and will be led At your requete a little from himfelfe.

Vif. O Agamemfon, let it not be fo. Wele confederate the Reps that Afax makes, When they goe from Achill: shall the proud Lord, That bafhes his arrogance with his owne foome, And neuer suffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughtes: falue fuch as doe reuolue And ruminate himfelfe, Shall he be worships, Of that he hold an Idoll, more then true? No, this three worthy and right what Lord, Mufi not fo flante his Fame, nobly acquerd, Nor by my will affluigate his merits, As amply titled as Achill is: by going to Achill, That were to enlard his fat already,pride, And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hopitam.

This L. goe to hunt lyper far, and

Vif. And fay in thunder Achill goe to him.

Nef. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Aga. And how his fience drunke vp this applauft

Aga. If I goe to him, with my armed fit, ile path him oere the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not goe.

Aga. And a be proud with me, ile phefe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vif. Not for the worth that hange upon your quamled

Aga. A paenity inflernet fellow.

Nef. How he describes himfelfe.

Aga. Can he not be fociable?

Vif. The Rauen ciples blacknife.

Aga. He let his humoures blood.

Aga. He will be the Phyfihan that fhould be the pa- tient.

Aga. And all men were a my minde.

Vif. Wt would be out of fation.

Aga. A fhould not beare it for a fhould eas Swords siift: I shall pride carry it

Nef. And twould, you'd carry halfe.

Vif. A would have ten fiores.

Aga. I will kneede him, ile make him fupple, he's not yet through warme.

Vif. Force him with praihes, poure in, poure in his ambition is dry.

Vif. My L, you fende too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe not doe fo.

Drem. You mufi prepare to fight without Achill.

Vif. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be flient.

Vif. Whèrefore fhould you go?
Troylus and Cressida.

Pan. Friend, I understand not one word: I am too courteously, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's not indecency; marry sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there impersonal: with him the most tall Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loses insensible soul.

Pan. What's my Cousin Cressida?

Ser. No sir, Helen, could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seeme follow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I came to speak with Paris from the Prince Troylus; I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my businesse's sake.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a flawed phrase indeed.

Enter Parus and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L., you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speak your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musick.

Par. You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peace it out with a peace of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in fouth, in good fouth very rude.

Par. Well said my Lord: well, you say it in fits.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dese Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasaunt with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Deere, and most estimed friend your brother Troylus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe must affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody: if you doe, our melancholly upon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene Jut.

Hel. And to make a sweete Lady lad, is a lower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not seare your turne, that shall not in truth be. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he defires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pan. What faire my sweete Queene, very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What a plaine's in hand, where laps he to night?

Hel. Nay, but my Lord?

Pan. What faire sweete Queene? my cazon will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where be supes.

Par. With my dispofar Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come your dispofar is sicke.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no, your good dispofar is sicke.

Par. I spit.

Pan. You
Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Niece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. Her? no, ittles none of him, they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I heare no more of this, Ie sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethese now: by my true sweet Lord thou haft a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may you may.

Hel. Let thy song be longe; this song will indoe vs all.

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Love I that it shall ystath.

Pan. I good now love, lease, nothing but lour.

Pan. In good truth it begins so.

Elsa love, nothing but love, still more:

For O loves Bow,

Shouts Bucke and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sure:

Thus Lovers cry, oh be they dye:

Yet that which femeas the wound to kill,

Doth tangue be ha, ba be, ha be:

So dying love bee still.

O be a white but ha, ha,

O be gone out for ha ha ha.—hey ba.

Hel. In love ystath to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He extes nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood beget hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why are they Virges, is Love a generation of Virges?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Hector, Duesbon, Henrics, Anterwor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would faine have arm'd to day, but my Neil would not have it so.

How change my brother Troila went not?

Hel. He hangs the lipo at something: you know all Lord Pandarum?

Pan. Nor I honye sweete Queene: Iong to hear how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Pan. To a hag.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Command me to your Niece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Sound a vetro.

Pan. They come from fieldes: let vs to Priam Hall.

To greetee the Speaker, sweet Helen, I shall weep, you,

to helpe warme our Helleter; his frouborne Buckles,

With these you white enchanting fingers toucht,

Shall more obey then to the edge of Steel,

Or force of Greekis finevses you shall do more.

Then all the Iand Kings, disfame great Helleter.

Hel. Twill make vs very proud to be his seruent Paris:

Yea what he shall receale of in duree,

Gues vs more palme in beautie then we have:

Yea ourshines our selfe,

Sweete aboute thought I love thee,

Eynon.

Enter Pandarum and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, as my Couzen Cresida?

Man. No sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sir, a walke off.

Pan. Have you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No Pandarum: I halke about her doore

Like a Strange foule upon the Sitigan bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my Chelow,

And give me swift tranportance to those fields,

Where & may swallow in the Lilly beds

Proposal for the defuer. O gentile Pandarum,

From Cipri tyther plucke his painied wings,

And flye with me to Cresida.

Pan. Walke here this Orchard, Ie bring her straight.

Exit Pandarum.

Troy. I am giddy: expiation whistles me round,

Th'maginary relish is so sweete,

That it inchantes my fence: what will it be

When that the wary pallats taste indeede

Loves thricre reputed Nectar? Deth I ferve me

Sounding distruption, or some joy too fine,

Too subtle, potent, and too sharpe in sweetesse,

For the capaciteit of my ruder powers;

I fasten much, and I doe fearse besides,

That I shall loose distillation in my voyes,

As doth a bratise, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarum.

Pan. She's making her ready, Scheele come straightly you must be witty now, she does so blash, & fetches her windes so short, as if the were fraid with a spirtce: Ie fetch her: it is the pretitstl vieille, the fetchs her breath so short: as a new tape Sparrow.

Exit Pandarum.

Troy. Even such a passion doth imbace my bosom:

My heart beastes thicker then a feaurous pulle,

And all my powers doe ther bellowing looke.

Like vallisige at vahesseingore:

Enter Maistre.

Troy. Come, come, what neede you blash?

Shames a baby; here the is now, sweete the oashes now to her, that you have sworne to me: What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watche ere you be made tame, must you? Come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw back ward weele put you th sly: why does you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.

Adafe the day, how loath you are to offend day light:

'twere darke you'ld cloes looner: So, So, rub on, and kisse the mistreffe; how now, a kisse in ice-ferme? Ie build ther: Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Falcons, as the Tercell, for all the Ducls till River: go too, go too.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words paye no debts: giue her deedes: but thee belewe you 'oths' deeds too, if thee call your saffiti in question: what billling again: here's in witnesse where of the Parties interchageably.

Come in, come in, he go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O Cresida, how often have I wittf me thus?

Cres. Will I my Lord? the gods grant! O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this preti

y superstition so too curious dreg esplere my sweete rela

ty in the foulenice of our love?

Cres. More
Troilus and Cressida.

Cref. More dregs than water, if my tears have eyes.

Troy. Fears make dewels of Cherubins; they never see truly.

Cref. Blinde deaf, that seeing reason Leads, finds safe footing, then blinde reason, rumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear, In all Cupids Pageant there is pretended no monster.

Cref. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our understandings, when we vowe to weep feazily in fire, hate rockes, name Tygers, thinking it harder for our bifeffe to devise imposition enough, then for vs to undergo any difficulte imposed.

This is the most cruellitie in Leue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the least a flawe to limits.

Cref. They say all Lovers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet refuse an ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lefse then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the ad of Hates are they not Monstors?

Troy. Are these fuch? such are not we: Peace as we are tafted, allow vs as we proue. our head shall goe bare till mens crowne: is no perfection in creation shall have a prasie in present: we will not name defert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be homely: few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be fuch to Crefid, as that enuie can fay worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truett, not truett then Troylus.

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing fable have you not done talking yet?

Cref. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youe shall give him me: be true to my Lord, if he finch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word and my fims faith.

Pan. Nay, I give my word for her too: ourkindred their long ere are weodo, they are conftant being wonne: they are Beere I can tell you, they are thick where they are throwne.

Cref. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee hearts: Prince Troylus, I have loud you night and day, for many wearty moneths.

Troy. Why was my Crefid then so hard to win?

Cref. Hard to feme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that ever parden me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant; I love you now, but not till now so much But I might after this: in faith I ly:

My thoughts were like unbridled children grow Too headstrong for their mother: see we fookes,
When I was blind, who shall be true to vs When we are so unwetet to our closets?

But though I loud you well, I woed you not, And yet good faith I with my leffe a man; Or that we women had ments priulidge

Of speaking fliet, Sweet, bid me hold my tongues, For in this rapture I shall surety speake.

The thing I shall repent: see, see your silence Comming in dumbeffe, from my wakennesse drawes

My soule of counsell form me. Stop your mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musick ses THENe.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cref. My Lord, I doe belee you pardon me,

"Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kniffe:

I am ashamed: O Heavens, what have I done!

For this time will I take my leave my Lord,

Troy. Your leave sweete Crefid?

Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow mornong.

Cref. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends yo? Lady?

Cref. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot thin your selfe.

Cref. Let me goe and try.

I have a kinde of felle redies with you:

But a vaine felle, that is felle will leave,

To be another foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes to wifi.

Pan. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then love,

And fell to roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you loute not: for to be wise and loute,

Exceedes mans might, that dwells with gods above.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if I can, I will presume in you,

To seee for aye her lampes and flames of loute.

To keepe her consuauce in plught and youth,

Out-luanging beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew felifer then blood decays:

Or that perfiration could but thus confueme me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed pertritice in loute:

How were I then vp-lifted; but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the insuane of truth.

Cref. In that I lave with you.

Troy. Overuts fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:

True sweates in loute, shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troylus, when their times,

Full of proofet, of oath and big compearte.

Wants similis, truth tied with iteration,

As true as flicle, as plantage to the Moone:

As Sunne to day: as Tuckle to her mate

As Iron to Adament: as Earth to th'Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authentick author to be cited)

As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verte,

And facnifie the numbers.

Cref. Prophet may you be.

If I be false, or I uneven a head from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it feltes:

When water drops have worn the Stones of Troy;

And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;

And nightie States characters are grated

To dyfife nothing: yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Mids in loute,

Vpbraid my falsehood, when they are said as false,

As Aire, as Waser, as Windo, as fandie earth;

As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;

Par to the Hinde, or Stephame to her Sonne;

Yes, let them say, to flicke the heart of falsehood,
Troylus and Cressida.

As fast as Cressida.

Pond. Go to, a bargain made: faste it, faste it, Ile be the worse here I hold your hand: here my Counsell, if ever you prove false one to another, give I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers betwixt be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all confant men be Trojans, all false women Cressids, and all brokers betwixt, Panders: say, Amen.


Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, becaufe it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, prettie it to death: away.

And Cressid grant all tong-tide Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Panders, to pride this greate Exeunt.

Enter Pylus, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalke. Florus.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I have done you, Th'advantage of the time promps me aloud, To call for recompence: appear it to your minde, That through the fight I bear in things to loue, I have abandon'd Troy, let my poftition, Incur'd a Trators name, expo'd my selfe, From certaine and pitifull consequences, To doublyfull fortunes, fequestring from me all That time, acquintance, cullome and condition, Made name, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new in into the world, strange, unacquainted, I doe beseech you, as in way of tale, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promis, Which you fay, due to come in my behalfe. Amen. What would't thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Anthemor, Yestreday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Defir'd my Cressida in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath full dem'd: but this Anthemor, I know is such a wretch in their affaires; That their negociations all moffe flacke, Wanting his manage: and they will almoft, Give vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her prefence, Shall quiterike off all seruice I have done, In moft accepted paine.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, And bring vs Cressid hither: Cæsar shall have What he requests of vs; good Diomed
Furnish you fairely for this enterchace; Withall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready. Dio. This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burchen Which I am proud to beare.

Enter Achilles and Patroklos in their Tent. 

V Inf. Achilles stands at entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and Princes all, Layng ligens and lofte regard upon him; I will confire left, us like heele question me,
Troylus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each others forme
For speculation turnes not to it felfe,
Till it hath trauaile'd, and is married there
Where it may fee is felfe: this is not strange at all.

\[Dif.\] I doe not (traine it at the position,
It is familiar, but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in on and of him there is much confiding,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'appleaufe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch treue'r\'s taste
The voyce against; or like a gate of steele,
Fronting the Sunne, receuеs and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately;
The unknowne Aix\[a\]?

Heuesens what a man is there? very Hoste, (are
That has be konwnes not what. Nature, what things there
Moff abjurt in regard, and scarce in vie.
What things against most deere in the effecte,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Aix\[a\] renownd? O heuesens, what some men doe,
While some men leauе to doe!
How some men creep in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the ieados in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is falling in his wantonnesse,
To see thef Greaten Lords: why euen already,
They clap the lubber Aix\[a\] on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on braue Helen\[b\] brest,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I doe beleue it.

For they putt by me, as myfles doe by beggars,
Neither gue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deeds for goe?

\[Dif.\] Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
A great 2d moniter of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds pa\[d\],
Which are deword\'d as sold as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: perfernue, deere my Lord,
Keeps honor bright, to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fation, like a ruffian male,
In monumantal mockerie: take the instant why,
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes a break, keepe then the path.
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one paurifie; if you gue way,
Or heade slide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindoof.

Or like a gallant Hoste faine in first ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abjurt, neere
Ore. run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though leftt then yours in pa\[s\], must ore\[c\] rop yours:
For none is like a fashionable Hoste,
That flightfly makes his parting Gueft by th'hand,
And with his arms outstretche\[d\], as he would flye.
Grapple in the commer: she welcome euere smilies,
And farewells oue fighting: O let not virtue ferke
Remoneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wis.
High birth, vigor of bone, defect in feruece,
Lowe, frien\[d\]ship, charitie, are sub\[c\]ect\[s\] all

To mouns and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one content prais\[e\] new borne gauers,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt.
More laud then guilt ocredulfed.
The present eye prais\[e\] the present obiect:
Then matruell not thou great: and complex man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship Aix\[a\];
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not flies: the cry went out on thee,
And till it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou woulde not entomb me rie felfe alowe,
And eafe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Who\[s\] glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous millions'mongt the gods themselfes,
And draue great Mars to fation.

Achil. Oftis this my priuice,
I have strong reasons.

\[Vis.\] But gaunt your priuice
The reasons are more potent and heroicall:
'Tis konwne Achil\[a\]s, that you are in loue
With one of Priamus daughters.

Achil. Ha? konwne?

\[Dif.\] Is that a wonder?
The providence that is in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost euery grace of Plutons gold;
Findes bottome in incomprehensib\[u\]e deepes;
Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts musick in their dumbe cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Dust neuer meddle) in the foule of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expresse to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfec\[t\]ly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it be the Achilles much,
To throw downe Helen then Palesena.

But it must greue you that Parbus now at home,
When Fame shal in her Hand found her trumpe;
And all the Greekish Girls shall tripping ring,
Great Helen filler did Achil\[a\]s winne;
But our great Achill\[a\]s would budge heate downe him.

Fairwel\[l\] my Lord: I as your louer speake
The foole slides ore the Lee that you shoulde brake.

\[Par.\] To this effect Achil\[a\]s have I moud you:
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more lath'd, then an effermionate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little flamacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, refrains you thus:
Sweete, route your self\[e\]s and the weke wanton Cepid
Shall from your necke vnloose his amoroues foule,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be floo\[k\]e to ayr\[e\] aye.

Achil. Shall Aix\[a\] fight with Helen?

\[Par.\] 1, and perhaps receive much honor by him,
Achil. I see my reputation is at flake,
My fame is throwly gored.

\[Par.\] O then beware:
Those wounds here ill, that men doe give themselfes
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commis\[s\]ion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an age fullyt taints
Even then when we florish ly in the gaine.

Achil. Give call to her fire, hither sweet Patroclus.
Troylus and Cressida.

He sendeth the book to Aias, and delivereth it to the Trojans Lords after the Combat.

To see here vnaemd: I have a woman longing, to see great Heller in his weedes of peace: Enter Theris.

An appetit that I am fick withal,

To see great Heller in his weedes of peace: Enter Theris.

To takle with him, and to behold his viseage,

Even to my full of view. A labour faud.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. Aias goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so? Ther. He must fightingly to morrow with Heller, and is so prophetically proud of heroncall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be? Ther. Why he flakkes up and downe like a Peacock, a pride and a fland; ruminate like an hollefe, that hath no Artizanque but her braine to let downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a polititique regard, as who should say, there were writ in his head and twoo'd cut; and so there is: but it lyse as coldly in him, as fire in a flirt, which will not flowe without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if Heller breake not his necke i'th combat, heeke break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not me: I said, good morrow Aias; and he replies, thanks Agamemnon. What thinkes you of this man, that takest me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagele, a monfer: a plagit of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassadour to him Theris.

Ther. Who, I? why, heele answer no body: he professes notanswering speaking is for beggers: he vesseles his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preference; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Peageant of Aias.

Achil. To him Patroclus tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Aias, to invite the most valorous Heller, to come vnaemd'to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fire or feauen times honour'd Captainz, Generall of the Grecian Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this. Paro. Low bleffe great Aias.

Tchr. Hum.

Par. I come from the worthy Achilus.

Ther. Ha.

Par. Who most humbly desires you to invite Heller to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Par. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Par. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Par. What say you not.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Par. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke

It will goe one way or other: howsoever, I shall pay for meere he has me.

Par. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, sir?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what mustske will be in him when Heller has knocked out his braine, I know not: but I am sure none, unless the Fuller Apollo get his

Howes to make cuttings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a Letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horsey for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mindes is troubled like a Fountaine: fir'd, And Imy selfe fee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aescul; if I had rather be a Tick in a Skirpe, then such a valiant ignomine.

Enter at one door Cressida with a Torch, at another Paris, Diomede, Ambranor, Damned the Grecian, with Torchis.

Par. See hos, who is that there?

Diom. It is the Lord Aneas.

Ane. Is the Prince there in person?

Par. Had I so good occasion to lye long.

Ther. or as you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly businesse, should robb my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too; good morrow Lord Aneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Eneas, take his hand, Wineselle the procres of your speech within; You told how Diamed in a whole wecke by days Had haunt you in the Field.

Ane. Health to you valiant Sirs, During all question of the gentle truce: But when I measure you arm'd, as blacke defiance, As heart can thinkes, or courage execute. Diam. The one and other Diamed embraces, Our blouds are now in calme, and so long health. But when contention, and occasion meets, By law, he play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, purge and pollicy. Ane. And thou first bane a Lyon that will flye With his face backward, in humane gentilleness; Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life, Welcome indeede: by your hand I sware, No man alone can loose in such a for, The thing he means to kill, more excellently, Diam. We sympathizin, Ine let Aeneas blee (I fram my mord his fate be not the glory) A thousand compleat courses of the Sunne, But in mine emulous honor let him dy With every jot in a wound, and that to morrow. Ane. We know each other well. Diam. We doe, and long to learn each other worke. Par. This is the most, despiffull & gente greeting; The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of. What businesse the Lord so early? Ane. I was sent far to the Kings, but why, I know not. Par. His purpose meets you was to bring this Greek To Catches house, and there to render him, For the enfiend Ambranor, the faire Cressida: Yet's hare your company; or if you please, Have there before vs. I constandy do think (Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge) My brother Troylus lodges there to night. Route him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quallity whereof, I fear We shall be much wELCOME.

Par. That I assure you: Troylus had rather Troye were borne to Greece, Then Cressida borne from Troy.

Par. Thee
Traylus and Creforida.

Par. There is no help: The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.

On Lord, weele follow you.

Exit Traylus

Par. And tell me noble Dianiso: faith tell me true.

Even in the foule of bound good fellow ship.

Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?

My selfe, or Creforida?

Dian. Both alike.

He merits well to haue her; that doth sheke her,
Not making any feruple of her soyle.

With such a hell of paine, and world of charge. And you as well to keepe her, that defend her.

Not pillaring the taffe of her dishonour.

With such a costly losse of wealth and friends.

He like a paling Cuckold, would drink vp the tears and dregs of a flat ramee pedee. You like a setcher, out of wearisfight laynes,
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:

Both meritt pois'd, each weighe not leffe nor more.

Breach he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-women.

Die. Shee's bitter to her countrymen: here me Paris. For every falsy drop in her baudi wnines, A Grecian life hath funke for every feruple Other conumiered crran weight.

A Troian hath beene staine. Since shee could speake, She hath not gluon so many good words breath,
As for her, Grieches and Troians suffered death.

Par. Fair Dianiso, you doe as chapan doe,
Dilp Raw the thing that you desire to buy;

But we in silence hold this vertue well;

Weele not command, what we intend to fell.

Here iewe out way.

Enter Traylus and Creforida.

Traylus. Deere trouble not your selle: the morn is cold.

Cref. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnkle down;

He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Tray. Trouble him not:

To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,

And gies no affo attachment to thy fanni,

As Infant empty of all thought.

Cref. Good morrow then.

Tray. I prithee now to bed.

Cref. Are you a weary of me?

Tray. O Creforida! but that the basic day.

Wak't by the Larke, hath rouse'd the ribauld Crowes, And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer: I would not from thee.

Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.

(Reyes, Tray. Behav the witcht, with venemous weight the At hauouly as hell; but flits the grapes of louse, With wings more momentarry, swift then thought;

You will catch cold, and curfe me.

Cref. Prithee tarry you men will never tarry;

O foolish Creforida, I might have stull held of, And then you would have tarryd. Harke, ther's one vp?

Paed, within. What's all the doores open here?

Tray. It is your Vnkle.

Enter Pandarsa.

Cref. A prilegence on him: now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?

Hear you Maide: wier's my cozen Creforida?

Cref. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking Vnkle;

You bringe me to doo: -- and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What have I broughte you to do?

Cref. Come, come, bethrow your heart: you eneere be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! a poore wretch: a poore Creforida, ha,

mortis to night? would be not (a naughty man) let it sleepeers bug, doore take him.

One knoung.

Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knout ed at head. Who's that at doore? good Vnkle goo and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chambers: You smake and mocke me, as I mean naughtily.

Tray. Ha, ha.

Cref. Come you are deceiued? I think's of no such thing.

How exactly they knocke: pray you come in.

Knocks. I would not for halfe Tray have you scene here. Exeunt Tray. A poore Creforida? what's there? what's the matter?

Par. Good morrow Lord, good morrow

Pan. Who's there my Lord? I have by my truth I knew you not: what news with you to early?

Cref. Is not Prince Traylus here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Par. Come he is here, my Lord, doe nor deny him: I doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? tis more then I know, lle be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should I doe here?

Par. Who, say then: Come, come, yowle doe him wrong, ere' yeare ware: yowle be so tuse to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hithe, goe.

Enter Traylus.

Tray. How now, what's the matter?

Par. My Lord, I scarce have leasure to salute you,

My matter is so raph: there is at hand,

Parus your brother, and Diphabas,

The Grecian Dianiso, and our Antenore

Deliver'd to vs, and for him forthwith,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this house,

We must give vp to Dianiso hand.

The Lady Creforida.

Pan. Is it concluded so?

Par. By Priamus, and the general flace of Troy,

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tray. How my attichements mocke me;

I will goe mee them: and my Lord Antenore,

We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Par. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature

Hau no more gift in tacruncitate.

Enter Pandarsa and Creforida.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but loth: the diuell take Antenore: the young Prince will get nead: a plague upon Antenore: I would they had brok's necke.

Cref. How now? what's the matter? who's was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cref. Why figh you so profoundly? where's my Lord gone? tell me whe! Vnkle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am about; Ha, ha: as poore.

Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?

Par. Prythee get thee in; I would thou hadst nere been borne; I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plagque upon Antenore.
Good vnkle I befeech you, on my kins, I be-
seech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; 
thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy Father, 
and be gone from Troy: 'twill be his death: 'twill be 
his bane, he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you utterest gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not vnkle: I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of confangunitie:
No kin, no louse, no bloud, no soule, so nere me,
As the sweet Troyla: O you gods divine!
Make Cresilda name the very crowne of falshood!
If ever the lease Troyla: time, once and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the strong base and building of my soul,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and wepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my prised 
cheekes,
Cracke my elcer voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding Troyla, I will not goe from Troy Esca-
entr. A.

Enter Parc, Troyla, Antecia, Diophebus, An-
them and Demades.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefix
Of her deluerie to this valiant Greke
Comes fait upon: good my brother Troyla,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haue her to the purpos.

Troyla. Walke into her houfe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deluer her,
Thinkes it an Alter, and thy brother Troyla
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to lose,
And would, as I haile pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cresilda.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is hine, full perfect that I saffe,
And no leffe in a fende as strong
As that which enueth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temperize with my affection,
Or bewe it to a weake and colder paltal,
The like almaint could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croffe;

Enter Troyla.

No more my griefe, in such a precious loffe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes a sweet duck.

Cres. O Troyla, Troyla!

Pan. What a pare of speaches is here? let me em-
brace too: oh, hart, as the goodly laying is; O heart, hea-
ure bewe it, why fheith thou without breaking? where he
answers again: because thou canft not sate fhy fmarl by 
friendfhip, nor by speaking: there was never a truer rime;
let vs caft away nothing, for we may lue to have need of
such a Verfe: we fee it, we fee it: how now Lambs?

Troyla. Cresilda: I loue thee in fo strange a purtie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my lance,
More bright in a cale, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. I loue the gods enuie?
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell that in each grace of thee,  
There lurks a still and dumb-discourse,quies.  
That seems most cunningly; but be not tempted.  

Cres. Do you think I will?  
Troy. No. But something may be done that we will not:  
And sometimes we are droll to out fates,  
When we will tempt the frailties of our powers,  
Prefuming on their changeful pateros.  

Enter the Greeks.  
     Feare not your truth; the morall of my wit  
Is plain, and true, that's all the reach of it.  

Welcome are Diumed, here is the Lady  
Which for Amor, we deliver you.  
At the port [Lord] I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way postle thee the she is  
Entouer her faire; and by my foule, faire Greece,  
Ifere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,  
Name Cres'id, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium?  

Dium. Fare Lady Cresfida.  
So please you fauent the thanks this Prince expects:  
The lustre in your eyes, heaven in your cheeke,  
Pleases your faire village, and to Diumed  
You shall be mistress, and command him.  

Troy. Greek, thou dost not so vse me curteously,  
To shame the saile of my petition towards,  
I praise her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:  
She is a faire high loving o're thy prais,  
As thou wronch'ry to be cal'd her feuant:  
I charge thee vse bet well, even for my charge:  
For by the drudgfull Pius, if thou don't not,  
(Though the great bulke a Schelte be thy guard)  
I'll cut thy throstes.  

Dium. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus;  
Let me be pruind'g by my place and meffage,  
To be a speake free? when I am honest,  
I'll answer to my luft: and know my Lord,  
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth  
She shall be prazed: but that you say, be't io;  
Hesperack is in my spirit and honor, no.  

Troy. Come to the Post. I tell thee Diumed,  
This braves, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:  
Lady give you your hand, and as we walk,  
To our owne felues bend we out needful takle.  

Sound Trumpets.  

Par. Hark, Helleter Trumpet.  
Par. My horse, we spent this morning  
The Prince must think me tardy and remitless,  
That sware to ride before him in the field.  

Par. 'Tis Troylus fault: come, come, to field with him.  

Exeunt.  

Dio. Let vs make ready straght.  

Alex. Yes, with a Benedicturns freth alacritie  

Let us address to tend on Helene heelles:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lye  
On his faire worth, and singe Chusiaire.  

Enter Aias armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,  
Menelo, Priester, Caleas, Gre.  

Age. Here are thou in appointment fresh and faire,  
Anticipation time. With startling courage,  
Gieue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy  
That dreadful Aias, that the appalled aire  
May pierce the head of the great Combattain,  
And slie him hither.  

Ais. Thou, Trumpet, that's my pulse;  
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipes  
Blow villaine, till thy sphericus Buss checke  
Out-swell the collicke of puffs Aquilon.  
Come, stretch thy chefe, and let thy eyes spout blowd.  
Thou blowwell for Helleter.  

Vifh. No Trumpet answers.  
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.  
Age. Is not yong Diumed with Caleas daughter?  
Vifh. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;  
He sires on the true, that spirit of his  
In aspirition lifts him from the earth.  

Age. Is this the Lady Cresfida?  
Dio. Even she.  

Age. Most deeteely welcome to the Greeks, sweete Lady.  

Nef. Our Generall doth salue you with a kisse.  
Vifh. Yet is the kudensesse but particular, I were bet- 
ther the were kisse in generall.  

Nef. And very courteously counsel: He begin. So much  
for Nefor.  

Achil. He take that winter from your lips faire Lady  
Achilles bids you welcome.  

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.  
Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;  
For thus pop's Patro in his hartiment.  

Vifh. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our comes,  
For which we loose our heads, to gild his homes.  
Patro. The first was Menelas kisse, this mine:  

Patroclus kisse you.  

Mene. Oh this is trim.  
Patr. Parus and I kisse cuermore for him.  
Mene. He have my kisse far: Lady by your lessee.  
Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receive,  
Patr. Both take and give.  
Cres. Ile make my mach to live,  
The kisse you take is better then you give: therefore no  
Kisse.  

Mene. Ile give you booste, Ile give you three for one.  
Cres. You are an odde man, gue, ouer, or give none.  
Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odd.  
Cres. No, Parus is not; for you know't is true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.  
Mene. You flipp my a'th head.  
Cres. No, Ile be sworne.  

Vifh. If we were not match, your nose against his horne:  
Mene. I were Lady beg a kisse of you?  
Cres. You may.  
Vifh. I dee defiere it.  
Cres. Why benge then?  

Vifh. Why then for Venus sake, give me a kisse:  
When Helleter is a aside againe, and his.  
Cres. I am your debtor, claims it when 'tis due.  

§ 9 3  

Vifh. Neuer's
Troyl us and Gresasia.

Exif. Neuer's my day, and men a kiffe of you. 
Dion. Lady a word, I le you you to your Father 
Noft. A woman of quike fence. 
Yf. Tis, fie, with her: 
Their's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip; 
Nay, her foote speaks, her wanton spirits looke out 
As every joyn, and every motion of her body: 
Oh these encounteres so glib of tongue, 
That gives a costling welcome ere it comes; 
And wide enclaves the tables of their thoughts, 
To every tickling reader: let them downe, 
For fluttish spoyle's of opporuntitie; 
And daughters of the game. 

Enter all of Troy, Hecor, Paris, Paris, Antron, Helenus 
And Attendants. 

All. The TrojansTrumpet. 

Aga. Yonder comes the troope. 

Aga. Hallo all you rate of Greece: what shall be done 
To him that victorious commands? or doe you purpose, 
A visitor shall be knowne: will you the Knights 
Shall to the edge of all extremet 
Parte each others: or shall be divided 
By any voyce, or order of the field: Hecor bad ask? 
Aga. Which way would Hecor have it? 
Aga. He cares not, heele obey conditions. 

'Tis done like Hecor, but surely done, 
A little proudly, and great deal displeasing. 
The Knight oppos'd. 

Aga. If not Achilles sir, what is your name? 
Achil. If not Achilles nothing. 
Aga. Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this, 
The extremity of great and little: 
Valour and pride excell themselfes in Hecor; 
The one almost as infinite as all; 
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well: 
And that which looks like pride, is curretie: 
This Achilles halfe made of Hecor blood: 
In law whereof, halfe Hecor rises at home: 
Half heart, halfe hand, halfe Hecor, comes to seek: 
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Grecce. 

Achil. A maiden battle then? I perceive you. 
Aga. Here is, Disme: go gentle Knight, 
Strike by our Aitie, and by our Annes 
Content upon the order of their fights. 
So be it: either to the vtermost, 
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin, 
Halfs flints their strife, before their strokes begin. 
Yf. They are oppos'd already, 
Aga. What Troian is that fame that looks so heavy? 
Yf. The young O. Sonne of Priam; 
A true Knight; they call him Troyus; 
Not yet matur, yet matchless, fame of word, 
Speaking in deedes, and deedeless in his tongue: 
Not soone proud of, nor being proud of, soone calmd; 
His heart and hand both open, and both free: 
For what he has, he gives: what thinks, he shewes; 
Yet gues he not till judgement guide his bounny, 
Nor dignifies an impatient thought with breath: 
Many as Hecor, but more dangerous: 
For Hecor in his blaze of wrath subscribes 
To render objects; but he, in heats of Aion, 
is more vindictive than lascivious, 
They call him Troyus; and on him erect, 
A second hope, as fairly built as Hecor, 
Thus fies &c. Enes, one that knows the youth, 
Eum o his inches: and with private force.
Achill. Behold thy fill.

Heil. Nay, I have done already.

Achill. Thou art too breake, I will the second time, as I would bee here, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Heil. O like a Booke of sport thou'rt read me out; but there's more in me then thou understandst. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? Achill. Tell me you heaven, in which part of his body Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there, that I may give the local wound a name, and make distinct the very breach, where-out Heil. Great spirit flaw. Answer me heaven.

Heil. It would confer the blest Gods, proud man, To answer such a question: Stand again; I think't thou canst repair my life so pleasantly, As to promonstrate in nice confutation Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achill. I tell thee yea.

Heil. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well, For Ie nor kill thee there, nor there, nor there, But in the forge that flhyed Mars his helmet, Kille thee every where, yea, o're and o're. You wist the Greeks, parden me this bragge, His inference draws folly from my lips, But he endeavours to match these words, Or may I never——

Ares. Do not chafe thee Cofin: And you Achill, let these threats alone Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.

You may every day enough of Heil. if you have patience. The general flate I fear, Don't esme interest you to be odde with him. Heil. I pray you let us see you in the field, We have performed Warses since you refus'd the Grecians cause.

Achill. Do not thou interest me Heil.

To morrow do I meet thee fell as death, To night, all friends.

Heil. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of Greece go to my Tent, There in the full concert you: Afterward, as Heil. lets falke, and you bears a final Concurcet together, generally interest him, Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow, That this great Soulard may his welcome know. Exeunt Troy. My Lord Ulisses, tell me I becalme you, In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe? Ulisses At Memelus Tent, most Princey Troylus, There Diomed doth feast with him to night, Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the faire Cressida.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much, After we part from Agamenion Tent, To bring me thiser?

Ulisses You shall command me fret: As gentle tell me, of what Honour was This Cressida in Troy, had she no Louter there That wailes her absence?

Troy. O fir, to fuch as bowing shew their tears, A moeke is due: will you walke on my Lord? She was belou'd, the lour'd, the is, and dooth; But frill sweet Lawe is frownd for Porrunez rooth: Exeunt. Achill. Enter Achill, and Paris.
Troylus and Cressida.

Which with my Cenotar Ie coole to morrow:

Pat. Heece comes Thetis.

Enter Thetis.

Achill. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou cruelly batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Thou why picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ieads-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achill. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dree of Poole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pat. Well paid adueristy, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pytheye be Iient boy, I profy not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achill's male Varlot.

Pat. Male Varlot you Rogue! What's this?

Ther. Why his maudehine Whore. Now the rouen

diseases of the South, guts-graping Ruptures, Catarres, Loads a granuell i'th bracke, Lethargis, cold Palieses and the like, take and take against, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curte thus?

Ther. Do I curte thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous Bat, you whorson indistinguishable Cure.

Ther. Not why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skiene of Sledy skile; thou Greene Sacrenet flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodoligis pure thou:

Ah how the poore world is perfeted with such vext-water-flies, diminutivities of Nature.

Pat. Out gal, Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarterd quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes best,

Hecce is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my faire Louce,

Both caxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I hate Iworne. I will not brake it,

Fall Greekes, fake Fame, Honor or go or stay,

My maior vow yves here; this I lobe.

Come, come Therfeses, help to trim my Tent,

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blyood, and tcc little Brain, these

two may run mad: but if with too much bryone, and to o little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Hecce's Agamemnon, an honet fellow enough, and one that looies

Quales, but he has not so much Brain for care; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatue Statue, and oblique memorall of

Cuckolds, a thirsty shooing-horse in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that bles, shold witted with mislice, and malice forced with wit, tute him too: to an Alie were nothing, hee is both Alie and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Alie: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocce, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Mentor, I would conferre against Delfine. Ask me not what I would be, if I was not Therfeses: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar, so I were not Mentor. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Helles, Alex. Agamemnon, Pirset, Ne-

sfer, Dionys, with Light.

Agz. We goe wrong, we goe wrong.

Alex. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hel. I trouble you.
Troylus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Ulf. How now Troy?
Cress. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night: I be your foolo no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cress. Harke one word in your ear.
Troy. O plague and madnese!
Ulf. You are mowed Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe.
To wrathfull exaumes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I believe you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Ulf. Nay, good my Lord goe off.
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?
Ulf. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cress. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grievce thee? O withered truth!
Ulf. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By Iou I will be patient.
Cress. Gardian? why Grecke?
Dio. Fof, adew, you palter.
Cress. In faith I do not: I come hither once again.
Ulf. You make my Lord as something, will you goe you will break out.
Troy. She strokes his chekke.
Ulf. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by loue I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A goast of patience; flay a little while.
Ther. How the dwell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potatoe finger, tickles these togethe stye lechery stye.
Dio. But will you then?
Cress. In faith I will loo, never trufe me else.
Ulf. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cress. Ile feech you one. Exit.
Ulf. You have sworne patience.
Troy. Fear me not sworne Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience.
Enter Cressid.
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cress. Here Diomed, keeps this Slewce.
Troy. O beaute! where is thy Faith?
Ther. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, out wardly I will.
I pay not upon this Slewce: behold it well:
He lou'd me: 0 false wench: giue't me againe,
Dio. Whose wau's?
Cress. It is no matter now I have't againe,
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I praythee Diomed vilete me no more.
Ther. Now the harpeens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall hewe it.
Cress. What, this?
Dio. I hate.
Cress. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fights, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoratla dauntie kifes to it;
As I list thee.
Dio. Nay, does not snatch it from me.
Cress. He that takes that, takes my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troy. I did(swark patience.
Cress. You shall not have it. Diomed, faith you shall not;
Ile give you something else.
Dio. I will aue this: whose was it?
Cress. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Cress. Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue't, it take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cress. By all Diomed waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whole.
Dio. To morrow will I were it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Went thou the dwell, and with't on thynhorne,
It shoulde be challenge'd.
Cress. Well, well, its done, its past: and yet it is not:
I will not keeps my word.
Ther. Why then farewell,
Thou never halst mocke Diomed againe.
Cress. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it first flares you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by Place: but that that likes me, pleases me best.
Dio. What shall I come? the house.
Cress. I come; O loue! doe, come; I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cress. Good night: I pryshee come;
Troylus farewell one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.
Ah poore our sexe: this fault in vs I finde:
The error of our eye, direct's our minde:
What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,
Minders swall'd by eyes, are full of Turpitude.
Ther. A proofe of strength she could not publish, more
Woulde the eye, my minde is now turn'd where.
Ulf. All's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Ther. Why say we then?
Dio. To make a recordation to my soule
Of every syllable that here was spoke;
But if I tell her that thou two did comt,
Shall I not lyse, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a creedence in my heart:
An eference so obliminately strong,
That doth insert that left of eyes and eares:
As if strange organs had deceptio us functions,
Cressid. Created only to calumniate.
Woulde Cressid here?
Ther. I cannot consiure Troyin.
Troy. She was not sure.
Ther. Mof tortue she was.
Dio. Why my negation hath no taffe of madnese?
Ulf. Not mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleued for womanhood;
Think we had mothers; doe not giue advantage
To flubbe or Quicke, spr without a sheme
For depraation, to squease the generall sex
By Cressid. rule. Rather thinke this not Cressid.
Ther. What hath she done Prince, that can foyle our mothers?
Ther. Nothing at all, woulde this were the.
Ulf. Though he evaget himselfe out of his owne eyes?
Troy. Thus I ne, this is Diomed Cressids:
If beaute have a soule, this is not thee.
Troylus and Cressida.

If sauls guide voices, if voices are sanctimonies; If sanctimonie be the gods delights; If there be true in vaine is felte, This is not fone: O madneffe of discouer! That caufe sets vp, with, and against thy selfe. For faute with thee and deare reason can returne Without perdición, and losse assume all reason. Vtubuue revolt. This is, and is not Cressid. Within my foule, there doth conduce a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing imperceptive, Diuides more wider then the skie and earth: And yet the taspius breadth of this discouer, Admit no Orifex for a point as fobile, As Arrachis broken woule to enter: Inflamce, O inflamce! strong as Pelican gates: Cressidls mine, tied with the bonds of heauen; Inflamce, O inflamce, strong as heauen is felle: The bonds of heauen are flipt, disfollud, and loo'd, And with another knot flue finger tied, The frations of her faith, ors of her loue: The fragments, rents, the bits, and greasey teligues, Other ore eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. Vifh. May worthy Troylus be halle attech'd With that which hert his path doth expreffe? Troy. I Greekes: and that shall be divulged well In Charsalotts, as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Deuoe: never did young man fancy With fo eternal, and so fatis a foule. Harke Greeke: as much I doe Cressida love; So much by weight, hate I her Diomed, That Skeele is mine, that heele beares in his Helme: Were it a Caske compos'd by Vulcaus skill, My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful spout Which Shippem doe the Hurciano call,-Conflring'd in maffe by the almighty Fenne, Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptune ears In his defcent: then shall my promis'd Iward, Falling on Diomed. Ther. Hetie tickle it for his concupie. Troy. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false: Let all vntruths ond by thy liend name, And thyel seeme glorious. Phil. O containe your felle: Your passion drawes eses hithe. Enter Aeneas. Aene. I haue beene fecking you this houre my Lord: Helle by this is arming him in Troy. Ajax your Guard, faires to condich you home. Troy. Haue with you Prince: my almes Lord adew: Farewel, releaved fantes, and Diomed, Stand falt and ware a caffle on thy head. Vili. He bring you to the Gaes. Troy. Accep disdained thanks. Evenet Troylus, Aeneas, and Ulyfles. Ther. Would I could meeche that rageous Diomed, I wouldroke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode: Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whorle: the Patro will not doe more for an Almond, then he faire commodious draub: Leehery, leehery, till warses and leehery, nothing elie holds fashion. A burning duell take them. Enter Heller and Andromache. And. When was my Lord so much vengently temper'd, To frop his care against admonition? Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not figh to day. Hel. You trame me to offend you: get you gone. By the everlasting gods, Ile goe. And. My dreams will turce proue ominous to the day. Hel. No more I fay. Enter Caffandra. Caff. Where is my brother Heller? And. Hereifter, sir, and boldly in intent; Confort with me in therad and deare petition: pursue we him on knees: for I have deffert Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing beene but shapes, and forms of slaughter. Caff. O, it is true, Hel! Ho bid my Trumpet found Caff. No notes of falle, for the heuems, sweet brother. Hel. Begun I fay: the gods have heard me fwear. Caff. The gods are deafc to hot and peetuus voues They are polluted offerings, more abord Then spottet Liuer in the facrifice. And. O be perfwade, doe not count it holy, To hurt by being iuf: it is as lawfull: For we would count giue much to as violent thefts, And rob in the behalfe of charite. Caff. It is in the purpofe that makes frong the voues But voues to every purpofe mulf not hold Vnarme (sweeteHelter. Hel. Hold you still I fay; Mine honour keeps the weather of my face: Life evey man holds decre, but the deere man Holds honor faire more precious, decre, then life. Enter Troylus. How now yong man? mean'thou to figh to day? And. Caffandra, call my father to perfwade. Exit Caffandra. Hel. No faith yong Troylus: deffy thine harte yOUTH: I am to day the vaine of Chiuales: Let grow thy Sinews till their knes be ftrong: And temp: not yet the brufhes of the warre. Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy, Ile fland to day, for thee, and me, and Troy. Troy. Brother, you have a vice of inuerity in you; Which better fits a Lyon, then a man. Hel. What vice is that good Troylus chide me for it, Troy. When many times the capture Grecian fails, Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword: You bid them rife, and flue. Hel. O tis faire play, Troy. Poole playes, by heaven Helter. Hel. How now? how now? Troy. For thofe of all the gods Let's leave the Herms Pitty with our Mothers; And when we haue our Armous buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our Swords, Spur them to ruffhfull worke, reigne them from ruth. Hel. Fare faue, fie. Troy. Heller, then tis warres. Hel. Troylus, I would not have you figh to day. Tro. Who fhoud with hold me? Not ftre, obedience, nor the hand of Mer, Beckning with ferie truchion my reuer: Not Prusmus, and Heuch on kness; Their eyes ore-gall'd with recours of teares; Nor you my brother, with your true Sword drawne Oppof'd to hinder me, fhiold flop my way: But by my faire. Enter Prusmus and Caffandra. Caff. Lay hold upon him Prusmus, hold him fast: He is thy cutch: now if thou loafe thy fay, Thou on him leanning, and all Troy on thee,
Enter Theodore on escfabs.

Thou. Now they are clapper-crawling one another, I'll goe looke on: that disssembling abominable varlet Diomed, has got that same scurrue, doting, foolish yong kneaves Seuue of Troy,there is in his Helme. I would faine see them meet, that, that same yong Troian affle that loues the whore, might fenda that Greckifh whore-mai- fierly villaine, with the S nuee, backe to the disssembling luxurious drabbe, of a treeleeffe craves, & therother side, the politic of those (as faire sweating) that flode old Mule-eaten drye cheeffes, Nefer: and that same dog- fore Puffes is not proudt worth a Black-berry. They let me vp in pollity, that munggrill cure Asag, against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the cure. Achilles prouder then the cure Achilles, and will not (arese) to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaim barbarism, and goodie grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Safelye comes S nuee, and therother.

Troy. Flye not yet: should Ithou take the River Stix, I would norrifie after.

Diom. Thou dost not retre; I do not flye, but advantageous care

Withdraw me from the oddes of multitude.

Hate at thee?

Ther. Hold thy where Grecian, now for thy where.

Troyan. Now the S nuee,now the S nuee.

Enter Helier.

Helle. What art thou Grecian? art thou for Helier match

Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal: a scurrue railing knaue.

A very filthy rogue.

Helier. I do beleue thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou woul beleue me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frefixing me: what's become of the weending rogue? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracie;

Yet in a fort, leaether easie is felle: I tecke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servants.

Dio. Go, go, my feraunt, take thou Troilus Horse;

Preserv the fine Steede to my Lady Crefida.

Fellow, commend my feraunt to her beauty,

Tell her, I have chaftid the amorous Troyan.

And am her knugby proofe.

Srvr. I goe my Lord Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Reneue, new the fierce Pallasius.

Hath bese down Meneon baffled Margueron.

Hath Dardus prifoner.

And stands Calidoff, woman weauing his bearme,

Vpone the padding coursers of the Kings:

Epistyrew and Cedus, Pallasius is Gaite;

Ampnymachus, and Thuss deadly hurt;

Patrulcius tane or flame, and Palucedor.

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagitory

Appauls us numbers, halfe we Dumed.

To re-enforcement, or we perifh all.

Enter Nefer.

Nefer. Come hence and Patroclus body to Achilles,

And bid the insable-pac'd Asag arise for shame;

There is a thousand Heliers in the field?

Now here he fights on Galatous his Horse,

And there lacks warke: ane he's there a foore,

And there the flye or cye, like seake foals.

Before.
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the straying Grecians, tip for his edge, Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath; Here, there, and every where, he leaues and takes; Destinie too obaying appetite, That what he will, he doeth, and does to much, That proofes is call'd impossibility.

Enter Sithes.
Duf. Oh, courage, courageous Princes; great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing revengeance; Parreus wounds have touch'd his browe, bleared, Together with his mangled Aethymus, That noileffe, handleffe, hackes and chips, come to him; Crying on Helios, Aesculapius hath lost a friend; And foames at mouth, place and is arm'd, and its Roaring for Troylus; who hast done to say, Mad and fantasie execution; Engaging and redeeming of himselfe. With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care, As if that lucky in very spight of cunning, had him win all. Enter Ares.
Ares. Troylus, thou coward Troylus; Exit.
Dio. I, there, there.
Nefi. So, so. we draw together. 
Enter Achilles.
Ach. Where is this Helios? Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face: Know what is to meet Achilles angry. Helios, whert Helios? I will none but Helios. Enter Ares.
Ares. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, shew thy head, Enter Daemon.
Troy. Oh traitorous Damned! Tumethy falls face thou traytor, And pay thy life thou owell me for my horse. Dio. Ha, art thou there? Ares. Ile fight with him alone, and Daemon. Dio. He is my prize. I will not looke upon. Troy. Come both you eoying Grecians. have at you both. Exit Troylus.
Enter Helios.
Helios. Ya Troylus! O well fought my youngest Brother. Enter Achilles.
Ach. Now doe I see thee; have at thee Helios. Helios. Pale if thou wilt. Ach. I doe disdain thy curtise, proud Troylus. Be happy that my arms are out of use: My fell and negligence befriended thee now, But thou anon shalt have of me againe. Till when goe seek thy fortune. Exit.
Helios. Fare thee weel: I would have bene much more a freither man, Had I expected thee; how now my Brother? Enter Troylus.
Troy. Ares hast taken Aesculapius, shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen, He shall not carry him; Ile be tane too, Or bring him off: Fare hearted me what I say; I wreake out, though thou end my life to day. Exit Enter one in Armour.
Hell. Stand, stand, thou Grecius, Thou art a goodly marks. Now wilt thou not? I like thy armour well, Ile frut it, and unlooke the tissets all, But Ile be mister of it: wilt thou not beast abide? Why then flye on, lie butt thee for thy hide. Exit Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.
Ach. Here come about me you Myrmidons. Marke what I say; attend me where I whiche, Strike not a froake, but keepes thy felies in breath, And when I have the bloodyr Helius found, Empole him with thy weapons round about. In helie manner execute your armes. Follow me firs, and my proceedings eye; It is decreed, Helius the great must dye. Exit Enter Theofile, Menelaus, and Paris. Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it; now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double hench'd I sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: ware horns ha?
Exit Paris and Menelaus. Enter Bafard.
Bafard. Turne thace and fight. Ther. What art thou? Bafard. A Bafard Sonne of Priam Ther. I am a Bafard too, I loue Bafards, I am a Bafard begot, Bafard instructed, Bafard in mannde, Bafard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bafard will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bafard? take heed, the quartes most omnisious to us if the Sonne of a whose fight for a whore, he tempts judgement fairewell Bafard.
Bafard. The dwell take thee coward. Exit. Enter Helios. Helios. Most parfumed core so faire without Thy goodly armes thus hath cut thy life. Now is my desired work done; I take good breath: Reft sword, thou haft thy fill of blood and death, Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons. Achilles. Lookke Helius how the Sonne begins to set; How gely night comes breathing at his feetes; Even with the vailed and darkening of the Sunne. To close the day vs, Helius life is done. Helios. I am unwarm'd, for goe vantage Grecius. Achilles. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man Iscke. So Illon fall thou; now Troy fynke downe; Here lyeth thy heart, thy finewes, and thy bone. On Myrmidons, cry you all a man. Achilles hath the mighty Helius flame. Retreat. Hector, a retreat upon our Grecian part. Enter Agamemnon, Ares, Menelaus, Nestor Diomed, and the rest marching. Ares. Harke, harke, what thou is that? Nestor. Peace Drum.
Troylus and Cressida.

Sold. Achill, Achill, Hecat's blame Achill. 

Dis. The brute is, Hecat's blame, and by Achill. 

Adv. It is be so yet, bragg's let it be: 

Great Hecat was a man as good as he. 

Agn. March patiently along; let one be sent 

To pray Achill see vs at our Tent. 

If in his death the gods have vs befrended. 

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. 

Enter Exeunt, Paris, Antenor and Diogenes. 

Exeunt. Stand, not, yet are we masters of the field, 

Never goe home; here is warre we out the night. 

Enter Troylus, 

Troyl. Hecat is slaine. 

All. Hecat? the gods forbid 

Troyl. He's dead; and at the murderer's Horses tail, 

Inbrayly forc'd, dragg'd through the thamefull field. 

Frowne on you he suona, efced your rage with speed: 

Sir gods vomyon your thrones, and smite at Troy. 

I say at once, let your briece plaques be mercy, 

And linger not our sure destructions on. 

Exeunt. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Host. 

Troyl. You understand me no, that tell me so: 

I doe not speake of flight, of fesse, of death, 

But dare all immencence that gods and men, 

Address'd their dangers in. Hecat is gone: 

Who shall tell Primus so? or Herebe? 

Let him that will a scecehoulde ye be call'd, 

Goe into Troy, and say there, Hecat's dead: 

There is a word will Primus turne to stone; 

Make wels, and Nobs of the maides and wines; 

Cooke flastes of the youth: and in a word, 

Scare Troy out of all felte. But march away, 

Hecat is dead: there is no more to say. 

Stay ye: you vile abominable Tent, 

Thus proudly right upon our Phrygian plains: 

Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 

Ile through, and through your; & thou great firt'd coward: 

No space of Earth shall funder our two hares, 

He haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still, 

That moued goblins swift as frenzies thoughts. 

Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: 

Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe. 

Enter Pandarum. 

Penn. But hear ye? hear ye? 

Troyl. Hence broker, tocke, gnomyny, and shame 

Pursue thy life and line eye with thy name, 

Exeunt. 

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones:oh world, 

world, world! thus is the poore agent dispside: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you fet a worke, 

and how ill required? why should our induer to be so defur'd, 

and the performance so fraught? What Verse for it? what 

influence for it? let me fee. 

Full merily the humble Bee doth sing, 

Till he hath left his hone, and his fling. 

And being once subd'ed in armed tale, 

Sweete hone, and sweete notes together faile. 

Good trader in the fleth, fet this in your painted cloathes; 

As many as be here of Panders hall, 

Your eyes half out, weep out at Panders fall; 

Or if you cannot weep, yet giue some grones; 

Though not for me,yet for your akingbones: 

Brethren and sisters of the holl-dore trade, 

Some two months hence,my will shall here be made: 

It should be now, but that my fear is this: 

Some galled Goose of Winchefter would hifie: 

Till then, he sweare, and fecke a bout for eales; 

And at that time bequeath you my diseases. 

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Matrimonial Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Be fore we proceed any further, hear me speake.

2. Citizen. Speak, speak.

1. Citizen. You are all resolued rather to dy then to famish?

2. Citizen. Resolued, resolued.

1. Citizen. First let you know, Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know it, we know it.

1. Citizen. Let vs kill him, and we'll have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.

2. Citizen. One word, good Citizens.

1. Citizen. We are account of poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfeus one, would releue vs. If they would yeade vs the supersluice while it were wholesome, we might judge they releued vs humane ly: But they think we are too deere, the leanneffe that affilts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our suffrance is a gaine to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

3. Citizen. Would you proceede especially against Caius Martius?

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonwealth.

1. Citizen. Consider you what Servitude he's ha's done for his Country?

1. Citizen. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee ing proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Citizen. I say unto you, what he hath done, Favourablie, he did it to that end: though soft consoled men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. Citizen. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is couteous.

3. Citizen. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to try in repetition. Show us what.

What shows are thefe? The other fide a in City is ri en: why play we praying here? To ch,Capitol.

All. Come, come.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

For midd’st a th’body, idle and vnaéctue,
Still cubbordning the Viand, never beating
Like labour with the rest, where th’other Instrument
Did fee, and hear, douse, infrust, walke, seele,
And mutually participate, did minifter
Vinto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer’d.

2 Cor. Well sir, what answer made the Belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile,
Which we’re came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As wele as speake, it taintingly replied
To th’disconcentrated Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his benefice: even so much fily,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 Cor. Your Bellies answer: What

The Kingly crownd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Sted the Lung, the Tonge our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and party helpers
In this our Fabrick, if that they

Men. What then? Foremost, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2 Cor. Should by the Cremostant belly be restranc’d,
Who is the fynke a th’body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cor. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you’ll befo low a small (of what you hate little)
Parience awhile; you’ll heare the Bellies answer

2 Cor. Y’are long about it;

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moft grace Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I recewe the generall Food at firft
Which you do line upon: and it is,
Because I am the Stote-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I lend it through the Rivets of your blood
Even to the Corbeled Shores, to th’Dea a th’Braine,
And through the Crankees and Officers of men,
The strongest Neuer, and small inferior Veines
From me recewe that naturall competence
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this fays the Belly) marke me.

2 Cor. I fis, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Writ vp, that all
From me do backe receive the Flower of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you too’t?

2 Cor. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: for examine
Their Counsailes, and their Care; difgift things rightly,
Touching the Weale a th’Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceed, or comes from them to you,
And so way from your frienes. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly

2 Cor. The great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o’th’lowest, baftest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest format

Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead’d first to win some vantage,
But make you ready your little bass and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of bastell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Cains Marzam.

Hayle, Noble C. Marzam.

Mar. Thanks. What’s the matter you disentengious Rogers?
That rubbing the poore Thch of your Opinion,
Make your felues Seabs.

2 Cor. We have euer your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to three, will flater
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Cures,
That like not Peace, nor Warre ? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trufts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Goeie you are: No furer, no
Then is the coale of fire upon the ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Yet your voce is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Juflice did it. Who defeares Greater,
Defeures your Hate: and your Affections are
A kindmans Apprentice: who defeires moft that
Which would encreas his euil. He that defends
Vpon your faueurs, fummings with fennes of Leade,
And hews downe Oakes, with tufhes. Hang ye brutfe ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What’s the matter,
That in thefe feuerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keeps you in awe, which else
Would leade on one another? What’s their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wthere of they say
The Citie is well faw’d.

Mar. Hang em : They fay?

They’l fay through fire, and prufume to know
What’s done t’th Capitol: Who’s like to rife,
Who thrones, & who declines: Side factions, & give out
Comiall Marriages, making parties Strong,
And feeling fuch as & not in their liking.
Belowe the Corbeled Shores, They fay that’s grain enough
Would the Nobility lay aside their rath.
And let me vfe my Sword, I’d make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter’d flaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almoft thoroughly perfwaded
Port though abundantly they lacke difciplin
Yet are they pasfing Cowardly. But I defeech you,
What fays the other Troope?

Mar. They are diluf’d: Hang em:

They fay they were an hungry, figh’d forth Truberbs
That Hunger-broke fome walls that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouthes, That the gods fent not
Corne for the Richmen only: With these ftreeds
They vented their Complainings, which being answer’d
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the hearts of gentrify,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns a th’Moone,
Shooting their Emanation.

Meas. What is granted them?

Mar. Fine Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their owne choice, one’s faine Friers,
Sceinmus Veltus, and I know not. Sdeth,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabble should have first vras'd off the City
Ere so preus'y'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theatre
For traitors thron'd among us.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragmenta,
Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here's where the matter is.

Mes. The newes is fit, the Voliaces are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vent
Our muttie superfluity. See our best Elders

Enter Swinem Vallien, Armin, Broum, Commodius, Tam Lartius, with other Seniors.

1. Ser. Marcius' is true, that you have lately told vs,
The Voliaces are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,

Tullus Aufidius that will put you to't.

Jnme in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me onely he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. We were halfe to halfe the world by the seares, 
& he
Upon my parte, I'd avow to make
Onely my wares with him: He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Ser. Then worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Commodius to these Wares
Com. It is your former promise,
Mar. Sir it is,

And I am content: Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt fee me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou fitte? Stand't out? 
Tit. No Caius Marcius,
He leave upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere they behinds his Bensedie.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sew. Your Company to th Capitol, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Commodius, we must follow
you, right worthy you Princiue

Com. Noble Marcius,

Sew. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Voliaces have much Corne: take their Rats thither,
To gow their Garnets, Worshippfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts wili forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt. 

Citizens flee away. Homen Sicius & Broum.

Sew. Was euer man so proud as is this Marcius?

Brut. He has no equal.

Sew. When we were cho'en Tribunes for the people,
Brut. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sew. Nay, but his taint.
Brut. Being mord'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.
Sew. Bemocke the modest Moone.
Brut. The present Wares довteous he, is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sew. Such a Nature, tickled with good fortune, dis
dains the shadow which he treads on at none, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded with
der Commodius?

Brut. Famce, at the which he awimes,
In whom already he sewell grace'd, cannot
Better be held, not more attaing'd then by

A place below the fift : for what mis-carries
Shall be the General fault, though he performe
To the most of a man, and giddy enquire
Will then cry out of Marcius : Oh, if he
Had borne the boshale.

Sew. Befides, th' things do well,
Opinion that so stickeis on Marcius, (shall
Of his demerits rob Commodius.

Brut. Come: half all Commodius. Honors are to Marcius.
Though Marcius earn'd them not : and all his faults
To Marcius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he mer't not.

Sew. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Upon this present Action.

Brut. Let's along.

Enter Tribunes, and Senators of Corioli.

1. Ser. So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That is of Rome are entred in our Counsaiers,
And know how we proceede.

A infinite: Is it not yours?

What ever have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to body act, ere Rome
Hath circumstome, Jus not more days gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I have the Letter here: yet, heere it is

Tit. No Caius Marcius,
He leave upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere they behinds his Bensedie.

Men. Oh true-bred.

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Too proud to be so valiant.

Sew. Such a Nature, tickled with good fortune, dis
dains the shadow which he treads on at none, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded with
der Commodius?

Brut. Famce, at the which he awimes,
In whom already he sewell grace'd, cannot
Better be held, not more attaing'd then by

All The Gods afflict you,

A infinite. And keep your Honors safe.


All. Farewell.

Exeunt Seniors.
Enter Volusia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set born down on two low stools and knee.

Volus. I pray you daughter sing, or express your self
In a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband,
I should freelier rejoice in that abstinence wherein
he wroune Honor, then in the embraces of his Bed;
where he would shew most love. When hee was but
sunder-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when
you with your comelinesse pluck'd all grace his way;
when for a day of Kings estracities, a Mother should not let him
an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour
would become such a perlon, that it was not better then
Picture-like to hang by the wall, if renowne grace it not
there, was pleas'd to let him fearless danger, where he was
to like to finde fame: To a cruel Warre I sent him,
from whence he return'd, his browses bound with Oak.
I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not in joy at first hearing
he was a Man-child, then now in suffeing he had prov'd
himselfe a better.

Virg. But had he die in the Business Madame, how then?

Volus. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne,
I therein would have found issue. Heare me pro-
fesse sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike,
and none left deere then thine, and my good Martius,
I had rather have dien Norly for their Country, then
one voluptuous turner out of a Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Vateria is come to visit you.

Virg. Behold you give me leave to retire my selfe.

Volus. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinks, I hear further your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke an Auffidues downe by th'ear.
(As children from a Bear) the Voice (hunnoing him):
Me thinks I see him hampe thus, and call that,
Come on you Cowards, you were all in fear.
Though you were bore in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wipping, forth he goes
Like to a Harrell man, that task'd to move
Or all, or loose his lyre.


Volus. Away you Poole, it more becomes a man,
Then guilt his Trophe. The breifs of Herua.
When the did sulkie Flatter, look'd not louelie
Then Flatter forhead, when it spit more blood
At Grecian sword. Embracing, Tell Valeria.

We are hie to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Virg. Heauen bleffe my Lord from fell Auffiduous.

Volus. He'll beast Auffidues head below his knee,
And tread on his neck.

Enter Vateria with an Yber, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you,

Val. Sweet Madam.

Virg. I am glad to fee your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keeper.

Virg. What are you soing here? A fine spoone in good

Val. How does your little Sonne?

Virg. I thank your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum,
then looke on his School Master.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweate this is
a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd on him: Wens-
day halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-
tenance. I saw him run after a guided Butterfly, & when
he catch'd it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and
other and other he comes, and up againe: catch it again: or
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, hee did so let
his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mummicket.

Val. One on their Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed they are a Noble child.


Val. Come, lay aside your fitlister, I must have you
play the idle Huifwife with me this afternoon.

Virg. No (good Madam)

Val. I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Virg. She shall, the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; hee not over the
threshold, till my Lord returne from the Wares.

Val. Eye, you confine your selfe most veeerably:
Come, you must go visit the Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her hiperdy strength, and visit her
with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why I prays you.

Virg. This is not to faie labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Envelope: yet they say,
all the yeere the Sun in Vifhes absence, did but fill Aethe
full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were fen-
ible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for
pity. Come you shall go with vs.

Val. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not
forth.

Val. In truth it go with me, and I fee you excellent
news of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam there can be none yet.

Val. Verify it do not left with you; there came newes
from him last night.

Virg. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senator slape it.

Thus it is: the Velictes haue an Army forth, against wha
Commitis the Generall is gone, with one part of our
Romane power. Your Lord, and Titus Larins, are set down
before their City Carvili, they nothing dare prevailing,
and to make it briefe Wares. This is true on mine
Honor: and I prays you go with vs.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madam, I will obey you
in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:
She will not disaue our better mirth.

Val. In truth I think she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prystee Virgilia turne thy solemnness out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virg. No.

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, there farewell.

Exit Ladies.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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Mar. Sayth's o ur Generall met the Enemy?
Mea. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horie is mine.
Mtie. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor give him. Lead you him I will.
For half a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How fare off the three Armies?
Mea. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we hear their Lutum, & ther Ours.
Now Mary, I prithee make vs quicker in worke,
That we with smocking Swords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blash.

They Sound a Paryie: Enter two Senators with others on the Wallis of Coriatus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Wallis?
1. Sent. No, nor a man that fears you offe then he,
That's lefuer then a little: Drum a farewell.

Herke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Well breake our Wallis
Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet seeme shu, we have but pin'd with Rustius,
They lie open of them selves. Harke, youe fare off
An Alarme fare off.

There is Aufidius. Lift what worke he makes
Among't your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volctes.
Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Civie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then shields.
Advance brave Titus,
They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me sweate with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarunm the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius: Circling,

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Sharers of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Pleasure you o'thate, you may be abhor'd
Farther then seen, and one infect another.
Against the Winds a mile: vs foules of Geese,
That bear the flapes of men, how have you them run
From Slaues, that Apes would best: Flute and Hell,
All hurs behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fare, mend and change home,
Or by the fires of heates, Ile leue the foes,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too: Come on,
If youe fland fast, we'le beate them to their Wittes,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to

So, now the gates are open: now prove good Seconds,
Tis for the followes Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gaites.

1. Sel. Foole-hardineffe, not I.
2. Sel. Nor I.
3. Sel. See they haue flus in him, 
Alarum continues
4. All. To'thop I warrant him. Enter Titus Lurtius
5. Tit. What is become of Martius?
All. Slane (Sir) doublet.
6. Sel. Following the flyers at the very heales,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away,

Cor. Though thou speakest true,
Me thinks thou speakst it not well. How long'st't since?

Matt. About an hour, my Lord.

Cor. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummers.
How could't thou be in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy Newes to late?

Matt. Spies of the Uncle
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to whistle
Three or four miles about, else had I sir
Halle an houre since brought my report.

Enter Marcus.

Cor. Whose yonder?
That don't appears as he were Fled to Gods,
He has the stampe of Marcus, and I have
Before time stenc'd him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?
Cor. The Shepherd knowest not Thunder fr'd a Taber,
More then I know the sound of Marcus Tongue
From every measur'd man.

Marcus. Come I too late?
Cor. 1, if you come not in the blood of others,
But maniured in your owne.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as found, as when I wood'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Cor. Flower of Warriours, how is't with Titus Larinius?
Mar. As with a man bus'd about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Refining him, or purging, threatening the other;
Holding Cartier in the name of Rome,
E'en like a sowning Grey-bound in the Leaf,
To let him slip at will.

Cor. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had bestoe you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file.(a plague Tribunes for them)
The More we're tham'd the Cat, as they did budge
Fram Refcals worfe then they.

Cor. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'ith Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Cor. Marcus, we have at disaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on side
They have plac'd their men of trash?

Cor. As I guess Marcus,
Their Bands with Vaward are the Antients
Of our best turf: O're them Auffidious,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do before you,
By all the Battales wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have flied together,
By th' Vowes we have made
To endure Friends, that you didly let me
Against Auffidious, and his Antients,
And that you do not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.

Cor. Though I could with,

You were conduct'd to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applied to you, yer dare I ever
Deny your asking, take your chouice of those
That best can syde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing: if any such be here,
(As it were faine to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me mean; d, if any here
Let ten his perfon, then an ill report.

If any thinke, braye death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Countries decrees then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or to many too med,
Waxe thus to express his disposition,
And follow Marcus.

They all shout and waive their swords, take him up in their
Armes and cipp up their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Auffidious.
A Shield, as hard as this: A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) mid I feeld from all:
The refi shall beare the business in some other fight
(As cause shall be obey'd) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Cor. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this omtentation, and you shall
Duisse in all, with vs.

Exeunt

Titus Larinius, having fixt a guard upon Coriades, going with

Draun an Trumpets toward Commius, and Cains Murinus, enters with a Lieutenant, other Sauelours, and a Scout.

Lor. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties.
As I have fett them downe. If I do fends, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aye, the refl will ferue
For a short holding, if we looke the Field.
We cannot keep the Towne.

Lor. Fear not our care Sir.
Lor. Hence and that your gaves won't:
Our Guard come, to th' Roman Campe conduc'd, Enea:
Aurimus, as in Battale.

Enter Marinius and Auffidius at several doors.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I doe hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Affd. We hate alike:
Not Affridice owes a Serpent tabborre
More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the fift Budge dye the others Saue,
And the Gods doe me him after.

Aff. If I Rye Marcus, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three hours Tubus
Alone I fought in your Coriades waules,
And made what worke I pless'd: Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou feft me maskt, for thy Reveage
Wrench vp thy power to th' highest.

Aff. Wer thou the Helter,
That was the whip of thy bragg'd Progeny,
They should't not flare me heere.

Here they fight, and certaine Vales come in the syde
Of Affi. Marcus fights ut they be drawn in breathes.

Officious and not valiant, you have shent'me
def your condenned Seconds.

Flourish.
Florins. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one, Deere Cominins, with the Romanes: At another Deere Martius, with his Arme on a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'ers this thy deyres Woxke, Thou'lt not beleue thy deeds: but Ile report it. Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricks shall attend, and thruf, I'hen'ld admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quik'd, hearc more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fuflie Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall fy against their hearts, We thank the Gods Our Rome hath fuch a Souleld, Yet can't thou to a Morfell of this Feft, Hauing fully dind before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Perfuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh General: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparinon:
Hath thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Blood, When she do's prays me, grieues me: I have done as you have done, that's what I can, Indue'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey: That he's that's but effected his good will, Hath over't all mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your defending, Rome must know the value of her own: To w archived every when then a Theft, No lesse than a Traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the fure, and toop of prayses rough'd, Would feeme but modest: therefore I befeech you, Inigne of what you are, not to reward What you haue done, before our Arme hear me. Martius. I haue some Wounds upon me, and they smart To haer thesefles rememberd.

Com. Should they not: Well might they feether gainft Ingratitude, And tent themselves with death: of all the Horfes, Whereof we haue founde, and good Starks of all, The Treasure in this field achiev'd, and Cite, We render you the Tench, to be ta'n forth, Before the common dittribut, At your onely choyfe. 

Martius. I thank you General: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bace, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And hand upon my common part with those, That have beheld the doings.

A long Florinh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, call up their Capt and Lammes: Comes into and Lartius fland bare.

Martius. May these fame Instruments, which you prophane, Never found more: when Drums and Trumpers call'd: I'hen'ld prove flatterers, let Courts and Gods be Made all of false-fac'd foolish: When Steele grows soft, as the Parthian Sike, Let him be made an Ouests for the West: No more I say, for that I haue not waff'd

My Note that bled, or foild some debile Wretch, Which without note, her's many else have done, You shoot me forth in exclamations hyperbolical, As if I lou'd my little should be dieted In playes, sawt'd with Lyes.

Com. Too modell are you: More cruel to your good report, then gratefull To vs, that give you truly; by your patience, If you'f selve you be incensed, we'le put you (Like one that means his proper harms) in Marcellus, Then reafon safely with you: Thereforbe be it known, As to vs, to all the World, That Cassa Martius Weares this Worlfs Groatt: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Camp, I gie, him, With all his trim belonging; and from this time, For what he did before Ceresils, call him, With all th'applaus and Glorour of the Host.

Martius. Cassa Caurdanus, Beare th'addition Nobly ever? 

Lartius, Marcellus, Trumpeters, and Drums, Ommes, Marcus Caua Caurdanus.

Martius. I will goe wath:
And when my Face is faire, you shal perceive Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you, I meane to tride your Steed, and at all times To vnder-crefl your good Addition, To the faireneffe of my power.

Com. So to our Tent: Where ere we do repea vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius
Must to Corserls backe, send as to Rome
The bell, with whom we may articulate, For the owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord, Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me: That now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord General.

Com. Takk's, tis yours: what's it?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Ceresils, At a poore mans houfe: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd me: I saw him Prifoner:
But then Auffidus was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pitie: I reques't you
To gue my poore Holf freedome.

Com. Oh well beg'st thou:
Were we there But the good, my Sonne, he shou'd be free, as is the Wind: deliver him, Titus.

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By Jupiter forg't:
I am weare, yes, my memory is tyr'd:
Hauve we no Wine here?

Com. Goic we to our Tent: The blooud upon your Vifage dyres, tis time
It shou'd be lookt too: come.

A long Florinn. Corserls. Enter Titus Auffidens
bloudie, with two or three Souleds.

Auffid. The Towne is tane.
Scoul'd, 'Twill be deliu'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Eeing a Voice, be that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Traetic finde
I th'past that is at mercy: tis, Martius,
I have fought with thee; to often haft thou beat me;
And would not doe so, I think, should we encounter
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As often as we este. By th'Elements.
If ere again a meet him beare to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to erath him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: I lie pothe at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.
Sol. He's the dese.-
Aes-Bolder, though not so sublunary valorous poisen'd,
With onely suffring blame by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, fickle: nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Piets, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquemems, their rotten Prudulence, and Costome gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Leame how 'tis held, and what they are that mutt
Be Hophagers bef Rome.
Soul. Will you not go?
Aes. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thuthe
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spure on my journey.
Soul. I shall fir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Bruin.

Men. The Agurer tells me, wee shall have Newes to night.
Bru. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the pryere of the people, for they love not Marcius.
Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?
Sicin. The Lambe.
Men. I, to deavour my selfe, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Marcius.
Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that bears like a Brate.
Men. He's a Brate indeed, that lues like a Lambe.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
Bru. Well fir.
Men. In what enormity is Marcius poore in, that you two have not in abundance?
Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but for'd withall.
Sicin. Especially in Pride.
Bru. And topping all others in baseling.
Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured here in the City, I mean of vs at the tide hand File, do you?
Bru. Why? he were we censur'd?
Men. Be cause you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.
Bru. Well, well fir, well.
Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little thee of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Gleue your dispositions the rein, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being to: you blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpers are many, or else your actions would growe wonderous sngle: your abilities are to infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an interior fury of your good felues. Oh that you could.

Bru. What then fir?

Men. Why then you should discouere a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, teleskie Magistrates (alias P oreus) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowene well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a bournemouth Papian, and one that loyes a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of slaying Tiber in't: Said to be something imperfect in favouring the Start, and turne out the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. Where I see you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chance to bie-pinch'd with the Colicke, you make faces like Mumens, set vp the bloody Flagge against all Patience, and in toasting for a Chamber-pot, dissimifie the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Caufe, is calling both the partys Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are very well understand to bee a perfecter gybe for the Table, then a necessary Beecher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake bess into the purpose. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards dureare not so honourable a grace, as to stuffe a Borchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an aisle Packe-fiddle: yet you must bee saying, Marcius is proud: who in a cheape effimation, is worst all your predecessors, since Decolation, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Godden to your Worship, and more of your consolition would infect my Braine, being the Hearldmen of the Beasty Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru. and Sicin. 

Aside.

Enter.
Enter Volamina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were there Entily, no Nobler: whether doe you follow your Eyes to see?

Vol. Honorable Memineus, my Boy Marcius approaches for the loose of Ioue let's goe.

Men. Ha? Marcius comming home?

Vol. Worthy Memineus, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thank thee! ho! Marcius comming home?

2. Ladies, Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my selfe house reele to night?

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certamine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A Letter for me? it gives me an Effeet of se- vere yeares health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The moost soueraine Prescripition in Galen, is but Empetrictique; and to this Preservative, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So doe I too, if it be not so much: brings a Victorie in his Pockett the wounds become him.

Vol. On't Broues: Memineus, hee comes the third time with the Oaken Garland.

Men. Ha! he's discipin'd Auffasius fondly?

Vol. True Larins writes, they fought together, but Auffasius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possel't of this?

Vol. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the General, whe're hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deed doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wonderful things spoke of him.

Men. True Worthy Lords, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods grant them true.


Men. True? Ibe be twone they are true: where is hee wounded, God save your good Worthy Marcius is comming home: hee's more caufe to be proue: where is he wounded?

Vol. His Shouldier, and th'left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to show the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquim suen hurt's th' Body.

Men. One th'Neck, and two th'Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Vol. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twenties Wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty scean; every gash was at Enemies Grave. Hearke the Trumpets.

A flute, and trumpet.

Vol. Here are the V Chess of Marcius:

Before him he carryes Noyse;
And behinde him, hee leaves Tares:

Death, that daie Spirit, in's beruit Arme doth lyse,
Which being advanced, doth with his men hye.

A Senet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the General, and Tais Larius: be- tween them Carcius, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souli- diers, and a Harpist.

Herould. Know Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Caroiles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to Marcius Cardes:
Thefe in honor follows Marcius Cass Cardens. Welcome to Rome, renowned Cardens.

Sound. Flares fly.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Carcius.

Carcius. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Carcius. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my professe.

Kisses.

Vol. Nay, my good Soulier, vp:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Cains,
And by deed-aschieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (Carcius) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Carric. My gracious silence, haie:
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That wept to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widows in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonner.


Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, garden.

Vol. I know not where to turn.
Oh welcome home: and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heaie; welcome:
A Cursie begin at very root on't heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three, that Rome should doe on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be graft'd to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Woe call a Nestle, but a Nestle;
And the faults of foes, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Memineus, euer, euer.

Herould. Gue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visitted,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them,change of Honors,

Vol. I have lue'd,
To see inherited my very Wifhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie;
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caft upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I hid rather be their fermun in my way,
Then away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall.

Enter.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Brutas and Secludius.

Bru. All tongues of Corioleans are of this mind, and the bleedent fights are prepar'd to see him. Your prating Nasts are in a raptur, let her Baby eke.

While the chass him: the Kitchen, Malts, pines.
Her richet Lockram bout her deceer necke.
Clambr'g the Walls to eyse him.
Stalls, bulkes, Windows, are (mother'd vp,
Leades fall'd, and Ridges hiss'd.
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earmentneffe to see him: feld-sworne Flamius.

Doe preffe among the popular Throngs, and puffs
To winne a vulgar flattion: out yey'd Dame.
Commit the Warre of Whire and Damsake
In their nicely gawed Cheekes, cheek wan't fpopyle.
Or Phæbus burning Kiffes: such a pooches.
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were flyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull poufure.
Secor. On the fuddaine, I warrant him Consult.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.
Secor. He cannot temp'rtantly transport his Honors,
From where he should begin and end, but will Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Secor. Doubt not.

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaden cuffe, these his new Honors.
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo.

Brutus. I heard him swear.
Were he to stand for Consult, never would he
Appear at the Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vellute of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth People, begg'g their flinking Breaths.
Secor. Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rathen then carry it,
But by the force of the Gentry to him,
And the dread of the Nobles.
Secor. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpo.
Seel' and to put it in execution.

Brutus. Tis moft like he will.
Secor. It shall be to him then, as our good wills: a sure defecription.

Brutus. So it must full out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must luggel the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that so's power be would
Have made them viles, fience of their Pleaders,
And diispropriated their Freedom; holding them,
In humane Anthon, and Capace,
Of no more Soule, nor firrife for the World,
Then Cummels in their Waist, who have their Prouand
Oney for bearing Burnthens, and fore blowes
For finking under them.

Secor. Thus (as you sall) suggetted,
At some time, when his conning was sllond,
Shall reach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon, and that as easie,
As to let Dogges on sleepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall dazzle him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Meff. You are sent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought, that Marsus shall be Consult.
I have feene the dumber men throng to see him.
And the blind to heare him speake: Marsions flong Gloues.
Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkercheffers.
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to lower State, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showers:
I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with vs Enter and Eyes forth'time,
But Hearts for the event.

Secor. Have with you.

Enter two Officers, to say Citizens are more,
In the Capitol.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consults?

2. Off. There, they say, but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loyes not the common people.

2. Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who re'te loved them, and there be many that they have lovd, they know not wherefore.

So that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neithers
can be that he loves, or hate him, manifest the true
knowledge he's in their disposition, and out of his No.
carelessnesse lets them plainly feel it.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd indifferently, twist doing them neither good, nor harme: but he keeps their hate with great devotion, then they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discourse him their opposit. Now to feme to affect the malice and displeasure of the People,
is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. Off. He hath deferved worthily of his Country, and his affent is not by such easie degrees as those, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bon-
netted, without any further deed, to have them at all in their affimation, and report: but he hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be flent, and not confesse too much, were a kind of ingratitude: to report otherwise, were a Malice, that giuing it selfe the Lyre, would plucke reproves and bebeke from every Ear that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes

Of the People, leaders before them: Coriolanus, Men-
acks, Commoners the Consult; Scenulius and Brutas
Take their places by themselves: Corio-
lanus friends.

Menem. Having determine'd of the Voice,
And to lend for Titus Lartius it remains,
As the maine Point of this out after-meeting,
I then Worthie but as Seaat. he aydeffe for the heueme Aer.
To hear his words dis-bench'd you not? Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words. You lootd not, therefore hurt not: but your People, I love them as they weigh.

Enter Coriolanus. Men. Mallets of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can it be flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor, Then on some Ears to heare it. Proceed Coriolanus.
Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be vter'd feelely: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Vertue, And most dignifies the hauer: if it be, The man I speake of, cannot in the World Beingly counter-poyrd: At fixtene yeeres, When Tamur made Head for Rome, he fought, Beyond the marke of others: out then Didost, Whom with all praye I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shyne he drove The brizled Lippes before him, he belted
An ore-preft Roman, and t'ith Confuls view Slewed three Oppasers: Tamurri selle he met, And strucke him on his Kuce: in that dayes fates, When he might aet the Woman in the Scene, He proud beft man t'ith field, and for his meed Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-enter thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seentenee Battalies since,
He lurche all Swords of the Garland: for this lift,
Before, and in Coriolas, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he flopt the flyers, And by his rare example made the Coinward
Tune terror into spoost: as Weeds before
A Vessell under fayle, to men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths flampe,
Where it is made, it tooke from face to foot.
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was timd with dying Cryes: alone he entered
The mortall Gate of th Citte, which he painted
With funfittell definate: sydelesse came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement strucke
Caroles like a Planet: now all this,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His residie fence: then stright his doubled spirit
Requicken what in fleshe was fatigaze,
And to the Battallie came he, where he did
Runne recking o'ere the louses of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuell fpytle, and till we call'd
Both Field and Citte ours, he neuer flood
To exe his Beef with panting,

Men. Worthy man.
Sec. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
which we desirue him.
Com. Our spices be kickt at,
And lookd'upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he counts lesse
Then Misfere r s lesse would glue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. Here right Noble, let him be call'd for.
Sec. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, Coriolas, are well pleas'd to make thee Confoll
Cori. I doe owe them all my Life, and Seruices.
Men. It then remaistes, that you doe speake to the People.
Cori. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leave that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowre, fand naked, and enterate them
For my Wounds false, to give their fuffrage:
Pleas you that I may pase this doing.

Sec. Sir, the People muft have their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Men. Put them not too's:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.
Cori. It is a part that I shall bluch in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bras. Mark ye that.
Cori. To brag into them, thus I did, and thus
Show them that I am a Skare, which I should hide,
As if I had receiued them for the hyre
Of their breath only

Men. Doet not stand vpon:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confoll
With we all Joy, and Honor.

Sec. To
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter a few or eight Citizens.

1. Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, we ought not to deny him.
2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.
3. Cit. We have power in our felues to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do it, for, if hee saw vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tell vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptation of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull were to make a Moniter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our felues to be monitory members.

1. Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serve: for once we flood vp about the Corne, he himselfe fluke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. Cit. We have beene call'd so many, not that our heads are sorne browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely Coulerd; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iffe out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be as once to all the points a'th Compass.

2. Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you judge my wit would flye.

3. Cit. Nay your wit will not so one as another mans will, 'tis strongly wagg'd vp in a blocke head: but if it were in liberty, I should sure Southward.

3. Cit. Why that way?

3. Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogg, where being three parts melted away with tosten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. Cit. You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.

3. Cit. Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carres it, I say. If hee were inclin'd to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Corioliuan in a garne of Humility, with Mournes.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, make his behaviour: we are not to stay alongeth, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes.

He's to make his requests by particulars, whereas euer one of us has a single Honor, in giving him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ie direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: have you not knowne the worthieth men have done't?

Cori. What must I say, I pray Sir? Plague vpon't, I cannot bring my tongue to such a pace. Look Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countrie Service, when some certaine of your Brethren roade, and ranne

Exit Coriolanus in a garne of Humility, with Mournes.

From th'noise of our owne Drunmes.

Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, you must desire them to thinke vpon you.

Cori. Think vpon me? Hang'em, I would they would forgett me, like the Veruvs. Which our Diuines loste by em.

Mrs. You'll marre all, Ile leave you: Pray you speake to'em, I pray you.

In wholsome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

1. Cit. Bide them waft then Faces, and keep their teeth cleans. So here comes a brave, you know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3. Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Cori. Mine owne defert.

2. Cit. You owne defert.

Cori. I, but mine owne defert.

Cori. No Sir, it was never my defert yet to trouble the poure with begging.

3. Cit. You mutt thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Cori. Well then I pray, your price a'th Confulship.

3 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cori. Kindly Sir, I pray you, I have wounds to shew you, which shall hee yours in pruse: your good voices Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Cori. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voyces begged: I have your Almes, Aduie.

3 Cit. But this is something odde.

2 Cit. And'twere to giue againe: but this is no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Cori. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Conful, I have heere the Customarie Gowmes.

1. You have deferred Nobly of your Countrie, and you have not deferred Nobly.

Cori. You an Enigma.

1. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Cori. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Loue, I will sit flatter my sworne Brother the people to ease a dearer elimina- tion of them, it's a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdey of their choice, it is rater to haue my Hat, then my heart, I will practive the inflamin gent and be of to them most counterfeetly, that is fis, I will counterfeet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the defetres. Therefore beseech you, I may be Conful.

3. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You have receyued many wounds for your Countrie.

Cori. I will not Scale your knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your voyces, and to trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.

Cori. Most sweet Voyces: Better it is to dye, better to starue, Then craue the higher, which first we do desruue.

Why in this Woolish tongue should I stand here, To begge of Hob and Dicke, that doe appere Their
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

When he

Tis warme at heart.

Hee's done, and cannot goe without any honest mans Voyce.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voyces. Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,

And to meet anon, upon your approbation.

Voyce. You may, Sir.

Hath this is now: and by his Looks, me thinkes,

Make them, that be sole, and to piece'em,

But you, and will deny him:

Be he a hundred TV. of that found,

You maist sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces,

The People, at the Senate-house?

And me not alone for the People.

He's now: and by his Looks, me thinkes,

This is not, that hee shal live, and to piece'em,

And with his Hat, thus waing it in scorn,

Your Voyces, and I would be Conful, fayes he: aged Custome,

But your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,

This is not, that hee shal live, and to piece'em,

Which he could shew in priuise:

And with his Hat, thus waing it in scorn,

I would be Conful, fayes he: aged Custome,

But your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,

This is not, that hee shal live, and to piece'em,

Which he could shew in priuise:

And with his Hat, thus waing it in scorn,

I would be Conful, fayes he: aged Custome,

But your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,

This is not, that hee shal live, and to piece'em,
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

**Brut.** If you will not: Say, we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to fetch his Country, How long continued, and what stock he sprung of, The Noble House of the Martians: from whence came That Ancus Martius, Numa's Daughters Sonne. Who after great Hiflorie here was King, Of the same House Publius and Quintus were, That our best Wasex brought by Conduits hither, And nobly stand'd, so wise being Censor, Was his great Ancestor. So Sicca. One thus defended, That bathe beside well in his person wrought, To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Skaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke That fuddaine approbation. 

**Brut.** Say you ne'er had don't, (Harpe on that hill) but by our putting on, And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repairs 'tob' Captiol. We will all: we almost all repent in their election. 

**Exeunt Plebeians.**

**Brut.** Let them go on: This Mutiny were better put in hazard, Then pay paft doubt, for greatest: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refual, both obferve and answer The vantage of his anger. 

**Senio.** Toth' Captiol come: We will be there before the streame o'th People: And this shall feeme, as partly 'tis, their owne, Which we have passed on-ward. 

**Exeunt.**

**Titus Tertius.**

**Caius.** Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Commissaries, Tullus Latius, and other Senators. 

**Cori.** Tullus Aufidius then had made new head. 

**Latius.** He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd Our fierifte competion. So the Captols send but as at first, Readie when time shall prompt them to make roade Vpon's againe. 

**Com.** They are worne (Lord Conful) fo. That we shall hardly in our ages see Their Banners waue againe. 

**Cori.** Saw you Aufidius? 

**Latius.** On safegard he came to me, and did curse Against the Volcers, for they had so vildly Yielded the Towne: he is retay'd to Antium. 

**Cori.** Spoke he of me? 

**Latius.** He did, my Lord. 

**Cori.** How? what? 

**Latius.** How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated Your perfon most: That he would pawne his fortunes To hopefull retituation, fo he might Be call'd your Vanguisher. 

**Cori.** At Antium lies he? 

**Latius.** At Antium. 

**Cori.** I with I had a caufe to secke him there, To oppose his hated fully, Welcome home, And Nobly enter, for us and our friends. Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despife them: For they doe prateke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble suffrance. 

**Scen.** Paffe no further. 

**Cori.** Hah? what is that? 

**Brut.** It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further. 

**Cori.** What makes this change? 

**Men.** The matter? 

**Com.** Hath he not paff'd the Noble, and the Common? 

**Brut.** Cori. Hath I had Children Voyces? 

**Senio.** Tribunes give way, he shall toth' Market place. 

**Brut.** The People are incend'd against him. 

**Scen.** Stop, or all will fall in broyle. 

**Cori.** Are the's your Head? 

Moat these haue Voyces, that can yeld them now, And fraught disclaim their tounge: what are your Office? You being their Mouthe, why rule you not their Teeth? Have you not let them on? 

**Men.** Be calme, be calme, 

**Cori.** It is a purpof'ld thing, and growes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie; Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever shall be t cucled. 

**Brut.** Call'd not a Plot: The People cry you mockt them: and of late, When Cunio was given them grants, you repind, Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleasers, flaters, foes to Noblenesse. 

**Cori.** Why this was knowne before. 

**Brut.** Not to them all. 

**Cori.** Have you inform'd them thence? 

**Brut.** How? I informe them? 

**Com.** You are like to doe such businesse. 

**Brut.** Not unlike every way to better yours. 

**Cori.** Why then should I be Conful by yond Clouds Let me defere fo ill as you, and make me Your fellow Tribune. 

**Scen.** You knew too much of that, For which the People flrite: if you will passe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or weare fo noble as a Conful, Nor youakes with him for Tribune. 

**Men.** Let's be calme. 

**Com.** The People are abus'd: let on, this palting Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus 

**Derefer'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsely 1' th' plaine Way of his Merit.** 

**Cori.** Tell me of Conio: this was my speech, And I will speake't againe. 

**Men.** Not now, nor now. 

**Senio.** Not in this heat, Sir, now. 

**Cori.** Now as I live, I will. My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons: For the mutable tanke-fented Meynie, Let them regard me, as I do not flatter, And therein behold themselves: I say againe, In fouthing them, we nouris' gainst our Senate The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition, Which we our felues have plowed for, low'd & catter'd, By mingling them with vs, the honord Number, Who lack not Vertue, no nor Power, but that Which they have given to Beggers. 

**Men.** Well, no more. 

**Senio.** No more words, we beseech you. 

**Cori.** How? no more?
Chapter 1

Call our Care, Fear, which will in time
Break ope the Locks of a's Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bra. Enough, with outer measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both Divine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other.
Infult without all reason, where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yes and no
Of general Ignorance, it must omit.

Real Necesities, and give way the while
To invisible Slightness, Purpose to bair'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beleech you,
You that will be luste peacefull, then difcreet.
That loute the Fundamental part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That prefert
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wifh,
To tumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyfick.
That's sure of death without it. at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tonge, let them not luke
The twyer which is their peyson. Your difhonor
Mangles true judgmem, and bernes the State
Of that Integrity which should become's.
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For thill which doth controul.

Bra. Has said enough.

Sien. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answet
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, delspight ore what's helhe thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fities
To the greater Bench, in a Rebellion.
When what's not met, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they choene. in a better house.
Let what is meet, be fayde it must be meet,
And throw their power o'th'dust,

Bra. Manifie Telufion.

Sien. This a Confell? No.

Enter an Edile.

Bra. The Ediles hole. Let him be apprehended
Sien. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee to a Traitorous Innosor.
A Foe to th' publicke Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anwer.
Cora. Hence old Gost.
All. Well I Surney him
Cor. Ag'd sir, hands off.
Cora. Hence rotten thing, or I shal shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sien. Help ye Citizens,

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ediles.

Mene. On both fides more repect.

Sien. Here's thee, that would take from you all your
power.

Bra. Seize him Ediles.

All. Downe with him, downe with him
a Sea, Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all afigle about Corinlus.
Tribunes, Patrician, Citizens: what ho:

Scare, Brave, Corinlus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, Stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To th'people: Corinlus, patience. Speak good Scribuna.

Sien.
Scit. Hear me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, peace, peace.
Scit. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Marius would have all from you; Marius,
Whom late you have nam'd for Constell.
Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Scit. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Brut. By the content of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remain.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To burn the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet dinnishly raunges,
In heapes, and piles of Runes.
Scit. This doth defiance Death.
Brut. Or let us stand to our Authorize,
One of the sort is: we do not pronounce,
Upon the part o'th People, in whose power
We were elect'd theirs, Marius is worthy
Of present Death.
Scit. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him thr' Rock Tarpeian, and from hence
Into defection call him.
Brut. Adeles seize him.
All Ple. Yield Marius, yield.
Mene. Hear me one word, beseech you Tribunes,
hear me but a word.
Adeles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you feeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temperate proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, those cold ways,
That seeke like prudent helpers, are very poyonous,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock.
Corin. draws his Sword.
Com. No, Ile die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trie upon your felowes, what you have feene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Mene. Helpa Marius; helpe you that be noble, helpe
him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeunt.
In the meantime, the Tribunes, the Adeles, and the People are best m.
Mene. Go, get you to our House be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that? Sen. The Gods forbid!
I pray thee noble friend, come to thy House,
Leave us to cure this Caufe.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore upon vs,
You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come Sir, along with us.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: nor Romans, as they are not,
Though called with'th' Porch o'th' Capitol.
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Corin. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take up a brace o'th' best of
them, yet the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmeticke,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beate
What they are w'd to bear.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
With chafe that have but little: this must be patch
With Cloth of any Colour.
Patris. This man he's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Triton,
Or lowe, for his power toThunder: his Heart's his Mouth;
What his Brief forgery, that his Tongue mouf'vents,
And bring angry, does forget this ever.
He heard the Name of Death. A Noise without.
Here's goodly works.
Patris. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tuber.
What the vengeance, could he not speeke 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sierrius with the rabble agane.
Sierr. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the City, & be every man himself.
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sierr. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock,
With rigorous hands: he hath refus'd Law,
And therefore Law shall force him further Trial.
Then the feuerity of the publicke Power,
Which he so fast at naught.
1. Com. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall tseue once.
Mene. Sir, sir.
Sierr. Peace.
Mer. Do not cry haueock, where you shold but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sierr. Sir, how comst thou that you have holpe
To make this refuse?
Mene. Hear me speake? As I do know
The Confsuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.
Sierr. Confsull what Confsull?
Mene. The Confsull Coriolanus,
Bru. He Confsull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would grave a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further hate,
Then for much losse of time.
Sierr. Speake brerely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatich
This Viperous Traitor: to elehe him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is considered,
He dies to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her defended Children is enrol'd
In Inours owne Bookes, like an unnatural Dam
Should now caste vp her owne.
Sierr.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Act IV. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

	none. Oh he's a Limbe, that he's but a Disease,
	
to cut it off to cure it, easie.
	What he's done to Rome, that's whereby death?
	Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath left
	(I which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
	By many an Ounce) he dropp'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 th'end a th' World.
	Sicin. This is cleane kame.
	Broo. Merely savy:

When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Mem. The furiece of the foote
Becing once gangrent, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Broo. We'll heare no more;

Perfute him to his houfe, and placke him thence.

Leaft his infection being of catching nature,
Spred farther.

Mem. One word more, one word:

This Tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harme of vsnskaid (twistitske, will (too late)
Tyr Leaden pounds too's heelees. Proceed by Processe,
Leaft parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And sake great Rome with Romanes.

Broo. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye take?

Hawe we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Edites (not) our selves refitid: come.

Mem. Consider this: He has bin bred in'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted Language: Meate and Bran together.
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
Ile go to him, and understake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall anwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vomo fterill.

Sicin. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other coare
Will prooue bloody: and the end of it,
Unknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble Memouers, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maffets, lay downe your Weapons.

Broo. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there:
Where if you bring not Martrins, we'll proovide
In our first way.

Mem. Ile bring him to you.

Let me define your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sicin. Pray you let's to him.

Enuavit Omnes. Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at withle-Horset heelees, Or pile ten hileres on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe fretch
Below the brame of fight; yet will I fell
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnius.

Noble. You do the Noble.

Corio. I mufe my Mother
Do not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailers, things creased
To buy and sell with Groote, to shew bare heads
In Congreations: to yawme, to be full, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance flood up
To speake of Peace, or Warre, I talke of you,
Why did you with me milder? Would you have me
Falle to my Naturse? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volumn. Oh fir, fir, fir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With fhringing leffe to be so: Lefter had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not throu'd him how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volumn. I, and burne too.

Enter Memouers with the Senators.

Afer. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing
too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sicin. There's no remedy,

Vileffe by not so doing, our good Citie
Cloaue in the middl'fit, and perih.

Volumn. Pray be councill'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my vie of Anger
To better vantage.

Mem. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus floope to th'heart, but that
The violent fits at'h time causeth it Physick
For the whole State, he would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely bare.

Corio. What must I do?

Mem. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mem. Repent, what you have spake.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Mull I then do'to them?

Vol. You are too absoloute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,
Hononr and Policy, like vnfee'd Friends,
I' th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and I'll tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loole,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Futh, futh.

Mem. A good demand.

Volumn. If it be Honor in your Warres, so seeme
The saine you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worse
That it shall hold Companionfiship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like requit.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volumn. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roaste in your Tongue;
Though but Baffards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more difiehonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune,and
The hazard of much blood.
I would differmble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requite'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Youth
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather shew our general Laws, How you can to waxe, then spend a swaine vpon'em, For the inheritance of their loyes, and safeguard Of what that want might ruine.  

Men. Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake faire; you may false so, Not what is dangerous present, but the loose Of what is past.  

Volum. I pray thee now, my Sonne, Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus fare haung frettish is [here be with them] Thy Knee buffing the miners: for in fuch bufineffe Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant More learned then the ears, waung thy head, Which often thus correching thy flout heart, Now humble as the ripeft Mulberry, That will not hold the handling: or lay to them, Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles, Haft not the soft way, which thou doft confede Were fit for thee to vie, as they to clamey, In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame Thy fefe (forsoath) hereafter theirs fofare, As thou haft power and perfon.  

Men. This but done, Even as five speakers, why their hearts were yours: For they have Pardons, being ask'd as free, As words to little purpofe.  

Volum. Prythee now, Go, and be rid'd: although I know thou wast rather Follow thine Enemie in a fpirift Guife, Then flatter him in a Bower.  

Here is Cominius.  

Com. I have beene this Mr. Market place: and Sir tis fit You make strong partie, or defend your felfe By calmanefse, or by abfence: all's in anger.  

Men. One ly fair speeche, I thinke t'll ferue: if he can thereto frame his spirit.  

Volum. He must, and will:  

Prythee now fay you will, and goo about it.  

Coro. Muft I goe fiew them my vnbait'd Sconce?  

Muft I with my fabe Tongue give to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it muft beare well? I will doen't.  

Yet were there but this fingle Plot, to loofe This Mount of Mertua, they to dut fhould grinde it, And throw't againft the Wind: Tnth Market place: You have put me now to fuch a pars, which neuer I fhall difcharge t'oth Life.  

Com Come, come, we'll prompt you.  

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou haft faid My praife made thee firft a Souldier: so To have my praife for this, performe a pars Thou haft not done before.  

Coro. Wex, I muft doen't:  

Away my dispofitton, and poiffeffe me  

Some Harlots spirit: My throats of Warre be turn'd, Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe, Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce.  

That Bables fulla-Beepe : The smilies of Knaues  

Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boys Tares take vp  

The Glafies of my fight: A Beggars Tongue  

Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees  

Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bent like his  

That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not doen't,  

Least I farceafe to honor mine owne truth,  

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde  

A moft inherent Bafeness.  

Volum. At thy choice then:  

To begge of thee, it is my more dif-honor,  

Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let  

Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, then feare  

Thy dangerous Stouenife: for I moche at death  

With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift,  

Thy Valiantneffe was mine, thou fick't it from me:  

But owye thy Pride thy fefe.  

Coro. Pray be content:  

Mother, I am going to the Market place  

Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Laws,  

Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belo'd  

Of all the Trades in Rome. Look,e I am going:  

Command me to my Wife, Ile returne Confiull, Or neuer truft to what my Tongue can do  

I th'way of Flattery further.  

Volum. Do your will,  

Com. Away, the Tributres do attend you answr me yet:  

To anwer mildly: for they are prepar'd  

With Accusatons, as I hear more strong  

Then are vpon you yet.  

Coro. The words is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,  

Let them accuse me by invention: I  

Will anwer in mine Honor.  

Men. I, but mildly.  

Coro. Well mildly be it then, Mildely.  

Enter Sicitius and Bruus.  

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannicall power: I the euade vs there,  

Inforee him with his enuy to the people,  

And that the Spoile got on the Armies  

Was ne're distributed What, will he come?  

Enter an Edite.  

Edit. Hee' comming.  

Bru. Houe accompanied?  

Edit. Withold Menenius, and those Senators  

That always fauour'd him.  

Stecn. Haue you a Catalogue  

Of all the Voices that we have procure't, fett downe by th'  


(Pole)  

Stecn. Haue you collected them by Tribes?  

Edit. I haue.  

Stecn. Affemble prefently the people hither:  

And when they hear me fay, it fhall be fo,  

I fhall right and strength a th'Commons: be it either  

For death, for fine, or Bannifhment, then let them  

If I fay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,  

Influfing on the olde prerogative  

And power ith Truth ith Caufe.  

Edit. I fhall informe them.  

Bru. And when fuch time they have begun to cry,  

Let them not ceafe, but with a denne confus'd  

Infore the present Execution  

Of what we chance to Sentence  

Edit. Very well.  

Stecn. Make them be strong, and ready for this hift  

When we fhall hap to giu't them.  

Bru. Go about it,  

Put him to Choller ftraitely, he hath bene vs'd  

Euer to conquer, and to have his worth  

Of contradiction. Being once chaffe, he cannot  

Be ren'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks:  

What's
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, breasts, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do befeech you.

Corio. I, as an Hottier, that foure poorest peace
Will bear the Knaue by th' Volume:

This honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love among
Through our large Temples with the swes of peace
And not our foes with Warre.


Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edits with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw meere ye people.

Edits. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corin. Fifth heare me speake.

BabTri. Well, say: Peace ho.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Muff all determine here?

Sicin. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd upon you

Coro. I am Content.

Mene. Let Citizens, he syes he is Content,
The warlike Service he has done, consider: Think
Upon the wounds his body bearth, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Cario. Scratches with Bristre, scars to move
Laughter only.

Mene. Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier : I do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious soundes:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rashier then enuoy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Confull with full voyce:
I am so difhonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off again.

Sicin. Anfwere to vs.

Coro. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contribu'd to take
From Rome all feas'd Office, and to winde
Yourself into a power tyrannically,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Tryztor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promisr

Corio. The fires i'th lowesft hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniquious Tribune.

Within thine eyes fate twentie thousand deaths
In thy hands clutch: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou yelt unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Make ye this people?

All. To th' Rocke, to th' Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have fene him do, and heard him speake:

Besting your Officers, curing your felves,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him,
Even this fo criminally, and in such capitall kinde
Defyres he'threatest death.

Brw. But since he hath fere'd well for Rome,

Corio. What do you prate of Service,

Brw. I take of that, that know it

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother,

Com. Know, I pray you,

Corio. He know no further:

Let them pronounce this deep Tepesterian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleasing, pent to linger
But with a gaine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Couteage for what they can give,
To hau'et with faying, Good morrow,

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui against the people: seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Given Hobblie strokes, and that not in the presence
Ofdreaded Justice, but on the Minifters
That doth distribute it. In the name a' th people,
And in the power of vs vs the Tribunes, wee
(E'un from this infatant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tepesterian, never more
To 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:

Hec's banish'd, and it shall be fo,

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I have bene Conful, and can flew from Rome
Her Enemies marks upon me, I do lerne
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives emmay, her wombs encreafe,
And treasure of my Lyones: then if I would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drifts, Speake what?

Brw. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As Enemy to the people, and his Countruye.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall bee fo, it shall bee fo.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As rebeck a'th rotten Fennes: whose Louses I prize,
As the dead Ghostes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And here remaine with your uncertaintie.

Let euerie feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispair: Have the power full
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feel) maketh
Making but feruation of your felues,
Still your owne Foes) deluets you
As most abated Captaines, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, defending
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elswhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Caius Martius.

They all about, and throw up their Cap.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Voltemund, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Curt. Come leave your teares: a brief farewell the beaft
With many hands butts me away, Nay Muther,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
to say, Extremities was the trust of spirits,
That common chancers. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
She'd Mafftership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most froke home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make unctible
The heart that cond'eth them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Vol. Now the Red Peffhine strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perihs.

Curt. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Muther,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Hercules.
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and faud
Your Husband for much fwer.

Cominius. Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Murther,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy teares are falter than a yonger man,
And venemous to thine eyes.

Curt. (Fometime)Generall, I have fone the Sirene, and thau ball of beheld
Heart-hardning feaftables. Tell these sad women,
Tis food to waife ineutale frokes,
As 'tis to laugh at'em My Muther, you wot well
My hazards still have beene your folicite, and
Believe not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fene
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then fene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caugh
With cautelous fans and practice.

Voltemund. My first fone,
Whether will thou go? Take good Commiun,
With thee awhile: Determine on some couflee
More then a wilde exposure, to each chance
That start's ith thy way before thee.

Curt. O the Gods!
Cem. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuitf with thee
Where thou shalt reft, that thou may'ft hearce of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thuff forth
A caufe for thy Repela, we shall not fend
O'the vast world, to feake a single man,
And loose advantage, which doth euer coole
In'th'abfencc of the needer.

Curt. Fare ye well:
Thou haft yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the wares suffres, to go rous with one
That's yet vabuou'd: bring me but out at gate,
Come my sweet wife, my deerdef Muther, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and fmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine about the ground, you fhall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily
As any care can heare. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one feuen yeeres
From thee old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euerly foot.

Curt. Give me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Scipio, and Brutus, with the Edfe.

Scip. Bid them all home, he's gone: & we'll no further
The Nobility are vexed, whom we fea have fided
In thine behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue fhewne our power,
Let vs feme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.

Scip. Bid them home: fay their great enemy is gone
And they, hand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiff them home. Here comes his Mother

Enter Voltemund, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Scip. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Scip. They lay she's mad.

Brut. They have tane note of vs; keep on your way
Voltem. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoored plague a'th' Gods requir you love.

Menen. Peace, peace be not fo loud.

Voltem. If that I could for weeping, you should haere

Nay, and you fhall haere come. Will you be gone?

Scip. You fhall stay too. I would have the power
To lay go to my Husband.

Scip. Are you mankind?

Voltem. I foule, is it a shame. Note but this foule,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxfhip
To banift him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haft spoken words.

Scip. Oh bleffed Heauens!

Voltem. Moe Noble blowes, then enter wife words.
And for Rome good, I tell thee what: ye yet goe:

Nay but thou faith stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Scip. What then?

Virg. What then? He'ld make an end of thy pofterity
For your value beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Scip. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Voltem. I would he had? 'Twas you infect fin the table.
Cats, that can judge as fidy of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen.
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Voltem. Now pray for get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: Ete you go, haere this:

As ferre as forth the Capitoll excede
The meanefl house in Rome; to ferre my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you see) Whom you have banish’d, does exceed you all. 
Brut. Well, well, wee I lesse you. 
Serv. Why may we be bated
With one that wants her Wits, 
Exit Tribunes. 
Volumn. Take my Prayers with you. 
I would the Gods had nothing else to do, 
But to confirme my Curstes. Could I meete ‘em 
But once a day, it would vnlooke my heart 
Of what lies heavy too. 
Merce. You have told them home. 
And by your search you hauie cause: you’l Sup with me. 
Volumn. Angers my Meate: I supper upon my self, 
And so shall reue with Feeding: Come, let’s go, 
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, 
In Anger, law-vike: Come, come, come. 
Exeunt. 
Merce. First sitts. 
Enter a Roman, and a Voice. 
Rom. I know you well sit, and you know mee: your name I think is Adrian. 
Vole. It is so sit, truly I have forgot you. 
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, 
against ‘em. Know you me yet. 
Vole. Nicerat venia. 
Rom. The same fam, 
Vole. You had more search when I left saw you, but your Favour is well appeal’d by your Tongue. What’s the News in Rome: I have a Note from the Volcan State to finde you out there. You have well faute me a dayes journey. 
Rom. There hath bene in Rome strange Incidents: The people, against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles. 
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the beest of their diuision 
Rom. The maine blaze oft is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receyue to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe sattisfe, to take al power from the people, 
and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. 
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 
Vole. Coriolanus Banished? 
Rom. Banish’d sit. 
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicerat venia. 
Rom. The day ferues well for them now. I have heard it faile, the first time to corrupt a most Wise, is when there’s faire out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus Aufidius will appeare well in these Warses, his great Opinion Coriolanus being now in no request of his country. 
Vole. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Busines, and I will marry accompany you home. 
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adueraries. Have you an Army ready for you? 
Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distingeth billeted already in their Entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning. 
Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readiness, and am the man I think, that shall fet them in present Action. So far, heartly well met, and most glad of your Company. 
Vole. You take my part from me sit, I have the most 
caue to be glad of yours. 
Rom. Well, let us go together. 
Exe. 
Enter Coriolanus in meanes Apparel, Dis- 
gusted and miffed, 
Corio. A goodly City this is Antium. City, 
Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre 
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warses 
Hau I heard groze, and drop: Then know me not, 
Leat that thy Wives with Spits, and Boyes with Stone 
In puny Blasell flay me. Save you far. 
Enter a Citizen. 
Cit. And you. 
Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aus-
fidius lies: Is he in Antium? 
Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night. 
Corio. Which is his house, befiegh you? 
Cit. This here before you. 
Corio. Thank you sit, farewell. 
Exe Citizen. 
Oh World, thy slippery turenes! Friends now last sworn, 
Whose double boresome seems to wette one heart, 
Whose Haures, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise 
Are still together: who Twin (as were) in Loue, 
Unseparable, shall within this house, 
On a diffension of a Doit, break out 
To bittreft Enmity: So selleft Foes. 
Whose Passion, and whose Plots have broke their deep 
Tosake the one the other, by some chance, 
Sometiche not worth in Egge, shall grow deere friends 
And inter-syon their offices. So with me, 
My Birth-place haue it, and my loves upon 
This Eternie Towne: Ile enter, if the fay me 
He does faire fuite: if he gue me way, 
Ile do his Country Service. 
Majestie plays. Enter a Scercumman. 
1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What Service is here? I think our Fellowes are asleep. 
Enter another Scercumman. 
Enter Coriolanus, 
Corio. A goodly House: 
The Feast imells well: but I appeare not like a Guest. 
Enter the first Scercumman. 
1 Ser. What would you have Friends? where are you? 
Here’s no place for you: Pray go to the doors. 
Exit Corio. I have defend’d no better entertainments, in be-
ing Coriolanus, 
Exit second Scercumman. 
2 Ser. Whence are you sit? He’s the Potter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? 
Pray get you out. 
Corio. Away. 
2 Ser. Away? Get you away. 
Corio. Now that’s troublesome. 
2 Ser. Are you so brave? Ile have you talkt with anon 
Enter 3 Scercumman, the 1 mett him. 
3 What Fellowes this? 
1 A Siringe one as euer I looked on. I cannot get him out of the house: Prythee call my Master to him. 
3 What bave you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house. 
Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth. 
3 What are you? 
Corio. A Gentleman. 
3 A mardious poore one. 
Corio. True, if I am. 
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other fas-
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am longer to blast my selfe wearie: and preftent: My thrust to thee, and to thy ancient Matrice: Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fool, Since I have ever followed thee with hate. Drawne Tunnels of Blood out of thy Countries crest, And cannot live but to thy Shame, wiselee. It be to do thee seruice.

Aac. Oh Marsus, Marsus! Each word thou hast spoke, hast weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Envy, If Jupiter. Should from yond cloud speake divine things, And say 'tis true; I'don beleue them more Then thee all Noble Marsus. Let me twinke Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And fear'd the Moone with splinters: here I sleep The Anule of my Sword, and do content As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Louse, As ever in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou this, I loud the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath: But that I fee thee here Thou Noble thing, most dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Miftis law Delire my Throes with. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foonce: and I had purpose One more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or looke mine Arme for'. Thou haft beate me out Twelve fettall times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters: mixt thy felle and me. We have beene downe together in my steep, Unbuckling Helmes, felling each others Throats, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Marsus, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banifh'd, we would mufier all From twelve, to feuentie: and powting Ware Into the bowels of vngrateful Rome, Like a buld Flood o're: beste. Oh come, go in, And take out friendly Seniors by'thand's Who now are heere, taking them leaves of mee, Who am prepared against the Territories, Though not for Rome it felle. Marsus. You bleffe me Gods.

Aac. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou have The leading of thineowne Reuenges, take Th'one half of my Commission, and set downe As beft thou art experience, since thou know a Thy Countries strength and weakefle, thine owne wates Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely will them in partes tempe. To fift them, ere defroyst, But come in, Let me commend the firft, to those that shall Say ye to thy defires. A thousand welcome, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy, Yet Marsus ought was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Enter two of the Servauntes.

Heere's a strange alteration.

1. By my hand, I had thought to have stroke him with a cudgel, and yet my minde gave me, his clothesse made a false report of him.
2. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had fear, and of face thought I, I cannot tell.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Enter the third Servant.

Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Racles.


I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as

liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Ge-

nerall, Caes. Martinus.

Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-

ways good enough for him.

Come we are fellewes and friends: he was ever too

hard for him, I have heard him say for him selfe.

He was too hard for him directly, to say the Truth

en't before Corisler, he fotech him, and noccht him like a

Carbinad.

And hee had bin Canniballly given, hee might have

boyled and eaten him too.

But more of thy Newes.

Why he is made on here withith, as if hee were

Son and Here to Mars, yet as vipper end o'th'Table: No

question ask him by any of the Senators, but they fland

bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mis-

tris of him, Sanchises himselfe with, and turns vp the

white o'th'eye to his Difcourse. But the bottome of the

Newes is, our Generall's cur'd: th'only, & but one

haff of what he was yesterday. For the other h's haffe, by

the intreseye and graunte of the whole Table. He'll go be

fayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by thecares. He

will move all downe before him, and lease his passage

poul'd.

And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

Don't he will don't: for look you sir, he has as ma-

ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir ask were, didst

not (look you sir) fiew themselfes (as we terme it) his

Friends, whilest he in Directitude.

Directitude? What is that?

But when they shall see sir, his Creft vp againe, and

the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like

Comes after Raine) and react all with him.

But when goes this forward:

To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the

Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel

of their Pearl, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Why then we'll shall have a harring World againe;

This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encreas Taylors,

and breed Ballad-makers.

Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as faire

day do's night: it's sprightly walking, audible, and full

of Vient. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargy, malad, de-

dae, fleete, ineffensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to

be a Rainiffer, so it cannot be denied, but pease is a great

maker of Cuckolds.

I, and it makes men hate one another.

Reason, because they then leffe neede one another:

The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as

cheapes as Volcanis. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in.

Enter the two Tribune, Sicinio, and Brutus.

Sicin. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,

His remedies are tame, the present peace,

And quietness of the people, which before

Were in wilde hury. Here do we make his Friends

Bluff, that the world goes well: who rather had,

Though they themselfes did suffer by't, behold

Diffentious numbers pestringe streets, then fee

Our Trademen singing in their shops, and going

About their Functions friendly.

Enter Mecenas.

Brut. We flood too't in good time. Is this Mecenas?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moft kind of late:

Haile Sir.

Mec. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his

Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would

do, were he more angry at it.

Mec. All's well, and might have been much better,

if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, hear you?

Mec. Nay I hear nothing.

His Mother and his wife, hear nothing from him.

Enter three to speke Ciceron.

All. The Gods preftrue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Brut. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our felues; our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both,

Sicin. Lie, and thrice.

Brut. Farewell kind Neighbours:

We will the Coriolanus had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you,

Both Trs. Farewell, farewell.

Enter Ciceron.

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,

Then when the Fellowes ran about the streets.

Crying Confusion.

Brut. Cava Martius was

A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent,

O'come with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking

Seket-louing.

Sicin. And afecting one sole Throne, without allhlor.

Mec. I thonke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,

If he had gone forth Confull, found it so.

Brut. The Gods have well prentended it, and Rome

Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Adile.

Adile. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,

Reports the Volces with two feferal Powers

Are entered in the Roman Territories,

And with the deepell malice of the Warre,

Destroy, what lies before'em.

Mec. 'Tit Aufidiam,

Who hearing of our Martian Baniishment,

Thrifts forth his horns againe into the world

Which were In-flesh'd when Martian flood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

_Sicin._ Come, what talk you of Marius.

_Brut._ Go see this Rumorist whipt, it cannot be,

The Voles dare break with vs.

_Men._ Cannot be?

We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But rest on with the fellow
Before you punishe him, where he heard this,
Leaft you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bidst beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

_Sicin._ Tell me: I know this cannot be.

_Brut._ Not possible.

_Enter a Messenger._

_Men._ The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: Some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances.

_Sicin._ 'Tis this Slaves:
Go whipp him for the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report

_Men._ Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.

_Sicin._ It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marius
Loy'd with Auscilius, leads a power against Rome,
And vows Revenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'ft and oldeft thing.

_Sicin._ This most likely.

_Brut._ Rais'd only, that the weakest may with
Good Marius home again.

_Sicin._ The very tricke on't.

_Men._ This is valiently,
He, and Auscilius can no more storne
Then violent Contary.

_Enter a Messenger._

_Men._ You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearfull Army, led by Caius Marius,
Associated with Auscilius, R aga
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, confound'd with fire, androke
What lay before them.

_Enter Common._

_Com._ Oh you have made good worke.

_Men._ What newes? What newes?

_Com._ You have holp'd to rauffh your owne daughters, 
To melt the City Leaders vpon your pate,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noles.

_Men._ What's the newes? What's the newes?

_Com._ Your Temples burnt in your Civet, and
Your Franchise, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augurs boare.

_Men._ Pray now, your newes:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If Marius shou'd be loy'd with Volcanes.

_Com._ If he is ther God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shoulds man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no least Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Batter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.

_Sicin._ You have made good worke,
You and your Aproch men you, that stood so much
Upon your goyce of occupation, and the breadth of Garlick-eaters.

_Com._ He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

_Men._ As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Frute.
You have made faire worke,

_Brut._ But is this true fit?

_Com._ I, and you'll looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do limingly Reuole, and who refills
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perifh continual Fools; who can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

_Men._ We are all endone, unlesse
The Noble man have mercy.

_Com._ Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot doun't for shame; the people
Defere such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Does't the Shepherds: For his best Friends, if they
Should lay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deferr'd his hate,
And therein they'd like Enemies,

_Men._ This true: if the were putting to my house, the brand
That shoul'd confume it, I have not the face
To see them burn in my extasy.
You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire,

_Com._ You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was never
Sincapable of help.

_Tri._ Say not, we brought it,

_Men._ How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts; and Cowardly Nobles,
Gate way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote
Him out o'th CITY.

_Com._ But I feare
They'll oreath him in againe. Tellus Auscilius,
The second name of men, obayes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deferation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

_Enter a Troope of Citizens._

_Men._ Here come the Clusters.
And is Auscilius with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you caft
Your fincking, greese Cap, in hoeiting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a hare vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vpon, he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burnt us all into our coele,
We haue deferr'd it.

_Over._ Faith, we heare fearefull Newes.

_Cit._ For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

_Cit._ And so did I,
And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very
Many of us, that we did did for the best, and though we
Willingly committed to his Banishment yet it was against
our will.

_Com._ Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

_Men._ You have made good worke
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

_Com._ Oh I, what else?

_Enter Six._

_Over._ Go Muster get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so feeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signs of Feare.
Enter Menedius, Cominius, Scevola, Bratus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Mened. No, Ile not go you hear what be hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o't that? Go you that banish'd him A Mite before his Tent, fall down, and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, if he co'd To hear Cominius speake, lie keepe at home Com. He would not seeme to know me. Mened. Do you hear? Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquittance, and the drops That we haue bled together, Coriolanus He would not answer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Title-Leese, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'shife Of burning Rome. Mened. Why so: you haue made good worke: A parie of Tribunes, that haue vrck'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory. Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leffe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punisht. Mened. Very well, could he say leffe. Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's prouest Friends. His answer to me was He could not flay to picke them, in a pile Of noylome mufly Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vburn And all to noise th'offence. Mened. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Child, And this brawe Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the mufly Chaffe, and you are fmeit About the Moore. We must be burnt for you. Scev. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuele your syde In this so neerer-needed help, yet do not Vbpraide's with our difiree. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tonge More then the inftant Armie we can make Might flop our Countryman. Mened. No: Ile not meddle. Scev. Pray you go to him. Mened. What shoul'd I do? Bratus. Oney make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards Marius. Mened. Well, and say that Marius returne mee, At Cominius is return'd, vnheard what then? But as a difertenced Friend, greene-shot With his vnkindnesse, Say's the like to. Scev. Yet your good will Must haue that thanks from Rome,after the meaure As you intende well. Mened. Ile vnderstak'n: I think he'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much vnhearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not done
The Veins vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pov't vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have flafe
Thee Pipes, and these Consequences of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have supper Souls
Then in our Prefent like Feasts therefore let us watch him
Till he be dictated to my requit,
And then let wp on him.
Thou know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ie prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall eet long, have knowledge
Of my successe.

Exit.

Com. Hee never heare him.

Sticn. Not.

Com. I tell you, he does sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'would burne Rome: and his Injury
The Goater to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
I was very feaily he faid Rifer difmit me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He fent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to my Conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vntlfe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to felicite
him for mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intrests haft them on

Enter Menenius to the Watch and Guard.

1. Wait. Stay: whence are you.
2. Wait. Stand, and go back.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus.

1 From whence? Mene. From Rome.

2 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more come from hence.

3 You'll fee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll Speak with Coriolanus.

Mene. Good my Friends,

If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your ears: it is Menenius,
Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere pulfable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I have bene
The booke of his good Acts, wherfore men haue read
His name vnparcell'd, happyly augmented:
For I have euer verifie'd my Friends,
(Of whom heere's cheere's) with all the fize that verity
Would without laping fuffer. Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a fubtle ground
I have tumbled paff the throw: and in his praffe
Have (almoft) flamped the Leafing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leave to passe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his bealeff,
as you have writed words in your owne; you should not
paffe here: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
lie chaffily. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you fay you
have, I am one that telling true vnder him, must fay you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he don't can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner,
1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you have pafted your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given
your enemy your shield, thinke to front his revenge
with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palmes of your daughters,
or with the pallied intercifion of such a de-
cay'd Donat as you feeme to be? Can you to think to
blow out the intende fire, your City is ready to flame in,
with fuch brake breath as this? No, you are decd't, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condenm'd, our Generall has vnowe you out of reprieve and
pardon.

2 me. Sura, if thy Captaine knew I were heree,
He would vfe me with effimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I mean't thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I fay, go: leaft
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the
vmeof your hauing, backe.

Sticn. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Antipius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: He fay an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in effimation: you fhall
perceife, that a Jacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son Coriolanus, guefel but my entertainment with him. if
thou fland if not fth' rate of hanging, or of fome death
more long in Speculation, and cruelle in fuffering, be-
hold now prettly, and with fpeed for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods fit in hourly Syndot about thy
particullar properity, and loue thee not more then thy old
Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but being affured
none but my felfe could move thee, I have beene blowne
out of your Gates with fighes: and consuere thee to par-
done Rome, and thy perifhion Counteines. The good
Gods aflwage thy wrath, and turne the deags of it, upon
this Varlet here: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my access to thee,

Car. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Car. Wife, Mother, Child I know not: My affaires
Are Scuru'ed to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my renilion lies
In Volcan breths. That we have bene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine cares against your fuites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I write it for thy fake,
And would have sent it. Another word Menenius,
I will not heare thee speake. This man Antipius
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold': th
Affid. You keep a contant temper.

Mene. The Guard and Menenius.

1 Now fir, is your name Menenius?

2 'Tis a spell you fee of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how we are fent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What caufe do you thinke I have to twocond?

Mene. I neither care for this world, nor your Generall:
for fuch things as you, I can feare think there's any y'r to
flight. He that hath a will to die by himfelfe, leaves it

not.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

not from another. Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was fald to, Away. Exit

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Exile, and your Generall, He's the Rock, The Oake not to be wunde-shaken.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoafe. My partner in this Action, You must report to the Volcan Lords, how plainly I have borne this Business.

Aue. Oney their end you have respected, Stopt your ears against the generall suite of Rome: Neuer admitted a privat whisper, no not with such freinds That thought them faire of you.

Cor. This left old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have fent to Rome, Lou'd me, above the meafure of a father, Nay godde meant me indeed. Their latef refuge Was to fend him: for whose old Loue I haue (Though I shew'd fowly to him) once more offer'd The first Conditions which they did refufe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I have yeelded too, Fret Embaffes, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor privite friends hereafter Will I tend eare to. Ha! what shou'd this? Shout without Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the fame time it's made! I will not.

Enter Volcenes, Volcinus, Valeria, young Marcius with Attendants.

My wife comes forthwith, then the honoure' mould Wherein this Trunkle was fam'd, and in her hand The Grandchild to her blood. But our affliction, All bond and priviledge of Nature break;

Let it be Verous to be Ofsinate.

What is that Cure's worth? Or those Doves eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I met, and am not Of stronger earth then others: my mother bowes, As if Olymputs to a Mole-hill should In supplication nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aspect of incurcision, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Voices Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be such a Golling to obey infinit; but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin Virgil. My Lord and Husbond.

Cor. These eyes are not the fame I wore in Rome. Verg. The sorrow that deluets us thus chang'd, Makes you thinke fo.

Cor. Lie like a dull Aftor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Beft of my Flesh, Forgive my Tyranny; but do not gay, For that forgive our Romanes. O a knife Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge! Now by the jealous Queenne of Heaven, that knife I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippes Hath Virgins tide once. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave unfluitet: Sink me my kneel't earth, Of thy deepre duty, more impression fhew Then that of common Somnes.

Volc. Oh stand vp blest! Whilf't with no fofter Caiuslion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and improperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

between the Childre, and Parent.

Cor. What's thisthous thy knees to me?

To your Corrected Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Strike the proud Cedars' gainst the ficky Sun: Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be, flight works.

Volc. Thou art my Warrour, I hope to fame thee

Do you know this Lady?

Cor. The Noble Sifer of Publicola;

The Moone of Rome: Chafte as the Icle

That's curdedy by the Froft, from pureft Snow,

And hangs on Diana Temple: Dece Veneria.

This is a poore Efcipome of yours,

Which by th'interpretation of full time,

May fhew as all your felie.

Cor. The God of Souldiers:

With the content of supreme love, infinte

Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayft prove To frame a vulnerable, and fickle'th Warres

Like a grea Sea-marke flanding every flaw,

And fuftaining that eye thee.

Volc. Your knee, Sirrah.

Cor. That's my braue Boy.

Volc. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my felfe,

Are Sutors to you.

Cor. I befeech you peace:

Or if you'd ask, remember this before,

The thing I have forsworne to grant, may never Be held by you denyed. Do not bid me

Disfem my Souldiers, or capitulate.

Again, with Rome Mechanicks. Tell me not

Wherein I fume vnsatiable! Defire not a faltly

My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volc. Oh no more, no more:

You have faid you will not grant vs any thing:

For we have nothing elfe to ask, but that

Which you deny already: yet we will ask,

That if you fale in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardneffe, therefore hear vs

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces marke, for we'll

Hear nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Volc. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment

And state of Bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy Exile, Thinke with thy felie,

How more unfortunate then all living women.

Are we come hither; fince that thy flight, which should

Make our eies flow with joy, hars dance with comforts,

Confrains them weep, and fhalke with feare & forrow,

Making the Mother, wife, and Child to fee,

The Sonne, the Husbond, and the Father tearing

His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we

Thinne enmities moft capitall: Thou bar'd fit

Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy. For how can we?

Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?

Where to we are bound, together with thy victory

Where to we are bound: Alack, or we muft loffe.

The Countries our deare Nurfe, or elfe thy parfon

Our comfort in the Country. We must finde

An evident Ciaimery, though we had

Our wish, which fice thoufand win. For either then

Mift as a Fornaine Recrante be led

With Manacles through our streets, or elfe

Triumphantly tride on thy Countries ruine,

And
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And bear the Palme, for hatting bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These wares determine: If I cannot perfwade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ask the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to aflault thy Country, then to trudge
(Truth too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wome
That brought thee to this world.

Virtue, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name luing to time.

Boy, A shal not tread on me: Hee run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womanstenderness to be,
Requires nor Childs, nor womans face to see:
I have fete too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
1st were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Voices whom you ferue, you might condemne vs
As profous of your Honour. No, our fitte
Is that you reconcile then: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shew'd; the Romanes,
This we requind, and each in either side
Gie the All-halfe to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou knowst (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vnceertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefict
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curfes:
Whose Chronicse thus witt, The man was Noble,
But with his left Attemp't, he wip'd it out:
Dethroy'd his Country, and his name remains.
To this ensuing Age, abondon'd. Speake to me Sonn:
Thou hast affected the fute Straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teaze with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Airy,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That should but true an Oake. Why don't speake?
Think't thou is Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you.
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhapes thy childifnesse will move him more
Then can our Reason. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one a'th'Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curseful,
When (the pover Her) fond of no second brood,
He's clock'd thee to the Warres: and falesie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vnuit,
And purge me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain't from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He tumes a way:
Down Ladies, let vs shame him with him with our knees
To his far-name Coriolanvs longs more pride
Then pury to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbour: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneelest, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Does reason our Petition with more strenght
Then thou haff to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in Coriolas, and his Childs
Like him by chance; yet glue vs our dispatch:

I am hufft untioll our City be asrfe, & then ile speake a little
Hold her by the hand silens.  

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome
But for your Sonne, believe it: Oh beleite it,
Moit dangerously you haue with him pretu'd.
If not moit mortall to him. But let it come:
Anfuidus, though I cannot make true Warres,
Le frame covinent peace. Now good Anfuidus,
Were you in my stead, would you haue heard
A Mother leffe? or granted leffe Anfuidus?

Aue. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworn you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mines eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll neuer come, till I take with you, and pray
Stand to me in this caue, Oh Mother! Wife!

Aue. I am glad thou haft fet thy mercy, & thy Honor
A difference in thee: Out of that ille worke
My felse a former Fortune.

Corio. 1 by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall bearre
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-feid'.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deferue
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armies.
Could not have made this peace.

Enter Matienus and Sicinius.  

Sicinius.  

Hence. See you yond Caius a'th'Capitol, yon't confer
Sicinius. Why what of that?

Ment. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome,especially
his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our threats are fentenc'd, and flay upon execution.

Sicinius. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man.

Ment. There is difference between a Grub & a Butterfie,
yet your Butterfie was a Grub: this Man, is
grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicinius. He lou'd his Mother deereely.

Ment So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight years old horse. The tanneff of his face,flowes ripe Grapes, When he walks, humoves
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Trea-
ding. He is able to pierce a Consett with his eyee: Talks like
a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bid bee done, is
finesth with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicinius. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Ment. 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-Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicinius. The Gods be good unto vs.

Ment. No, In such a cafe the Gods will not bee good
unto vs. When we bastished him, we respited not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respited not vs.
Ms. Sir, if you'd save your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians have get your Fellow Tribune, And hate him vp and downe; all swearing, if The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the News? (prezzy'd,)

Mst. Good News, Good news, the Ladies have
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marius gone: A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome, No, not th'expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, art thou certaine this is true? Is't most certain.

Mst. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it: Ne'er through an Arth so hurried the blowne Tide, As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you: Trumpets, Hobbes, Drums beat, altogether, The Trumpers, Sack-buts, Pilateries, and Fife, Tabors, and Symboles, and the howling Romans Make the Sunne dance. Harke you. A shout within Thee: This is good News: I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Confuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Off Tribunes such as you, A Sea and Land full: you have prav'd well to day: This Morning, for tenthousand of your throates, I'd neuer have gien a doit. Harke, how they joy. Sound still with the Shouts.

Sic. First, the Gods bleffe you for your cydhings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.
Mst. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are neere the City.

Mst. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meete them, and helpe the joy. Execute.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, firew Flowers before them: Vnfood the noise that Banish'd Marius,
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

Al. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

Enter Titus, with Attendants.

Auff. Go tell the Lords a'this City, I am here: Delute them this Paper: haueing read it, Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares Will vouche the truth of it. Him I accufe: The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends sappen before the People, hoping To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter: or a Conspirators of Auffidus, Fallion,

Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall? Auff. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes, im- poys'd, and with his Charity flame.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, if you do hold the same intent Wherein you with all parties: We'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auff. Sir, I cannot tell, We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The People will remaine uncertaine, whil'st 'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Surruour byrere of all.

Auff. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits A good contrification. I saw'd him, and I paw'd Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd, He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery, Seducing to my Friends: and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before, But to be rough, vnswayable, and free.

3. Con. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he left By lacke of footing.

Auff. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd from't, he came into my Harsh, Presented to my knife his Throat: I took him, Made him yoyn't-feruant with me: Gave him way In all his owne desires: Nay, let him chose Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish My best and freed north men, sever'd his dispositions In mine owne person: holpe to raise the Fame Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary.

Con. So he did my Lord:

The Army masuy'd at it, and in the last, When he had carri'd Rome, and that we look'd For no leffe Spoile, then Glory.

Auff. There was it:

For which my finesse shall be forthright upon him, At a fewe drops of Women's shewme, which are As cheape as Lies; he fold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye, And he renew me in his fall But hearken

Drummes and Trumpets sound, with great flowers of the people.

1. Con. Your Nature Towne you enter'd like a Poite, And had no welcomes home, but he returns Splitting the Ayrs with noyse,

2. Con. And patient Pooles, Whole children he hath flane, their base throats cease With gluing him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage, Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people With what he would say, let him feele your Swords: Which we will seconde, when he lies along After your way. His Tale pronounce't, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Auff. Say no more. Here come the Lords, Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I have not defert'd it.

But worthy Lords, have you with beede pertused What I have written to you?

Auff. We have,

1. Lord. And greeeue to heare's:

What faults he made before the last, I thinke Might have found easie Fines: But there to end Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our Leues, anwering vs With our owne charge: making a Trescie, where There was a yelding; this admits no excufe.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus Marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commons being with him.

Cori. Ha! Lords, I am return'd your Souliard: -
No more infected with my Countries base
Then when I parted hence: but still submitting
Vnder your great Command, you are to know.
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Wars, even to
The gates of Rome; Our spoiles we have brought home
Doth more then counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no lefle Honor to the Antitates
Then shame to th' Romaines. And we here declare
Subcriv'd by th' Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Scale a'th Senat, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Cori. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, Martius.

Cori. Martius?

Auf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'lt thou thinke
Ie grace thee with that Robbery, thy Solem name
Coriolanus in Coriæs?

You Lords and Heads a'th State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your business, and gien vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City ro his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twift of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a'th warre: But at his Nurses teases
He whin'd and roard away your Victorys,
That Pages blufh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Cori. Heat'lt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Cori. Ha?

Auf. No more.

Cori. Measur'dly Lyar, thou haft made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slane,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scon'd, Your judgements my grave Lords
Must give this Curre the Lyce: and his owne Notion,
Who weares his frises impref from on him, that
Must bear his bastings to his Graces, shall join me
To thruff the Lyce vnto him.

Lord. Peace both, and hear me speake.

Cori. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dune-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in Cariæs.

Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your Shame, by this vnholy Braggart?
Fore your owne eyes, and ears?

And let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine
Marcius, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace he: no outrage, peace.

The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th' earth: His lastoffences to vs
Shall haue judicious hearing. Stand Auffidus,
And trouble not the peace.

Cori. O that I had him, with fix Auffiduës, or more:

His Tribe, to vfe my lawfull Sword,

Auf. Inrulent Villaine.

All Conj. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him,

Draw both the Confuratories, and kills Martius, who

falls, Auffidus stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, hear me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullius.

2 Lord. Thou haft done a deed, whereat
Valour will wepe.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him Masters; all be quiet,

Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage

Prouok'd by him, you cannot the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'th retioye
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate: Ile deliver
My selfe your loyal Servant, or endure
Your heinous Censure.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body,

And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarfe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,

Takes from Auffidus a great part of blame:

Let's make the Belft of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,

And I am struche with sorrow. Take him vp:

Help three a'th'cimeffe Souldiers, ile be one,
Beate rhou the Drumme that it speake mormfully:

Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City her

Harb widdowed and enchilded many a one,

Which to this hour bewaile the Injury,

Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assift,

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March

Sounded.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators at first. And then enter Sextus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Sextus,
Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Please my successful Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That were the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong none Age with this indignity.
Bassianus, Romanes, Friends, Followers,
Stewards of my Right.
Heues Bassianus, Caesar Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Rossell Rome,
Kept up this passage to the Captillt.
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
To the Imperiall Seat to Vertue: confederate
To Justice, Consternation, and Nobility.
But let Defeat in pure Election shine.
And Romans, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that thride by Fashion; and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperey:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Person, have by Common voice
In Election for the Romanse Emperey,
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Poins,
For many good and great offers to Rome,
A Nobler man, a braver Warrour,
Lives not this day within the City Wall.
He by the Senate is accouted home.
From weary Wars against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath such a Nation strong, tract'd upon Armes.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertake
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies guile. Five times he hast return'd
Breeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome.
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.

Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and shew your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Sulters should,
Please your Defects in Peace and Humblieness.
Sextus, How fare the Tribunes speaks,
To calm my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie
In thy sprightness and Integrity:
And to Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich Ornamen,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favours,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Exit Sudiors

Sextus. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here Dismiss you all,
And to the Leue and Favours of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kindle to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

Flourish. They go up into the Senate house.

Enter a Captain.

Cep. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Parr of Vertue, Rome's bell Champion,
Successful in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune return'd,
From whence he cumbered bed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus.

Sones; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered
with black: then two other Sonnes; After them, Titus
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Gothes, &
her two Sonnes; Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the
Moore, and others, as many as can be. They set downe the
Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Andronicus. Haste Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus again.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have performed Our Roman strippings; Alarbus' limbs are loft, And intrinsicks facrifice the lightning fire, Whole smoke like in enfe hath perfume the skie, Remaineth nought but to intercut our Brethren, And wish low'd Laurus welcome them to Rome. Tit. Let it be so and let Androbus Make this his last farewell to their fouls.

Flourish.
Theun Saved Trumptetst and laf lhe Ceifias in the Tombe. In peace and Honour tell you heere my Sonnes, Rome readie Youth in Champaign of yeare, Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps: Here hearkes no Teation, heere no eans fweats, Heree grow no damnde grudges, here are no formes, No noyse, but fiinc and Eternall slpeepe, In peace and Honour tell you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lesbia.

Les. In peace and Honour, live Lord Titus long. My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame: Let at this Tomb my tributary tears, I render for my Brethern Obsequies. And as thy fiere I kneele with teay Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome. O bleffe me heree with thy victorius hand, Whole Fortune Rome's best Citizens applaud. Tit. Kind Rome, It that saith thouingely refer'd The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart, Lesbia live, our live thy Fathers dayes: And Fames eternall date for vertues praise. Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother, Glorious Triumphe in the eyes of Rome. Tit. Thankes Gentile Tribune, Noble brother Marcia. Marc. And welcome Nephews from facefull wars, You that turuer and you that sleepe in Fame: Faire Lords your Fortunes are all like in all, That in your Countrie seruice drew your Swords, But safer Triumphe is this Funerall Pompe, That hath aspir'd to Zelus, Happiness, And Triumps over chaunce in honours bed. Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, Whole friend in suflice thou hast euen borne, Send thee by me their Tribune and their trull, This Parliament of white and spotleffe Hue, And name thee in Election for the Empire, With these our late deceased Emperour Sonnes: Be Condivis then and put it on, And help to fer a head on headleppe Rome. Tit. A better head her Glorious body fis, Then his that shaks for age and feebleness.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell ungracious pitty. 
Chs. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous? 
Den. Oppose me Sycythia to ambitious Rome.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovelly Tamora Queen of Gothes,

That like the flately 

tbev mong'd her Nymphs

Doft over-shine the Gallant's Dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this thy sodaine choyse,

Bolhind I chooefe thee Tamora for my Bride,

And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speak Queene of Goths doft thou applaus'd my choyse?

And here I swear by all the Romaine Gods,

Sith Prieh and Holy-water are no cner,

And Tapers bne re bright, and ebery thing

In resednes for Hyemenus stand,

I will not refale the streets of Rome,

Or clime my Palace, till from forth this place,

I leade cnspond's my Bride along with me.

Tamn And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

If Saxanne advance the Queen of Gothes,

Shee will a Hand-maid be to his defires,

A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sain. Ascend Faure Qene,

Pantheane Lords, accompany

Your Noble Emperour and his loyely Bride,

Sent by the heauens for Prince Saxanne,

Whole wisdome hath her Fortune Conquered,

That (hall we Confommate our Spousall rites,

Enter Marcus and Titw Sonnes.

Mar. O Titw see 'O fee what thou haft done!

In a bad quarrell, slaine a Versuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribonoe no. No sonne of mine,

Nor thou, nor these Confedates in the deed,

That hath defhonoured all our Family,

Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luc. But let vs guichem buriall as becomes;

Give Marcus buriall with our Bretheners.

Tit. Traytors away, he's not in this Tombe;

This Monument fue hundred yeares hath flood,

Which I have Sumptuously re-edified:

Heree none but Souldeiers, and Rome's Seruitors,

Repole in Fame: None basely slaine in brawes,

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord this is improper in you,

My Nephew Marcus deeds do plead for him,

He must be buri'd with his brethren.

Titw two Sonnes speake.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shal! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titws fomn speake.

He that would vouche'd is in any place but here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my delight?

Mar. No Noble Titw, but intereat of thee,

To pardon Marcus, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Even thou haft stroke upon my Creft,

And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,

My foes I do repire you ever one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1.Somw. He is not him selfe, let vs withdraw.

2.Somw. Not I tell Marcus bones be buried.

The Brother and the fomnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

2.Somw. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more, all the refell will speake.

Mar. Renowned Titus more then hide my foules.

Luc. Deare Father, foule and substance of vs all,

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to intreare

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neft

That died in Honour and Luminus's cause.

Thou art a Ramaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes upon a dudie did bury Aria

That flew himselfe: And Aaror sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

That not young Marcus then that was thy joy,

Be bart his entrance here.

Tit. Bife Marcus, rife.

The dissam'll day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Marcus with thy

Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tombe. (friends

Tbe by all kyndes and joy.

No man flied resares for Noble Marcus,

He liues in Fame, that did in vertues caufe.

Exe. Mar. My Lord to Rep out of these sudden damps,

How comes it that the fugible Queene of Gothes,

Is fo a fadone thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not; Marcus: but I know it is,

(Whether by dense or no), the heaus can cell,

Is the not then behalding to the man,

That brought her for this high good turne so fatter.

Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore

at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bruntus and

Lavinia with others.

Sat. So Bajianus, you have plaid your prize,

God give you joy for of your Gallant Bride.

Baji And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,

Not with no leffe, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy Fuchion shall repent that Rape.

Baji. Rape call you it my Lord, to save my owne,

My true berefled Loue, and now my wife

But let the lawes of Rome determine all,

Meane while I am pooffit of that is mine

Sat. Tis good sir : you are very short with vs,

But if we live, wee be as sharpe with you.

Baji. My Lord, what I have done as best I may,

Answere I must, and shall do with my life,

Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord Titw here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescufe of Lavinia,

With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In zele to you, and highly mour'd to wrath.

To be controu'd in that he frankly gave:

Retecte him then to faviour Saturnia,

That hath expr'd himselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bajianus leave to plead my Deeds,

'Tis thou, and thro, that have dismoure me,

Rome and the righteous heauens be my judge,

How I have lou'd and Honour'd Saturnia.

2.ow. My worthy Lord if ever Tamora,

Were
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

I would not part a Bachelour from the Priest.
Come, if the Empyrean Court can leaft two Brides,
You are my guefs Latona, and your friends:
This day shall be a Love-day Tamora.

Tit. To morrow and it pleae your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hare with me,
With Horse and Hound,
Weele give your Grace But no bars.

Sat. Best fo Titus, and Gramercy to. 
Exeunt.

Aetius Secundus.

Now, enter Aaon alone.

Aer. Now climebath Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd about pale euises threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne faltutes the morne,
And hauing gift the Ocean with his beams,
Gallop'd the Zodiacke in his glittering Coach,
And over-lookes the highest piercing hill:
So Tamora

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waste,
And vertue shoppes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aeon some thy hart, and fift thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperial lust,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Half prisoner held, fetted in amorous chains,
And lafter bound to Aeron charming eyes,
Then is Promelcious t'ide to Camasus.
Away with flattering weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearl and Gold,
To vante upon this new made Empreff.
To vante famed ! To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddes, this Sereniss, this Queene,
This Syrem, that will chaine Rome Satunnes,
And feet his flupracke, and his Common weate.

Hollo, what forme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braking.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wisht, thy yit wants edge
And manners to intrude wherein I am grace'd,
And may for ought thou know'ft affected be.

Chiron, thou dost not over-seen in all,
And so in this, to bear me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To feize, and to devoure my Hiftrs grace,
And that my word upon thee fhall approve,
And plead my passions for Latonas love.

Aeron, Clubs, clubs, thefe louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunting Raper by your side,
Are you fo deparate grown to threat your friends?
Goe too : have your Lathe glued within your heart,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron, while fit, with the little skill I haue,
Full well fhall thou perceive how much I daare.

Deme. Boy, grow ye fo braue?

They drawe.

Aeron. Why how now Lords?
So sure the Empyrean Pallace dare you draw,

And
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

And mainaine such a quarrell openly?

Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.

I would not for a million of Gold,
The case were knowne to them it most concerns.

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:

For shame put vp,

Dem. Not I, till I have fteath'd

My raper in his boosome, and withall

Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,

Poorlie Cooke Ward,

That thundriffly with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing daft performe.

Areu. A way I say.

Now by the Gods that warhke Gothes adore,

This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:

Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous

It is to set upon a Princes right?

What is Lucentia then become fo looke,

Or Bajianus fo degenerate,

That for her love such quarters may be broacht,

Without controulment, justice, or reuenge?

Young Lords beware, and shoulde the Emprife know,

This confurd ground the multitude would not pleafe,

Chi. I care not I, I know the and all the world,

I loose Lucretia more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling,

Learned thou to make some meaner choise,

Lucretia is thine elder brothers hope.

Areu. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brooke Competitors in love?

I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,

By this deuice.

Chi. Areu, a thousand deaths would I propose,

To aschieue her whom I do loue.

Areu. To aschieue her,how?

Dem. Why, mark it thou is a strange

Shee is a woman, therefore may be wond.

Shee is a woman, therefore may be wond,

Shee is Lucretia therefore must be wond.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill

Then wor the Miller of, and easie it is

Of a cut loose to Steele a shewe we know.

Though Bajianus be the Empeors brother,

Better then he have wore Polich badge

Areu. And as good as Lucretia may.

Dem. Then why should he dispare that knowes to

With words, faire lookes, and liberality:

(court is)
What haff nor thou full often fruick a Doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keepers note?

Areu. Why then it feme some cattell fnafe or fo

Would ferue your turns.

Chi. I so the turns were severed.

Dem. Areu thou haft hit it.

Areu. Would you haft hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:

Why harke thee, harke thee, and are you such foolers,

To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Areu. For shame be friends, & joyne fot that you iare:

’Tis policie, and fratageme much doe

That you retch, and so much you refolue,

That thay what you cannot as you would acheue,

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaft

Then this Lucretia, Bajianus loue,

A speedier course this lingring languishment

Must we purse, and I haue found the path:

My Lords, a solene hunting is in hand,

There will the lowly Roman Ladies troope;

The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,

And many unrequited plots there are.

Fitted by kinde for rape and villainie:

Single you thinke then this dainty Doc,

And thrice her home by force, if not by words:

This way or not atall, hand you in hope.

Come, come, our Emprife with her fowed wit

To villainie and vengeance confecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend,

And the full fill our engines with aduise,

That will not fuffer you to square your felues,

But to your wishes height aduance you both.

The Emperors Court is like the house of Fame,

The pallece full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

The Woods are ruthless, dreedfull, deadie, and dulle

There speake, and flinke brave Boyes, & take your turnes.

Thers fenue your lufs, shadow'd from heauens eye,

And renownd in Lucretia’s Treaure.

Chi. Thy counfell Ladiffmell of no cowardice.

Dem. By faycous refue, till I finde the threaten,

To coole this heat, a Charme to calm their fits,

Per sega per manes Vebor.

Exit.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sannes, making a noyse

with hounds and bernes, and Marcellus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,

The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,

Vnsouple here, and let vs make a day,

And make the Empeor, and his loyely Bride,

And rouze the Prince, and run a hunters peale,

That all the Court may echo with the noyse,

Sonne let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To attend the Emperors person carefully:

I have bene troubled in my fleape this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Windle Horses,

Herea a cry of boundes, and woes hones in a poale, then

Enter Serturmnus, Tamora, Bajianus, Lucretia, Chiron, Demetrians, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrowes to your Majestie,

Madam to you all and as good.

I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Sawre. And you haue rang it lufthouse my Lords,

Somewhat to easely for new married Ladies.

Baj. Lucrece, how say you?

Lani. I say no,

I haue bene awake two hours and more.

Sawre. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs have,

And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,

Our Romance hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,

Will rouze the proudeff Pampers out of the Chafe,

And clime the highest Parnassian top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes are the plaine.

Dem. Cer.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Dem. Chorus we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.
Even.
Enter Aaron alive.
Aron. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And not after to inherit it.
Let him that thinkes of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must come a Frasage,
Which cunningly efted, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their v耐st,
That have then Almes out of the Empresse Chiefe.

Enter Tamora the More.
Tamo. My louely Aaron,
Wherefore look 't thou sad,
When euer thing doth make a Gliefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euyty bushy,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerfull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiter, with the cooling windes,
And make a chicker's fladow on the ground:
Vader their sweete shade, Aaron let vs fit,
And whilst the babling Echo moakes the Hounds
Replying freely to the now run'd-Horses,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs fit downe, and make their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was uppop'd.
The wandering Prince and Dido once annoy'd,
When with a happy free they were surpris'd,
And Cursin'd with a Counsaille-keeping Cause,
We may each wretched in the others armes,
Our pastimes done profess a Golden number,
Whiles Hounds and Horses, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be wont vs, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullabies, to bring her Babe asleep.

Aron. Madame,
Tamo. Though Penva goureth your desires,
Stratnetae Dominars our owns mine:
What signifies my deadly fanding eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleec of Woolly hair, that now uncloes,
Even as an Adder when the doth knoweth
To do some factall execution?
No Madam, there are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and teueng, are Hammering in my head.
Hark Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reft in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bassianus;
His Phialom muft looke his tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pallage of her charitty,
And wash their hands in Bassian blood.
Seek thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this factall plotted Scowle,
Now Queftion me no more, and so I efted,
Here comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Latimia.
Tamo. Ah my sweet MORE:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empresse, Bassianus comes,
Be crofte with him, and ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrel what so ere they be.

Bass. Whom have we heare?
Romies Royall Empresse,

Vafurnight of our well befreeing troope?
Or is it: Den habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawtie controul of our private reps:
Had I the power, that some say Den had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently,
With Hornes, as was Alcor, and the Hounds
Should drue upon his new transformed limber,
Vamansly intuder as thou art.

Lam. Veder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Herminy,
And to be doubted, that your Bower and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Iowe shield your husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.

Bass. Beeleeve me Queenie, your swartt Cynerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deftefted, and abominable.
Why are you requessted from all your traine?
Dismounted from you Snow-while goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obfcurue plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous More,
If soule defit had not conducted you?

Lam. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For Sanscinnie, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Raen coloured love,
This valley fets the purpose passing well.

Bass. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lam. If, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soveraigne
And our gracious Mother.
Why doth your Highness looke so pale and wan?

Tamo. Hauz I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
These two haue tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deftefted vale you fee it is,
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlone and leaua
Ore-come with Misse, and balefull Mifselto.
Heree neuer shine the Sunne, heree nothing breeds,
Venelle the nightly Owle, or fatal Rauen:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Friends, a thousand luing Snailes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vechins,
Would make such fearfull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should flatter fall mad, or elle die sudden,
No soother had they told this hellish tale,
But that they told me they would bide me heere,
Vnde the body of a damfull yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd one foule Aistererre,
LaCetuous Gorg, and all the bitterft tearmes
That ever earde did hearce to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortunate some,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you love your Mothen life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a wittnesse that I am thy Sonne, sted him.

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my strength.

Lam. I come sometimnes not Barbarous Tamora.

For
For no name fits thy nature but thine owne.  
Tam. Give me thy payn, and thou shalt know my boyes 
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.  
Deme. Stay Madam here is more belongs to her, 
For all thy sight the Corne, then after burns the flarw: 
This Minion follow upon her chastity, 
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyality, 
And with that painted hope, brace your Mightieesse, 
And shall the carie this unto her grate?  
Chi. And if the doe, 
I would I were an Eunuch, 
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, 
And make his dead Trunk-Pillow to our laft, 
Tam. But when ye haue the hony we deffe, 
Let not this Wafpe out-lute us both to fling.  
Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that serue.
Come Ministr, now perforce we will enjoy, 
That more-prefered honestie of yours.  
Lana. Oh Tamora, thou bea't a woman face, 
Tam. I will not hear she speake, away with her.  
Sweet. Lords interest her heart me but a word. 
Demer. Liften faire Madam, let it be your glory 
To see her teares, but be your heart to them, 
As vnelenting flint to drops of flame.  
Lana. When did the Tigers young'ones teach the dam? 
O doe not learn her wrath, she rauche it thee, 
The milke thou suck it from her did turne to Marble, 
Euen at thy Teyast thou had it by Thyanny, 
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonsnes alike, 
Doth thou interest her heart a woman pitty. 
Chi. What, 
Wouldst thou have me prove my selfe a baffard? 
Lana. Tis true, 
Yet haue I heard,Oh could I finde it now, 
The Lion mov'd with pity, did indure 
To haue his Princely paws par' all away. 
Some say, that Raunens foster forlane children, 
The wil'd they owne birds famish in their nest: 
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no, 
Nothing fo kind but something pitifull.  
Tam. I know not what it meanes, away with her.  
Lana. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake, 
That gave thee life when well he might have flaine thee: 
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares. 
Tam. Hadst thou in percon were offended me, 
Even for his facke am I Wittellle: 
Remember Boyes I pow'd teares in vaine, 
To face your brother from the faceflace, 
But Rude Andromcuz would not relent, 
Therefore away with her, and vfe her as you will, 
The worle to her, the better loud of me.  
Lana. O Tamora, 
Be call'd a gentle Queene, 
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place, 
For 'tis not life that I have beg'd fo long, 
Poore I was flaine, when Baffamus dy'd.  
Tam. What beg'd thou then? fond woman let me go? 
Lana. 'Tis pretent death I beg, and one thing more, 
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: 
Oh keepe me from their worle then kil'ing luft, 
And tumble me into some losethome pit, 
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body, 
Doe this, and be a charitall murderer.  
Tam. So shoul'd I rob my sweet Sonnes of their faw, 
Ne let them loathe their luft on thee.

Deme. Away, 
For thou haft flaid vs here too long.  
Lana. No Garace, 
No womanhood! A hir bristfull creature, 
The blit and enemie to our general name, 
Confusion fall—  
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth 
Bring thou her husband, 
This is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him.  
Tam. Fare well my Sonnes, see that you make her sure, 
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed, 
Till all the Andromes be made away: 
Now will I hence to feke my lovely Meere, 
And let my spillfull Sonnes this Trull desasure. 
Exit. 

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.  
Aaron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before, 
Straight will I bring you to the lothome pit, 
Where I espied the Panther fall asleep.  
Que. My fight is very dull what ere it bodes.  
Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame, 
Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while. 
Que. What art thou fallen? 
What subtile Hole is this, 
Whose mouth is covered with rude growing Briers, 
Upon whose leaues are drops of new-flod blood, 
As fresh as matinings dew diffild on flowers, 
A very fastall place it seems to me 
Speakst Brother haile thou hast thee with the fall? 
Marti. O Brother, 
With the disma't obiect 
That ever eye with sight made heart lament. 
Aaron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere, 
That he thereby may have a like diffle, 
How these were they that made away his Brother. 
Exe Aaron.  
Marti. Why doth not comfort me and help me out, 
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?  
Quin. I am surpris'd with an vncoacht fear, 
A chilling sweat doe runs my trembling ierns, 
My heart suscpetts more then mine eye can see, 
Marti. To prove thou hast a true dunning heart, 
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den, 
And fee a searefull sight of blood and death. 
Quin. Marti is gone, 
And my commpaasionate heart 
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold 
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise, 
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now 
Was I a child, to feare I know not what. 
Marti. Lord Baffamus lies embreede here, 
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe, 
In this detoured, darke, blood-drinking pit. 
Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis? 
Marti. Upon my bloodyfinger he doth weare 
A precious RIng, that lightens all the Hole: 
Which like a Taper in some Monument, 
Doth shone upon the dead mans earthly checkes, 
And shewes the ragged intrades of the pit: 
So pale did shone the Moone on Perseus, 
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden bload, 
O Brother help me with thy flamehand. 
Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis? 
Marti. Out of this fell desouving receptacle, 
As hatefull are Cruelty the cruel mouth 
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out, 
Or
Enter the Emperor, Aaron the Moor.

Sater. Along with me, lie see what hole is he
And what he that now is leap't into.
Say, who art thou that lately didst defend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The unhappy Son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most choleric hour,
To find his brother Bassianus dead.

Sater. My brother dead? I know thou dost but lie.
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, here we have you found dead.

Enter Tamara, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Here Tamara, though grieved with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

King. Now to the bottom deck thou seest my wound.
Poore Bassianus here he murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The compleat of this time'seifie Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can hold,
In pleaing finisht such murderous Tyranny.

She gives Satureine a Letter.

Satureine reads the Letter,

And if we miss to make me hunt unjoyfully,
Sweet heart in love, Bassianus, be my name,
Dost thou not wish to know thy reward,
Though how I ever meanest, look for thy reward
Among the Nestles at the Elder tree,
Whereover-choices the mount of that fame pit :
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus
Dost thou and perchase thy lasting friend.

King. Of Tamara, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first, if you can find the huntsman once,
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Arus. My gracious Lord here he is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thou shalt, and fell Cuts of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit into the prizon,
There let them hide whilst we have desist,
Some newer heard of corresting paine for them,

Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Empereur, vpon my feeble strete,
Ieg this Boone, with ears, not lightly tied,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be proud in them.

King. If he be proud if you see it is appear.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better fowed then Philemon.
Oh had the monster feene those Lily hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the ticket strings delight to kife them:
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Our had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Whic that sweet tongue hath made:
He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One hours flame will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of reaues thy Fathers eye?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning tale like milky.

Enter Marcus and Launia.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Luc. Ay me thus ohsac & kills me.

Ti. Faint-harded boye, arife and looke uppon her,

Spake Launia, what accurfed hand
Hath made thee handlese in thy Fathers fight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or bought a faggote to bright burning Troy?
My grieue was at the height before thou cam't,
And now like Nyius it did ameth bounds:
Give me a sword, let chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they have but left this weare,
In feredg life:
In bootelese prayers have they bende held vp,
And they have fered me to effeatherine vie.
Now all the fervice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well Launia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome fervice is but vaine.

Luc. Speake gentle fiffer, who hath marty'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquences,
Is borne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweete melodious bird it sung.
Sweet vorde notes inchanting every care.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her fraying in the Park,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receu'd some varreuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,

And he that wounded her,

Hath hurt me more, then he did me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inured with a wildernesse of Sea.

Who makes the waxeing tide,
Grow wase by wase,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Exeunt. Lucius and Marcus legate.

Ti. Now stay you, friere, what shall be, is dispatche: Good Aron give his Maistrie me hand, Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it have, As for to me, I account of them, As level purchaseth at an easie price, And yet doe too, because I bought mine owne, Aron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Look by and by to have thy fones with thee: Their heads I mean; Oh how this villain Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it: If Fools doe good, and falte men call for grace, Aron will have his soule blacke like his face, Ext. Ti. O heere I lift this hand up to heaven, And bow this feeble ruine to the earth, If any power pittis wretched teares, To that I call: what wilt thou knuckle with me? Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers, Or with our sige weele breath the weklin distance, And blame the Sun with foggis as faultie clouds, When they do hug him in their melting boomes, Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilities, And do not break into these deep extremites. Ti. Is not my fortow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mer. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Thou into limits could I bind my woes:
When heauen doth weep, doth not the earth oreflow?

If the woes do rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threatning the weeping with his big-w Wolfe face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this flood?

I am the Sea. Harke how her fthough does flow:

She is the weeping weklin, I the earth:

Then my Sea be mowched with her fthoughts,

Then my earth with her continual tears,

Becomes a deluge: overflown’d and drown’d:

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunken must I vomit them:

Then give me leaue, for loosers will have leaue,

To eale their frounds with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messinger with twie beads, and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou fentith the Emperor:

Here are the heads of thy two noble fones.

And here’s thy hand in fcore to thee fent backe:

Thy griefes, their sports. Thy tender fmocke,

That woe is me to thinke upon thy woe,

More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Mer. Now let hot daine coole in Circle,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell:

These feries are more then may be borne

To weep with them that weep, doth cause some deal,

But sorrow flouted is, is double death.

Luc. Ah that this fght should make fo deep a wound,

And yet deftefle life not shrinke thereat.

That ever death should let life beare his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mer. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a darted snake.

Titus. When will this fearfule flumber an end?

Mer. Now farwell flatterer, die Andronicus,

Thou don’t flumber, see thee two sons heads,

Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:

Thy other banifh fones with this deere fght

Strucke pale and bloodie, and thy brother I,

Euen like a flony image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,

Rent off thy flider hair, thy other hand

Gawling with thy teeth, and be this dismall fght

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:

Now is a time to florne, why art thou fll?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mer. Why doft thou laugh? if it fits not with this hour,

Tr. Why have I not another teare to fhead:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would viure upon my weary eyes,

And make them blind with tributaries tears,

Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Care?

For these two heads doe feme to speake to me,

And threat me, I shall never come to bliffe,

Till all these michiefes be returned againe,

Euen in their thraffs that have committed them.

Come let me fee what taskes I have to doe,

You heaue people, circle me about,

That I may tune me to each one of you,

And I sware unto my foule to right thy wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

And Laurea’s hands shall be employed in these things:

Before thou my hand sweet women betweene thy teeth.

As for thee boy, you get thee from my fight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not fly.

Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,

And if you love me, as I thinke you doe,

Let’s kiffe and part, for we have much to doe.

Exit Lucius.

Luc. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:

Th’ unprofit full man that ever li’d in Rome;

Farewell proud Rome, till Lucius come againe,

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:

Farewell Laurea my noble fister,

O would thou were as thou to fere haft beene,

But now, not Lucius not Laurea lives

But in oblivion and hateful griefes.

If Lucius live, he will requite thy wrongs,

And make proud Saturnine and his Emprefle.

Beg at the gates lies Tarquin and his Queene.

Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,

To be reueng’d on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius.

A Brakedown.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Laurea, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now fit, and looke you eat no more

Then will preferveturst with much ftrength in vs

As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus unknitt that forrow-wrenchen knot:

Thy Neece and (poore Creatures) want our hands.

And cannot paffionate our tenfold griefes,

With fouled Armes. This poore right band of mine,

Is left to terrify vp your breadth.

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prifon of my fleth,

Then thus I thump it downe.

The Map of woe, that thus doth talk in fignes,

When those poor hart beats without ftrange beating,

Thou canst not frike it thus to make it fall.

Wound it with fighing girl, kill with weeping grones:

Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,

And aff now against thy hart make thou a hole.

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall

May run into that finke, and foaking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea falt teares.

Mar. By brother fy, teach her not thus to say

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. As how now? Has forrow made thee daare already?

Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can the lay on her life:

Ah, wherefore doft thou vrgue the name of hands,

To bid Lament for thee, to talk of hands.

Least we remember fall that we have none.

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I fquare 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 eat this.

Here is no drinker! Harke Marcus what the fakes,

I can interpret all her marit’ dignes,

She fakes, the drinkers no other drinke: but reames.

Bred’ with her forrow: meas’d uppon her cheekes.
Enter young Lucius and Lucania running after him, and the boy flies from her with her books under her armes.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help Grandfather help, my Aunt Lucania, follows me every where I know not why.

O Uncle Marcus see how swiftly the corners.

Aunt. See for this Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Boy. Stand by me Lucania, do not fear thy aunt, Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harm.

Boy. When my father was in Rome the did.

*The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.*

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Marcus. What meanes my Niece Lucania by these signs?

Tit. Farewell not Lucius,some what doth the mean.

See Lucius see, how much the makes of thee,

Some whether would he have thee goe with her.

Ah boy, Corneilla over with more care

To read her sonses, then she bath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tulliues Oracou.

Canst thou not gesse wherefore the plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I gesse,

Vnfeile some fit or fenceme do possesse her:

For I have heard my Grandfather say full oft,

Extremities of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that Hermes of Troy,

Romand through forrow, that made me to fear,

Althou my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as deare as cre my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my books, and flie

Caluster perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Lucius I will.

Tu. How now Lucania, Marcus what meanes this?

Some booke there is that the defires to see,

Which is it, girl of sheare? Open them boy.

But thou art deeper read and better skilde,

Come and take choyse of all my Library,

And so beguile thy forrow, till the heauens

Remeale the damnd courtisier of this deed.

What booke?

Why liftes the vp her armes in sequence thus?

Marcus. I think the meanes that ther was more then one

Confederate in the saile, ther more there was:

Or else to heauen the heauens them to returne.

Lucius what booke is that the touch for?

Boy. Grandfather tis Ovids Metamorphosis,

My mother gave it me.

Lucius. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Soft, so fully the turns the leaues,

Help her, what would the finde? Lucania shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of Philemon?

And tates of Tereus treason, and his rape,

And rape I fear was more of sheine annoy.

Lucius. See brother fee, nor how the quotes the leaues

Lucania, worth thou thus surprizd sweet girlie,

Rasift and wrong'd as Philomena was?

Foord in the rudelesse, vaft, and gloomy woods?

See, see, such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we never, neuer hunted there)

Paterne that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for Murthers and for rapes.

O why should nature build fo soule a den,

Vnfeile the Gods delight in tragedies e

Lucania. Give signs sweet girlie, for heere are none but friend.

What Romaine Lord it was durft do the deed?

Or flanke not Saturne, as Tarquin ethes,

That left the Grime toinne in Lucercs bed.

Sit downe sweet Necker, brother sit downe by mee, my

Appello, Pallus, Ione, at Mercury,

Inpive me that I may this treafon finde.

My Lord lookhe heere, lookhe heere Lucania.

He writes his Name with his Hiffe, and guide it

with fette and mouths,

This fandtie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.
This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that soreth vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and here disputeth left,
What God will have discovered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Trageters and the truth.

_She takes the stage in her mount, and guides it with herumps and writers._

_T. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hast writ?_  
_Sirorum, Chronicus, Demetrius._

_Mar. What, what, the lufultfsonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?_  
_T. Mar. Lefluerator pelts._

_Tamures anfwereth, Tamurevs words._

_Mar. Oh calme they gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To fiirre a mutiny in the mindlust thoughts,
And ass the mindes of infants to exclaines.
My Lord kneele downe with me: Lament knelle,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romanes Helius hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaft dishonourd Dame,
Lord Lament Brutus sweare for Lucrece rape,
That we will profess (by good advice)
Moreall reuenge upon these traytorous Gothers,
And sec their blood, or die with this reproach

_T. Tis sure enough, and you know how.
But if you hunt these Beere-wiselpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the wind you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst the palysh on her backe,
And when he sleepe's will the do what thelfe.
You are a young huntsman _Marces_: let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leave of brasse,
And with a God of steale will write thefe words,
And lay it by: she angry Northerne winde
Will blow these bands like _sheels_ leaves abroad,
And whereas your lefson then. Boy what say ye?_  
_Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome._
_Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngrateful country done the like
_Boy. And Vincle fo will I, and if I live._
_T. Come goe with me into mine Amorette,
Lucius lie ft there, and with all my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse fonnaes,
Prefents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoul do thy message, wilt thou not?_  
_Boy. I with my dagger in their bofonhes Grandire:_
_T. No boy not fo, Ile teach thee another course._
_Lasius come, Marcius looke to my house,
Lucius and ile goe brave it at the Court,
I marry we will flit, and woole be waite on._
_Exit._

_Mar. O heauen! Can you heare a good man groane
And not relent, or no compation him?_  
_Marcius attend him in his eftate,
That hast more cares of sorrow in his heart,
Then foemen markes upon his battre'd shield,
But yet fo lute, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heautens for old _Andromachi._
_Exit._

_Bern. _Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one doore, and as another
doe young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and vert eft waite upon them._

Chi. _Demetrius heers the fonne of Lucrecius,
He hath some message to deliver vs._
_Aron. I some mad message from my mad Grandfather._
_T. My Lords, with all the humblenfife I may,
I greate your honours from _Andromachi_,
And pray the Roman Gods confound you both._

_Deme. Gramercie lovelye Lucius, what's the news?_  
_For villaines mark's with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfie well aduif'd I had fart by me,
The goodlieft weapons of his Armorie,
To graffe your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And fo I do and with his gifts prefent
Your Lordships, when you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villains._
_Exit._

_Deme. What's here? a feorte, & written round about?_
_Let's see._

_Itt tue felerfynge purpe, vnum opcruij montf yailul x note ar-

_Chi. O'tis a verfe in _Horace_, I know it well._
_I read it in the Grammer long agoe._

_Moore. I fift, a verfe in _Horace_ right, have ye it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Afle?_
Here's no found left, the old man hath found their guilt,
And fends the weapons wrap about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) fro the quick:
But were out witty Emprefle well a foot,
She would applaud _Andromachi_ concie:
Rulter her cell, in her wret a while.
And now young Lords, was not a happy face.
Led vs to Romestrangers, and more then fo;
Captures, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

_Deme. But me more good, to see fo great a Lord
Bafily inuinuate, and fend vs gifts._

_Moore. Had he not reafon Lord Demetrius?_
_Did you not vfe his daugther very friendly?_
_Deme. I would we had a thoufand Roman Dames
At such a bay, by turne to ferue our fult._

_Chi. A charitable with, and full of loue._

_Moore. Here Leeack's but you mother for to fay, Amen.
_Chi. And that would the for twenty thousand more._
_Deme. Come, lea vs go, and prays to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines._

_Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods have given us over._

_Flourish._

_Deme. Why do the Emperors trumperous flourith thus?_

_Chi. Belleike for to ye the Emper out hath a fonne._

_Deme. Soft,who comes here?_  
_Enter Nurfe with a blacke a Moore eblode._

_Nurfe. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see _Aron_ the Moore?
_Aron. Well,more or leffe, or were a whit at all,
Heere _Aron_ is, and what with _Aron_ now?_

_Nurfe. Oh gentle _Aron_ we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or wee betide thee eternmore._
_Aron. Why, what a catertwalling doth thou kepe?
What doft thou wrap and tumble in thine armes?_

_Nurfe. O that which I would hide from heautens eye,
Our Emprefe shame, and forlorn _Romes_ disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered._

_Aron. To whom?_

_Nurfe. I mean she is brought a bed?_
_Aron. We God give her good reft,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

As he went by he bent her.

Nurse. A deuill.

Aaron. Why then the ishe Deuils Dam! a joyfulfull isue.

Nurse. A joyfull, difmal, blacke & forsworlfull isue, 
Here is the bafe as loathemome as a toade.
Among the fairest breeders of our clime, 
The Empresse lends it thee, thy flampe, thy lighte, 
And bids thee chriiften it with thy daggars point.

Aaron. Out you whore, is blacke to boate a lie? 
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blisflome face.

Demetrius. Villaine what hath thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not unde.

Chiron. Thou hast undone our mother.

Demetrius. And therein belliff dog, thou hast undone, 
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce, 
Accurt the offpring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron it mull, the mother wills it to.

Aaron. What, must it Nurse? then let no man but I 
Do execution on my flesh and blood

Demetrius. Ile broach the Fadpole on my Rapiers points:

Nurse. Give it me, my lord will soon dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sowile shall plough thy bowels vp.

Stay murthorous Villaines, will you kill your brother? 
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie, 
This is one of the bright, which was got. 
He dice upon my Semures sharp point, 
That touches this my first born sone and here, 
I tell you younglings, not Enciwdus,
With all his threatsening band of Tiphon broods, 
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre, 
Shall cease this prey out of his fathers hands: 
What, what ye fanqueinge shallow harted Boyses,
Ye white-limed wallows, ye Alchouf painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it seemes to bear another hue: 
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although the late was houly in the flood: 
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age, 
To keep me mine owne, euery howe then the can.

Demetrius. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistres is my mistres: this is my selfe,
The v Austria, and the picture of my youth: 
This before all the world do I preserve,
This mauge the world all will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smake for it in Rome.

Demetrius. By this our mother as for ever thank'd,
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Empresse in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie,

Aaron. Why ther the profuce your beauteous beares,
Fit feacherous bsear, he will betray with blushing
The clofe enchaunt and confound all the hart.
Here's a young Lad fram of another leere,
Looke how the blacke face smiles upon the father,
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,
Heis your brothar Lords, tendibly fed
Of this feell bond that first gav me life to you,
And from that roombe where you imprisoned were
He is infranchised and came to light:

Nay he is your brothar by the utter side,
Although my face be flamed in his face.

Nurse. Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Demetrius. Advise the Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
Save thou the child, fo we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then let we do what and let vs all confite.

My sonne and I will have the winde of you;
Keepethere, now take at pleasure of your safery.

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?

Aaron. Why to braue Lords, when we royne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,
The chased Bose, the mountaine Lyonne, 
The Ocean twells not so at Aaron Houses.
But by and by, how many saw the child be?

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the delivered Empresse.

Aaron. The Empresse the Midwife, and you selfe,
Two may keep counsell, when the third's away:
Go to the Empresse, tell her thus I said,
He kills her.

Weeke, weeke, go cre a Piago prepared to th' spirit

Demetrius. What meant'th thou Aaron?

Wherefore didst thou this?

Aaron. O Lord sir, this a deed of politic:
Shall the blee to betray this guilt of ours;
A long tongue'd babbling Golphi? No Lords no,
And now be it knowne to you my full inten.
Not farre, one Midwife my Country-man
His wife but yeftennight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faste as you are:
Go pecke with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all.

And how by this their Childe shall be aduanced,
And be receaved for the Emprours heyre,
And substined in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeff whirling in the Count,
And let the Empresse dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I have gien him phyficke,
And you must needs be low her funerall,
The fields are nere, and ye are called Grooms:
This done, feeth that you take no longer days
But send the Midwife prettily to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aaron I feeth ou shall not suit the syre with fe.

Demetrius. For this case of Tamora,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Enter Tamora, old Marcus, young Lucius and either gentlemen
with horses: and Titus bareth the armes with
Letters on the end of them.

Titus. Come Marcus, come, kindefly this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archeia,
Look ye draw house home enough, and thus there straight:
Terre Aftro, rebus, be you remembered Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled. first let you to your coules,
You Cofens shall goe find the Ocean.
And eft your nes, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little suffice as at Land.
No Publick and temperate you must doe it,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,

Marcus the poft is come.

Sirrah, what newes? Have you any letters? Shall I take luttition, what fayes Jupiter?

Clowne. He the libbertaker, he fayes that he hath teken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang’d till the next weeke.

Tit. But what fayes Jupiter I ask thee?

Clowne. Alas Sir I know not Jupiter.

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why thinkeſt thou not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigeons fir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did thou not com from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen Alas Sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be fo bold, to prefend to heauen in my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebe, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Velle, and one of the Emperials men.

Marc. Why fir, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely fir, I could never fay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,

By me thou fhalt have luttition at his hands.

Hold, hold, while he is farke for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I fir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kiffe his foote, then deliuer up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. He be at hand fir, do thy duties bravely.

Clowne. I warrant you fir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah haft thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Hence Marcus, fold it in the Oration;
For thou haft made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haft giuen it the Emperour,

Knocke at my door, and tell me what he fayes.

Clowne. God be with you fir, I will.

Tit. Come Marcus lete vs goe, Publius follow me.

Exit.

Enter Emperour and Empefftr, and be two women, the Emperour brings the Arriuues in his hand that the Emperour is at him.

Sater. Why Lords,

What wrongs are these? was euer scene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall luttition, Vld in fuch contempt,
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace,
But in the peoples ears,) there ought not hath paft,
But ever in all time against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what end if
His forcowers have so overwhelm’d his wits,
Shall we be thus affidied in his wreakes,
His ftes, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?
And now he writes to heauen for his redrefse.

See, heeres to Ioue, and this to Mercury,

This
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to file about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who should say, 'In Rome no Injustice were.
But if I live, his famed exates
Shall be no fletter to these outrages:
But he and his small know, that Injustice lies
In Saturnus health whom if he sleepe,
He'll awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud Conspirator that lives.

Tame. My gracious Lord, my loving Saturnus,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus age,
These efficts of sorrow for his valiant Sonne,
Whose losses hath pier'd him deeply, and fear'd his heart;
Then rather comfort his disquieted plight,
Then profess the meanset or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High writed Tamora to gloze with all:
As I. But Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quicky,
The life blood out, if Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Cleome.

How now good fellow, would’t thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yes forsooth, and your Milleship be Emperiall.
Tame. Emperesse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Cle. This he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons here.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.
Cleome. How much money mutt I haue?
Tame. Come forth you must be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd! her Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Satu. Delpightfull and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same devece proceeds:
May this be borne? As this is stracie Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for mother of our Brother,
Hau she by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dagge the villaine hither by the haire,
Not Age, nor Honour, shall haue priviledge:
For this proud mocke, lie bethy laughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that help't to make me great,
In hope thy false should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Antonio, Emilius.

Sat. What newes with thys Emilius?

Emil. Armey my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gatter'd head, and with a power
Of high resoluted men, bent to the foyle
They hither march amain, vnder condue
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this revengoe to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

King. Is warlike Lucius General of the Gothes?
These rydings nipp me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or graffe beast downe with flombres:
I now begin our forrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wives this Lucius were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the wast building, sudainly
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall;
I made unto the noyse, when foonie I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this discouer:
Peace Tawnie halfe, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewraye whole brat thou art?
Hath nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightn't have bene an Empresse,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
Their neuer beget a colo-blacke-Calfe.
Peace, vvilaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trull God,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers like,
With this, mine weapon drawne I ruft on him,
Surpriz'd him sudainly, and brought him hither
To vfe, as you thinke needfull of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy God, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand.  
This is the Peace that pleas'd thy Empresse eye,
And here's the Basle Fruite of his burning luf.
Say wall-cy'd flame, whether would'tt consuue
This growing Image of thy red-like face?
Why don't I speake to what deafe? Nor was he
A halter, Souldiers, hang him on this Tree;
And by his side his Fruite of Babaries,
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
First hang the Child that he may see it fpraw,
A fight to vexe the Fathers foule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder Lucius, fave the Childie,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile fhow thee wondrous things,
That highly may advaantege thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befal what may befal,
Ile speake no more: but vengence for you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it pleafe me which thou speake'nt,
Thy child fhall live, and I will see it fpraw.
Aron. And if it pleafe thee? why affure thee Lucius,
'I'll vexe thy foule to heare what I fhall speake.
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maffacres,
And Blacke-nighe, abominable Deeds,
Compleats of Miftichie, Treafon, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittifull preform'd,
And this fhall all be burried by my death,
Vnlesse thou fware to me my Childie fhall ftre.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I fay thy Childie fhall live.
Aron. Sware that he fhall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who should I fware by,
Thou beleueth no God,
That graunter, how can't thou beleuere an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haft a thing within thee, called Conience,
With twenty Popeith tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I haue feene thee careful to obfere:
Therefore I vrgy this oath, for that I know
An Idote holds his Barble for a God,
And keepe the oath which by that God he swarees,
To that Ile vrgy him: therefore thou fhalt vow
By that fame God, what God fo ere it be
That thou afoore, and haft in reuerence,
To foure my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I swarees to to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou,
I be got him on the Empresse.
Luci. Oh moft Infatable luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charrtie,
To that which thou fhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Baffianus,
They cut thy Sifters tongue, and rifuest her,
And cut her hand of, and trim'd her as thou faw't.
Luci. Oh derefully villainie!
Calit thou that Trammeping?
Aron. Why the was wafting, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beaftly villaines like thy felfe!
Aron. Indede, I was their Tutor to infruct them,
That Cooding Spirit had they from their Mother,
As fure a Card as euer wonne the Set.
That bloody minde I thinke they learnt of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be winnife of my worth:
I trayn't thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of Baffianus lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And bid the Gold within the Letter conten'd,
Confederate with the Queen, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou halfe caufe to rue,
Wherein I had no froke of Miftichefe in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my felle spirit,
And almoft broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She founded almoft at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kifes.
Geth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the faying is,
Lest are thou not forry for thine hauous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Even now I curfe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaffes of my cu're,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elfe deuife his death,
Raiuff a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accufe some Innocent, and horreufe my felfe,
Set dee'dly Enmity betwixte two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayfackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft have I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And fet them uprigh at their decee Friends doore,
Even when their forrowes almoft was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Yerce,
Hau'e with my knife cau'd in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me harlyly indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging prefently.
Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To live and burne in cuveliathing fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue,
Luc. Sirs, sithe his mouth, & let him speak no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Defires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome Emilius, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperor greets you all by me,
And if he understands you are in Armes,
He causeth a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.
Goth. What faiths our Generall?
Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away.


Enter Tamora, and her two Sons esteemed.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habillament,
I will encounter with Andronicus.
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To joyn with him and right his halson wrongs:
Knocke at his fludy where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyn with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.
They knocke and Titus opens his suite door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it you chyrge to make me epte the due,
That so my sad decrees may the away,
And all my fludie be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I meane to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou haft the ocs of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me,
Thou wouldst talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witness this wretched lump,
Witness thee chimney lines,
Witness thee Trenches made by grieue and care,
Witness thee the noyding day, and beauie night,
Witness thee all sorrow, that I know thee well.
For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:
Is there thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou fad pun, I am not Tamara,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge sent from thineself all Kingdome,
To eafe the gawning Vulture of the mind,
By working wreekfull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No Vail obfcurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or destitue Rape,
Can couche for feare, but I will find them out,
And in their eases tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the soule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee:
Loc bylby side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now gentle some furance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot wheele,
And then Ie come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes,
Provide thee two proper Palriettes, as blackes as Iet.
To haile thy yengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diffamour, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Sereile footeman all day long,
Even from Empire rising in the East,
Untill his very downswell in the Sea.
And day by day Ie do this heauen taske,
So thou defory Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Emperour Sons they are
And you the Emperour: But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mischiefe eyes:
Oh former Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbecissance will content thee,
I will embrace thee: it by and by.

Tam. This cloathing with him, fits his Lunicie
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ficke fits,
Do you uphold, and mainaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
He make me fent for Lucius his Sonne,
And whilft I sat a Banquet hold him fure,
Ie find some cunning practife out of hand
To flatter and deprive the giddle Gothes,
Or at the laste make them his Enemies:
See here he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long have I bene forlore, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too,
How like the Emprresse and her Sonnes you are,
Well are you fitter, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deitl?
For well I wrote the Empresc neuer wayes;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And you examined her what she could say
It were convenient you had such a deitl;
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What wouldst thou have vs doe Andronicus?
Dem. Show me a Murderer, Ie deal with him.
Chi. Show me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am fent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thofand that have done thee wrong,
And Ie be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that is thy felie,
Good Murder flab him, hee's a Murderer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine flab him, hee's a Rauisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maff thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe the doth relemme thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Tam. Well haft thou lefson'd vs, this shall we do. But why would pleafe thee good Androminius, To fend for Lucia thy thryce Valiant Sonne, Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes, And bid him come and Banquet at thy house. When heis heere,even at thy Solemn Feaft, I will bring to the Empresse and her Sonnes, The Empiroer himfelJe, and all thy Foes, And at thy mercy fhall they Roop, and kneele, And on them fhall thou cafe, thy angry heart: What faires Androminius to this deuile? Enter Marcus. 

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis fad Titius calls, Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius, Thou fhall enquire him out among the Gothes, Bid him reape to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefef Prince of the Gothes, Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are, Tell him the Emperor, and the Empresse too, Feasts at thy house, and he fhall Feaft with them, This do thou for my love, and do let him, As he regards his aged Fathers life. Mar. This will I do, and foone return again. Tam. Now wil I hence about thy buinfine, And take my Miniflers along with me. Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder flay me, Or else I call my Brother backe againe, And cleare no more Feafting but Lucius. Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him, Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emppeour. How I haue governed our determined left? Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and fpake he faire, And carry with him till I turne againe. Tam. I know them all, though they suppofe me mad, And will orre-reach them in their owne deufes, A payre of cursed hurl-hounds and their Dam. Dom. Madam depart at pleafure, leave vs here. Tam. Farewell Androminius, reuenge now goes To lay a comploft to beryry thy Foes. Tit. I know thou dodoit, and sweet reuenge fairewell. Chi. Tell vs old man, how fhall we be imployd? Tit. Tod. I haue worke enough for you to doe, Publius come hither. Caesar, and Valentine. Pub. What is your will? Tit. Know you thefe two? Pub. The Empreff Sonnes I take them, Chiron, Demetrius. Titus. Fie Publius fie, thou art too much decea'd. The one is Murder, Rape is the others name, And therefore bind them gentle Publius, Caesar, and Valentine, lay hands on them, Oft haue you heard me with for fuch an hour, And now I flnd it, therefore bine them tre, Chi. Villanies forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes, Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded. Stop clofe their mouthes, let them not fpake a word, Is he here bound, looke that you bide them fall. Exeunt. Enter Titus Andronicus with a kneife, and Laumin with a Bafon. 

Tit. Come, come Laumin, looke, thy Foes are bound, Sift stop their mouthes, let them not fpake to me, But let them heare what fairefull words I vrite.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius, Here stands the spring whom you hafe stain'd with mud, This gooldy Summer with your Winte mist, You kif'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault, Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry lefl, Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that mere deere Then Hands or tongue, her Spoylle Chaitit, Inhumaine Traytors, you contrain'd and for't. What would you say, if I fhould let you fpake? Villaines for ifame you could not beg for grace. Harke Wretches, how I mean to maerly you, This one hand yet is left, to cut your throats, Whilt ft that Laumin sweate her flumps doth hold: The Bafon that receivcs your guilty blood. You know your Mother means to feaft with me, And calls her felle Reuenge, and thinkes me mad, Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your Bones to dust, And with your blood and it, I efe make a Paffe, And of the Paffe a Coffen I will rear, And make two Paffies of your fafamefull Heads, And bid that Lufquem your whellfold Dan. Like to the earth ftaw ft your heare increafe. This is the Feaft, that I have bid he to, And this the Banquet the fhall forfet on, For noble the Phillius you vfe'd my Daughter, And worfe then Pregue, I will be reueng'd, And now prepare your throats: Laumin come, Receive the blood, and when that they are dead, Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small, And with this hatefull Liquor temper it, And in that Paffe let their vil'd Heads be bakke, Come, come, be every one of fious, To make this Banket, which I with might proue, More flemne and bloody then the Cenreres Feaft. Exeunt. Sonnow bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke, And fee them ready againft their Mother come. Exeunt. Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes. Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde That I repair to Rome, I am content. Goth. And with the thing well, what Fortune will. Luc. Good Vnckle taake you in this barbarous Meece, This Rauenous Tiger, this acentride deuil, Let him receiue no fuffrance, fetter him, Till he be brought vno the Empreoure face, For testimony of her foule proceedings, And see the Ambruft of our Friends be strong, If ere the Empetreour means no good to vs. Aven. Some deuil whipter curfes in my eare, And prompt me: that my tongue may vert for th, The Venemous Mallice of my dwelling heart. Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogges, Whellhadowd Slave, Sirs,help oue Vnckle, to conuey him in, Flueflish, The Trumptes shew the Empetreour is at hand. Sound Trumptes, Enter Emperor and Empresse, with Tribunes and others. Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one? Luc. What bootit it thee to call thy felle a Sunne & Mar. Rome Emperour & Nephewe breake the pare These quartets must be quietly debat, The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus, 

Harb
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,  
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:  
Please you therefore draw me and take your places.  
Satur., Marcus we will,  
A Table brought in.  

Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lucina with a towel over her face.  

Tit. Welcome my gracious Lord,  
Welcome Dread Queen,  
Welcome ye Watlike Cothies, welcome Lucina,  
And welcome all although the there be poore,  
’Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it;  
Sat. Why art thou thus attir’d Andronicus?  
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.  
Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus?  
Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were:  
My Lord the Emperour refolov me this,  
Was it well done of both Virginius,  
To fly his daughther with his owne right hand,  
Because she was endor’d, rain’d, and deflow’d?  
Sat. It was Andronicus.  
Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?  
Sat. Because the Girle, should not fortune her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his forrowes.  
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,  
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,  
For me most wretched, to performe the like:  
Die, die, Lucina, and thy shame with thee,  
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.  
Farewell!  
Sat. What hast done, unnaturall and vnlukin?  
Tit. Kil’d her for whom my partes haue made me blind,  
I am as wofull as Virginius was,  
And have a thousand times more caufe then he.  
Sat. What was the rashisttell who did the deed,  
Tit. Will please you eat,  
Wilt please your Hignesse feed?  
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine only Daughter?  
Titus. Nor I, ‘twas Chiron and Demetrius,  
They raiueth her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, ‘twas they, that did her all this wrong.  
Sat. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.  
Tit. Why ther they are both, baked in that Pie,  
Whereof their Mother daniely hath fed.  
Eating the fleth that her hriefed hach breed.  
Tit. This true, this true, witnesse my kniues sharpe point.  
He slays the Empresse.  
Sit. Die frantick wretch, for this accurded  
Luc. Can the Sennes eye, behold his Father bleed?  
There’s neede for meede, death for a deadly deed.  
Mar. You sad face’d men, people and Sennes of Rome,  
By vprores feuer’d like a flight of Fowl,  
Scafell by winde and high tempestuous gusts;  
Och let me teach you how, to knit again,  
This festred Corne, into one mutually fuse,  
The bro ken limbs againe into one body.  
Goth. Let Rome her selfe be bane vnto her selfe,  
And thee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,  
Like a forlome and desperate cawtaway,  
Doe framefull execution on her felte.  
But if my frothe fignes and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesse of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
Speake Rome strect friend, as cest our Auncetor,  
When with his solemne tongue he did discours  
To loue-ficke Diocres &t attending eare,  
The story of that basefull burning night,  
When subtitles Grecians surpriz’d King Prians Troy:  
Tell vs what Seleu hath bewiched our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine,  
That glues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound,  
My heart is not compact of flint nor fleecie,  
Nor can I vter all our bitter griefe,  
But floods of tears will drowne my Oratorie,  
And breake my very vtturance, euen in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind hand Commission.  
Here is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speake,  
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,  
That eufted Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our Emperours Brother,  
And they it was that raueshed our Sifer,  
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,  
Our Fathers teares depe’d, & basely carest,  
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarelour,  
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.  
Lastly, my selfe vnskightely banished,  
The gates shut on me, and rumb’ng weeping out,  
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,  
Who drownd’d their eminie in my true teares,  
And op’d their arme to imbrace me as a Friend:  
And I am turned forth, he is knowne to you,  
That haue prefer’d her welfare in my blood,  
And from her bofore toke the Enemies point,  
Sheathing the fleche in my adventuour body.  
Alas you know, I am no Vauter I,  
My ears can witnesse, duno albeit they are,  
That my report is full and full of truthe:  
But fast, me thinks I do digresse too much,  
Crying my wortheile praife:Oh pardon me,  
For when no Friends are by, men praife themselues,  
Marc. Now is it my turne to speake:Behold this Child,  
Of this was Tamera delivereed,  
The issue of an Irreligious Moor,  
Chief Architect and plotter of these woes,  
The Villaine is alue in Titus house,  
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.  
Now judge what course had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspakable past patience,  
Or more then any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romanes?  
Have we done ought amisse? thow vs wherein,  
And from the place where you behold vs now,  
The poore remainder of Andronicus,  
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,  
And on the ragged stones beat forvsin our brains,  
And make a mutual still cloasure of our house:  
Speake Romanes speake, and if you say we shall,  
Loe hand in hand, Lucina and I will fall,  
Emilia. Come come, thou reuerent men of Rome,  
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,  
Lucina our Emperour for well I know,  
The common voyce do say it shall be so.  
Marc. Lucina, all hale Rome’s Royall Emperour,  
Goe, goe into old Titus forrowfull house,  
And hither that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg’d some direfull slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life,  
Lucina all hale to Rome’s gracious Gouvernour.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thanks gentle Romane, may I guse me so,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me syme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloof, but Vnacle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious tresses upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
Their forrowfull drops upon thy bloud-flaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Tresse for teares, and loving kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother Marcus sendes on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Counteffe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in howses: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleep, his Louing Breft, thy Pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meece, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it for
Friends,should associate Friends, in Greefe and Woe.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindeffe, and take loose of him.

Boy. O Grandfire,Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead,so you did Livre againe,
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I open my mouth

Romans. You lsd Andronic, haue done with woes,
Gius sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc. Set him brefe deepes in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode:
If any one relectes, or pitties him,
For the offence,he dyes. This is our doome:
Some flay, to see him failned in the earth.

Act V. Why should wrath be more, & Fury dumber?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some loving Friends conuey the Emp, hence,
And give him buriall in his Fathers grave,
My Father, and Laurna, shall forthwith
Be cloed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that bheynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Ricke, nor man in mournfull Weeds;
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her fouthe to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,
And being so, shall have like want of pitty.
See Justice done on a bagon that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heavy happe had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate.

FINIS.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

She is too faire, too wifefull, too faire faire. To mene biffle by making me dispare:
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell is now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rem. O teach me how I should forget to think of her.

Ben. By guising liberty into shine eyes,
Examine other beauties.

Poor. This the way to caueth (exquisite) in question more. Thee happy marks that biffle faire Lady browes,
Being blacke, putts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is trooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-fight lost:
Shew me a Miftrefe that is paffing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note.
Where I may read who paff that paffing faire.
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt

Enter Capulet, Counte Paris, and the Gloucs.

Cap. Mourniague is bound as well as I,
Penally alike, and not hard I think,
For men of old as wee, to keep the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie ts you liad at odds so long.

But now my Lord, what say you to my lust? Cap. But paying oor what I have paid before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world.
She shall not see the change of fourteen years,
Let us more Summers wister in their pride.
Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soonest made are those too early made:
East hath fastnowd all my hopes but she:
She's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But worse her gentle Paris get her heart,
My will to her content, is but a part.
And she agree, within her scope of choice,
Lyse my content, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereo to I have invited many a Guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more wilt welcome makes my number more.
At my poore houfe, look in behold this night,
Each reading favours, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort ar do lusty young men feele,
When well apparend April on the hecke
Of limping Wintar treads, even such delight
Among Greffe Fenreil busses shall you see,
Nothing but turning at my houfe, hear all afte:
And like her moth, whose meanest molt shall be:
Which one more ween, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Com, goo with mee: goo sirrah trudge about,
Through faire Ferens, find those persons out,
White names are written there, and to them say,
My houfe and welcome, on their pleasure play.

Rem. Find them out whom those names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Lath, the Fisher with his Penill, and the Painter with his Nets, But I am farr from finding those persons whose names are writ; & can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. This man, one fire burnes our anothers burning,
One paine is likened by anotheres anguish:

Turne giddie, and behope by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cureth with anotheres languishe:
Take thame new infection to the eye.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rem. For your broken thin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rem. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man:
Shit vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormentat, and Godden good fellow,
Sor. Goddiginoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rem. I mine owne fortune in my misrie.

Sor. Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
But I pray you can read any thing you see.

Rem. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Sor. Ye say honestly, tell you merry.

Rem. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Sor. Eygent Marten, and his wife and daughter: County Arles, and his brassewath, otherwise Leur dichild of Ursula, and his lovely Niece, Merewight, and his brother Valentine: mine wod Capulet, his wod and daughters; mine faire Nerse Rosamond, Louisa Seigneur Valentine, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lovely Helena.

A faire assembly, what should they come?


Rem. Whither!-- to supper?

Ser. To oure houfe.

Rem. Whose houfe?

Ser. Mine Maisters.

Rem. Indeed I shoulde have asked you that before.

Ser. Now I tell you without asking. My maisters is the grete rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mourniague I pray come and truth a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Rem. At this faire auncient Feast of Capulets.

Sor. Supes the faire Rosamond, whom thow folooues:
With all the admire Beuies of Peres,
Go tother and with unsemained eye,
Compare her face with none that I shall shew;
And I will make thee thinke thy Swain a Crow.

Rem. When the deuoue religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshhood, then turne teares to fite:
And these who often down'd could never die,
Transparen Heretiques be burnes for their.
One fatter then my love the all-seeing Sun
Nere fav her masch, first the world begun.

Rem. Tut you faw her faire, none else being by,
Herfelle pos'd with herfelle in either eye:
But in that Chriftall cale, let there be waid,
Your Ladies face against some other Maid.
That I will shaw you, shewing at the Feast,
And the show scant shew, well, that now shews best.

Rem. Ile goe along, no fuch thing to be shewn,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Nurse. Nurfe whers my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Manendeard, at twelue yeares old I bad her come, what Lamb what Linn-bird, God forbide,
Where is this Girle? what is it? Ile.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurfe gieue leue while we must.
must talk in secret. Nurse come backe again, I have
remembered me, thou'sl hear our counsell. Thou knowest
my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. He lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, she's not fourteen. How long is it now to Lamentis tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lamentis Eue at night shall she be fourteen. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lamentis Eue at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she make, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven yeares, and she was we'd, I knew shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then said Wombe-wood to my dog fitting in the Sunne under the Douchouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Montague, May I live be a braine. But I said, what is done to the Wombe-wood on the nipple of my Dogge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to fee it teach, and fall out with the Dogge, Shake quoth the Douchouse, 'twas no neede I grow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is an eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay but roode she could have runne & waddled all about: for even the day before she broke her bown, & then my Husband God be with his youle, a was a merrie man, took vp the Child, yes quoth hee, doost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Inlet? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch leef crying, & said I: to fee now how a lell shall come about. I warrant, & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should it: wilt thou not Inlet quoth he? and pretty foole it finstede, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this is, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it bown, a burse as big as a young Cockrels stone? A pettifol knick, and it eyred bitterly. Yes quoth my Husband, fall'll upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou committ to age: wilt thou not Inlet? It finstede, and said I.

Juli. And fill this too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace I have done. God marke thee too his grace thou walt the prettiest Babbe that ere I nurr'd, and I might like to fee thee married once, I have my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Julieta, How standles thy disposition to be Married?

Juli. It is an hour that I dreame not of

Nur. An hour, were not I thinke onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst stickt wisdome from thy teet.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now,younger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of etetime, Are maded already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much upon these yeares That you are now a Maid, thus then in briefe: The vaillant Paris seckes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infleth a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Coolibles owne word, If thou art dun, weed draw thee from the mine.
Of faue your reverence loye, wherein thou flockest.
Vp to the ears, come we burne day, slight ho.
Rem. Nay that's not so.
Mer. I meanest fit I delay,
We waft our lights in vans, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement fit.
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rem. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But it's no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one ask?
Rem. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rem. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often liye.
In bed a sleep while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger then Agast-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a steeple of little Air men, over mens noses as they beleape: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Graftappers, her Traces of the smalest Spiders web, her coulers of the Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Cricket bones, the Lath of Philome, her Waggoner, small gray-coated Gnat, no句话 to be a round little Worne, prackt from the Lazi-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emprise Halifax, made by the Joyners Squired or old Grub, time out a man, the Fairies Coach-makers & in this state the gallops night by night, through Louera braines: & then they dreame of Loue On Countiers knees, that dreame on Curfes first: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Frees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on Kistts dreamt, which of the angry Mab with blisters plaue, because their breath with Sweet mets tainted are. Sometime the gallops ote a Countiers note, & then dreames he of mellow out alue: & sometime comes the with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Passions note as a lies asleep, & then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime the draweth ote a Southerne necke, & then dreames he of curting. Foretaining throats, of Breaches, Ambuscudos, Spanish Blades. Of Healthes health, Fadome deepes, & then anon drums in his ears, as which he flatters & wakes. & being thus frighted, sweare a prayer or two & sleepe againes, this is that very Mab that plays the names of Horpes in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule fluenttaites, which once untangled, much mischief bodes,
This is the hog, when Maides lie on their backs, That prettie them, and leares them first to beate, Making them women of good carriage:
This is the hog.
Rem. Peace, peace, peace, Merciwo peace.
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Whom it as thin of substance as the styre,
And more incontinent then the wind, who woeest
Even now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
Bet. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felts,
Sleepeth you, & we shall come too late.
Rem. I feare too early, for my mind misgues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the staries,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull face
With this nights reveale, & expire the tearme
Of a defiled life clo'd in my breth.
By some vile forlets of unymeathness,
But he that hath the fortune of my route,
Direc't my use; On liuie Gentlemen.
Bet. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Servinugmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Servant.
Ser. Where's Patrue, that he helps not to take away?
Bet. He shift a Trencher he leepes a Trencher.
1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they wanye not too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the loynstoole, remove the Court,
"Tis no Marchpaine, and as thou loue't me, let the Porters let in Saran Grimalt and Nath, Andrisme and Patru.
Bet. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookts for, and call'd for, askt for, & bought for in the great Chamber.
1 We cannot be here and there too, chesly Boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer luer take all.

Enter all the Gulyt and Gentlemens to the Masker.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Vpleagud with Comers, will walk about with you:
Ab my Mistretts, which of you all.
Will now denye to dance? She that makes deainty,
She lies sweate hath Comers: can I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen. I have seene the day
That I have wore a Viser, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaxe; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitian play:
Musick play: and the dance.
A Hill, Hall, glue roome, and fouste is Gullis,
More light you knowes, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roombe is growne too hot.
Ab farth, this vnlooks for sport comes well:
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin Capulet,
For you and I ate past out dauncing daies:
How long 'tis now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares.
1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucanio,
Come Pentycott as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
2. Capu. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fit:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. Capu. Will you tell me how?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rem. What Lady is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yeonder Knight?
Ser. I know not.
Rem. Of the doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It feemes the bangs vpon the checke of night,
As a rich jewel in an Eirpons ear:
Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too dese:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trippeing with Crowes,
As yeonder Lady ote her fellows shoules:
The meafure done, I leare her place of hand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart love till now, forswere it light,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what threatres the gueue
Come hither coeur'd with an antique face,
To fentre and scorne at our Solemmitie,
Now by the tocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it nor a fin.
Cap. Why how now kinman,
Wherfore fcorne you to?
Tib. Uncle this is a Montague, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in fprime,
To fcorne at our Solemmitie this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo,
Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vettuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealh of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire preence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming fsemblance for a Feffe.
Tib. If fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ie endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd,
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Mafter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shal mend my soleu,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests
You will fet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcy Boy, 'tis no indeed.
This tricke may chance to feath you, I know what,
You must contratny me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet,or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with willfull cholarch meeting,
Makes my fith tremble in their different greeting;
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming fweet, convvert to bitter gall. Exit.
Rom. If I prophone with my vnworthie hand,
This holy thine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready fand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion fiewes in this,
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiffe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrime, lips that they must vie in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least fainth turne to dispaire.
Iul. Saints do not mowe,
Though grant for prayers fake.
Rom. Then mowe not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by chine my fin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the fin that they haue rooke,
Rom. Sin from my lips;O trefpassie sweethly verg'd:
Give me my fin againe.
Iul. You kiffe by th' booke.

Ner. Madam your Mother cauer a word with you
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nerf. Marrie Bachelecr,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vettuous,
I Nerf her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks,
Rom. Is she a Copule?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the lest.
Rom. I do I feare, the more is my vnrest.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a tripping foolish Banquet towards:
It is the eft why then I thank you all.
I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches her come on, then lets to bed.
Ah Ifrah, by my fate it wases late,
Ile to my refl.
Iul. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman?
Ner. The Sonne and Heire of old Tybrioe.
Iul. What's he that now is going out of dooe?
Ner. Marrie that I think he by young Perversie.
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Ner. I know not.
Iul. Go ask his name; if he be married,
My grace is like to be my wedded bed.
Ner. His name is Tybrioe, and a Montague,
The only Sonne of your great Enemy.
Iul. My onely Loue springing from my onely hate,
Too early seene, unknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie,
Ner. What's this? what this?
Iul. A time, I learne euene now
Of one I dan't withall.

Ner. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ftrangers all are gone.

Chorus.
Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue grende for and would die,
With tender Iuliet mauch, is now not faire.
Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his for suppos'd he muft complaine,
And the fleale Loues fweet betr from feareful hooks:
Being a fone, he may not have acceffe
To breath fuch vowes as Louers vife to fweare,
And she as much in Loue, her means much little,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paffion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweare.

Enter Romeo alone.
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Tutne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Bemolo, with Mercutio.
Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.
Merc. He is wife,
And on my life hath fione him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and left this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio:
Nay, Ile coniure too.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Rome. A Woman, Madam, Madam, Lothar, 
Appear thou in the likeness of a sight, 
Speakst thou any time, and I am fasting: 
Cry me but by me, Pray me, but, Lothar, and day, 
Speakst to my soul? Veena one faire word, 
One nickname for her purblind Sonne and her, 
Young Arthabas Capell he that shott so true, 
When King Cepheus lost the beggar Maid, 
He heareth nor, he flirres nor, he moueth nor, 
The Ape is dead, I must confute him, 
I confute thee by Refaleni bright eyes, 
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip, 
By her Fine footes, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh, 
And the Delance, that there Adscendant lie, 
That in thy likeness thou appear too. 
Ben. And if she heare thee thou wilt anger her. 
Rome. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him 
To raise a spirit in his Minstrelie circle, 
Of some strange nature, letting it stand 
Till the had laid it, and confuted it downe, 
That were some light. 
My insoucian is faire and honest, & in his Mistis name, 
I confute only to taie vp him. 
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees 
To be confered with the Humorous night. 
 Blind is his Love, and best before the daire. 
Rome. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the marks, 
Now will he see under a Medler tree, 
And with his Minstrelle were that kind of fruit, 
As Maidens call Medlers when they laugh alone, 
O Romeo that the were, O that the were, 
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare, 
Rome goodnight, I lie to my Truckle bed, 
This Field-bed is to cold for meats to fleepe, 
Come well wise. 
Ben. Go then, for this in vaine to seeke thee here 
That meates not to be found. 

Exeunt.

Rome. He leaves at Scarres that never felt a wound, 
But follow what light through yonder window breaks up, 
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne, 
Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone, 
Who is already sickle and pale with griefe, 
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she, 
Be not her Maid since the envious, 
Her Vetallic busy is but sickle and greenere, 
And none but foolies do wearre it, call it off: 
It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that the knew she were, 
She speaks, yet the sayne nothing, what of that? 
Her eye discourse, I will enquire she is 
I am too bold I am not so the speakers: 
Two of the fairest flares in all the Heauen, 
Hauing some businesse do entertain her eye, 
To twinklle in their spheres till they returne. 
What other eyes were there, they in her head, 
The brightnesse of her cheeke would flame those flares, 
As day light look a Lamp, her eye in heauen, 
Would through the ayrie Region streame to bright, 
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night: 
See how she leaves her cheeke upon her hand. 
O that I were a Glows upon that hand, 
That I might touch that cheeke. 

A. Ay me. 

Rome. She speaks. 
Oh sheepe eagnes bright Angell, for thou art 
So glorious this night being ore my head, 
As was a winged messenger of heauen 
To the white spottern wondring eyes 
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him, 
When he briefeth the lustie pulling Cloudes, 
And failles upon the bosome of the syre. 

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? 
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name: 
Or if thou wilt not be but tworne my Love, 
And Ile no longer be a Capulet. 

Rome. Shall I heare more, or shall I speak at this? 
Jul. This but thy name that is my Enemy: 
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Montague. 
What's Montague? It is not man nor foore, 
Nor stone, nor faire, O be some other name 
Belonging to a man. 
What? in a names that which we call a Roze. 
By any other word would smelt as sere, 
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd. 
Retaines that dear perfection which he owes, 
Without that title Romeo, doffeth thy name, 
And for thy name which is no part of thee, 
Take all my selfe. 

Jul. I take thee at thy word: 
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd, 
Hence forth I will be Romeo. 

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beforest in night 
So stumbeleft on my counsell? 
Jul. By a name, 
I know not how to tell thee who I am: 
My name dear Saint, is hateful to my selfe, 
Because it is an Enemy to thee, 
Had it been written, I would havee thee. 
Jul. My ears have yet not drank a hundred words 
Of thy tongues vittering, yet I know the found. 
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 
Jul. Neither faire Maid, if either doe dislike. 
Jul. How canst thou biter, 
Tell me, and wherefore? 
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe, 
And the place death, considering who thou art, 
If any of my kinmefm find thee here, 

Jul. With Loues light wings 
Did I o'er perche these Walls, 

For Iomy limits cannot hold Loue out, 
And what Loue can doe, that dares Loue attempt: 
Therefore thy kinmen are no stop to me. 
Jul. If they doe thee, they will murther thee. 
Jul. Blacke there lies more peril in thine eye, 
Then twenty of their Swords Jooke thou but sweete, 
And I am proofe against their enmity. 

Jul. I would not for the world they sawe thee here. 
Jul. I have nights cloake to hide me from their eyes 
And but thou loue melet them finde me here, 
My life were better ended by their hate, 
Then death prorgeado wanting of thy Loue. 

Jul. By whose direction foundst thou out this place? 

Jul. By Loue that first did prompte me to enquire, 
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes, 
I am no Pilots, yet were thou as far 
As that wall there-wafteth with the Oareth Sce, 
I should adventure for such Marchandise. 

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face, 
Else would a Maiden blush bepaunt my cheeke, 
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night, 
Feign would I dwell on forme, false, feaine, denie 
What I have spake, but farewell Complement, 
Dost thou Loue? I know thou wilt lay it,

And
And I will take thy word, yet it thou sweat',
That malefick proofes failles at Loues purties.
They say I loue saught, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfullly:
Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly woane,
Ile sweare and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woane: But else not for the world.
In truth faite Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou malefick think my behaviour 
But trust me Gentleman, He prove more true:
Then those that hate coying to be strange,
I should have beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou hurt heart'd ere I was ware.
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath to discoverd.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone (I vow, 
That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops."
-Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, the consistent Moone,
That monthly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaft that thy Loue prove like wise variable.
Rom. What shall I sweare by?"
-Jul. Do not sweare at all:
Onl what thou sweare by thy gratious selte,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And he beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts dear love.
-Jul. Well doon sweare, although I joy in thee;
I haue no joy of this contract to night,
It is too talle, too vnadian't too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens. Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Good night, good night, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me to untruthed?"
-Jul. What falsitie can't thou have to night?"
Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine
I gave thee mine before thou didst requete it:
And yet I would it were to give againe.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdray this.
For what purpose Loue?
-Jul. But to be franke and give it thee againe,
And yet I with but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea,
My Loue as deep, the more I glue to thee
The more I haue,for both are infinite.
I haue some noyfe within deare Loue aude:"

Anon good Nurf, sweete Montague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blesse blesse night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too fastering sweet to substaniall.
-Jul. Three words deare Romeo,
And goodnight indeed.
If that thy benti of Loue be Honoursable,
Thy purpos marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I promise to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Delay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Rom. I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee."

-Cal with.

(To by and by I come)
To cease thy flute, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So throwe my foule.
-Jul. A thousand times goodnight.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue at school, boys for thier books
But Loue for Loue, towards schools with heautis looks.

Enter Iulet againe.

-Jul. Hiff Romeo hiff: O for a falkners voice,
To lute this Tafell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud.
Ellie would I see the Case where Echo het,
And make her spryne tongue more hoarse then.
With repetition of my Romes.
Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name,
How filter sweate, found Louers tongues by night,
Like softef Musick to attending ears.
-Jul. Romes.
Rom. My Niece.
-Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I tend to ther.
Rom. By the houre of nine.
-Jul. I will not fail, this twenty yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till I thou remember it.
-Jul. I shall forger, to have thee till land there,
Remembering how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ile till stay, to have thee till forgetr,
Forgetting any other home but this.
-Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hopp a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twilled Gyues,
And with a flicker that plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
-Jul. Sweet so, would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is such sweeter sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.
-Jul. Sleepe dwell Upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to weld.
The gray ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night.
Checcking the Eastern Clouds with farest of light,
And darknesse decked like a drunkard reees,
From forth dayes pathway, made by Titan's whelles.
Hence will I to my ghastly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craye, and my dear hap to tell.

Enter Forst alone with a basket.

-Jul. The gray ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night.
Checcking the Eastern Clouds with farest of light,
And decked darknesse like a drunkard reees,
From forth does path and Titan's burning wheelers:
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye.
The day to cheere, and nights doke dew dry.
I must vspill this Osher Cage of ours.
With balfefull weeds, and precious Juiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burryng grace that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of duers kind.

We:—

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And from her wombe children of duers kind.

We:—
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

61

Of an old warre that is not wraith off yet.
If ere thou wait thy selle, and these woes shine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Refalme.
And art thou chang'd? doth pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
\textit{Rom.} Thou chid'lt me off for loving Refalme.
\textit{Fri.} For doing, not for loving pupill mine.
\textit{Rom.} And badst me bury Loue.
\textit{Fri.} Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
\textit{Rom.} I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.
\textit{Fri.} O she knew well,
Thou Loue did read by toye, that could not spell:
But come young waunter, come goe with me,
In one reft, he thy affliction be.
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your houe should banners to pure Loue.
\textit{Rom.} Let va hence, and fland on sudden haft.
\textit{Fri.} Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.
\textit{Exeunt}

Enter Sampio and Mercucio.

\textit{Merc.} Where the deu le fault this Romeo be came he not home to night?
\textit{Ben.} Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
\textit{Merc.} Why that same pale hard-haunted wench, that Re-
failme torments him so, that he will for ree run nay.
\textit{Ben.} Tybalt, the kinman to old Capuli, hath sent a Letter
to his Fathers house,
\textit{Merc.} A challenge on my life.
\textit{Rom.} Romeo will answere it.
\textit{Merc.} Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.
\textit{Ben.} Nay, he will answere the Letters Master how he dares, being dard.
\textit{Merc.} Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead flab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eares with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, else with the blind Bowe-bayes buts theft, and is he a man to conceiue
\textit{Tybalt?}
\textit{Ben.} Why what is Tybalt?
\textit{Merc.} More then Prince of Cats. Oh here's the Courageous Captain of Complements: he fights as you pingklong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he teats his minum, one, two, and the third in fast before the very butcher of a fikk buton a Dufiliga, a Dufiliga Gentleman of the very flat house of the flat, and second caufe: ah the immortal Pasilato the Punc tu scuer of the Hay.
\textit{Ben.} The what?
\textit{Merc.} The Pox of such antique lipping theing phanta-
tacies, thele new tuners of accent: leua a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good worse. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandie, that we should be thus affilied with these strange ficts: these fathan Mongers, these pard-
son mee's, who stand so much on the new forra, that they cannot sit at table on the old bench. O their bones, their

Enter Romeo.

\textit{Ben.} Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
\textit{Merc.} Without his Roe, like a dryed Herong, Eflfe, flesh, how sat thou subsist? Now is he for the numbers
that Perverch Bowed in: Loue to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to beime her: Dido
d'oodic, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Helen and Eire. hildings
and Harlots: Throse a grey eie of fo, but not in the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Ben son, there's a French Lutation to your
French flap: you gave us the counterfeit falsely last night.

**Rom.** Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

**Merc.** The slip, the slip, can you not conceive?

**Rom.** Pardon, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curteise.

**Merc.** That's as much as to say, such a case as yours contains a man to bow in the hams.

**Rom.** Meaning to curse.

**Merc.** Thou hast most kindly hit it.

**Rom.** A most curteous expostulation.

**Merc.** Nay, I am the very pinch of curteise.

**Rom.** Pincke for flower.

**Merc.** Right.

**Rom.** Why then is my Pump well flow'd?

**Merc.** Sure wit, follow methis jest, now till thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, folen-larular.

**Rom.** O single sole'd jest, soely singular for the fingeleneese.

**Merc.** Come between vs good Benvolio, my wits scant.

**Rom.** Swiss and spurs, Swiss and spurs, or else erie a match.

**Merc.** Nay, four 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 fife. Was I with you there for the Goose?

**Rom.** Thou wilt never with mee for any thing, when thou wilt not there for the Goose.

**Merc.** I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

**Rom.** Nay, good Goose bire not.

**Merc.** They wit is a very Bitter-Sweeting.

It is a moth Sharpe fawce.

**Rom.** And is it not well fer'd into a Sweet-Goose?

**Merc.** Oh here's a wit of Cleurell, that stretches a vnh narrow, to an ell broad.

**Rom.** I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves thee fatre and wide, and broad Goose.

**Merc.** Why is not this better now, then goung for Loue, now art thou fociable, now art thou; Loue art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this dursuing Loue is like a great Naturl, that runs lolling vp and doone to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

**Merc.** Thou dearest me to stop in my tale against the Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large, (hark).

**Merc.** O thou art decreed, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and mean, indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

**Rom.** Here's goodly gear.

A faile, a faile.

**Other.** Two, two, a Shirt and a Smocke.

**Nor.** Petter?

**Per.** Amen.

**Nor.** My Fan, Petter?

**Pet.** Good Petter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

**Nor.** God ye good morrow Gentleman.

**Gode.** God ye good morrow Gentlewoman.

**Nor.** Is it garden.

**Merc.** Time, let me tell you: for the bawdly band of the Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

**Nor.** Out vppe you what a man are you?

**Rom.** One Gentlewoman.

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

**Nor.** By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quith a Gentleman: can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

**Romoe.** I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.

**Nor.** You say well.

**Merc.** Yes is the worst well.

Very well tooke: Ifith, wisely, wisely.

**Nor.** If you be he firt, I desire some confidence with you?

**Ben.** She will entide him to some Supper.

**Merc.** A baud, a baud, a baud. So bo.

**Rom.** What hast thou found?

**Merc.** No Half sir, vnsee Hare sir in a Lenien pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.

**Romoe.** Would you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thinner.

**Rom.** I will follow you.

**Merc.** Farewell santicent Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

**Exe.** Mercutio, Benvolio.

**Nor.** I pray you sir, what fawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

**Rom.** A Gentleman Nurse, ths. loves to hear him selfe take, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

**Nor.** And speake any thing against me, let take him downe, & a were futher then he is, and twentie such Jacks: and if I cannot, let finde those that shal: scarce knowe, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his statutes mates, and thou muft stand by too and suffer every knave to vie me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man Vice if he at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw asonne as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my fide.

**Nor.** Now afoore God, I am so vext, that every past about me quiers, skurty knave: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what the bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a foole paradyse, as they say, it were a very groffe kind of behaviour, as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deal double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake desing.

**Nor.** Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistref, I protest unto thee.

**Nor.** Good hearts, and yisith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a toyfull woman.

**Rom.** What will thou tell her Nurse thou dost not make me?

**Nor.** I will tell her firt, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

(afternoone,)

**Rom.** Bid her devise some meane to come to thrist his.

And there the shall at Prior Lawrence Cell.

Betrod and married: here is for thy pains.

**Nor.** Not truly sir not a penny.

**Rom.** Go too, I say you shall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoone sit well the shall be there.
Re. And say thou good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
When this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackett stare,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy.
Muft be my couzoy in the secret night.
Farewell,be truffie and ile quite thy paines:
Farewell,commend me to thy Mistrefse.
Nur. Now God in heauen blesse the harke you fee.
Rom. What fall thou that my dear Nurse?
Nur. If your man feetes, did you nere heare say two
may keape counsel putting one away.
En. Warrant thee my man as truer as Steele.
Nur. Well sit,my Mistrefse is the sweett Lady, Lord,
Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a
oble man in Towne,one Paris, that would faire lay knife-
board: but the good foule had as leue a fee Toade, a very
Toade as fee him: I tinger her sometimmes, and tell her that
Paris is the proper man, but ile warrant you, when I lay
fee, fitte lookes as pale as any clout in the veritable world.
Dothnot Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurse,what of that? Both with an R.
Nur. Amooker that's the dogname, R, is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and the hath
the prettie fenamontious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that
it would do you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. A thousand times, Peter?
Enters Juliet.
Jul. The clocke struck nine,when I did fend the Nurse,
Inhalte an houre the promised to return,
Perhapse she cannot meete me, that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Heralde should be thoughts,
Which tenes faster gliders than the Sunnes beames,
Dresting backe midswores ovetlowing hills.
Therefore do enmible Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmoft hill
Of this dates journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres,yet fie is not come.
Had shee affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwidelide,flow,heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse
O God the comes, O holy Nurse what newes?
Haft thou met with him-selfe thy man away.
Nur. Peter flay at the gate,
Jul. Now good sweete Nurse:
O Lord,why looket thou fad?
Though newses,be fad,yet tell them presently,
If good thou shal't the musique of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so fower's face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me leave awhile,
Fie how my bones ache, what a saunter have I had?
Jul. I would thou had't my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake good sweete Nurse speake.
Nur. Jefu what hal's?can you no flay a while?
Do you not fee that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To flay to me,that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

A Louter may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

But good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri.  Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for vs both.

As much to himselfe as his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah Julia, if the measure of thy joy
Be heartly mine, and that thy skil be more
Tubalone, then I ween with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich mutches tongue,
Vail the imag'nd happlinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

But conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such exceffe,
I cannot sum vp some halfe of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, we will make shott worke,
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercwio let us retire,
The day is hot, the Capuletis abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not fape a brawle, for now these hot days in, the mad blood thirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword upon the Table, and sayes, God lend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Tacke in thy mood,
as any in Italia: and asfoone mooved to be moodie, and as-
foone moodie to be mou'd.

Mer. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hate more, or a hate leffe in his head, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast haflf eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? I hyd heed as full of quar-
rels, as an egg is full of mees, and yet thy heed haft bin beare in a deadle as an egg for quarrelinge: thou haft quarrel-
ds with a man for costing in the street, because he hath haftened thy Dog, that hath laine slipee in the Sun D'd in thou hast not out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter: with another, for tying his new Shoos with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrel-
ing?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any men should buy the Fee-simpel of my life, for an hour and a quar.

Mer. The Fee-simpel is O simple,

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my heede here comes the Capuletis.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me clofe, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with some-
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. Thou shall find me apt enough to that fir, and you will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without

guing?

Tyb. Mercwio thou comport with Rome.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet

I have it, and soundily to your Houses. Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman the Prince neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's daunger, Tybalt that an hour
Hath beene my Cozin:O Sweek Sisters,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours Reele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo,Romeo,brave Mercutio's is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath affipt'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ferne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end,

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe.

Rom. He go in triumph, and Mercutio saigne;
Away to heaven respectfull Lennie,
And fire and Fury,be my conduct now.

Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That lace thou gait me,for Mercutio's foule
Is but a little waye above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companye:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Thy. Thou wretched Boy that didst confort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight.

Tybalt fallst.

Ben. Romeo,away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt saigne,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O I am Fortunes fool.


Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citi. Vp for go with me:
Icharge thee in the Princes names obeye,

Enter Prince,old Montague, Capulet,their Wives and all.

Fri. Where are the vile beginness of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discourse all
The villuclie Mancage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man saigne by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinman brasse Mercurio.

Citi. Who's Tybalt,my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinman,Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours,shed blood of Montague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prim. Benvolo,who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here saigne, whom Romeo hand did flay,
Romeo that spoke him faire,bid him behinke
How nice the Quarell was, and wrg'd withall
Your high displeasure:all this vtered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vncaly fliene
Of Tybalt:deare to peace, but that he Tilt:
With Perseing fliene at bold Mercutio's fliene,
Who all as hot,turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall fororne,with one hand bezee
Cold death aside, and with the other fends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexency

Retorts in: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His age arde, beats downe their fatal point,
And twixt them rufhes,underneath whole armes,
An enious thrall from Tybalt, hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained Revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning,for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and fle:
This is the truth, or let Remo die.

Cap. Why, he is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falle, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince muft giue:
Romeo new Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prim. Romeo new him, he flew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his desire blood doth owe.

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio's Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intelli proesi in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But he Amerce you with to strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and escuile,
Nor teares,nor prayers shall purchase our abusing.
Therefore wee none, let Romeo hence in haft,
Else when he is found,that hour is his last.
Beacuse hence this body, and attend out will:
Mercy not Murders, pordoning tose that kill.

Enter Juliet alone.

Int. Gallop space,you fiery footed steedes,
Towards Phaeton lodging, such a Wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the well,
And bring in Clodie night immediately.
Sped thy clofe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may winke, and Romeo
Lespe to these amours, vents all of vnscene.
Lovers can fce to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties:or if Loue be blind,
It beff agrees with night: come:euill night,
Thou fober fader Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looke a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of Rainelle Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood baying in my Cheeks,
With thy Blacke mante, till strange Loue grow bold,
Think true Loue ached simple modestie:
Come night:come Romeo,come thou day in night,
For thou will lie upon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow upon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louting blackebrowd night.
Give me my Romeo, and when I hall die,
Take him and eat him out in little flares,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But nor poiffit it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enoy'd,fo tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Pethwalt,
Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite? These griefes, these woes, these forrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo.

_Jul._ Blitfer's be thy tongue
For such a wifh, he was not borne to frame:
Vpon his brow frame is asham'd to fit;
For'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the wittes fall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

_Nur._ Will you speak well of him,
That kild your Cozen?

_Jul._ Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ae poore my Lord, what tongue thall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villsaine did'ft thou kill my Cozin?
That Villsaine Cozin would have kild my husband;
Ecke foolish teares, back to your nature spring,
Your tributaries dropes belong to woe,
Which you making offer vp to joy:
My husband lues that _Tybalt_ would have flaine,
And _Tybalt_ dead that would have flaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some words there was worser then _Tybalt's_ death
That murdered me, I would forget it leane,
But oh, it prefies to my memory,
Like damnd guilty deedes to finnes minds,
_Tybalt's_ is dead and _Romeo_ banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath flaine ten thousand _Tybalt's._ _Tybalt's_ death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if were woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when the said _Tybalt's_ dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mourd.
But which a rare-ward following _Tybalt's_ death
_Romeo_ is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, _Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slaine, all dead. _Romeo_ is banished,
There is no end, no limist, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found,
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?  

_Nur._ Weeping and wailing ouer _Tybalt's_ Cozins,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

_In._ Wath they his wonds with tears:men shal be spent
When thers are drie for _Romeo's_ banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguill'd,
Both you and I for _Romeo_ is exild.
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maud, die Maiden widowed
Come Gertrude take the Nurse, Ite to my wedding bed,
And death not _Romeo_ take my Maidens head.

_Nur._ Hie to your Chamber, Ile find _Romeo_
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye your _Romeo_ will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at _Lawrence_ Cell.

_Ind._ He find him, gue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

_Enter Friar and _Romeo_.

_Fri._ _Romeo_ comeforth,
Come forth thou freestfull man,
Afflication is enemor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie,

_Rome._ Father what newes?
Then mightst thou speak, 
Then mightst thou breathe thy hare, 
And fall upon the ground as I do now, 
Taking the measure of an unwake grace. 

Enter Nurse, and Knocker.

Friar. Arise one knockes, 
Good Romeo hide thy self. 

Rom. Not I, 
Vallée the breath of Hartack groanse 
Mild-like infold me from the search of eyes. 

Knocke. 

Friar. Harke how they knocke: 
(Who's there?) Romeo arife, 
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp. 

Knocke.

Run to my Fudy by and by, Gods will 
What simpliceness this, I come, I come. 

Knocke.

Who knockes so hard? 
Whence come you? what's your will? 

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Let me come in, 
And you shall know my errand: 
I come from Lady Juliet. 

Friar. Welcome then. 

Nurse. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar, 
Where's my Lady Lord, where's Romeo? 

Friar. There on the ground, 
With his owne teares made drunk. 

Nurse. O he is euyn in my Mistreffe case, 
Luft in her face, O woulfull sympathe: 
Pitifles predicament, euyn so lies the, 
Blubbrngng and weeping, weeping and blubbrng, 
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man, 
Put Juliette fake, for her sake rise and stand; 
Why should you fall into so deep an O. 

Romurse. 

Nurse. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all. 
Rom. Speak it, thou of Juliet how is it with her? 
Dost not the Bitchke me an old Murtherer, 
Now I have found the Childhood of our joy, 
With blood remoued, but little from her owne? 
Where is fit, and how doth the? and what sages 
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue? 

Nurse. Ohe the sages nothing sir, but weeps and weeps, 
And now falls on her bed, and then flares vp, 
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, 
And then downe falls again. 

Re As if that name thir from the dead leuell of a Gun, 
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand 
Murdered her kinman O tell me Friar, tell me, 
In what vile part of this Anatomic 
Dost my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sakes 
The hatefull Manfon. 

Friar. Hold thy desperat band: 
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art: 
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote 
The unreasonable Furie of a beest, 
Villemely woman, in a feeming man, 
And ill becomming beest in feeming both, 
Thou hast amazed me, by my holy order, 
I thought thy disposition better temper'd, 
Haft thou inane Tybalt, wilt thou flay thy selfe? 
And flay thy Lady, that is thy life lies, 
By doing dammed hate upon thy selfe? 
Why rayl'st thou on thy beth? the heaven and earth?
Enter Extintra, and kneel.

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou hast not thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Vision abound it in all:
And vest in none that in true vie indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is a true forme of wakke,
Dignifying from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Louise worene but hollow persurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mihapers in the conduct of them both
Like powder in a skullife Souldiers flanke,
Is set a fire by shine owne defence,
And thou dismembered with shine owne defence.
What, rowle thee man, thy Iuliet is alie,
For whose deare sake thou walt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou flewst Tybalt, there art thou happier.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And thmidt to exile, there art thou happy,
A packe or blesting light upon thy backe,
Happinelle Courts thee in her belt array,
But like a mishap'd and fullen wench,
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe 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 Mamma,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blase you: marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call there backe,
With twenty thousand times more joy
Then thou wert forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heavy torrow makes them apt to go.

Romeo is coming,

_Nur._ O Lord, I could have staid here all night,
To hear good counsel: loth what learning is;
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

_Rom._ Do so, and bid mySweet prepare to chide.

_Nur._ Heere sit, a Ring the bid me gave you fir.

_Hie you make hast, for it grows very late.

_Rom._ How well my comfort is receiued by this,

_Fri._ Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your fate:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the brake of day disguis'd from hence,
Solomone in Mamma, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chanceures heere:
Give me thy hand, 'tis last, farewell, goodnight.

_Rom._ But that a joy pant joy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

_Exeunt._

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

_Cap._ Things haue faine our fir vnlikely,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you, the Loue, her kinman Tybald dearely,
And do I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, she's not come downe to night;
I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an hour ago.

_Far._ These times of wo, afford no times to weepe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

_Lady._ I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed vp to her hearneucle.

_Cap._ Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes Loue: I thinke she will be saide,
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it is not
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her, her, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her, marke you, on Wendesday next,
But if, what day is this?

_Far._ Monday my Lord.

_Cap._ Monday, theas well Wendesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it be, a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earl:
Will you be ready? do you like this haft?
Weele keepe no great aoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being flaine so late,
It may be thought we hold him carelesly,
Being our kinman, if we recall well:
Therefore weele have some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

_Paris._ My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.

_Cap._ Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Iuliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this weddind day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chambre ho,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight,

_Exeunt._

Enter Romeo and Iuliet alaft.

_Iul._ Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet eight day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pier'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly the songs on yond Pomeranet tree,
Beheld me Loe, it was the Nightingale.

_Rom._ It was the Larkke the Herauld of the Morn:
No Nightingale: looke Loe what envious streakes
Do lase the feuering Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
Stands upo the misthe Mountains topes,
I must be gone and hue, or flay and die.

_Iul._ Yond light is not daylight, 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 Mamma.
Therefore flay yet, thou needst not to be gone,
_Rom._ Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it.
Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflecke of Cornish brow.
Not that is not the Larkke whole noates do brace
The vaulthy heaven so high aboue our heads,
I have more care to flay, then will I go:
Come death and we welcome, Iuliet wills it so.
How if my soule, Jers talke, it is not day.

_Iul._ It is, it is, he hence be gone away:
It is the Larkke that singes so out of tune,
Straining hafth Discords, and volupting Sharpes.
Some say the Larkke makes sweete Difonion,
This doth not so: for the diuident vs,
Some say the Larkke and losted Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too.
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-up to the day,
O now be gone, more light and its ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
   Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, look about.
Rom. Then window let day in, and let life our.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ie defend.
Nur. Art thou gone for Love, Lord, say Husband, Friend,
I must hear from thee every day in thehoure, For in a minute there are many days,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares, Ere I againe behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell: I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Love, to thee.
Rom. Or thinkst thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall cease For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Juliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuinge foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tomb.
Either my eye-fight faiiles, or thou lookst pale.
Rom. And truft me Love, in my eye so do you!
Drie forrow drinks our blood. Aue,adue.
Rom. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lady. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Juliet. Who Ift that calls? I am my Lady Mother.
Is he not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd caufe procures her hither?
Lady. Why how now Juliet?
Rom. Madam I am not well.
Lady. Euenmore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grive with tears &
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Love,
But much of griefe, shewes still come want of wit.
Juliet. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling losse.
Lady. So shall you seeke the losse, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.
Juliet. Feeling to the losse,
I cannot chufe but ever wepe the Friend.
Lady. Well Girle, thou wepe it not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which laughter'd him.
Juliet. What Villaine, Madam?
Lady. That fame Villaine Romeo.
Lady. Villaine and he, be many Miles affounder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart;
And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.
Lady. That is because the Traitor liues.
Juliet. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lady. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
These wepe no more, Ile tend to one in Mantes,
Whose that fame botche. Run-agape doth liue,
Shall give him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall foone keepe? home compamy;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart so for to a kinman next:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To bear a poyson, I would temper it;
That Romeo should upon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To weake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Upon his body that hath daughter'd him.

Juliet. Find thou the meanes, and Ie find such a man.
But now Ite tell thee joyfull tidings, Juliet.
Juliet. And joy comes well, in such a needie time,
What are they, heareth your Ladyship?
Juliet. Well, well, thou haft a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauennesse,
Hath forced out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expectst not, nor I lookst not for.
Juliet. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Juliet. Marry my Child, early next Thursday mornge,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Courtie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.
Juliet. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to weo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.
Juliet. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Capulet. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunne of my Brothers Sonne,
It raineas downright.
How now ? A Conduits Tyuly, what still in teares?
Euer more aymowing in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea a Wind:
For all thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebb and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Saying in this salt fluid, the windes thy figthes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden clime will ouer set
Thy tempest ruffled body, How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
Juliet. I fry;
But the will none, she gives you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with your wife,
How will the none do thee not give vs thankes?
If she not proud doth she not count her blest,
Vndervorthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridgrooms?
Juliet. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I haue,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now wife?
How now ? A Chopt Logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not,
Thank me no thankings, not proud me no prouds,
But stille your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a hurdle thither.
Our you greene sicknesse errion, out you baggage,
You yellow face.

Lady. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word,
I. Hang thee young baggage, disbelov'd wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or utter after looke me in the face.

Spake not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this only Child,
But now I see this one is too much.
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,
You are too blase my Lord to rasse her so.

Fa. Why my Lady wisethome hold your tongue

Fa. Speak no treasfon,
Father, O Goddgoed,
May not one speak?

Fa. Peace you rambling fool.
Vter your grating ore at Goldips bowles
For here we need it not.

Fa. You are too hot.

Fa. God's bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, frow, time, woerke, play,
Alone in compaine, fill my care hath bin
To haue her catch, and haue now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of Late Descentes, Youngfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuff. as they fay with Honourable parts,
Proporion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And there to have a wretched pungling fool,
A whining manner, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer no, no, I prays you pardon me.

But, and you will not no, let pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not haue with me:
Looke too, thinke out, I do not vie to left.

Thursday is merre, lay hand on heart, aduife,
And you bee mine, I lewe you to my Friend:
And you bee mine, hang, beg, straite, die in the streets,
For by my foule, I lewe acknowledge thee,
Not what is mine fain never do thee good:
Trust too, thinke out, I lewe no more unwise.

Exit. Is there no pittie fitting in the Cloudes,
That fett into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother call mee not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month a weeke,
Or if you do, make the Bridal bed
In that dam Monument where Tybalt lies.

Men. Talk not to mee, for I lewe not a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exct. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vaille that Husband lend it me from heauen,
By leaving with Comfort me, compleat me:
Blacke, I saye, that heauen should practive stragems
Upon fee, beabe, which is my felde.
What shall thou then that thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares here come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by health,
Then since the cace so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the Counte,
O here's a Loutly Gentlemans:

Romeo's swift-cloath to him:
An Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As Paria hath, betheow my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or were as good be were,
As living here and you no vie of him.

Iul. Speakst thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else befrehem them both.

Iul. Amen.

Iul. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me maneriously much,
Gone, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confession, and to be abol'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iul. Ancient damnation, O most wicked fould! It is more fin to me with this forsworne,
Or to displease my Lord with that same tongue
Which he hath prais'd him with about compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my boisme batchfeth shall be twice:
Ile to the Frier to know his mede,
If all else fail, my fletu have power to die.

Exct. Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday the time is very short.
Par. My Father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to fack his haft.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vencuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately the weepes for Tybalt death,
And therfore have I little falk of Loue,
For Venus lanes not in a house of teares.
Now firt, her Father counts it dangerous
That the doth give her fowre fo much fway;
And in his wife dom, haft our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her felfe alone,
May be put from her by focieties.

Now do you know the reason of this haft?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be fowrd.
Loue, heere comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Exct. Enter Loue.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Iul. That may be fift, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Iul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine fect.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am finite that you Loue me.

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Reni spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Peace foute, thy face is much abuf'd with teares,

Iul. The
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their fright.
Pa. Thou wrong'rt it more then tears with that report.
Jul. That is no slander for, whch is a truth,
And what I spoke, I spoke it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast disdained it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, I have淑e daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone
Par. God speed: I should disturb Deuotion.
Juliet, on Thursday early will I trove you,
I'll till then adore, and keep this holy kifs. Exit Friar.
Pa. Who can the doctor brought, and thou hast done so,
Come weep me with, paint hope, paste care, paste help.
Fri. O Juliet, I alaide know thy griefs,
It treasmet me past the compasse of my wise:
I hear thou mist and nothing may provoke this,
On Thursday next to be married to this Countie,
Jul. Tell me not Friar that thou heardst of this,
Yifle thou tell me how I may prevent it:
In thy watchnome, thou canst give no helpe,
Do thou but call my relation wife,
And with his knife, he helpe it presently.
God save thy heart, and Romein, thou out hands,
And ere this hand by thee to Rome full fail'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deedle,
Of my true heart with treacherous growth,
Turne to another, this shall play them both:
Therefore out of thy long expectin'tune,
Gie me some present counsel, or behold
Twist my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpyre, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could not confute of true hope:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die.
If what thou speakest I speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I dooie in kind of hope,
Which crazes as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marrie Countie Para
Thou haft the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt understand
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,
That corp'lt with death himselfe, to escape fro it:
And if thou daun't, Ile give thee remedie.
Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Para,
From of these Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thee itselfe wares, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: change me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Carmell house,
Orecounted quite with dead mens rating bones,
With recke full images and yellow chappells fells:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
That I may sure the old, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without false or doubt,
To live in untainted wise to my fwer Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home be mertie, gue consent,
To marrie Para: wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou live alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber.
Take thou this Vioil being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Where for thee many hundred yeeres the bones Of all my buried Auncelte are packt, Where bloody Tybalt, yet but grease in earth, Lies lying in his throw'd, where as they say, As some hours in the night, Spirits repos: Alacke, alacke, is it not like that! So early waking, what with loathsome smells, And shakers like Mandrakes borne out of the earth, That huing mortalls hearing them, run mad. O if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Unrondere with all these hideus feares, And madly play with my forefathers inynts? And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his throw'd? And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone, As (with a club) daie out my despereate braines. O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Glost, Seeking out Romeo that did spis his body. Upon my Rapiers point: Flay Tybalt, flay; Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's a drinke: I drink to thee

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold, Take these knes, and fetch more spices Nurse. 

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Parcell. 

Enter old Capiell.

Cap. Come, sit, sit, sit, sir, The second Cocke hath Crow'd, The Curphew Bell hath rung, his three a clocke: Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica, Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cor-queue, go, Get you to bed, faith you be ficker to morrow For this nightes watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what? I have watche er row All night for leffe caufe, and nere beene ficker.

La. I you have bin a Mouse-hunt in your time, But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealouse hoope, a jealouse hoope, Now follow, what there? Enter three or foure with flats, and loges, and baskets. 

Fel. Things for the Cooke but, I know not what.

Cap. Make haft, make haft, firrah, fetch drier Logs. 

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are. 

Fel. I have a head firt, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matte.

Cap. Maffe and well said a merrie hoor, ha, Thou shalt be loggerhead, good father, this day, Play Musick.

The Countrie will be here with Musicke straight, For fo he said he would, I heare him nere, Nurse, wife, what haoue what Nurse I say? 

Enter Nurse.

Go wakken Juliet, go and teeme her vp, Ile go and chat with Parriahke, make haft, Make haft, the Bride-Grome, he is come already. Make haft I say, 

Nur. Mistis, what Mistis Juliet? Faii I warrant ha the thee, Why lamin, why Lady, if you sluggabed, Why looke I say,Madam, sweet heart why Bride? What not a word? You fay for your penworth now. Sleep for a weake, for the next night I warrant The Countrie.Parri hand fet vp his ref, That you fay teel but little, God forgive me: Mattie and Amen: how sound is the a Sleepe?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I must needs wake her. Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countess take you in your bed,
He lies fright you with life. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe against
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady.
Also, alas, help, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh welseyday, that cutt I was borne,
Some Aqua-vita, ho, my Lord, my Lady
Me. What noise is here? Enter Nurse.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Me. What is the matter?
Nur. Look, looke, oh heavie day.
Me. O me, O me, my Child, my onlie life:
Reme, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Help, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Fauber.
Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth; her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead, dead, dead, dead; the day.
Me. Alacke the day, thee's dead, thee's dead, thee's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me see herosour alas thee's cold,
Her blood is fettled and her joyes are stifled:
Life and thelips have long bene fepp frozen:
Death lies on her like an univite frost
Upon the sweet flower of all the field.
Nur. O Lamentable day!
Me. O wofull time.
Fa. Death that hath taken his bent to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the Countess.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedd. I will die,
And leave him all life living, all is deaths.
Fa. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
Nur. Accurtst, unhappie, wretched hafeful day,
Most inferable hour, that eare time faw
Inlasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one poore one, one poore and losing Child,
But one thing to reinerce and solace in,
And euery day hath catch it from my sight.
Nur. O wofull, wofulle, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, euer, I did yet beheld.
O day, O day, O death full day,
Nurse was leene to blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O day full.

Fa. Beguile, dissuade, wrong, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death by thee beguil'd,
By cruelly cruel thee quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, Offlife not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Defia'd, diſtrefed, hased, martred, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why can't thou now
To murther, murther our father mistresse?
O Child, O Child, my foule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, olke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. So there for shame, confusions! Care, lustes not
In these confusions; heauen and your felie
Hid part in this faire Maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in bet, you could not keep from death,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Becauss Mufitions have no gold for founding:
Then Musixe with her fluor found with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

Exe. What a pehitent knawe is this same?
Ms. Hang him iacke, come weele in here, tarrifie for the Mouneters, and by dinner.

Exit. Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truth the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreams preface some joyfull newes at hand: 
My boforeste lists lightly in his throne;
And all thin day an excellent spirit,
Lifts me aboute the ground with cheerfulfull thoughts.
I drunke my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaque to thinke,) 
And breath'd sue life with kisses in my lips,
That I recover'd, and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe poffefst,
When but lous shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verone, how now Balbazar?
Doth thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I ask againes,
For nothing can be ill, if the be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepe in Capsel Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindred's Vault,
And presently tooke Poffe to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaque it for my office Sir.

Is it so even so?
Then I denye you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging get me ink and paper,
And hire Poffe-Horfe, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some mifaduenture.

Man. Tufh, thou art deceu't,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Halt thou no Letters to me from the Friar?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And byse thouse Horfe, Ie be with thee straight,
Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:
Let's see for meanes: O mischrie thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperat men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here aboutes, dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with overwelmong broues;
Callung of Simplex, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had wonne him to the bones:
And in his neede shop a Tortoys hung,
An Alitger floust, and other skins
Of all flap'd fishes, and about his shelles,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Badders, and mufhie feedes,
Remnants of packt and, old cokes of Rofes
Were thinly fattert, to make vp a fiew.
Noting this penury, to my felfe I said,
An if a man did need a paylon now,
Whole fae is perfent death in Mantua,
Here liues a Cauiffe wretch would fell it him.
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame needes man must fell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What here is Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, think'st thou for thy Duket, let me have
A dram of paylon, such some speeding geare,
As will dispresse it faire through all the veines,
That the life-worie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be drench'd of breath,
As violently, as haffe powder forc'd.
Doth hurrie from the farall Cannons wome.

App. Such mortall drugs I have, but Mantua law
Is death to any he, that vtes them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and opreffion farreth in thy eyes,
Contemp and beggery hangs upon thy backe.
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law.
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this,
App. My poverty, but not my will conffes,
Rom. I pray thou poverty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispach you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worose paylon to meane soules,
Doing more murther in this losthome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not fell.
I fell thee paylon, thou haft fold none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in skels,
Come Cordiall, and not paylon, go with me
To Infiltis grace, for there muft I live there.

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.


Law. This fame should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua, what gyes Romeo? Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to bring a bare-foot Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie vishing the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did rage,
Seld's vp the doore, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was faile,

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Rome?

John. I could not send it here, it is againes,
Not get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fairefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it threights
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother Ell go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three hours will faire Juliet wake,
She will before me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua.

End.
And keep her at my Cell till Romeo come, Poor luving Coorie, dot'd in a dead man's Tombe,
Exit. 

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and Rand aloft, Yet put it out, for I would not be seen: Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along, Holding thy face close to the hollow ground, So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread, Being loose, and with digg'd up of Graves, But thou shalt here it whil' in thine own, As signall that thou hast left some thing approach, Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure. 

Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridal bed I strew, O wo; thy Canopie is dust and stones, Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe, Or wanting that, with teares destitute of mones; The obliqueys that I for thee that will keep, Nightly shall be, to try thy grace, and weep, Waffle Boy, The Boy gives warning, something doth approach, What caried foot wanderes this ways so right, To croole my obliqueys, and true loves right? What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Guine me that Martocke, & the wrenching Iron, Hold 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 are thou heart or feel, stand all aloose, And do not interrupt me in my course, What 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 must vie, In desire employment, therefore hence be gone: But if thou insolens dost returne to preie In what I further shall intend to do, By heauen I will teare thee joyntly by joynt, And firest this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs: The time, and my intents are sauge wilde: More fierce and more inexorable terre, Then empts Tygers, or the roaring Sea. 

Pet. I will be gone fre, and not trouble you. 

Rom. So that thou shew me friendship, take that: Luie and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow. 

Pet. For all this fame, Ile hide me here about, His lookes I fear, and his intents I doubt. 

Rom. Thou detestable mawre, thou wondome of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morall of the earth: Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open, And in delight, Ile cram thee with more food. 

Par. This is that banisht haughty Montague, That murdred my Loues Cousin, with which grieff, It is suppose the faire Creature died, And here is come to do some villanous flame To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. Stop thy vnshalled toyle, yule Montague: Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee, Obey and go with me, for thou must die, 

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither: Good gentle youth, temp not a desperate man, Fie hence and leave me, think'se upon those gone, Let them affright thee. I beleech thee Youth, Put not an other sin upon my head, By veging me to furie. O be gone, By heauen I lose thee better then my selfe, For I come hither arm'd against my selfe: Stay not, be gone, blue, and hereafter lay, 

Par. I do defeate thy commiseration, And apprel in thee for a Fellon here. 

R.o. Wilt thou provoke me? Then hase to thee Boy Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch. 

Pa. O I am affraid, if thou be mercifull, Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet. 

Rom. In faith I will, let me persuade this face: 

Mercutius kinisman, Noble Countie Paris, What said my master, when my betroffed fault Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married Iuliet. 

Pet. Said he not so? Or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Iuliet, To think it was so? O gue me by thy hand, One, writ with me in love: misfortunes booke. Ile burse thee in a triumphant grave. A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne, slachtred Youth. For here lies Iuliet, and her beautie makes This Vault a fealing presence full of light. Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd. How oft when men are at the point of death, Have they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call A lightning before death? Oh how may I 

Call this a lightning? O my Loues, my Wife, Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy BEauie Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties endigne yet Is Crying on thy lips, and in thy cheeks, And Deaths pale Rags' not advanced there. 

Tyrant, lyt'fh thou there in thy Bloudy sheet? O what more faviour can I do to thee, Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine, To funder his that was thy enemie? Forgive me Cosen. Ah deere Iuliet, Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue, Shall I beleue, that visiblitous death is amorous? And that the leane abomind Monfer keepes Thee here in death to be his Paramour? For fear of this, I will flye with thee, And never from this Palace of dym night Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes, Here's to thy health, where euer thou tumbl'd in, O true Apothecary! 

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die. Depart againe; here, here well I remaine, With Wormes that are thy Chambermaids: O here Will I fet vp my everlating reft: 

And make the yoke of inaudious fates From this world wearisome flesh: Eyes lookes your last 

Arms take your last embrace: And lips, O you 

The doores of breath, severe with a righteous kiffe A deathfull bargain to ingrassing death: 

Come hither conduct, come vnaudioy guide, Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on 

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-like were Darke: Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary: 

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The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. 75

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Arms take your last embrace: And lips, O you 

The doores of breath, severe with a righteous kiffe A deathfull bargain to ingrassing death: 

Come hither conduct, come vnaudioy guide, Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy drugs are quickke. Thus with a knife I die.
Enter Friar with Lampyre, Crow, and Spade.
Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet humbled at graces? Who's there?
Man. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.
What Torches yond that vainly lend his lights
To grobs, and cycelle Scullers? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capel Monument.
Man. It doth so holy fr.
And there's my Master, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long latch he bin there?
Man. Full half an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir;
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did play to looke on his estates.
Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I fear some vnlikke thing.
Man. As I did sleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my Maister flew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alaske, alaske, what blood is this which flames
The sory entrance of this Sepulcher?
The who meane the Maisterlefe, and goatie Swords
To lie discoulour'd by this place of peace.
Romeo, on pale: who else? what Paris too?
And flest in blood? Ah what an vn kind house
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady frst.
Jul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am, where is my Romeo?
Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that noft
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict.
Hath thwaited our entente, come, come, away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And Paris too, come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sipherhood of holy Nuncios
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, goe good Juliet, I dare no longer sty.
Exit.
Ial. Go get thee hence, for I will not way.
What's here? A cup cled in my true leses hand?
Peylon I see hath bin his timelefe end
O charle,drinke all and let no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happle some po yon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Lead Boy, which way?
Ial. Yes noyse?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
This is thy sheath,there ruff and let me die Kils her selfe.
Boy. This is the place.
There where the Torches doth burne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attache.
Pitiful light, here lice the Country flame,
And Ileere bleeding,warne and newly dead
Who hère hath lain theese two dayses buried.
Go tell the Prince,runne to the Capel let,
Raithe vp the Lammerge, somes others search,
We see the ground whereon these woves do lye,
But the true grond of all these pitous wores,
We cannot without circumstance defery.
Enter Romeo, man.
Watch. Here's Romeos man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.
Enter Friar, and another Watchmen.
Fri. War. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattroke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
Con. A great sufficion,flay the Friar too.
Enter the Prince,
Fri. What misfortune is to earily vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Cap. What should it be that they so shriake abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete cry Romeo,
Some Juliets, and some Paris, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Fri. What feares is this which fluttery in your ears?
Wife. Some auengers, here lies the Countie Paris home,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,
Warmc and new kild,
Prim. Search,
Seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Wife. Here is a Friar, and a dagger'd Romeus man,
With Instruments vnpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes,
Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dgger hath misstable, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of Montague,
And is misneathed in my Daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That warres my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Montague.
Fri. Come Montague, for thou art early vp
To seethy Sonne and Heire, now early loose.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flopt her breath.
What further woe conpires against my age?
Prim. Looketh, and thou shalt fee.
Moun. O thou untrust, what manners in is this,
To preffe before thy Father to a grave?
Prim. Selle vp the mouth of outre ge for a while,
Till we can cleere their ambiguities,
And know their sprng,their head,their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your wores,
And lead you even to deathmeanes time forbeare,
And let mishance be flauce to patience, bring forth the parties of sufficion.
Fri. I am the greates,able to doe leat,
Yet most suspeced as the time and place.
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe execud.
Prim. Then say at once, when thou dost know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a redicous tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And the there dead,that's Romeos faithfull wife.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

FINIS.
THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mason, as several advores.

Poet.

Good day Str.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. You have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares for, as it grows.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magick of Bountie, all these spirits thy power
Hath conuient to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.

Inf. Nay that's most fit.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untireable and continuant goodness:

He paffes.

Inf. I have a lewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timons fit?

Jewel. If he will touch the effemate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,
It frames the glory in that happy Verfe,
Which aptly fings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rap't, far in some worke, some Dedication
To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flipp'lyd idely from me,
Our Poetie is as a Cowree, which vies
From whence 'tis nourish't: the fire 'tis Flint
Shews not, till it be ftooke: our gentle flame
Frouokes it felfe, and like the curtail Byes
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A Picture Sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Upon the heele of my prefentment Sir.

Let's fee your poeze.

Pain. 'Tis a good Poee.

Poet. So'tis, this is come off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admiraible: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mental power
This eye footees forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbesneffe of the gueffe.

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it.

It tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in thefe touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Look e more.

Po. You fee this confedence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough worke, snap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and huggle
With amplexentertainment: My free drift
Hails not particularly, but moves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and fortheon,
Leaving no Trail behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will vnboitl to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Minder,
As well of glib and flipp'rly Creatures, as
Of Graue and affure qualitative, tender downe
Theirs it. Siences to Lord Timon: this large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All forts of hearts: yea, from the glaffe-fac'd Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himfelfe: even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake togethe.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thornd, The Bafe o'th Mount
Is rank'd with all defects, all kinda of Nature.
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states: among' them all,
Whole eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fix'd,
One do I perfonate of Lord Timon frame,
Whom Fortune with her louy hand wafts to her,
Whose perfent grace, to perfent flutes and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinks.
Timon of Athens.

With one man beaked'd from the left below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount.
To climb his happy children, would be well express'd
In our Condition.

Part. Nay Sir, but hear me on:
All those whose were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his vassals; on the moment
Follow his fridrs, his Lobbies fill with tendance;
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his ear,
Make Sacred even his styerop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Part. I marry, what of thefe?
Part. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes down her late belov'd, all his Dependants
Which labour d after him to the Mountaine top,
Even on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Nor one accompanying his declining foot.

Part. This common
A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That will demonstrate these quickse blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that mine eyes have scene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself curtenzly
towards Sidor. Exit

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mef. I my good Lord, suche Talents is his debt;
His meanes most floutous, his Creditors most staites.
Your Honourable state he defires,
To the one he shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Persons well;
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deferves a helpe,
Which he shall have. I paye the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship receiv'd him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchis'd bid him come to me;
That is not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Tim. Enter an old Athenian,
Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou halst a Servant nam'd Lucilla.
Tim. I have fo: What of him?

Oldm. My noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attend he here, or no? Lucilla.

Luc. Here he at your Lordships service.
Oldm. This Fellow here, L Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have beene inclin'd to thrist,
And my eftate deferves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what purchet?

Old. One onely Daughter have I, no Kinselles,
On whom I may conferre what I have got
The Maid is faire, a ly'th young girl for a Bride,
And I have bred her in my deerefiest cost
In Qualites of the Bell. This man of shine
Attempts her love: I pryshee (Noble Lord)

Joyne with me to forbid him her refors,
My selfe have spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honestly rewards him in his selfe,
It must not beeare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do influft us
What leITIES in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the acceptes of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my conten tent be miling,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine huyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispoſſe her all.

Tim. How shall the be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present: in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath for'd me long;
To build his Fortune, I will strange a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bellow, in him Ie counterpoize,
And make him weare with her.

Oldm. My noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his,
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, never may
That face or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Part. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall here from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A Piece of Painting, which I do receave
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is a Figure of the Natural man:
For since Disthoron Tracheller with mans Nature,
He is but out-fide: These Penfild Figures are,
Even such as they give out. I like your warkes,
And you shall finde I like it; Waita attendance
Till you hear further from me.


Tim. Well face you Gentleman; give me your hand,
We must needs dine together: fir your Iewell
Hath sufferd vnder praife.

Iewell. What my Lord, dispraife?

Tim. A meete society of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't a is extraild,
It would make w me quite.

Iewell. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thofe which fell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like vallue differing in the Owners,
Are prize'd by their Masters. Belieue his deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd;
Enter Aperantius.

Mef. No my good Lord, he speakes so common.

Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chuld?

Iewell. We'll beare with your Lordship.

Mef. Keel spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Aperantius.
Ap. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art Timon doggs, and these Knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st them not.
Ap. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ap. Then I repent not.
Tim. You know me Apemantus?
Ap. Thou know'st I do, I call thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art pioud Apemantus?
Ap. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timen
Tim. Whether art going?
Ap. To knock out an honest Athenians brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'rt d ye for.
Ap. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How likk'st thou this picture Apemantus?
Ap. The belt, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ap. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's a filthy pecce of workke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Tim. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me Apemantus?
Tim. And thou shouldest, thou'dst anger Liders.
Ap. O they este Liders;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Ap. So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, Apemantus?
Ap. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Dolt.
Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?
How now Poet?
Poet. How now Nathaniel Poet?
Poet. Art not one?
Poet. Then I ly nor.
Ap. Art not a Poet?
Ap. Then thou lyest:
Looke in thy best worke, where thou hast fegn'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not fegn'd, he is so.
Ap. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to paye thee for thy labour.
He that loves to be flatter'd is worthy o'th' flatterer.
Heaven, that I was a Lord.
Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus?
Ap. Eneas as Apemantus does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy selfe?
Ap. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ap. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Are not thou a Merchant?
Mer. 1 Apemantus.
Ap. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Tim. What Trumpets that e
Muf. Tis Abused, and some twenty Horse
All of Companionship.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, glue them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank you: when dinners done
Show me this piece, I am joyfull of your fights,
Enter Abused, and some twenty Horse

Most welcome Sir.
Ap. So, so: their Ache contrack, and steer your supple ioynts: that there should bee small love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Carte ejercicio. The straine of mans bred out into a Baboon and Monkey.
Ap. Sir, you have found my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let us in.

1. Lord. What time a day is't Apemantus?
Ap. Time to be honest.
1. That time fences still.
Ap. The most accrued thou that still emitt it.
2. Thou art going to Lord Timon Feast.
2. Farthest well, farthest well.
Ap. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2. Why Apemantus?
Ap. Shouldn't have kept onco to thy selfe, for I meant
to grieve thee none.
1. Hang thy selfe.
Ap. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.
Or I'll purne thee hence.
Ap. I will lyke a dogge, the heels at th' Ass.
1. He's opposite to humanity.
Comes shall we in,
And tafe Lord Timon bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindnose.
2. He provest it out: Sustin the God of Gold
Is but his Seward; no meede but he repayes
Seven-fold toke it selfe: No gulf to him,
But breeds the gierer a return, exceeding
All slee of quittance.
1. The Noblest minde he caries,
That euer governed man.
2. Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe your Company.

Hobnges Playing loud Musick.
A great Banquet sent for: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventidius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then come dropping after all Apemantus differentially like himselfe.

Ventidius. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace;
He is gone happy, and has left merich:
Then, as in gracefull Venus I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
 Doubled with thanks and fertile, from whose help
I declare liberty.
Tim. O by no meane,
Honest Ventidius: You mistake my love,
I gau
Igan't it freely ever, and ther'snone
Can truly say he gueses, if he recieves:
If your better play at that game we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are rare.

Virt. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but design'd at first
To set a glasse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, these needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Themes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we always have confess'd,
Aper. Ho bo, confess it? Hand'sd'it? Have you not?
Tim. O Aperenatus, you are welcome.
Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.
Tim. Fri, that's a chuffle, ye have got a humour there.

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They lay my Lords, Fratres brevis eff,
But your man is verie angrie.

Go, let him have a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.
Aper. Let me stayes thine apparel Timon,
I come to obserue, I judge thee wanting on't.
Tim. I take no heede of thee: That's an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: I my selfe would have no power,
Preythe let my meate make thee silent.
Aper. I fcome thy meate, 'twould chace me: for I
Should nere flatter thee, Oh you Gods! What a number of
Men eate Timon, and he sees 'em not? It greeces me
to see so many drip there meate in one mans blood,
And all the maddesse is, he cheers them vp too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Me thinks they should entice them without knaves,
Good for there meate, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diu'd draught: 'tis the readiest man to kill him.

Tas beene proued, if I were a huge man I should fear
to drink at meate, least they should spit my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drink with hartesse
on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.
1. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.
Aper. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keeps his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy faire
looke ill Timon.
Here's that which is too wese to be a singer,
Honest water, which were left man'thitime:
This and my food are equals, there's no odds,
Feasts are to proud to guse thinks to the Gods.

Aperenatus Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graced I may ever prosp'r so fond,
To stuff man on his Oath or Bond.

Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that former afterpe,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So falleth it:

Richmen fea, and I eat root.
Much good ditches you good heart, Aperenatus Tim. Capraiae.

Althiades, your hearts in the field now.
Alc. My heart is ever at you seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather bea breakfast of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord there's no
meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.
Aper. Would all these Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that thou mayst kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.
1. Lord. Might we but have that happinesse my Lord,
that you would give us our hearts, whereby we might
express some part of our zeale, we should think our
flues for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
themselves have proffessed that I shall have much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends els.

Why have you that charitiable title from thousands? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modeste spake in
your owne behalfe. And thus fare I confesse you. O h
you Gods(thinke I,) what need we have any Friends, if
we should nere have need of 'em? They were the most
melodeous Creatures living: should we nere have se for
'em? And would most treablem sweete Infrumments
hung vp in Cases, that keeps there sounds to themselfes.

Why I have often wished my selfe poorer, that
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do beneficts.
And what better or proper can we call our owne,
than the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfor't is,
to have so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes.
Oh ioyes, one made away e'er can be borne: mine cies cannot hold out waterme thinks
to forget their Faults. I drink to you.

Aper. Thru weep't to make them drink, Timon,
2. Lord. Joly had the like concepcion in our cies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard
3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you would me much.
Aper. Much.

Sound Trumpet. Enter the Makers of Amazons, with
Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.
Tim. What means this Trumpet? How now?

Enter Servant.
Sr. P lease you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies? what are their with?

There comes with them a post-runner my Lord,
which bears that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Muse of Ladies.

Cep. Haile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of
his Bounties catterne the five beece Senceck knowledge cree
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful
bosome.

There saith, touch all pleas'd from thy Table site:
They only now come but to Feast thine cie,

Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance.
Cupids make their welcome.

Lor. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday.
What a sweepe of vainite comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen.

Like
Tim of Athens.

How now? What news?

3. Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreating your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and he's lent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him, and let them be receiv'd, not without faire Reward. Fla. What will this come to? He comes hands vs to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty Coffer; nor will be known his Purse, or yeeld me this, to shew him what a Beggar his heart is, being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises flye far beyond his state, that what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word: he is so kind, that he now pays interet for't; his Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were Gently put out of Office, before I were for'd. Happier is he that has no friend to feede, then such: that do e'ne Enemies excceede, I blest inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong, you bate too much of your owne merites, here's my Lord: a trifie of our Loue.

T. Fla. With more then common thankes I will recueyse it. 3. Lord. Oh he's the very soile of Bounty. Tim. And now and remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours because you lik'd it.

1. Lord. Oh, I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, in that. Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does afect. I weighe my Friends affec'tion with mine owne: I tell you true, I call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations so kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to give. Me thinks, I could dole Kings domes to my Friends, and were to be wearie. Alcibiades, thou art a Soldier, therefore sildomerich, it comes in Characte to thee: for all thy liug Marry, what is the dead: and all the Lands thou hast Lye in a pitchet field. Alc. 1. defird Land, my Lord. 2. Lord. We are so verusuly bound. Tim. And to am I to you. 2. Lord. So infinitely ended, Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights. 1. Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes. Keep we with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. 

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What so coils heere, seruing of buckes, and cutting out of bumes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges, Me thinks false hearts; should never have found legges. Thus honeif Folees lay out their wealth on Curtises.

Tim. Now Aperant(see if thou nott fullenn) I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be bri'ed to, there would be none left to tale spouette, and then thou wouldst finde the faster. Thou gull'st for long Timon (I fear me) thou wilt give away thy selfe in paper shurtly. What needs these Feasts, pomps, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.
Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand : to Parro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fine and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal, but a beggars Dogge,
And give it Timon, why the Dogge colnes Gold
If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why give my Horfe to Timon.
Ask nothing, give him, it Foles me straight
And sible Horfes : No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and will include
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his fate in safety. Caphus hoa,
Caphus I say.

Enter Caphus.

Caph. Heere fit, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneys, be not ceeft
With flight deniall, nor then Iene'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap.
Plays in the right hand, thus : But tell him,
My Vite cry to me ; I must ferue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my relliances on his fracking dayes
Have limes my credit. I love, and honour him,
But mutt not breake my backe, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releafe
Muff not be soft and turn't to me in words,
But finde suppy immediately. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspeet, a
Village of demand : for I do ferue
When every Feather flickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gulli,
Which flashes now a Phenisx, get you gone.

Ca. I go fir.

Sen. I go fir?

Ca. Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Enter a Senator, with many bills in his hand.

Sen. No care, no stop, to senfeleffe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor refume no care
Of what is to continue: newer minde,
Was to be your wife, to be fo kind.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
Fye, fye, fye, fye.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Caph. Good even Parro, what, you come for money?

Par. It's not your businesse no.

Caph. It is, and yours too, Isidore.

Isid. It is so.
Enter Page.  

Fool. Look ye, here comes my Master Page.  


How doth thou Apemantus?  

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably  

Boy. Pray thee Apemantus reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.  

Ape. Canst not read?  

Page. No.  

Ape. There will little Learning dye that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alciades, Go thou wast borne a Bastard, and thou'rt dye a Bawd.  

Page. Thou was'rt wheipt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.  

Ape. Answre not, I am gone.  

Fool. Enter thou out-runne Grace,  

Fool. I will go with you to Lord Timon.  

Fool. Will you leave me there?  

Fool. If Timon stay at home.  

You three serve three Vfurers?  

Ape. All. I would they fet'd vs.  

Ape. So would I:  

As good a tricke as ever Hangman seru'd Thee.  

Fool. Are you three Vfurers men?  

All. I Fools.  

Fool. I think no Vfurer, but he's a Fool to his Servant. My Miftris is one, and I am her Fools: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach falsely, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away falsely. The reason of this?  

Far. I could render one.  

Far. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which not withstanding thou shalt be no leffe esteemed.  

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Fools?  

Fool. A Fools in good cloaths, and something like thee. Th's spirit, sometime t'appareth like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two Flames more then's artificiall one. Hee is very often like a Knight; and generally, In all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourscore to thirteene, this spirit walks in.  

Varro. Thou art not altogether a Fools:  

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wifes man.  

As much foolerie as I haue, so much with thou lack't.  

Ape. That answer might have become Apemantus,  

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.  

Enter Timon and Steward.  

Ape. Come with me (Fool)e come.  

Fool. I do not always follow Louter, elder Brother,  

and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.  

Swe. Pray you waile not ere,  

Ile speake with you anon.  

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time  

Had you not folly hide my face before me,  

That I might haue rated my expence  

As I had leaue of meanes.  

Swe. You would not heare me:  

As many leysures I propose.  

Tim. Go to:  

Perchance some singel vantages you tooke,  

When my indisposition put you backe,  

And that sumpsneffe made your minifter  

Thus to excufe your selfe.  

Swe. O my good Lord,  

At many times I brought in my accomes,  

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,  

And say you found them in mine honifie,  

When for some trilling prentent you haue bid me  

Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:  

Yea' gainst th Authoritie of manners, pray'd you  

To hold your hand more close: I did induce  

Nor sildome, nor no flight cheeks, when I haue  

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,  

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,  

Though you were now (too late) ye nowes a time,  

The greatest of your having, lackes a halfe,  

To pay your present debts.  

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.  

Swe. Th is all engag'd, some forseyed and gone,  

And what remaines will hardly float the mouth  

Of present duss; the future comes apace:  

What shall defend the interim, and at length  

How goes our reck'ning?  

Tim. To Lacedom did my Land extend.  

Swe. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,  

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  

How quickly were gone.  

Tim. You tell me true.  

Swe. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falsehood,  

Call me before th'Authoritie,  

And set me on the proufe. So the Gods bleeve me,  

When all our Offices have beene opprest  

With riotous Feoders, when our Vaulks have wept  

With drunken Spight of Wine: when euery room  

Hath blaze'd with Lights, and brad with Mindeftie,  

I have return'd me to a wastefull cocke,  

And set mine eyes at fluer.  

Tim. Pray thee no more.  

Swe. Heauens haue I saied, the bounty of this Lord:  

How many piskeyall bits haue Staves and Peantes  

This night enlumined: who is not Timens,  

With heart, head, body, force, persons, meanes, but is L. Timon:  

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:  

Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,  

The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:  

Fra't won, fast lo't: one cloud of Winter snowes,  

These flies are coucht.  

Tim. Come sermon me no further.  

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;  

Vnwisely, not ignobly have I gien.  

Why doft thou weepes, canst thou the conscience lacke,  

To thinke I shall lacke friends: fercue thyo heart,  

If I would broach the vesfels of my love,  

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,  

Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse  

As I can bid thee speake.  

Stew. Afturance bleeve your thoughts.  

Tim. And in some feat these wants of mine are crow'd,  

That I account them blessings. For by thef  

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive  

How you misake my Fortunes;  

I am wealthie in my Friends.  

Within there, Pleases St. Vitus?  

Enter
Enter three Servants.

Sir. My Lord, my Lord.

Tme. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord Lucullus, to Lord Lucullus you. I hunted with his Honor to day, you to Sempervirens; commend me to their ladies; and I am proud fay, that my occasions have found time to vie ’em toward a supply of many; let the requital be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Sir. Lord Lucullus and Lucullus? Hum! Hum.

Tme. Go you far to the Senators; of whom, even to the States best health, I have Defect’d this Hearing: bid ’em send o’th’instant A thousand Talents to me.

Sir. I have beene bold

(Foral I knew it the most general way)

To them, to vie your Signer, and your Name, But they do shake their heads, and I am heere.

No richer in returne.

Tme. Sir, Is’t true? Can’t be?

Serv. They answer in a joynt and corporate voice, This now they are at full, want Treaure cannot

Do what they would, are for it; you are Honourable, But yet they could have whirr, they know not, Something bath beene amisse; a Noble Nature May catch a wrench; would all were well; its pitty, And so intending other serious matters, After dissatissfull looks; and these hard Fractions With certaine half-caps, and cold moving nods, They froze me into Silence.

Timon. You Gods reward them; Prythee man looke cheerly. These old Fellowes Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary; Their blood is ca’d, tis cold, it fidelesse flowers, Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kind; And Nature, as it grows agean toward earth, Is fashion’d for the journey, dull and heavy.

Go to Ventidio (prythee be not sad, Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake, No blame belongs to thee;) Ventidio lately Burnt his Father, by whose death hee’s steep’d Into a great estate; When he was poor, Impo’nd, and in carfie of Friends, I clee’rd him with five Talents: Greet him from me, Bid him impo’se, good necessity Touches his Friend, which causes to be remembred With those five Talents; that had, glee’sth Fellowes To whom ’tis instant due. Ne’er speak, or think, That Timon fortunes ‘mong his Friends can flake.

Serv. I would I could not think it

That thought is Boastes Foe; Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Flaminia waiting to speake with a Lord from his Mafter, enters a freint to him.

Sir. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you. 

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Sir. Here’s my Lord.


Why this this sight right? I despons of a Silver Stafon & Eware to sight. Flaminia, here Flaminia, you are verie respecfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very beautifull good Lord and May-

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hath thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminia?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalf, I come to intrest your Honor to sup-

 ply; who having great and instant occasion to vie fithe Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnishe him: no-

thing doubting your present affiance therein.

Luc. I la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman us, if he would not keep to good’s house. Many a time and often I ha’d win him, and told him so, and done again to suppir to him of purpose, to have him spend leefe, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warming by my comming, ever-

man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on’t, but I could nere get him from’nt.

Enter Servants with Wine.

Sir. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminia, I haue noted thee alwayes wife.

Here’s the house.

Flam. Your Lordship spakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue observen thee alwayes for a towardly prompt spirrit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reasong; and cannot vie the time wel, if the time vie thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone fir-

rath. Draw meeter honof Flaminia. Thy Lords a boun-
tifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know’st well enough (although thou com’st to me) that this is no time to lend money, espetally upon bene friendship without furcrine. Here’s three Solidars for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou faw’lt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. It’s possible the world should so much differ,

And we alie that lived? Fly dammed baseaffe

To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foose, and fit for thy Mafter.

Exe L.

Luc. Flam May thee’s add to the number y may scald thee: Let monlen Coine be thy damnation. Thou dieses of a friend, and not himselfe:

Has friendship such a faint and milke heart, It turns in leesi then two nights? O you Gods!’

I seele my Masters passion. This Slave unto his Honor, Has my Lords mente in him:

Why should it thine, and come to Nutriment,

When he is tarded to payson?

O may Difeces onely worke upon’nt:

And when he’s fick to death, lest not that part of Nature Which my Lord pays for, be of any power

To expell sickness, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leefe, 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

happie bowres are done and past, and his eftate shrinkes

from him.

Lucius. Fye no, does not beleue it: bee cannot want

for money.

1. 2. But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,

one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow to

many Talents, my vrg’d extremly for’t, and shewed what
Enter Seruillius.

Seruill. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have sweet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Luci. Seruill. You are kindly met for: Farthewhile, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ver y exquisite Friend.

Seruill. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent me.

Luci. Has what he's sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; he's ever fending: how shall I thank him; think't thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruill. Has only sent his present Occasion now my Lord; requelling your Lordship to supply his infanta with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruill. But in the mean time he wants lefte my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not vrag it halfe so faithfully.


Luci. What a wicked Beast was it to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' been my self Honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Seruillius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was fending to vs Lord Timon my selfe, these Gentleman ear witnesse's but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now.

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will concieve the fairest of me, because I have no power to be ke. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greates afflictions fay, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruillius, will you befriended mee to farre, as to vs mine owne words to him?

Seruill. Yes Sir, I shall.

Enter Seruillius.

True as you laide, Timon is thrumke indeede, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede. Exit.

Do you obserfe this Hesodian?

2 I, to well.

What this is the worlds foule, And all of the same peace Is every Flatterers spot: who can call him his Friend? That dips in the same dith? For in my knowing Timon has bin this Lords Father, And kept his credit with his purse: Supported his estate, nay Timon money Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinks, But Timon Silver treads upon his Lip, And yet, oh see the mosttrousnisse of man, When he looks our in an vngratefull shape: He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitoble men affoord to Beggars.

3 Religion grotes sit.

1 For mine owne part, I never tastd Timon in my life Nor came any of his bounties over me.

To make me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his ececticke made vs of me, I would have put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But I perceive, Men must learne now with pitty to dis pense, For Polity fits about Conference.

Enter a third person with Semperianus another of Timon's Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.

Boue all others? He might haue tried Lord Lucius; or Lucilius, And now Venitia is wealthy too. Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owes their extasys vs him.

Ser. My Lord, They have all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle, For they have all denied him.

Semp. Now? Have they deny'de him? Has Venitia and Lucilius deny'de him, And does he fende to me? Three? Hum? It fleshes but little louse, or judgement in him. Must I be his iafe Refuge? His friends (like Physicians) Thrive, give him ouer: Must I take that Cure upon me? Has much disgraced me in't; I ame angry at him, That might have known my place. I see no sense for't, But his Occasions might have moved me f Self: for in my confence, I was the first man That e're received guiff from him.

And does he thinke so farwardly of me now, That I'e require it in't? No:

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter To th'it, and 'mong 'R Lords be thought a Foole: I'd rather then the worth of three the summe, Had fent to me fift, but for my minde's sake: I do such a courage to do him good. But now returnes, And with their faint reply, this answer sayne:

Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exit Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a godly Villain: the dwell know not what he did, when he made man Policie; he crost himselfe by': and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villaines of man will let him clere. How fairely this Lord thrive to appeare foole? Take Vertues Copies to be wicked: like thofe, that under hotte ar dent zeele, would set whole Realmers on fire, of such a nature is his policie lone.

This was my Lords beft hope, now all are fled Save onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead. Doores that were ire acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yeere, must be impoy'd Now to guard fure their Master: And this is all a libelar course allows, Who cannot kepe his wealth, must keep his house. Exe.

Enter Parre's man, meeting others. All Timon Creditors to wait for his consuming out. Then enter Lucius and Hertensius.

Uar. man, Well met, goodmostrow Timon & Hertensius. Timon.
Tit. The like to you kind Varro.
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luc. I, and I think one but I None do's command vs all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is thine, and ours.
    Enter Philotus.
Luc. And is't Phileas too.
Phil. Good day at once.
Luc. Welcome good Brother.
What do you think the house?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luc. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord feene yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at feuen.
Luc. 1, but the days are waxe shorter with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
This, is deep Winter in Lord Timon's purse, that is: One
may reach deeper and deeper, and yet finde little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. He show you how t'observe a strange event:
Your Lord lends now for Money?
Hort. Moll true, he do's.
Tit. And he weares Jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I waste for money.
Hort. It is against my heart.
Luc. Mark how strange it showes,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord shou'd wear rich Jewels,
And lend for money for 'em.
Hort. I am weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witnisse:
I know my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude, makes it worse then health.
Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?
Luc. Five thousand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much deeper, and it should seem by th' Sun
Your Masters confidence was about mine,
Else surely his had equal'd.
    Enter Flamininius.
Tit. One of Lord Timon men.
Luc. Flamininius, Sir; a word: Pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We ascend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.
Flam. I need not tell him, that he knowes you are too
Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled (diligent.)
Luc. Has't not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloake: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you here, sir?
2 Varro. By your leave, sir.
Sew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.
Tit. We want for certaine Money here, sir.
Sew. I, if Money were as certaine as you are waiting,
T were sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eare of my Lords meat?
Then they could steale, and fawne upon his debts,
And take down that Intrefl into their glutious Mawes.
You do your selues but wrong, to fittre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. 1, but this answer will not serue.
Time
Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, unite them all, let in the tide
Of Knave's once more: my Cooke and Ie provide. Exeunt

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcebus meeting them,
with Attendants.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voyage, too's,
The faults Bloody:
'is necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens finne so much, as Mercy.
2 Moll true; the Law shall bruise 'em.
Alce Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate,
Now Captaine.
Alce. I am an humble Sorrow to your Vertues;
For pity it is the virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vie it cruelly.
It pleaseth time and Fortune to lye beaute
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath kept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plundge into't.
He is a Man (letting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the Just 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 fober and vnoated passion
He did behoue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proud an Argument
1 Sen. You undergo too frict. A Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such palnes, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
1. Valour misbegot, and came into the world,
When Selfs, and Factions were newly borne.
He's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Outsides,
To weare them like his Raymeint, carelessly,
And ne'er preterre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be ruiles, and force ye kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill.
Alce. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make groffe finnes looke cleare,
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alce. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I spake like a Captaine,
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Threats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That lay at home, if Bearing carry it;
And the Alce, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow laden with Irons, wifer then the Judge?
If Wifebeome in suffering, Oh my Lords,
'As you are great, be piftulfull Good,
Who cannot condemme raffinesse in cold blood?
To kill. I grant, it finnes extreme lift,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most liue.
To be in Anger, is impetue:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie. 
Weigh but the Crime with this.
Enter divers Friends at several doors.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
2. I love with it to you: I think this Honourable Lord did but cry vs this other day.
3. Upon that were my thoughts trying when wee encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the small of his several Friends.
4. I should not be, by the perusion of his new Feating.
5. I should think so. He hath sent mee an earnest intimation, which many my neere occasions did urge mee to publish: but he hath eschew'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appear.
6. In like manner was I in debt to my importunat business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am forre, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was out.
7. I am sick of that greese too, as I understand how all things go.
8. Every man heares so: what would hee have borrowed of you?
10. A thousand Pleeces?
11. What of you?
12. He sent to mee sir. Here he comes.

Enter Timon and several Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1. Enter at the bell, hearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows nor Summer more willing, when we your Lordship.
3. Not more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay. Feast your ears with the Musick a while: if they will serve so heartily of those Trumpets sound'd we shall not presently.
4. I hope it remains not undesignede with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
5. Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.
7. Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheer?
8. My most Honourable Lord, I am sure I lack no name, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.
9. Tim. Think not so, sir.
10. If you had sent but two hours before.
11. Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

1. All court'd Diffires.
2. Royall Cheere, I warrant you.
3. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
4. How do you? What's the newes?
5. Alcibiades is bannish'd: do you hear of it?
6. Both Alcibiades bannish'd?
7. Tim. So, be fure of it.
8. How? How?
9. I pray vou upon what?
10. Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
11. Ile tell you more anon.Here's a Noble feast toward this is the old man still.
12. Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
13. It do's: but time will, and so.

3. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stooke, with that spruce as hee would to the lip of his Misters: you may see in all places alike. Make not a Curte Feast of it, so let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, scrumplie our Society with Thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your selves please'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Desires be defied. Lend to each man enough, that none needs lend to another. For were your Godhead to borrow of men, men would forake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. Yet twelve Villains at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rent of your Fees; O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legs of People, what a ample on them, you Gods, make faatable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to meet nothing, so on nothing bliss them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vauent Dogges, and lap some speakes. What do's his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's feast.

Who flucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washed it off and sprinkled in your faces
Your recking villany. Lucre loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, deted Parasites,
Curious Defrauers, affable Wolues, meke Beares:
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Jackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What doft thou go?
Soft, take thy Physick first thou too, and thou.
Sigh I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Marion? Heereforthe be no Fraft,
Whereas a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.

Burne house, flinte Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3. Puff did you see my Cap?
4. I have lost my Gowne.
5. He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies him. He gave me a Force, and another day, and now hee has beaten out of his hat.
6. Did you see my Jewell?
7. Did you see my Cap?
8. Heere 'tis.
10. Let's make no fray.
11. Lord Timon mad.
12. I feel upon my bones.
13. One day he gives us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee, Othon Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fince not Athens. Matrons, tune incontinent,
Obedience fyle in Children: Slaves and Fooles

Plucke
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench, 
And minifter in their steads, to generall Fitches. 
Converse o'th Infant greene Virginity, 
Don't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast 
Rather then tender backes; out with your Knies, 
And cut your Trullers throsates. Bound Seruants, Beale, 
Large-handed Robbers your grave Maflers are, 
And pill by Law. Made, to thy Maflers bed, 
Thy Misfits o' th Brother. Some of sixteen, 
Plucke the lyn'Cruth from thy old limping Sire, 
With'th, bear out his Brannes. Piety, and Paze, 
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Jucfice, Truth, 
Domelachie awe, Night-reil, and Neighbour-hood, 
Institution, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades, 
Degrees, Oberruerances, Customes, and Laws, 
Decline to your confounding contradictions. 
And yet: Confusion lue: Plagues incident to men, 
Your parent, and infectious Feausors, heape. 
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Scitacis, 
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt 
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie 
Creep in the Minides and Marrowes of our youth, 
That gainst the Screame of Vertue they may strive, 
And drowne themselues in Riot. Lathe, Blames, 
Swow all th' Athenian bofomes, and their crop 
Be generall Loprose: Breath, infed breath, 
That their Society (as their Friendhip) may 
Be morely payson. Nothing he bearst from thee 
But nakedthrive, thou despeable Towne, 
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes: 
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde 
That vsndevled Bred, more kinder then Mankinde. 
The Gods confound (bearst me you good Gods all) 
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall; 
And prantst as Timon grows, his hate may grow 
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low. 
Amen. Exit. Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Here's you M. Steward, where's our Mafter? 
Are we vndone, call off, nothing remaining? 
Stew. Allack my Fellows, what should I say to you? 
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods, 
I am as poor as you. 
1. Such a House brake? 
So Noble a Master falle, all gone, and not 
One Friend to take his Fortune by the ame, 
And go along with him. 
2. As we do turne our backes 
From our Companion, throwne into his greue, 
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes 
Slinke all away, leaue their false vows with him 
Like empty purses pickt; and his poor selfe 
A dedicated Begger to the Ayre, 
With his difeafe, of all th'num'd poverty, 
Walkes like contemn alone. More of our Fellowes. 
Enter other Servants. 

Stew. All broken Implementes of a ruin'd house. 
3. Yet do our hearts weare Timon's Litery, 
That feel by our Faces: we are Fellowes still, 
Suffering alike in sorrow: Look'd is our Baskes, 
And we poore Mates. Stand on the dying Decke, 
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part 
Into this Sea of Ayre. 
Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The laste of my wealth lie there among you 
Where euer we shall meete, for Timon and I, 
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say 
As'twere a Knell into our Mafiers Fortunes, 
We have scene better days. Let each take some: 
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more, 
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. 
Embrace and part: genera!y.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs! 
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt, 
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempts? 
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, to die 
But in a Dreame of Friendhip, 
To have his pompe, and all what state compounds, 
But only painted like his vnhurt Friend: 
Poor houle Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart, 
Vndone by Goodneffe: Strange vnfull blood. 
When man's worth faine is, He do's too much Good. 
Who then dares to be halfe so kind e agen? 
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men. 
My deereft Lord, beft to be moft accurst. 
Rich onely to be wretched: thy great Fortunes 
Are made thy cheefe Affiliation Alas (conde Lord) 
He's flung in Rage from this ingratefull State. 
Of moniftour Friends: 
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life, 
Or that which can command it: 
He follow and enquire him our. 
He euer fere his minde, with my best will, 
Whill? I have Gold, lie he's his Steward full. 
Exit. Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleffe'd breeding Sun, draw from the earth 
Rotten humindity: below thy Sifters Orbe 
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe, 
Whose procreation, reidence, and birth, 
Scarce is diuident: touch them with feuerall fortunes, 
The greater fcomes the leffer, Nor Nature 
(To whom all forres lay flege) can beare great Fortune 
But by contempt of Nature. 
Raife me this Begger, and deny't that Lord, 
The Senators shall bear contempt Hereditary, 
The Begger Nature Honor. 
It is the Paifoure Lords, the Brothers fides, 
The want that makes him leucre: who dares? who dares 
In purifie of Manhood fland upright 
And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be, 
So are they all: for erie grize of Fortune 
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pace 
Duckes to the Golden Poole. All's oblique: 
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Naures 
But direft villaine. Therefore be abhor'd, 
All Feats, Societies, and Threngs of men. 
His femblable, yea himfelfe Timon dildaines, 
Deftruction phang kinde; Earth yeld me Roots, 
That feeks for better of thee, fawce his pallace 
With thy moft operant Poyson. What is heere? 
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold? 
No Gods, I am no idle Youth, 
Roots you cleare Heavens, Thus much of this will make 
Blacke, white; foawle, fiae; wrong, right; 
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant. 
Ha you Gods? why this? what this. you Gods? why this? 
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your fides: 
Plucke fowle mens pillowes from below their heads. 
This
This yellow Slaine,
Will knit and breake Religions, bless'd th'accurs'd,
Make the warke Leprose ad't, place Theeues,
And gue'e them Tittle, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench; this is it
That makes the wappen'd Diddow wed againe;
Shew, whom the Spittle-houfe, and vicerpus fores,
Would call the garge at. this Embasmes and Spaces
To the April day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of mankinde, that putteth oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Namie. March spaire off.

Timon. A Drumme & Th'art quare.

But yet hee bury thee: Thou'rt so (strong Theefe)
When Gowry keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay thy thou out for earneft.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Rife in warlike manner,
And Phryn and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A Beaste as thou art. The Carke gawr thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? I saw no hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am Misantropes, and hate Mankindes.

For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am useleas'd, and strange.
Tim. I know thee too, and most then that I know thee
I not defire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With man blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannoys, canial Lawes are cruel,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of shine
Hast in her more dyeption then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phryn. Thy lipes rot off.

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lipes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to glue:
But then I newd I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.

If thou wilt not promife, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou doft performe, confound thee, for thou
art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miferes.
Tim. Thou saw'lt them when I had prosperite.
Alc. I see them now, then was a blesséd time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd do regard?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whose sill, they love thee not that see thee,
give them diseas, leasinge with them their Luft. Make
sfe of thy fall houses, feaon the flaves for Tubbes and
Barthes, bring downe Rofe-checkt youth to the Fubbats,
and the Diets.

Timon. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra for his wits
Are crownd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof, dost dayly make reuole
In my penurious Band. I have heard and gree'd
How curst Athens, mindellese of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour Rates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prys thee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pritty thee deece Timon.
Tim. How doest thou pritty him whom I doft troble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why farte thee well?

Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it. I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. War'st thou gain'd Athens.

Alc. I Timon, and have caufe.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquest'd.

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be a Planetarye plague, when love
Will hec some high-Vic'd City, hang his pfoy
In the fiche ayre: let not thy word skip on
Pitty not honor'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Ysuer, Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habite onely, that it honeft,
Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins checke
Make loft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitye writ,
But set them downe howrible Traitores, Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled Smiles from Fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a Baffard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against Object;
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose prowe, nor yells of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Veilments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to psy thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounde be thy selves. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ite take the Gold thou giu
me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heavens curse upon thee.

Both. Give vs some Gold good Timon, haft vs more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong thudders, and to heavenly Aues.

Timon. Keep that thou hast.
Ite take the Gold thou giu
e, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heavens curse upon thee.

Both. Well more Gold, what then?

h h

Beleuets
By that which he's vndone thee shing'the thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obferue
Blow o'th Cap: prais his most victorie quality,
And call it excellent: thou waft told thus:
Thou gau't thine ears (like Tapers, that bad welcom)
To Knaves, and all approvers: 'Tis most soft
That thou turne Rafeus, had it thou wealth againe,
Rafeus should hau'e. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my selfe.

Ap. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Mid-man so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boylesser Chamberlain
Will put thy thirr on warme? Will they mosty Treees,
That hau'e out-lid the Eagle, page thy heales
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with ice, Cawdle thy morning faile
To cure thy o're-nights fuffer? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Nature live in all the fight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare unhoused Thunke.
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer more Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou that finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ap. I love thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ap. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ap. I flatter not, but say thou art a Claytiffe.

Tim. Why don't thou feke me out?

Ap. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Foole.

Doft pleas'th thy selfe in't?

Ap. I.

Tim. What, a Knave too?

Ap. It thou did'dst put this lowre cold habit on
To extasize thy pride, were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou did Courtey be againe
With W Printable a Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: incarnate pompe, it crown'd before
The one is falling still, never complest:
The other, as high with: boft Flage Contenefse,
Hath a diuerfed and moist wreathed being,
Worfe then the worsth, Contenc
Thou shoul'dst desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender aome
With fauour neuer clapt: but bred a Dogge.
Hai'd'th thou like vs from our first swain proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breve world affords,
To such as may the paffive drugges of it
Freely commend: thou wouldst hau'e plang'd thy self
In general Riat, meltted downe thy youth
In diferent beds of Luft, and never learn'd
The true precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee: But my selfe
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty morre then I could frame employment;
Thou numberless vs I shou'de mee fructe, as leaves
Do on the Oake, hue with one Winters brushe
Fall from their boughes, and lefte me open, bare,
For every forme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should't I hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haft thou guen?
It thou wilt curse: thy Father (that poore ragg)  
Must be thy subject; who in sight put fluffe  
To thee thee Beggar, and compound thee  
Poore Rogue, here diuirt; Hence, be gone,  
If thou hadst not beene borne the wortth of men,  
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.  
Ape.  
Art thou proud yet?  
Tim.  
I, that I am not thee.  
Ape.  
I, that I was no Prodigall.  
Tim.  
I, that I am one now.  
Were all the wealth I have shut vp 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 este it.  
Ape.  
Here, I will mend thy Feasi.  
Tim.  
First mend thy company, take away thy felle.  
Ape.  
So I shall mend mine owne, by this lacke of thine  
Tim.  
'Tis not well medled fo, it is but bocht;  
If not, I would it were.  
Ape.  
What wouldst thou hate to Athens?  
Tim.  
Thee thinder in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I have.  
Ape.  
Here is no vie for Gold.  
Tim.  
The best, and surest:  
For here it sleepest, and do's no hyred barme.  
Ape.  
Where 1s my nights Timon?  
Tim.  
Vnder that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou a-dayes Apemantus?  
Ape.  
Where my flonacke findes meare, or rather  
where I este it.  
Tim.  
Would payson were obedient & knew my mind  
Ape.  
Where would't thou fend it?  
Tim.  
To some thy fiffes.  
Ape.  
The middle of humanity thou knewest well,  
But the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy  
Gilt, and thy Persume, they mock thee for too much  
Curiositie: in thy Raggas thou knowst none, but art de-  
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, este it.  
Tim.  
O what I hate, I feed not.  
Ape.  
Dor' haste a Medler?  
Tim.  
I, thought it looke like thee.  
Ape.  
And that hadst hasted Medlers sooner,  
'Shouldst have loved thy felle better now. What man didn't thou  
euer know vntrift, that was beloved after his meanez  
Tim.  
Who without those meane thou talk'ft of, didn't  
thou euer know belou'd?  
Ape.  
My felle.  
Ape.  
I understand thee: thou hadst'l some meane to  
keape a Dogge.  
Ape.  
What things in the world canst thou neereft  
compare to thy Flatterers?  
Tim.  
Women neereft: but men: are the things  
themselves. What would't thou do with the world A-  
pe:  
Ape.  
Gie thee the Beasts, to be rid of the men.  
Tim.  
Would'ft thou hate thy felle fall in the confusion  
of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.  
Ape.  
I Timon.  
Ape.  
Abfally Ambition, which the Godsdes guant  
thee sattaine to. If thou wast the Lyon, the Fox would  
begoine thee: if thou wast the Lambe, the Foxe would  
eate thee: if thou wast the Fox, the Lion would fufept  
thee, when peradventure thou were accused by the Ape:  
If thou wast the Ape, thy duftentie would torment thee;  
and this thou lust'd but as a Beastfall to the Wolfe. If  
thou wast the Wolfe, thy greedimete would affiit thee,
Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ors of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.

2 It is no'td
He hath a usuof Treaste.

3 Let vs make the aslay upon him, if he care not for't, he will suply vs easily: if he courteously refuse it, how shall's get it?

2 True: for he barres it not about him.

Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

3 His bus description.

He! I know him.

All. Save thee Timon.

Tum. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tum. Both too, and women Sennex.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tum. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:

Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:

Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs:

The Oakes bear Moil, the Biers Scarlet Heps,

The bounteuous Hufwife Nature, on eache bush,

Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot live on Grainc, on Berrics, Water,

As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

71. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,

You must eat men. Yet thanks I mug you con,

That you are Theeues profet: that you worke not

In holier shapes: For there is boundlefe Theft

In limited Professions. Raclef Theeues

Here's Gold Go, sucke the sudde blood o' th'Grape,

Till the high Feesau feeds your blood to froth,

And so fost hanging. Truif not the Phylisian,

His Antidotes are poynon, and he flayes

When then Rob: Take wealth, and lives together,

Do Villaino do, since you profeft to doo't.

Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuy

The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great atterration

Robbes the vaffe Sea, The Moones an arrant Theefe,

And her pale fire, the Snatches from the Sunne,

The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surf, refolues

The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth'a Theefe

That feedes and breeds by a comphoisure fume

From gen'tall extreamt: each thing's a Theefe.

The Lawnes, your curfe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vocheck'd Theft. Love not your felues, away,

Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,

All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,

Break open shoppes, nothing can you stare

But Theeues do loose it: flete leffe, for this I give you,

And Gold confound you howloure: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by persuading me to it.

Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus affirfs

vs not to have vs thrive in our mystery.

2 He beleuks him as an Enemy,

And gieue over my Trade.

Let vs furiue peace in Athens, there is no one so miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is you'd desper'd and ruinos man my Lord?

Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument

And wonder of good deeds, easily bellow'd

What an alteration of Honor has despritte want made?

What vildet thing upon the earth, then Friends,

Who can bring Nobleft minde, to base ends.

How rarely does a meeete with this times guise,

When man was wift as to loose his Enemies:

Grant I may ever lone, and rather woo

Those that would mischiefe me, then those that doo.

Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honof greafe

unto him; and as my Lord, till ferue him with my life.

My deereft Master.

Tum. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tum. Why doft ask that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou grunt'ft, thift a man.

I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor fcuttane of yours.

Tum. Then I know thee not:

I never had honof man about me, I all

I kept were Knaves, to ferue in meate to Villains.

Stew. The Gods are wiseffe.

Now may these steward wear a true greafe

For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tum. What, doft thou weep?

Come nearer, then I love thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim't

Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do never glue,

But thotufl Lawt and Laughter: pitie's sleeping

Strange times I weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to knowme, good my Lord,

I'accept ye greafe, and whilft this poore wealth lafts,

To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tum. Had I a Steward

So true, so fult, and now so comfortable.

It almoft turns my dangerous Nature wide.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgive me generally, and excepte I fhal not

You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclaim

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I have hated all mankinde,

And thou redeem't thy life. But all saue thee,

I fell with Curfes.

Me thinkes thou art more honof now, then wife

For, by oppressing and betraying mee.
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lords necks. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though he's so fare)
Is not thy kindneffe suble, courteous,
If not a Visiting kindneffe, and as rich men deal Gults,
Expecting in return two for one?
Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspicion (alas) are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect till comes, where an efface is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely Love,
Duty, and Zeale, to your unmatch'd minde.
Care of your Food and Living, and belate is,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wuth, that you had power and wealth
To require me, by making rich your felle.
Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Here's taken the Gods out of my mislike
He's lent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But this condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famifiht flesh hide from the Bone,
Ere thou reloue the Begger. Gue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Priests swallow'em,
Debits wither'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods,
And may Displeases kicke vp their false bloods,
And in a farewell, and thrice.
Stew. O let me fly, and comfort you, my Master.
Tim. If thou hast't Curfes
Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free;
No re fee thou man, and let me ne're fee thee.
Exit

Enter Port. and Painter.

Paint. As I took nooke of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.
Port. What's to be thought of him?
Paint. Does the Rumor hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold?
Paint. Certaine.
Aciabates reports it: Phrinnax and Timanophylle
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poorasing Souliers, with great quantity
Tim. faide, he gauseto his Steward
A mighty famme.
Port. Then this breaking of his,
He's beene but a Try for his Friends?
Paint. Nothing efe:
You shall fee him a Paleme in Athens againe,
And flourisht with the highest:
Therefore, 'ts not amisse, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd diffirete of his:
It will shew honesfly in vs,
And is very likly, to load our purposes
With what they trastle for,
If't be a fual and true report, that goes
Of his having.
Port. What have you now
To present unto him?
Paint. Nothing at this time
But my Vifitation: only I will promise him
An excellent Pecce.
Port. I must fenre him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the very Ayre o'th Time
It opens the eyes of Explication.
Performance, is ever the duller for his age,
And but in the plainest and emper kinds of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of fie.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Teftament
Which argues a great tickneffe in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Case.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man to bade
As is thy felle.
Port. I am thinking
What I shall say I have prouided for him:
It must be a perfooasting of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softenesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Platteries
That fellow youth and opulence.
Timon. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villainie in chine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Paint. Nay let's fecke him,
Then do we finne against our owne estate,
When we may profite mee, and come too late.

Paint. True:
When the day extra before blacke-corner'd night;
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Cacco.
Tim. He meeets you at the turre:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipes
In a bafer Temple, then where Swine feedes?
'Tis thou that rigg'd the Barke, and plow'd the Fomae,
Sefleft admired reverense in a Slave,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Pлагes, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Paint. Hasle worthy Timon.

Paint. Our late Noble Mafter,
Timon. Have I once lid'd
To see two honest men?

Paint. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty tafted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends false off,
Whose thankelesse Naures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippers of Heaven, are large enough.
What, to you.
Who are Starre-like Noblesse gaine life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot ouer
The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any fize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may fee the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them bear faire, and knowe one.

Paint. He, and my felle
Hauing trauaill'd in the great howre of your guilts,
And wearesly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Paint. We are hither come
To offer you our favours

Timon. Most honest men:
Timon of Athens.

Enter Tustard and two Senators.

Stew. It is vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is set so only to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

Sen.Bring vs to his Caue.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with Timon.

Sen. At all times alike
Men are not all the name; 'twas Time and Grec

That from him thus. Time with his fairest hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it is may.

Stew. Here's his Caue:

Peace and content be here. Lord Timon, Timon,
Look out, and speake to Friends. Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfortes runne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blitter, and each false
Be as a Cantharizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Confirming it with speaking.

Worthy Timon.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of Timon.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.

Tim. I thank thee,
And would send them backe the Plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 O forget
What we are sore for our felues in thee:
The Senators, with one content of loue,
Increase thee backe to Athens, whoe thou hast
On speciall Dignities, which vacante
For thy best wil and wearing.

2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general grosse,
Which now the publicke Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-caster, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of Timon's yde, hath since withall
Of its owne fall, refraining yde to Timon,
And send forth vs, to make their forrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weighe downe by the Dramme,
I eu'n such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As all to thee blet out, what wronges were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Ever to read them chime.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Foole's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And Ie bewepe thee these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so plesse thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liu'e with Authority: so soone we shall drue backe
Of Alcbiades that approches wild,
Who like a Bore too vauge, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And makes his threatening Sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Therefore Timon

Tim. Well for, I will; therefore I will for thus
If Alcbiades kill my Countrymen,
Let Alcbiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if the feake faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Guing our holy Virgins to the flame
Of consumelous, besity, mad-brain'd wares;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it.
Timon of Athens.

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take his worst; for their Knives care not.
While you have threats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whistlet, in their lively Campe,
But I do prize it as my love, and before
The reverends Troad in Athens. So I leave you
to the protection of the prospering Gods.
As Theecess to Keepers.

Tim. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why was I writing of my Epitaph?
It will be seen to morrow. My long recknisse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be Alcibidae your plague; you his,
And live so long enough.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoies in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it.

1. That I well spoke.

Tim. Comment me to my loving Countrymen.

1. These words become your lipps as they passe thorow you.

2. And enter in our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Comment me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Achse losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vesel doth sustaine,
In life uncertain voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
I teach them to prevent wild Alcibidae wrath.

1. Like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which growes here in my Close,
That mine owne vfe invites me to cut downe,
And shortly mutt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who fo please
To stop Affliction, let him take his hate;
Come hisher ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Sest. Trouble him no further, thus you shall finde
him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his united Mansions
Upon the Beched Verge of the salt Flood,
Who oncea day with his embofled Proth.
The turbulent Surge shall cover; histher come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracles;
Lipps, let foure words go by, and Longue end:
What is amisse, Plague and infection mend.
Graues onely be mens worke, and Deaths their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontentes are unremouably coupled to Nature.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meannes is left vnto vs
In our desperate pelir.

1. It requires strong foot.

Enter two other Senators with a Messenge.

1. Thou hast painfully discovered: are his Files
As full as thy report?
FINIS.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actors' Names</th>
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<td>Tymon of Athens</td>
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<td>Lucius</td>
<td>And</td>
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<td>Lucullus, two flattering Lords</td>
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<td>Appennatus, a Churlish Philosopher</td>
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<td>Sempronius, another flattering Lord</td>
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<td>Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine</td>
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<td>Poet</td>
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<td>Certaine Theeues</td>
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<td>Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants</td>
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<td>Lucius</td>
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<td>Hortensis</td>
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<td>Ventigius, one of Tymon's false Friends</td>
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<td>Cupid</td>
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<td>Sempronius</td>
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<tr>
<td>With divers other Servants,</td>
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<td>And Attendants</td>
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THE TRAGEDIE OF
IVLIVS CAESAR.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Flavius, Marcellus, and certain Commerilers over the Stage.

Flavius.

Hence, home you idle Creatures, get you home! Is this a Holiday? What, know you not (Being Mechanical) you ought not walke Upon a labouring day, without the figure Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What doft thou with thy best Apparel on?

You sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobbler.


Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may live, with a fear Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad Soles.

Fla. What Trade thou knasse: Thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanst thou by that? Mend me, thou lazy Fellow?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmen matters, nor womens matters; but with all I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old Soles: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as enter tred upon Neats Leather, have gone vp on my handy-works.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?

Why doth thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to ware out their shoes, to get my male into more works. But indeed Sir, we make Holy day to see Caesar, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tribucaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Capstone bonds his Chariot Wheels?

You Blockes, you Stones, you worke thine selene things: O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knowest thou not Pompey many a time and oft?

Hast thou chambled vp to Walle and Battlements, To Towers and Windowes? Yea, to Chimbly tops, Your Infants in your Arms, and there have set The line-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome?

And when you saw his Chariot but appeare, Haue you not made an Nonierfall shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banke To heare the replication of your sounds, Made in her Conceive Shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now pull out a Holiday?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph over Pompeys blood?

Be gone, Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs most light on this Ingrate.

Ela. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Assemble all the poore men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weep ye tears Into the Chancell, till thelowest streams Do kiss the most extact Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commodors.

See where their basest mettle be not moud.

They vanish tongue-eyed in their guiltiness:

Go you downe that way towards the Capitol,

This way will: Difrobe the Images,

If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mar. May we do fo?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall,

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images

Be hanged with Cesar Trophyes: Ie about,

And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thicker,

These growing Feathers, plackt from Cesar wings,

Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,

Who else would faire about the view of men,

And kepe vs all in sullen fearfulness.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Court, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caesare, a Surface after them Marcellus and Fieldian.

Cast Calpurnia.


Cast. Calpurnia.

Calp. Hearer my Lord.

Cast. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,

When he doth run his course. Antonio,

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Cast. Forget not in your speec Antonio,

To touch Calpurnia: for our Elders say,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; your Glaue,
Will modestly discover to your selfe.
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not insolent on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vie
To Play with ordinary Oatties my Ioue
To every new Protefter: if you know,
That I do favore on them, and huggen them hard,
And after (eandal them Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banqueting
To all the Rous, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Brut. What means this Showing? I do feare the People choose Cesar.
For their King.

Ces. 1, do you feele it?
Then waft I thinke you would not hauie it so.
Brut. I would not Cesar, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I lorde
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Ces. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the lubject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life. But for my fingle selfe,
I had as lief be no, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as my felfe.
I was borne free as Cesar, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Caesar saide to me, Dar't thou Cesar now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
And as I was, I plonged into,
Andbad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roaste'd, and we did butt it,
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stimming it with heads of Controuersie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propo'd,
Cesar cri'd, Help me Cesar, or I finke.
I as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flamas of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchius (beare) for, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred Cesar: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and C whose
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Cesar carelesly but nod on him,
He had a Feuer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fat was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: Tis tru, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend dothe swie the World,
Did looke his Lipthe: I did heare him groane:
1, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Also, it cried, Give me some drinke Turnus,

The Barren touched in this holy Chace,
Shake off their terrible curce.

Ant. I hall remember,

When Cesar layes, Do this: it is perform'd.

Ces. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Cesar.

Ces. Ha! Who calls me?

Sooth. Bid every noyse be stille: peace yet againes.

Ces. Who is it in the presse, that calls on me?

I heare a Tongue thrilhing then all the Mufick

Cry, Cesar: Speake, Cesar is turn'd to heart.

Sooth. Beware the Idees of March.

Ces. What man is that?

Brut. A Sooth-layer bids you beware the Idees of March

Ces. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Sooth. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cesar.

Ces. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againes.

Sooth. Beware the Idees of March.

Ces. He is a dreamer, let me leave him: Pause.

Sextus. Exeunt: Messen Brutus & Cesar.

Cass. Will you go se the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cass. I pray you do.

Brutus. I am not Game for I do tace some part

Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder Cassius your desires;

Ille leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:

I have not from your eyes, that gentle fife.

And few of Love, as I was wont to have:

You bestre too flubborne, and too strange a hand

Onter your Friends, that loves you.

Brutus. Caius.

Be not deciev'd: I if I have very'd my looke,

I tune the trouble of my Countenance

Mereely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with Passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to my felfe,

Which gue some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be grieved

(Among which number Cassius be you one)

Nor construe any farther my neglect,

Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,

Forget the other. Let me be the last,

That Brutus. I have much mislouck your passion,

By means whereof, this Brevf of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No Cassius:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis true,

And it is very much lamented Brutus:

That you have no such mirror, as will tune

Your hidden worthwhile into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respeft in Rome,

(Except inonstall Cesar) speaking of Brutus,

And growing underneath thore Ages soake.

Hauing with'd, that Noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers, would you

Lead me Cassius?

That you would have me seek into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore good Brutus, be prepared to heare
As a sike Girlc; say, Goods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the Aart of the Masstucke world,
And bear the Palme alone.

Exit	Florine.

Brut. Another generall now?
I do beleue, this theape oflapes are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cæs. Why man, he doth beeide the narrow world
Like a Colosseus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge leggery, and peep about
To finde our faults dishonourable Graues.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Faires.
The fault deere Brutus fits not in our Startes,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar. What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be founded more then yours
Write them together. Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth all well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Contem with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what grounde doth this our Cæsar feele,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art blame.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (tell now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wise Walkes incompel but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enow.
When there is in it but one onely man.
Of you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternal Dussel to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a Krag.

Brut. That you doe love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, I have some ayme
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue which I might interest you)
Be any further moou'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time.
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chow pooy this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to reprooch himselfe a Sonne of Rome.
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay pooy vs.

Cæs. I am glad that your weakes word
Hath strucke but this much then of fire from "tis too,

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Brut. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they passe by,
Plucke Cæsars brow, by the Slewne,
And he will (after his foure fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Brut. I will do so: but looke you Cæsars,
The angry spot doth grow on Cæsars brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and Cæcure
Lookes me with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seen them in the Capitol.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Caes. But soft! I pray you: what, did Caesar swim? Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and soond at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness.

Caes. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I.

And hence! Caesar we have the falling sickness.

Cass. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he plaid'd, and plaid'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? Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiued the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Thorat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word. I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so bee fell. When he came to him selfe againe, her said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he def'd their Worshipps to thinke it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenchers where I stood, cryed, Alassc good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them: if Caesar had labb'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.


Brut. To what effect? Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you 'ch face againe. But those that understand him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Grceke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Mollens and Florain, for pulling Scafell's off Caesar Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Footere yet, if I could remem-ber it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to night, Caesar? Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow? Cass. If I be alowe, and your minde hold, and your Dinner be to morrow, I shall have the satisfaction.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cass. Do so: farewell both. Exeunt.

Brut. What a blinde fellow is this gouerne to bee! He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution.

Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise.

How-euer he puts on this tardie forme: This Rudeness is a Savce to his good Wit, Which gives men flomacke to disfigure his words With better Apperit.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leave you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so: till then, think of the World. Exit Caesar.

Cass. Well Caesar, thou art Noble: yet I see,

Thy Honorable Mettle may be wraught From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet,

That Noble minde keeps ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduced? Caesar doth bear me hard, but he lovess Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Caesar, He should not humme me. I will this Night, In severall Hands in at his Windows throw, As if they came from severall Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely Caesar Ambition shall be glanced at.

And after this, let Caesar bathe him sure, For wee will make him, or worse dayes endure. Exit.

Thunder, and Lightening. Enter Cassius, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassius: brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so? Cass. Are not you moud, when all the fury of Earth Shakes, like a thing enfrime? O Cicero, I have sence Tempesft, when the scolding Winds Have rub'd the knotty Oakes, and I have sence The amb honorious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threatening Clouds: But neuer till to Night, neuer till now, Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Ethyr there is a Ciuil strife in Heaven, Or else the World, too sware with the Gods, Incendes them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, say you any thing more wonderful? Cass. A common flower, you know him well by fight, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches round them, and yet his Hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd uncorched: Befides, I ha't not since put vp my Sword, Against the Capitol I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd vp on me, and went furly by, Without annoyng me. And there were drawne Upon a beaca, a hundred gasly Women, Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw Men; all infire, walk vp and downe the streets. And yester-day, the Bird of Night did sit, Even at Noone day, upon the Market place, Howling, and shrieking, When theè Prodigious Doo so conuerally meet, let no men say, These are their Reasons, they are Naturall: For I beleue, they are parentes things Vnto the Clymace, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disipposed time But men may construe things after their fashion, Cleanse from the purpose of the things themselfes. Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow? Cass. He doth: for he did Antow send word to you, he would be there to morrow. Cic. Good-night then, Caesar This disturbed Skie is not to walk in. Cass. Farewell Cicero. Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.


Cass. Cassius by your Vouce.

Cass. You Eare is good.

The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

For my part, I have walked about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous Night; And thus embrac't, Cæsa's, as you see, Have baim'd your Bosome to the Thunder-flame: And when the crost blew Lighning (seem'd to open The Breast of Heaven, I did press my felle Even in the syre, and very flash of it. (cens. Cæsa. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea It is the part of men, to fear and tremble, When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send Such dreadful Heraults, to astonish vs. Cæsa. You are dull, Cæsa. And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman, You doe want, or else you vne vs. You look pale, and great, and put on fear, And call your felle in wonder, To fee the strange impatience of the Heauen: But if you would consider the true cause, Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts, Why Birds and Beasts, franticke, and to vide, Why Old Men, Fools, and Children calculate, Why all these things change from their Ordinance, Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties, To monstruous quality; why you shal' finde, That Heaven hath infused them with thefe Spirits, To make them Instruments of fcare, and warning, Vnto some monstruous State. Now could I Cæsa's name to thee a man, Molli like this dreadful Night, That Thunders, lightens opens Graves, and roas, As doth the Lyon in the Capitol: A man nor mightier than thefe, or he, In personal action; yet prodigious grown, And fearfull, as these strange eruptions are. Cæsa. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean? Is't not, Caffim? Caffim. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Haue Theues, and Limmers, like to their Ancestors; But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead, And we are gored with our Mothers spirits, Our yoke, and fufferance, thow & Womanim. Cæsa. Indeed, they lay the Senators to morrow Meane to establish Cæsars a King, And he shall wear his Crowne by Sea, and Land, In every place, safe here in Italy. Caffim. I know where I will weare this Dagger then; Caffim from Bondage will deliver Cæsims; Then, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong; Then, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat. Nor Stone Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass, Nor sere tellfe Dungeon, nor strong Luikes of Iron, Can be resistent in the strength of spirit: But Life being weare of these worldly Barres, Never lacks power to difmate it felfe. If I know this, I know all the World besides, That part of Tyranny that I doe bear, I can shake off at pleasure. Thunder still. Cæsa. Speak can I: So every Bond-man in his owne hand bears The power to cancel his Captivitie. Caffim. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then? Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe, But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepes: He were no Lyon, were not Romans Binde, Tho' he that with battle will make a mighty fire, Beginn it with weake Strawer, Whataftrf is Rome? What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it fres For the base matter, to illumine So viile a thing as Cæsar. But oh Griefe, Where haft thou led me? (perhaps) speake this Before a willing Bond-man: then I know My sofure were must be made. But I am armd, And dangeres are to me indifferent. Caffim. You, speake to Cæsa, and to such a man, That is no hearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand: Be faithfous for reftred of all thefe Griefes, And I will let this foot of mine as farre, As who goes farthest. Cæsa. There's a Bargaine made. Now know you, Cæsa, I have mon'd already Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans To vnder-go, with me, an Eueripize, Of Honourable dangerous conquence: And I doe know by this, they fly for me In Pompeys Porch: for now this fearefull Night, There is no ftrene, or onfailing in the treenes; And the Complexion of the Elfees Is favorus,like the Worke we have in hand, Most bloodie, ftrene, and mift terible.

Enter Cinna.

Cæsa. Stand clofe a while, for here cometh one in halle.

Cassim. 'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate, He is a friend. Cinna, where haft thou roe? Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus Cymbel? Cassim. Na, it is Cæsa, one incorporate To our Attempes. Am I not fay'd for, Cinna? Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this? There's two or three of us haue feene strange fights. Cassim. Am I not fay'd for? tell me. Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cassim, If you could but winne the Noble Brutus To our pary——

Cassim. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper, And looke you lay it in the Preters Charey, Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this In at his Window; let this up with Ware Upon old Brutus Statues: all this done, Repaire to Pompeys Porch, where you shall finde vs. Is Deseus Brutus and Tribunus there? Cinna. All, but Metellus Cymbal, and he's gone To lkee you at your haufe: Well, I will he, And do bellowe these Papers, as you bad my. Cassim. That done, repysie to Pompeys Theater. Exit Cinna.

Come Cæsas, you and I will yet ere day, See Brutus as his haufe: three parts of him Is ours alreadie, and the man entire Upon the next encounter, yields him our. Cæsa. O, he sits high in all the People hearts; And that which would appeare Offence in vs, His Countenance, like a heft Alchemy, Will change to Vertue, and to Verithesse. Cassim. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him, You haue right well conceited: let vs goe, For it is after Mid-night, and ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him.
Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What, Lucius, ho? I cannot, by the prospect of the Starres, Glue gaze, how neate to day—Lucius, I say? I should it were my fault to sleepe so foundly.

Luc. Call'd you my Lord? Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucius! When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cause to spare at him, But for the generall, He would be crown'd?
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves ware walking: Crowne him that,
Then I graunts we put a Sting in him,
That as his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abufe of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common profe,
That Lowlynese is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereeto the Climber vpward turns his Face:
But when he once attaines the topmost Round,
He then vanto the Ladder turns his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, furnishing the base degrees
By which he did ascende: for Caesar may;
Then least he may, present. And since the Quarrell
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fasion it thus; that what he insaungumented,
Would turne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinkes him as a Serpents egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the flite.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus left'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him 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. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. Exit

Brut. The exhalations,whizing in the aire,
Gives so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and readeth

Brutus then sleepe?; awake, and fee thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. Speakes,Strikes,redresse
Brutus, then sleepe?; awake.
Such infalligences haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the freethes of Rome
The Tartain blieue, when he was call'd a King.
Speakes,Strikes,redresse. Am I entreated

Enter Caesar in his Study.

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, shoue receiv'd
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Luc. Sir, March is wait'd fifteene days.

Brut. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knockes:
Since Caesar first did when me signi'd Caesar,
I have not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadful things.
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantome,or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mostall Instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffer then
The nature of an Inquisition.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your brother Cassius at the Door:
Who doth desire to see you?
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are noe with him.
Brut. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discerne them,
By any marke of favout.

Brut. Let'em enter:

They are the Faition, O Conspiracie,
Sham it thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night.
When euils are moff free? O then,by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauine dare enough,
To make thy monstrous Vifage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie.
For if thou path thy natvie remembrance on,
Not Erebos was felle were dimme enough,
To hide thee from precaution.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Catiline, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I think we are too bold vpon your Rest
Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you?

Brut. I trust beene vp this howre, awake all Night?
Know I thefe men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them: and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your felle,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you,
This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Catiline: this, Cinna: and this, Metellus.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Casses doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? They whistle
Decius. Here lies the East: doth not the Day breake
hence.

Cass. No. Cinna. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey Lines,
That fret the Cloudes, are Messengers of Day.

Cass. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariseth,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the year,
Some two months hence, we higher toward the North
He hath preferred his fire, and the high Light
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caf. And let us swear our Resolution.

Bru. No, nor an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The suffereance of our Souls, the times Abute;
If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As if I say they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to feede with vaulour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Counrmen,
What needs we any spurre, but our owne cause
To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honely to Honest ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cauteleous
Old feeble Cartons, and such suffereing Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cause, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not flame
The even vertue of our Enterprise,
Nor th'infupprestice Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears
Is guilty of a general Baffarde,
If he do break the small Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Caf. But how of Cæsar? Shall we found him?
I think he will stand very strong with vs.

Cic. Let vs not leave him out.
Cyn. No, by no means.

Metel. O let vs have him, for his Silver hairs
Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wilderisse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.

Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caf. Then leave him out.

Cic. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but only Cæsar?

Caf. Decius will vs'ed: I thinke it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belon'd of Cæsar,
Should our-like Cæsar, we shall finde of him
A threww'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he imprue him, may well stretche so farre
As to annoy vs all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar till together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cæsar,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Euy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Limbe of Cæsar,
Let's be Sufferers, but no Butchers Caius:
We all stand vp against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Cæsar Spirits,
And not dismember Cæsar! But (alas)
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's earne him, as a Drift fit for the Gods,
Not how him as a Carriage fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Scerants to an afe of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enious.
Which do appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers,
And for Mark Antony, thanke not of him:
For he can do no more then Cæsar Asme,
When Cæsar heeds his off.

Caf. Yet let fate him,
For in the Ingrated loue he beares to Cæsar.

Bru. Alas, good Caius, do not thinke of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
It to himselfe, take thought, and dye for Cæsar,
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wilderesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no fate in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heccrest.

Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caf. The Clocke hath striken three.

Treb. 'Tis the time to part.

Caf. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grownv of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The ve'nocustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be fo resolvd,
I can one-swy him: For he loues to hear,
That Vincornes may be betrayd with Trees,
And Beares with Griffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he doeth; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:
For I can gue the humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be trie to hitt him,
Bru. By the eight house, is that the wintermost?

Cyn. Be that the wintermost, and faile not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Cæsar hard;
Which rater him for speaking well of Pompey,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Caf. The morning comes vp'st
We'll leave you Brutus.

Treb. And friends, dispence our felue, but all remember
What you have faid, and try your felues true Roman.

Bru. Good Gentlemens, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purpose;
But bearre it as our Roman Acts do,
With vnry'd Spirit, and formall Confinanee,
And to good morrow to you every one.

Treb. Manly Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the bony-kicy Dew of Slumber:
Thow shalt no Figures, not no Fantasies,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Which busy care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st a found.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Brut. Portia: What meanest you, when you rise now?

Por. Not for your health, but to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning,

Por. Nor for your neither. Y'haue vengingly Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yeaslernight at Supper
You (odainly arofe, and walk'd about,
Mufing, and thinking, with your armes acroffe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You start'd upon me, with vengant looks,
I vrg'd you further, then you stretch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I inflasted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waftier of your hand
Gave figne for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which feed't not too much inkindled, and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his house with every man,
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleep;
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much presuyd |on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Desire my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your caufe of griefe.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Brutus fickle? And is it Physcall
To wa!ke unbraced, and fuckle vp the humour
Of the danke Morniog? What, is Brutus fickle?
And will he faile out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile conflagration of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde unto his fickleneffe? No my Brutus,
You have some fickle Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I sought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charm't you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vworps of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vould to morrow your felw your felfe,
Why you are beauty: and what men to night.
Have haft refor to you: for heere heare beate
Some faxe or feene, who did hide their faces
Even from darknesse.

Brut. Kneele not gentle Portia,

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepopt, I should know no Secret
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in fort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometymes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not this Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourbles Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That with my fatheast.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cæsar's Daughter.

Think ye, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being go Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not dislofe 'em:
I have made strong proofe of my Continance,
Guing my felfe a voluntary wound
Hereze, in the Thigh: Can I bearre that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. Of ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife,
Harke,harke,one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thofome shall parlare,
The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will continue to thee,
All the Charactery of my sad browes:
Leue me with hali.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Luc. Heere is a fickle man that would speake with you.

Lig. Caus Ligarius, that Metullius fpoke of.

Boy,stand aifice. Catus Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. Of what a time haue you chose out brave Caius?

Lig. To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not fickle.

Cai. I am not fickle, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brut. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthfull care to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
Here I didcard my fickleneffe. Soule of Rome,
Brave Sonne, desir'd from Honourable Limes,
Ihou like an Exorcift, haft condur'd vp
My motiffed Spirit. Now bid me raine
And I will fitte with things impossible,
Yes get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A peecce of worke,

That will make fike men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make fickle?

Brut. That must we alfo. What is it my Caus,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,

And with a heat new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not your fulfice, but it sufficeth.
That Brutus leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gown.

Caesar. Nor Huesan, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:
Three hath Calpurnia, in her sleepe cried out,
Help,ho: They murther Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

S'cr. My Lord.

Caesar. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

S'cr. I will my Lord.

Exit Calpurnia.

Caesar. What mean you Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not fltre out of your house to day.

Caesar. Shall forth; the things that threatened me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall fee
The face of Caesar, they are vanifh'd.

Exit. 

Enter Portia,
The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here’s my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountains, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came fainting, & did bathe their hands in it;
And thefe do thence apply, for warmings and portens,
And calls imminent: and on her knee
Hath begg’d, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amife interpreted,
It was a vifion, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so manycovering Romans bath’d,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall come
Reuniting blood, and that great men fhall prefe
For Tinclures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by Calpurnia’s Dreame is signified.

Cæs. And will it be if it fhall be well expounded is,
Dec. I hope, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded,
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Cæsar;
If you fhall fend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render’d, for some one to cry,
S undergraduate the Senate, till another time:
When Cæsar wife fhall meete with better DREAMes.
If Cæsar hide himselfe, that they not whiper
Loc Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me Cæsar for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you thus,
And reason to my loue is liabie.

(How foolish do your learnes seeme now Calpurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go,

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, M Lucius, Caesu, Trebonius, Cyna, and Publius. And looke where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pud. Good morrow Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus are you firit to earily too?
Good morrow (Lig.): Cæs. Ligarius.
Cæsar was never so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is’t a Clocke?

B. Cæsar, this stricken eight.

C. I thank you for your paines and curtefe.

Enter Antony,

Sec. Antony that Reveils long a nights
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony.
Ant. So to the noble Cæsar.

Cæf. Bid them prepare within.

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cyna, now M Lucius, what Trebonius?
I have an hours talke in acre for you:
Remember that you call on me to day!

Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Tréb Cæsar will: and so neere will I be,
That your beft Friends will with I had beene further.
Cæf. Good friends go in, and take some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will shrink way go together.

B. That every like is not the fame, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus cannot be thence upon.

Enter Artemoderus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cæsarius, come not near.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Mætullius, Trog- 
bonus, Crassus, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Pub-
lius; and the Soothsayer

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. 1 Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail Cæsar; read this Scænus.

Deci. Trogbonus doth desire you to o’re-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine is a suit
That toucheth Cæsar neeter. Read it in great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us our selves, shall be last serv’d.

Art. Delay not Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Surity give place.

Cass. What, urge you your Petitions in the litter?

Come to the Capitol,

Popul. I with your enterprise to day may thrive.

Cass. What enterprise Populus?

Popul. Fare you well.

Brut. What said Populius Lepus?

Cæs. He wisht to day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Look how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Cæsar be foraine, for we fear prevention.

Brut. What shall be done? If this be knowledge,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be confistant.

Populius Lepus speaks not of our purpose,

For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cass. Trogbonus knowes his time; for looke you Brutus.

He draws Medric Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellius Cimerer, let him go,

And presently preferre his suit to Cæsar.

Brut. He is addrest: professe neere, and second him.

Cass. Cæsar, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now smilie,

That Cæsar and his Senate mult redresse?

Metel. Moit high, moit mighty; and moit puissant Caesar.

Metellius Cimerer throwes before he Sear,

An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee Cimmerer:

These couningies and these lowly counstesties

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinances, and first Decreet

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.

To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebellbleed.

That will be shaw’d from the true quality

With that which mëteth Fools, I mean sweet words,

Low crooked-eurkies, and base Sp Spiritual lathing

Thy Brother by decree is banished.

If thou dost bend, and pray, and flawe for him,

I spurne thee like a Curr in out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be facetted

Metellus there no voyse more worthy than my owne.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

To found more sweetly in great Caesar's case,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

*Brut.* I kiffe thy hand, but not in flattering Caesar:
Deferring thee, that Publius Cymber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeale.

*Caes.* What Brutus?

*Caes.* Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:
As long as thy foote doth Caesar fall,
To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber.

*Castle.* I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skyes are painted with unnumbered sparcles,
They are All Fire, and every one dothe shine:
But, there's but one in all dothe hold his place.
So, in the World: 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive:
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That wasstaleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnhalt'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keeme him so.

*Coma.* O Caesar,

*Caes.* Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?

*Deius.* Great Caesar.

*Caes.* Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

*Castle.* Speake hands for me.

Then stab Caesar,

*Caes.* Et Tu Brutus?— Then fall Caesar,

*Coma.* Liberty, Freedefome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

*Castle.* Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out Liberty, Freedefome, and Enfranchiement.

*Brut.* People and Senators, benot affrighted:
Fly not, rand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

*Castle.* Go to the Pulpit Brutus,

*Deius.* And Caffine too.

*Brut.* Where's Publius?

*Coma.* Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Mtr.* Stand fast together, least some Friend of Caesars should chance

*Brut.* Tale not of tranding. Publius good cheese,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: to tell them Publius,

*Caes.* And leave us Publius, leaft that the people
Rufhing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

*Brut.* Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius,

*Castle.* Where is Antony?

*Treb.* Flid to his Hous sma'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeaday.

*Brut.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dyes out, that men fland upon.

*Castle.* Why hee that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off to many yeares of fearing death.

*Brut.* Grant this, and then is Death's Benefit:
So are we Caesar's Friends, that have abridg'd
Hit time of fearing death. Steope Romane, Stoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and befmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

*Castle.* Stop, and waif. How many Ages hence
Shall this our Jolteon Scene be acted over,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet unknowne?

*Brut.* How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeyes Bafis lye along,
No woxther then the dust?

*Castle.* So off as that shall be,
So oft shal the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

*Deius.* What, shall we forth?

*Castle.* So, every man a way.

Brutus shall leads, and we will grace his heele
With the moli boldeft, and belt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Sergeant.


*Ser.* Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest:
Cesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Lounging:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear & Cesar, and I should'nd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be releafe'd
How Cesar hath debour'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not lose Cesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this vnrest State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony.

*Brut.* Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, to pleafe him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vnouch'd.

*Ser.* He fetch him prefently.

*Exit Sergeant.*

*Brut.* I know that we shall haue him well to Friend,
*Castle.* I wish we may: But yet have a mende
That leses him much: and my mifguing still
Falles throughly to the purpose.

*Enter Antony.*

*Brut.* But h ere comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony,

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Doth thou lyfe so lowe?
Are all thy Conquestes, Glories, Triumphes, Spoules,
Shrunke to this little Measur e? Pate thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elsse must be, blood, whoelsse is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre to fit
As Cefars deathes houre; nor no Infrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made such
With the moft Noble blood of all this World.
I do befeech you, if you beare me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do rake and smaoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Lisse a thousand yeares,
I shall not finde my felse to apt to dye.
No place will plesse me go, no enmity of death,
As here be Cesar, and by you cut off,
The Chaire and Master Spirits of this Age.

*Brut.* O Antony, I begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet fee you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are playfull: And pity to the general wrong of Rome, As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity. Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part, To you, our Swords have leades points Mark Antony: Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts Of Brothers tender, do receive you in, With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence. Cæsar. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans, In the disposing of new Directions. Br. Oney be patient, till we have appeas'd The Malcontents, beside themselves with fear, And then, we will deliv'ry the cause, Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strooke him, Have thus proceeded. Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome. Let eachman render me his bloody hand. First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you; Next Cassius Cassius do I take your hand; Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus, Yours Cæmus; and my valiant Cæcyk yours. Though last, not least in love, yours good Tribounes. Gentlemen all: Also, what shall I say, My credit now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad ways you must content me, Either a Coward, or a Blatterer. That I did love thee Cæsar O'tis true: If then thy Spirit look on vs how, Shall it not grieve thee thenere thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody finges of thy foes? Most Noble, in the presence of thy Cozie, Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds, Weeping as tall as they stremme forth thy blood, It would become me better, then to close In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me Julius, here was thou say'd brave Hame, Heere did't thou fall, and here thy Hunter stand Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Cunrom'd in thy Lether. O World! thou warst the Forrest to this Hame, And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee. How like a Deere, broken by many Princes, Doth thou heere lye? Cæsar. Mark Antony. Ant. Pardon me Cassius Cassius: The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this: Then in a Friend, it is cold Medallie. Cæsar. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so, But what compact meanes you to have with vs? Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends, Or shall we on, and not dependen upon you? Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Cæsar, Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons, Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous. Br. Or else were this a lause Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Antony, the Sonne of Cæsar, You should be satisfied. Ant. That's all I seeke, And am moreouter suror, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speak in the Order of his Funerall. **Brutus**. You shall Mark Antony, Cæsar. Brutus a word with you: You know not what you doe: Do not content That Antony speakes in his Funerall. Know you how much the people may be mou'd By that which he will vicer. Br. By your pardon: I will my selfe into the Pulpit first, And shew the reason of our Cæsars death. What Antony shall speake, I will proproft He speakes by leare, and by permission: And that we are contented Cæsar shall Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies, It shall advantage more, then do vs reason. Cæsar. I know not what may fall, I like it not. Br. Mark Antony, heere take you Cæsars body: You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs, But speake all good you can dewe of Cæsar, And say you do not 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 desire no more. Br. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. Exeunt. Mark Antony. O pardon me, thou bleeding Pearce of Earth: That I am mecke and gentle with these Butchers. Thou art the Rumes of the Noblest man That ever lized in the Tide of Times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood. Over thy wounds, now do I Prophene, (Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voyce and viterne of my Tongue) A Cutte shall light upon the Limbes of men; Domevisit Fury, and fierce Giulli Fire, Shall cumber all the Parts of Italy: Blood and deftrucion, and shall be so in vie, And dressfull Obiects so familar, That Mothers shall but fine, when they behold Their Infans quartered with the hands of Ware. All pitie choke's with custome of fell deeds, And Cæsars Spirit ranging for Reuenge, With Ante by his side, come hot from Hell, Shall in those Confines, with a Monarkes voyce, Cry haueoke, and let the Dogges of Ware, That this foule deed, shall smell abouve the earth With Carrion men, groaning for Burial. Enter Octavius Caesar. You true Olonius Cæsar, do you not? Ser. I do Mark Antony. Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome, Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming, And bid me say to you by word of mouth—— O Cæsar! Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and wepe: Pasion I see is catching from mine eyes, Seeing those Beads of sorrow hand in hand, Began to water. Is thy Master comming? Ser. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome Ant. Poit backe with speede, And tell him what hath chanc'd: Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of Safety for Olonius yet, His hence, and tell him so. Yet play a while,
Enter Brutus and go into the Pulpit and Caius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends, Caius go you into the other Street, and Part the Numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here; Those that will follow Caius, go with him, and Publish Resolutions shall be rendred

Of Caius death.

1. But, I will hear Brutus speake.

2. I will hear Caius, and compare their Resolutions, When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Brut. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear Beleeue me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Contenue me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senates, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any where Friend of Caius, to him I say, that Caius lойe to Brutus, was no leffe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rote against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caius lее; but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caius were liuing, and dye all Statues; then that Caius were dead, to free all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weep for him; as he was Fortune; I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I fliew him. There is Teares, for his Love, Joy, for his Fortune: Honer, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition. Who is here to bate, that would be a Bondman? If any speake, for him have I offended. Who is here to rage, that would not be a Roman? If any speake, for him have I offended. Who is here to mae, that will not loose his Country? If any, speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caius, then you shall do to Brutus. The Quittance of his death, is install'd in the Capitol: his Glory not extinguished, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, bound by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I leave my bell Lorer for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagar for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live Brutus, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.

2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be Caesar.

4. Caesar better parts.

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

We'll bring him to his House With Shows and Clamors.


1. Peace, silence, Brutus speaker.

2. Peace ho.

Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (for my sake) stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's Person, and grace his Speech Tending to Caesar's Glories, which Mark Antony (By our permission) is allow'd to make. I do intreat you, not a man depart.

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

1 Stay ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

2 Let him go vp into the publick Chair.

We'll hear him: Noble Antony go vp.

Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you.

3 What does he say of Brutus?

He sayes, for Brutus sake He finds himselfe beholding to vs all.

4 Twice he spake no harme of Brutus here?

This Caesar was a Tyrant.

Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs hear him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:

The eulogist that doth, blus after them,

The good is oft contemned with their bones,

So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,

Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And greuously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under issue of Brutus and the rest (For Brutus is an Honorable man, So are thei all; all Honorable men.)

Come I to speake in Caesar's Funeral,

I bowes my Friend, faithfull, and true to me;

But Brutus Gaid, he was Ambitious,

And Brutus is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captures home to Rome,

Whose maine Contests, the general Caius fill'd

Did this in Caesar seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore have cry'd, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of fitter stuffe,

Yet Brutus was, he was Ambitious:

And Brutus was an Honourable man.

You all did fee, that on the Impercact,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Whet he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet Brutus was, he was Ambitious:

And sure 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 with-holds you then to mourn for him?

O Judgement, thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pawnst, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou confesse rightly of the matter,

Caesar's head great wrong.

His place

Has hee Matters? I hear there will a worde come in
Honourable Aoad

If you do fear
The worse, I say, best.

There is not a Noble man in Rome then Antony.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar migh-
Hate flood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none for poor to do him reverence.

O Mailers! If I were dispos'd to flint,
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cæsar wrong;
Who (you all know) are Honourable men,
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his Cloister, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to relate,
And they would go and kill dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yes, begge a hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willers,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie

Vnto that issue.

We'll hear the Will, read it Mark Antony.
All. The Will, the Will; we will hear Cæsar's Will.

Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it,
It is not meet you know how Cæsar load you:

You are not Wood, you are not Stoner, but men,
And being men, hearing the Will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heres,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

Read the Will, we'll hear it Antony:
You shall read vs the Will, Cæsar's Will.

All. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-thor my selfe to tell you of it,
I see I wrong the Honourable men,
Whole Daggards have stab'd Cæsar: I doe see it,
They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.

They were Villains, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Curpers of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come downe.

Defend.

3. You shall have leave.

4. A Ring, brand round.

As stand from the Heart, stand from the Body.

Room for Antony, most Noble Antony.

Now put not fo' upon me, stand fare off.

All. Sit backe: roome, beare backe,

All. If you haue ears, prepare to hear them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
I was on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Navy.

Looke, in this place ran Cæsar's Stab through

What see a tent the envious Cæsar made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stab'd,
And as he pluck'd off his curfed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it
As rushing out of doors, to be relish'd.
If Brutus so v'nklely knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's Angel.

Judge, if you Gods, how dearly Cæsar loud him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble Cæsar saw him fall,

Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty Heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

Euen at the Base of Pompey's Statue
(Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then Iland you, and all of vs fell downe,
While it bloody Treson flourisht ouer vs.
Now you weep, and I perceive you feele

The dint of pity: There are gracious droppes
Kinde Soules, what weeppe you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar Vexture wounded? Looke you heere,

Here is Himselfe, mad'st as you see with Traitors.

1. O pittous spectacle!

2. O Noble Cæsar!

3. O woeful day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

5. O most bloody fight!

2. We will be reigne'd: Reuenge

About, leake, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men

1. Peace there heare the Noble Antony.

2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dy with him.

(You vp)

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not flire
To fuch a fodiaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are honourable,
What private greece they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,
And will not doubt with Resons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to heare away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all a plaine blunt man)
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue no other whritt nor words, nor worth,
A Honouro nor Viceroy, nor the power of Speech,
To fiire men Blood, I onely speake tight on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsar wounds, poor poor dumb mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffe vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should mover
The fones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

1. We'll burne the houses of Brutus.

3. Away then, come, feake the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace how, heare Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein haath Cæsar thus deferr'd your louses?

Alas 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 heare the Will,

Ant. Hereis the Will, and vnder Cæsar's Seal:
To euer Roman Citizen he giveth,
To euer feuer all man, fervent lieue Drachmae.

2. Plc.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Enter Servant.

Cæsar. I dreamt to night, that I did see Jut with Cæsar, And things unlucky charge my fancy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name? 2. Whether are you going? 3. Where do you dwell? 4. Are you a married man, or a Batcheller? 5. Answer every man directly, 1, and briefly, 2, and briefly. 1. I, and truly, you were but.

Cæsar. What’s your name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batcheller? Then to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batcheller.

2. That’s as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you’ll bear me a bung for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cæs. Directly I am going to Cæsar’s Funeral.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cæs. A friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

Cæs. Briefly. I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your name first, truly.

Cæs. Truly, my name is Cæs. 1. Tease him to piece his, he’s a Conspirator. Cæs. I am Cæs. I am Cæs. 2. Tease him for his bad verities, tease him for his bad Verities.


Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes, His private Arbor’s, and new-planted Orches, On this fide Tyber, he hath left them you, And to your liver for ever: common pleasures To walk abroad, and recreate your felves. Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

1. Pit. Neuer, never: come, away, away: We’ll burn his body in the holy place, And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses. Take up the body.


Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot. Take thou what course thou wilt. How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Cæs. Sir, OThamin is already come to Rome. Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar’s house.

Ant. And thither will I follow, to visit him: He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us anything. Sir. I heard him say, Brutus and Cæcina Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome. Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people. How I had mowd them. Bring me to OThamin. Exit.

Enter Cæs. the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cæs. I dreamt to night, that I did seem with Cæsar, And things unlucky charge my fancy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth. 1. What is your name? 2. Whether are you going? 3. Where do you dwell? 4. Are you a married man, or a Batcheller? 5. Answer every man directly, 1, and briefly, 2, and briefly, 3, and truly, you were but.

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Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Thence many then shall die, their names are prickt. Oth. Your Brother too must dye; content you Lepidus? Lep. I do content.

Oth. Prick him downe Antony.


But Lepidus, go you to Cæsar’s house: Fetch the Wither higher, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies.


Ant. This is a flight vnamerial man. Meet to be sent on Errands: it is fit The three-fold World disdained, he should stand One of the three to share it? Oth. So you thought him, And took how his yeare who should be prickt to dye In ourblkke Sentence and Proscrition.

Ant. OThamin, I have faster more dayes then you, And though we lay these Honours on this man, To ease our felines of diuers heads your loads, He shall but beare them, as the Asse bearesGold, To groane and sweat under the Bussnese, Either led or driven, as we point the way: And having brought our Treasure, where we will, Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off (Like to the empty Asse) to shake his cares, And grace in Commons.

Oth. You may do your will: But hee’s a tried, and valiant Soilder.

Ant. So is my Horfe OThamin, and for that I do appoint him store of Proutender, It is a Creature that he teach to fight, To winde, to flot, to run directly on: His corporall Motion, govern’d by my Spirit, And in some tale, is Lepidus but fo: He must be taught, and train’d, and bid go forth: A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds On Objects, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of we, and flit’d by other men Begin in his fashion. Do not talk of him, But as a property; and now OThamin, Lithen great things. Brutus and Cæcina Are laying Powers; We must straight make head: Therefore let our Alliance be combin’d. Our beft Friends made, our means stretcht, And let vs presently go fit in Counsell, How couetous matters may be best disposed, And open Perils foreft answer’d.

Oth. Let vs do so: for we are at the Stake, If a And
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And fome that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischiefes.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Tintimia

And Pindarus meet them.

Brut. Stand ho.

Lucullus. Glue the word ho, and Stand.

Brut. What now Lucullus, is Cæcina neere?

Lucullus. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come

To do you falution from his Master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus

In his owne change, or by ill Officers,

Hath given me some worthy caufe to with

Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand

I shall be satisfied.

Pit. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare

Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus

How he receiued you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucullus. With courteſse, and with respect enough.

But not with such familiar inſances,

Nor with such free and friendly Conference

As he hath vis'd of old.

Bru. Thou haften debie'd

A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucullus,

When Loue begins to ficken and decay

It vieth an enforced Ceremony

There are no tricks, in plaue and fimpel Faith:

But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,

Make gallant fhew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,

They fall their Crefets, and like deceitfull lades

Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on.

Lucullus. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd.

The greater part, the Horſe in general

Are come with Cæcina.

Enter Cæcina and his Pompes

Brut. Hearke, he is arriued:

March gently on to meete him.

Cæcina. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, Speak the word alonſ.

Stand.

Cæcina.

Cæcina. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Brut. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?

And ifnot fo, how should I wrong a Brother

Cæcina. This fober forme of yours, hides wrongs,

And when you do them——

Brut. Cæcina, be content,

Speak your greffes foſtly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies here

(Which fhould perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:

Then in my Tent Cæcina enlarge your Greffes,

And I will give you Audience.

Cæcina. Pindarus

Bid our Commanders leade 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 Tintimia guard our doore.

Brutus. Manet Brutus and Cæcina.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cass. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When this rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful.

Brut. Yes Cæsius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Cæsius,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cæs. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Loue, and be friends, as two such men shoulde bee,
For I have seen some yestres I'the faire then yee.

Cæs. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynick rime?
Brut. Get you hence hence! Scowling fellow, hence.

Cæs. Bear with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. I know his humor, when he knows his time:
What should the Warres do with these ligging Fooles?

Cæs. Away, away be gone.

Brut. Lucius and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cæs. And come your selves, & bring Messala with you
Immediately to vs.

Luc. A bowl of Wine.

Cæs. I did not think you could have bin so angry.

Brut. Of Cæsius, I am sick of many griefes.

Cæs. Of your Philosophy you make no vs.

If you giue place to accidental evils.

Brut. No man beares sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cæs. Ha? Portia?

Brut. She is dead.

Cæs. How sad! I killing, when Icroft you so?
O impomptuous, and touching loife!

Vpon what ficknesse?

Brut. Impatient of my absence,
And grieue, that yong Cæsaria with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tyrdges came. With this he fell distraught,
And (her Attendant's absent) swallowed fire.

Cæs. And dyd ye so?

Brut. Even so.

Cæs. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Bray with Wine, and Tapers.

Cæs. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindnesse Cæsaria.

Drinks.

Cæs. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge,
Fill Lucius, till the Wine are-dewell the Cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Messala:

Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cæs. Portia, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That yong Octavius, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philippus.

Cæs. O Brutus!
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Moff. My selfe have letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Early to morrow will we tise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bm. Lucius my Gowre, farewell good Melfa,

Good night Thismine Noble Noile Caesar,

Good night, and good repose.

Caff. O my dere Brother : This was an ill beginning of the night : Neuer come such division t'weene our soules. Let it not Bruins.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne

Bm. Every thing is well.

Caff. Good night my Lord.

Bm. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Melfa. Good night Lord Bruins.

Bm. Farwell every one.

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument ?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bm. What thou speakest drowsily ?

Poor knaue I blame the not, thou art ote-watch'd.

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

Ile hate them sleepe on Cufuous in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Van. Cals my Lord ?

Bm. I am sure you fites, lyce in my Tent and sleepe, It may be I shall take you by and by.

On businesse to my Brother Caesar.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bm. I will it not hea s fote; I lye downe good fites,

It may be I shallotherwise behinke mee.

Looke Lucius, here's the booke I fought fo.

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give mee it.

Bm. Beser with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy breaue eyes e-a-while, And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an please you.

Bm. It does my Boy : I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. Tis my duty Sir.

Bm. I should not urge thee pratt shynight, I know young bloocks looke for time of rest,

Luc. I haue flept my Lord already,

Bm. It was well done, and thou haile sleepe agane:

I will not hold thee lone. If I do lye, I will be good to thee.

Musickes, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Mordrous slumberer !

Layefth thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke Gentle knaue good night : I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee : If thou do'ld not, thou breakest it thy Instrument, Ie take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night

Let me see, let me see; I see the Linne turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes here ?

I think it is the wekeenesse of mine eyes

That shapes this monfrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak fit my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy waill Spirit Brute ?

Bm. Why com'thou ?

Ghost.
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Ghosts. To tell thee thou shalt see me as Philippus.
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee again?
Ghosts. I am Philippus.
Brut. Why will I see thee as Philippus then?
Now I have taken heart, thou villain.
I'll spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy. Lucius, Varus, Claudius, Sirs! Awake:
Claudius,
Luc. The spirits are my Lord, at ease.
Brut. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Brut. Didst thou dreame Lucius, that thou so cryedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Slepe against Lucius: Sirs Claudius, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Cla. My Lord.
Brut. Why did you so cry out first in your sleepe?
Bar. Did we my Lord?
Brut. I saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Cla. Nor I my Lord,
Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his Powres and before,
And we will follow.
Bar. It shall be done my Lord. Exeunt


tnus Quintus.

Enter Otho, Antony, and their Army.
Otho, Now Antony, our hopes are answer'd,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepes the Hills and vppet Regiones:
it proves not so: their Battale are at hand,
They mean to warne vs at Philippes heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosom, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With peacefull braverie: thinking by this face
To fatten in our thoughts that they hate Courage;
But's not so.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Otho, lead your Battale softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.
Otho. Upon the right hand, I keep thee the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Otho. I do not cross you: but I will do so. March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.
Brut. They stand, and would have patience.
Cassio. Stand fast Timotheus, we must out and take.
Otho. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battale?
Ant. No Cassius, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words,
Otho. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Brut. Words before blowes: is it to Countrymen?
Otho. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brut. Good words are better then bad brokes.
An. In your bad brokes Brutus, you give good words.
Winneth the hole you made in Cassars heart,
Crying long hue, Hail Cassar.
Cassio. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the Hble Bees,
And fease them Honye-leafe.
Ant. Not flinglese too.
Brut. Oyes, and soundlese too.
For you have holne their buzzing Antony,
And very wisely threat before you fling.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack one another in the tides of Cassar:
You shew'd your teeths like Apes,
And swound like Horses,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissting Cassars feete:
While I damned Cæca, like a Cure, behind
Strokes Cassar on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cassio. Flatterers! Now Brutus thank you selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If Cassar might have rule'd
Otho. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make vs swet,
The proofs of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thynke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Never till Cassar shall three and thrussie wounds
Be well aweng'd; or till another Cassar
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut Cassar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.
Vynlese thou bring it them with thee.
Otho. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.
Brut. O if thou wert the Nobleste of thy Straine,
Young-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.
Cassio. A peecul school-boy, worshipes of such Honor
Loynes with a Mask, and a Reuelers,
Ant. Old Cæsars fall.
Otho. Come Antony away:
Defance Traitors, hurle we in your teeths,
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field.
If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Otho, Antony, and Army.
Cassio. Why now blow winde, swell Billows,
And swimme Batke.
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. Ho Lucilius, heare, a word with you.
Lucilius and Mefida stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cassio. Mefida.
Mess. What sayes my General?
Cassio. Mefida, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Cæsars borne. Give me thy hand Mefida.
Be thou my witness, that against my will
(As Pompey was) I am compelled to set
Upon one Battell all our Liberties
You know, that I held Egerian strong,
And his Opinion. Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do prelage,
Coming from Sardus, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagle sreif, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiess hands,
Who to Philip, here comforted vs.
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their, sidelines do Return, Crownes, and Kites
Fly out our heads, and downward looke on vs.
As we were lightly prey, their shadowes went.
A Canopie most fast, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.
Coffi. Beleeve me not.
Coffi. 1 but beleue it partly,
For I am frent of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.
Br. Even lo Lucullus.
Coffi. Now most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day fland friendly, that we may
Louter in peace, leade on our daies to age.
But since the affayes of men reft still uncertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do loose this Battale, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Br. Even 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 seare of what might fall, to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouudeace of some high Powers,
That gourner vs below.
Coffi. Then, if we loose this Battale,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorou the streets of Rome.
Br. No Coffi, no.
Thinke not thou Noble Romaine,
That euer Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Mull end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlaing faitrewell taka:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Coffi.
If we do meete againe, why we shal smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Coffi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus:
If we do meete againe, we'll finde indeed.
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Br. Why then leave on. O rather a man might know
The end of this days businesse, ere it come:
But is sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come here away. Extrem.
Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.
Br. Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.
Br. Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.
Br. Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Br. Who having some advantage on Otho's,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilfe we by Antony are all inclin'd.

Enter Pindarus.
Pind. Fly further off my Lord: fly further off.
Mark Antony, vs in your Tents my Lord:
Fly therefore Noble Coffi, flye farr off.
Coffi. This Hill is farr enogh. Looke, look Titinius.
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Tit. Titinius, if thou loue me,
Mount thou my horse, and hinder thy spurre in him,
Till he have brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere against, that I may reft allur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought.
Coffi. Go Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My fight was euer thicker: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou didst about the Field.
This day I breathed first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Srira, what newes?
Pind. None. O my Lord.
Coffi. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is enclo'd round about
With Hostemen, that make to him on the Spurr,
Yet he spurreth on. Now they are almost on him:
Now Titinius. Now some lights. O he lights too.
Here's tale. Short.
And hearkie, they shoue for joy.
Coffi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long.
To see my best Friend raine before my face.
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither forth; In Parthia did I take the Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through Caesar bowells, search this boforme,
Stand not to answer. Hereke, take thou the Hills,
And when my face it coverd, as'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword, _Caesar_ thou art reueng'd.
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.
_Pind. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have beene
Duff I have done my will, O Coffi,
Fare from this Country Pindarus shall run,
Where neuer Romaine shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.
Mess. It is but change, Titinius: for Otho's
Is overthrown by Noble Brutus power,
As Caesar Legions are by Antony.
Tit. Thise rydings will well comfort Coffi, Messa:
Where did you leave him.
Tit. All disconofolate,
With Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill.
Mess. Is not that he that eyes upon the ground?
Tit. He lieth not like the Liuing. O my heart!
Mess. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he Messala.
But Coffi is no more. O setting Sunne;
As in thy red Rayes thou dost smake to night;
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

So in his red Blood Caesar day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clowns, Dewees, and Dangers come; our deeds are done.
Murther of my successe hath done this deed.
Murther of good successe hath done this deed.
O thankefull Error, Melancholy Cludie:
Why doe you thow (tho to the spight of men
The things that are not? O Error doone conceyued,
Thou never com't unto a happy byrth,
But kill'd the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What Pander? Where are thou Pander?
Meffa. Seek him Titanus, whilste I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say thrusting it;
For piercing Steel, and Darts incomended,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As cryings of this fight.
Tit. Hie you Messal,
And I will seeke for Pander the while:
Why did'nt thou send me forth brave Caesar?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me use it? Did'nt thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (bloows
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bids me use it, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Caeus Caesar:
By your lease Gods; This is a Romans part,
Come Caeus Sword, and finde Titianus hart

DIES ALARUM. Enter Brutus, Messal, young Cato,
Strato, Polumenis, and Lucullus.
Brut. Where, where Messal, doth his body lye?
Meffa. Looe yonder, and Titianus mourning it.
Brut. Titianus face is upwared.
Cato. Heis slain.
Brut. What in this Citie, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turces our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails.

Low Alarums.
Cato. Brute Titianus,
Look where he haue not crowned dead Caeus.
Brut. Are yet two Romans living fuch as these?
The lapp of all the Romans, far thee well
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you shall fee me pay,
I shall finde time, Caesar; I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to Thyself lend his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort vs. Lucullus come,
And come yong Cato, let vs to the Field,
Labio and Flane let our Battalions on:
Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messal, Cato, Lucullus,
and Flaminius.
Cato. What Basard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoo,
A Pet to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoo
Enter Soulidors and sight.
And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus.
Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyrft, so bravely as Titianus,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyrft.
Luc. Oneely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.
1. Sold. Roome ho: tell Anton, Brutus is gone.
2. Sold. He telle thee nowes. Hearc comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe Anton, Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take alue the Noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do finde him, or alue, or deed,
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe.
Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lefe in worth; keepe this man safe,
Gave him all kindnesse, I had rather haue
Suchen my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see what Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring vs word, into Old Rome Tent:
How every thing is chance'd:

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato,
and Polumenis.
Brut. Come poor remaines of friends, rest on this Rocke.
Clit. Statius, strew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or flame.
Brut. Sit thee downe, Clitus: laying is the word,
It is a deed in fission. Hanke thee, Clitus.
Clit. What, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. He rather kill my selfe,
Brut. Hanke thee, Dardanus.
Dard. Shall I do such a deed?
Clit. O Dardanus.
Dard. O Clitus.
Clit. What ill requell did Brutus make to thee?
Dard. To kill him Clitus: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vealestill full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good Polumenis, lift a word.
Polumenis. What layes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, Polumenis:
The Ghost of Cæsar hath appeard to me
Two feuerall times by night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hourse is come
Polumenis. Not fo, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Polumenis.
Thou feelst the World, Polumenis, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat vs to the Fit:
Low Alarums.
It is more worthy, to leape in our felues,
Then tarry till they pull vs. Good Polumenis,
Thou knowst, that we two went to Schools togethers:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilel I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarums Aud.
Clit. Fly.
FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
   In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

2. When the Huntley-burley's done,
   When the Batfalaie's loft, and wonne.

3. That will be theAct of Sunne.
   Where the place?

2. Upon the Hill.

3. There to meet with Macbeth

All Padock calls anon; faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hower through the fogge and slithie sere. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As soonest by his plight of the Reuel
The newes flate.

Mal. This is the Seriante,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
Gainst my Captaine: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cep. Doubtfull it stode,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art, The mercelose Macowald
(Worshie to be a Rebelle, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Doe sworne upon him) from the Wetterne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroves is supplyd,'d
And Forconce his damned Quarre finding,
Sow'd he like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake
For brave Macbeth (well heere delines that Name)
Disdaing Fortune, with his brandish't Sceele,
Which smokéd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) car'd out his passage,
Till her face'd the Slave:
Which newr'thouke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnscaun't him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battelments.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whende the Sunne gues his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and drefffull Thunders
So from that Spring, whende comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skippin Kernes to trull their heele
But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vanturage,
With forreinr Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh allait.

King. Dinam'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 out charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking Wounds,
To remember another Golgotha,
I cannot tell but I am faile,
My Coffies cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds.
They back from Honor both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Lenox. What a haffe lookest through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seems to speake things strange.

Ross. God faue the King.

King. Whence came't thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian Banners flowt the Skie,
And fame our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Afflicted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cowdor, began a dishat Confidens,
Till that Bellam's Bridgeworne, lapt in proue,
Confronted him with false-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Armes: against Arme,
Curbing his lauith Spiet - and to conclude,
The Victor fell on vs

King. Great happiness.

Ross. That now Sunne, the Norways King,
Craves composition
Nor would we disigne him barant of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint James yere,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King. No
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haist thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?

A Sylers Wife had Chefnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Gives me, quoth I.
Aroyn the, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronvyn cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syre Ile diither sayle,
And like a Rat without a sayle,
I doe, lye doe, and lye doo.
2. Ile gие thee a Winde, Thir kind.
3. And I another.
1. My felle haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
Thine Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Flay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-boufe Lid:
He shall lye a man forbid:
Waste Seu'nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peke, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loft,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toffe.
Looke what I have,
2. Shew me, fhew me,
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Whatch, as homeward he did come.

A Drumme, a Drume:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The wepyard Sifers, hand in hand,
Potsters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp vnee.
Peace, the Chermes wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene,
Banquo. How faire is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wirther'd, and so wild in their attire,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th Earth,
And yet are on't? Lye you, or are you aught
That man may question? you feeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbied me to interprete
That you are so.
Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back. But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he confessed his Treason, imploring your Highness Pardon.
And let forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his Life become him, Like the leaving it. Hee dy'd:
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he o'ert,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Minde's disturbance in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abolition of Truth.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthy cousin Lenox,
The frame of my Ingratitude even now
Was but a frame, and not to frame:
That fairest Wing of Reconcile is blow,
To oerset the tree. Would thou hadst little deferred,
That the proportion of things, and payment,
Might have beene mine: once I had left to say
More is thy due, then more than all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it selfe.
Your highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banques,
That haft no little defarda, nor must be knowne
No lese to have done so: Let me unfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harrest is your oown.

King. My pleasant loves,
Wanton in fulnesse, lecke to holde themselves
In joys of Ingrace, Sonners, Kindsmen, Thrones,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not unaccompand, must him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse,like Serres, shall shine
On all derrerers. From hence to Envernes,
And bawde us further to you.

Macb. The Ralli is Labor, which is notcsd for you:
Ibe my selfe, the Herbeiger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So hambly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success: and I have learnt by the perfect report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I began in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Messisses from the King, who all said she Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these were outward Sisters taimned me, and refer'd me to the coming on of some, with haile King that shall be. This base I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) this thou mightst not lose the dues of receiving by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and forever.

Glumys thou art, and Cawdor, and shall be What thou art promis'd: yet doe I fear thy Nature, It is too full o'th Milke of humane kindnesse, To catch the neere\n\r\nJest, And would it not be easy, Art not without Ambition, but without The illnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou hourly: wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongli winne.

Thouldst have, great Glumys, that which eares, Thus thou must doe, if thou hast it; And that which rather thou dost fare to doe, Then wistheshould be vndone. High thee hither, That I may powre my Spirit in thine Ear, And challifie with the valour of my Tongue All that impedis thee from the Golden Round, Which Fate and Metaphysicall syde doth leeme To have thee crown d'withall. Enter Messinger.

What is thy tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou't mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, we're so, Would have inform'd for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming: One of my fellowes had the speed of him; Who almost dead for breath, had fearlessly more Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes.

Exit Messinger.

The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fallall entrance of Duncans
Vnder my Battlemens. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, vnfix me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-fall
Of direft Crueltie: make thiek my blood,
Step vp the accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no confpunctious visittings of Nature
Shake toy fell purpose, nor keep peace betweene
Thiefed, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you must thinke Minifters,
Where ouer, in your lightesse subtances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pull thee in the dunnell smoke of Hell,
That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peape through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold.

Great Glumys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncans comes her to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purpose.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beginne the time.

Lookes like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue; looke like th'innocent Flower,
But he the Serpents vnder. He that's comming,
Must be prouDED for: and you shall put
This Nights great Befust performs into my dippast,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Days to come,
Give fouer signs iway, and Maflerdome.

Macb. We will speake further,

Lady. Ondy looke vp cleere:
To alter toward, ever i is to iare:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hobsey, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Airdreff, Raffe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, Theasy nimblly and sweetly recommends it selfe Vnroour gentle fences.

Ban. This Gueff of Summer,
The Temple-baunting Barlet does approave, By his loud Mational, that the Heauens breath Smells wooinly here: no Jutty frieze, Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendant Bed, and persent Cradle, Where they must breed, and haunt: I have obserued The asre is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, fee, our honor'd Houske:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which fill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-cyl vs for your pains,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In e, try point twice done, and then done double,
Were poors, and fingle Barlet, to contend
Against those Honors deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Maistrie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Hepd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Wheres
Scena Septima.

He-bayes. Torches.
Enter a Seer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service ower the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. Ifs were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well, It were done quickly: I'sh't Affirmation Could stammell vp the Confession, and catch With his furcace, Successe: that but this blow Might be the all, and the end all. Here, But here, upon this Bankes and Schoole of time, We'd imple the life to some. But in these Cases, We fall have judgement heere, that we but teach Bloody Instructions, which being taught, return To plague th'Innume. This even-handed Juflee Commends th'Ingredience of our prey for'd Challice To our owne lips. He's heere in double truft; Fuirf, as I am his Kinman, and his Subici, Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hoft, Who should against his Murthurer that the doore, Not bare the knife my felle, Beides, this Dumane Hath borne his Fauiluries fo meeker, hath bin So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues Will please like Angels, Trumpet-tongued against The depe damnation of his taking off: And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe, Striding the blaft, or Heracens Cherubin, hors'd Upon the fightleffe Curious of the Ayre, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre To tricke the fata of my intent, but onely Vauling Ambition, which ore-lapes it felle, And fallen on the other. Enter Lady. 
How now? What News? 
La. He has almost fipt: why have you left the chamber? 
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me? 
La. Know you not, he's? 
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business: He hath Honon'd me of late, and I have bought Golden Opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worse now in their neewell glosse, Nor exft aside fo frene. 
La. Was the hoope drunk? 
Mac. Wherein you dreft your felle? Hath it left fo fice? 
La. You have it now to looke fo greene, and pale, At what it did fo freely? From the time, Such I account thy loue: Art thou affeed'd
To be the fame in thine owne A&v, and Valour, As thou art in defire? Would't thou have that 
Which thou eftim't the Ornament of Life, 
And haa a Coward in thine owne Eftaine? 
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would, 
Like the poore Car I'th A'dge, 
Mac. Prythee peace: 
I dare do all thit may become a man, 
Who dares no more, is none. 
La. What Bealt was't then 
That made you break the intirprize to me? 
When you'dft do it, then you were a man: 
And to be more then what you were, you would 
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place 
Did then adhe're, and yet you would make both: 
They have made themselves, and that their finnefe now 
Do's w'make you. I have guen Sucke, and know 
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me, 
I would, while it was smyiling in my Face, 
Hau pleck my Nipple from his Bondellfe Gummer, 
And daft the Brains out, had I so worte 
As you have done to this. 
Macb. If we should faile? 
Lads. We faile? 
But screw your courage to the fickling place, 
And we'll not fayle: when Duncan is asleep, 
(Wheres the ratter shall his dayes hard journe 
Soudly imite him) his two Chamberlaines 
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, so conune, 
That Mermote, the Warder of the Braine, 
Shall be a Fume, and the Recet of Reafon 
A Lymbecke onely: when in Swithin sleepe, 
Their drenched Naturys eyes as in a Death, 
What cannot you and I perform upon 
Th'vnguadet Duncan? What not put upon 
His spungue Officer's? who shall beare the guilt 
Of our great quell. 
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely: 
For thy undaunted Mecile shoule compose 
Nathing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd, 
When we haue at last with blood shote Beppe two 
Of his owne Chamber, and w'd their very Daggers 
That they haue don't? 
Ladg. Who dares receive it other, 
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor tore, 
Upon his Death. 
Macb. I am fettled, and bend vp 
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat, 
Away, and meck the tune with faireft shouw, 
False Face must hide what the falle Heart doth know. 
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquet, and Flanec, with a Torch 
before him. 
Banq. How goes the Night, Boy? 
Flanec. The Moon is downe: I have not heard the 
Clock.
Banq. And thee goes downe at Twelve. 
Flanec. I take't, 'tis later, Sir. 
Banq. Hold, take my Sword, 
There's Husbandry in Heauon, 
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

A heauie Summons: eyes like Loard vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restrain me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gues to way in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who’s there?
Macb. A Friend.

Bong. What Sir, you yet at rest? the King’s a bed.
He had: Scene in yonful pleasure.
And lovd forth great Largefe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greeted: your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Busineffe.
And thus vp in mesurcufle content.
Macb. Being vnprepar’d,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wroght.
Bong. All’s well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sifters
To you they have shew’d some truth.
And they did not of them not of them.
Yet when we can entrest an honour to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Busineffe.
If you would grant the time.
Bong. At your kind’l leasure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my confen,
When’tis, it shall make Honor for you.
Bong. So I lofe none,
In faking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bofome franchis’d, and Allegence cleare.
I shall be countaill’d.

Macb. Good repons the while.
Bong. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Go bid thy Miftrcffe, when my drinke is ready
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed.
Exit.

Is this a Dagger which I fee before me,
The Handle towards my Hand! Come, let me clutche thee,
I have thee not, and yet I fee thee still.
Art thou not all Vision, fancible
To feeling, as to fixt? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falte Creation,
Proceeding from the heare-oppreffed Braine?
I fee thee yet, in foame as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall it me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to bee.
Mine Eyes are made the foolees o’ther Senses,
Or else worth all the ref: I fee thee fill:
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There’s no such thing:
It is the bloody Busineffe, which informs
Thus to mine Eye. Now o’re the one half World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The Curtains’ flepe: Wisrchaft celebriates
Pule Heccats Offerings: and wither’d Muther,
Alarming’t by his Centnall, the Wolfe,
Whose howle’s his Watch, thus with his leathay pace,
With Targums taunting fides, towards his defigne
Moues like a Ghost. Thou fowre and firme-feet Earth
Hearst not my fteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very Bones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now foares with it. While I threat, he lives:
Words to the heart of deedes too cold brouth gues.

A Bell rags.
And waft this filthie Witneffe from your Hand, 
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place? 
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare 
The sleepe Groomes with blood. 
Macb. He goe no more: 
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done: 
Looke on't againe, I dare not. 
Lady. Intime of purposes: 
Give me the Daggers: the sleepeing, and the dead, 
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood, 
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed, 
I'll gueid the Faces of the Groomes withall, 
For it must feeme their Gulf. 
Exit. 
Knocks within. 
Macb. Whence is that knocking? 
How is it with me, when every noyse appalls me? 
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes. 
Will all great Neapes Ocean waft this blood 
Cleane from my Hando not this my Hand will rather 
The multitudinous Seas incarname, 
Making the Greene one, Red. 

Enter Lady. 
Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame 
To weare a Heart so white. 
Knocks. 
I hear a knocking at the South entry: 
Reply were to our Chamber: 
A little Water closes vs of this deed. 
How safe is it then your Confiance 
Hath left you unstained. 
Hence, more knocking. 
Get on your Nights-Gowne, least occasion call us, 
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not loth 
So poorly in your thoughts. 
Macb. To know my deed, Knocks. 
'Twere beft not know my felfe. 
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: 
I would thou couldft. 

Exeunt. 

Scena Tertia. 

Enter a Porter. 
Knocks within. 
Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: I: if a man were 
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the 
Keys. Knocks. Knock,Knock,Knock. Who's there 
it's name of Belsenbu? Here's a Farewer, that hang'd 
himselfe on the expectation of Pleton. Come in time, have 
Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't. Knock, 
Knock,Knock, Who's there in th'Ouother Deuils Name? 
Faith here's an Equivocator, that could swere in both 
The States against eyther State, who committed Treafeon 
enough for Gods sake yet could not equivoque to heaven: 
Oh come in, Equivocator. Knock,Knock,Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English 
Tayler come hither, for fleaming out of a French Hole: 
Come in Tayler, here you may roft your Goofe. Knock, 
Knock,Knock, Neuer at quire: What are you? but this 
place is too cold for Hell. I: Deuill-Porter it is no further: 
I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, 
that goe the Primitive way to their fafting Bonfire. 
Knock, Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.
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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Sec, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murthe, and Tresfon.

Banquo, and Donalbain: Macolme awake.

Shake off this Downey sleep, Deaths counterfeite,

And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see

The great Doones Image: Macolme, Banqo,

As from your Graves rite vp, and walke like Spights,

To countenancse this horror. Ring the Bell,

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What is the Buisinefe?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley

The sleepees of the Houfe? I speake, I speake.

Mac. O gentle Lady,

Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:

The repetition in a Womans ear,

Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banque.

O Banque, Banque, Our Royall Masters mother's death.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our Houfe?

Banquo. Too cruelly, any where.

Deare Dyf, I prythee contradict thy felfe,

And say, it is not fo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roffe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,

I had liue'd a bleffed time: for from this instant,

There's nothing ferious in Mortality:

All is but Toyses: Renowne and Grace is dead,

The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees

Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcom and Donalbain.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and do not know'st.

The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood

Is ftopt, the very Source of it is ftopt.

Adrift. Your Royall Father's mother's death,

Macb. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it feem'd, had not;

Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were the Daggers, which you faw in, we found

Upon their Pillows: they flat'd, and were distracted,

No mans Life was to be trusted with them,

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,

Than I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you fo?

Macb. Who can be Wife, martd, temp'rate, & furious,

Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the pawer, Restfon. Here lay Duncan,

His Silver skinne, hee'd with his Golden Blood,

And his gait'd Scars, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Runnes waffull entrance: there the Murtherets,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers

Vainmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart,

Courte, to make's love knowne?

Lady. Help me hence, hoa.

Macb. Looks to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we holde our tongues,

That moft may clayne this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here.

Where our Fate hid in an augurie hole,

May ruth, and feize us? Let's away,

Our Teares are not yet breuid.

Mal. Not our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue out naked Frailties hid,

That fuffer in exposure; let vs meet,

And question this moft bloody piece of woake,

To know it further. Feares and Eruces shake vs:

In the great Hand of God I fland, and hence,

Against the vndivulgd pretence, I fight

Of Treafonous Malice.

Macb. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manely readiness,

And meet it: Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Mal. What will you doe?

Let's not confort with them:

To fiew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the fable man do's eafe.

Ile to England.

Dor. To Ireland, 1:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the fakers:

Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;-

The neere in blood, the never bloody.

Mal. This murderous Shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted: and our faffed way

Is to avoid the Syme. Therefore to Horfe,

And let vs not be daintie of leave-taking,

But shift away: there's warrane in that Theft,

Which ftates it felle, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roffe, with an old man.

Old man. Threecore and ten I can remember well,

Within the Volume of which Time, I haue sene

Houres dreaffull, and things strange; but this fere Night

Hath trifted former knowings.

Roffe. Ha good Father,

Thou feeft the Heavenes, as troubled with mans Aft,

Threatens his bloody Stage: byth Clock 'tis Day,

Andyet darke Night infranges the trauailing Lampe:

Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes Shame,

That Darkneffe does the face of Earth intombe,

When lying Light should kiffe hit?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,

Even like the deed that is done: On Tuesday laft,

A Faulcon rowing in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowling Owle hawks: and kill'd,

Roffe. And Duncan Horfe,

(An thing moft strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and Swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wide in Nature, broke their ftitle, flong out,

Contending gainst Obedience, as they would

Make Welfare with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis fayd, they exe each other.

Roffe. They did fo:
To th'emazement of mine eyes that look'd vpnot.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Mac. Why fe ye not?

Raff. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Mac. Thofe that Macbeth hath slain.

Raff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Mac. They were tribuned,

Malcolm, and Donathane the Kings two Sones

Are fallen away and fled, which put vp them

Suppofition of the deed.

Raff. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftleffe Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis moft like,

The Soueraignty will fall vppon Macbeth.

Mac. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be infefted.

Raff. Where is Duncan body?

Mac. Carried to Calmellik,

The Sacred Store-houfe of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Raff. Will you to Scone?

Mac. No Coyn, I lie to Fife.

Raff. Well, I will witthe.

Mac. Well may you fee things well done there:

And left our old Robes fit eadier then our new.

Raff. Farewell, Father

Old M. Gods benyon go with you, and with thoe

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exit ames.

*Enter Banquo.*

Ban. Thou haft it now, King, Cowdor, Glamis, all,

As the weyward Women promis'd, and I feare

Thou play'dst moft fowly for't yet it was faide

It fhould not ftand in thy Poffeffion,

But that my felfe fhould be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As vpone th'Macbeth, their Speeches flme,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And fe me vp to hope. But huff, no more.

Sens founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Raff, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. Here's our chief Guest.

L. A. If she had beene forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feaf,]

And all things uncememmg.

Mac. Tonight we hold a Solemne Supper fit,

And I requeft thy prefence.

Ban. Let your Highneffe

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are of a molt indifpolable rye

For euer knit.

Mac. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Mac. We should have elt defir'd your good advice

(Which fill hath been both graue, and preflerous)

In this dayes Councell: but we'll take to morrow.

Is't fare you ride?

Ban. As fare, my Lord, as will fiill vp the time

'Twixt this, and Suppet. Goe not my Horfe the better,

I miult become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke hour, or twaine.

Mac. Faile not your Feasts.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Mac. We hearre our bloody Councel are below'd

In England, and in Ireland, nor confefing

Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that to morrow,

Where thern withall, we fhall have caufe of State,

Cruaing vp loynlyt. Hye you to Horfe:

Adieu, till you returne at Night,

Does Finance with you?

Ban. If my good Lord: our time does call vp'n.

Mac. I with your Horfes fpind, and fare of that:

And I doe commend you to their backs.

Farwell. Exit Banque.

Let every man be master of his time,

Till foon at Night, to make Societie

The fweetefr welcome:

We will keep our felle till Supper time alone

While then, God be with you. 

Exeunt Lords.

Sirs, a word with you: Attend thofe men

Our pleafure?

Servants. They are, my Lord, without the Palls.

Gete.

Mac. Bring them before vs. 

It be thus, nothing but to be fafely thus:

Our fees in Banque flieke deep.

And in his Royallie of Nature reniges that

Which would be faerd. 'Twixt much he dares,

And to that dauntleffe remper of his Minde,

He hath a Wildefome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in fafetie. There is none but he,

Who're bringing doe fear. and vnder him,

My Gerun is rebuk'd, as it is faid.

Mac. Antbeus was by Caesar:

He chid the Sifters,

When fift they putte the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophefies like,

They hafl'd him Pafher to a Line of Kings

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fuiuileffe Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be waench with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine fucceeding: if 't be fo,

For Banquo's illufce I fill'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious Duncan haufe I murther'd &

Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternal Jewell

Given to the common Enemye of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo King.

Rather then fo, come Fefe into the Lyt,

And champion me to th'intercance.

Who's there?

*Enter Servants, and two Martialers.*

Now goe to the Door, and flay there till we call.

*Exit Servants.*

Was it not yesteraye we Spoke together?

Murf. It was, to please your Highneffe.

Mac. Well then,

Now hauie you confider'd of my speeches:

Know.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selve,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were born in bond, how croft:
The Instrument: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
Too late a Soule, and to a Necess'ry craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Macth. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:
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 Gospel'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Illue, whose heartlie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1. Macth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Horns, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Cuteses,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gifts, which bountious nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he doth receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a faction in the file,
Not 'tis worth rank of Mashhood, say't,
And I will put that Burinelle in your Bolesomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but likley in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Macth. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so excens'd that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. Macth. And I another,
So weares with Disasters, rag'd with Fortune,
That I would let my Life on any Chance,
To meddle, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.

Macth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he miner: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, throuwth
Against my neerer Life: and though I could
With bare fac'd power swepe him from my sight,
And bid my will annouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe shuch downe: and thence it is,
That I to your sufficience doe make loure,
Masking the Burinelle from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. Macth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. Macth. Though our Lives--

Macb. Your Spirits shone through you.
Within this houre, as molt,
I will advise you where to plant your fuentes,
Acquaining you with the perfect Spy o' th' time,

The moment on it, to't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace I alwayes thought,
That I require a clearerse; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Boschies in the Wooke:
Flies, his Sonne, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no lefe material to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reloue your flices apart,
It come to you anon.

March. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ie call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth, Lady, and a Servaunt.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servaunt. I, Madame, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiyure,
For a few words.

Servaunt. Madame, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our devise is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we defray,
Then by detraction dwell in doubtfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of forny'd Fanter your Companions making,
Ying those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on thinges without all remede
Should be unhothouse regard: what's done, is done,

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, nor kill'd it.
Shee's close, and be her felle, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things disloyt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we can ease our Meale in feast, and fleepse
In the affiaction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gaze our peace, have lent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Munde to lye
In relleffe eaisse.

Duncan is in his Graue.
After Lives full of Feuer, he sleepeus wel,
Treason's done his worke: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, fortrue Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lade. Come on
Gentle my Lord,seek in your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and lowfull among your Gaestis to Night.

Macb. So shall I louse, and I prays you be:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Prevent him, Emencence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnliue the white, that wee must laue,
Our Honors in these fattering Straymes,
And make our Faces Wizards to our Hearts,
Dissuading what they say.

Lady. You must soone issue this.

Macb. 0 full of Scorpion is my Munde, deare Wife
Thou know'rt, that Banquo and his Friers lyes.

Lady But
Scena Tertia.

Enter three Marcherors.

1. But who did bid thee sojourn with vs?
   Macb. 2. He needs not our mistrust, since he declares
   Our Offices, and what we have to do,
   To the direction of
   1. Then Axand with vs.
   The West yet gimmers with some freakes of Day.
   Now spurs the latest Traveller space.
   To gayne the timely inne, and neere approaches
   The snuff of our Watch
   3. Hearke, I hear Horst, th' Round Wood:
   Banquo's vision. Give vs a Light there here.
   2. Then 'tis he:
   The reft, that are within the note of expectation,
   Areardic are th'Court.
   1. His Horstes goe about.
   3. Almoft a mile: but he does viously,
   So all men doe, from hence toth' Palace Gate
   Make it their Walkie.

   Enter Banques and Fleanc, with a Torche.

   2. A Light, a Light.
   3. 'Tis here.
   1. Stand here.
   Ban 't will be Rayne to Night.
   1. Let it come downe.
   Ban. O, Treacherous!
   Flye good Fleanc, Flye, Flye, Flye,
   Thou may it revenge, O Slaue!
   3. Who did strike out the Light?
   1. Was n't the way?
   3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
   3. We have left
   Best half of our Affaire
   1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

   Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Raftet, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majefty.

Macb. Our felicite will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host.
Our Hostilke keeps her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Marheror.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hardest thanks
Both fides are even: heere I fitt 'tis mid'ft,
Be large in mirth, soon we'll drinke a Meafute
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

M. Tis Banque's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

She dispatch'd it.

M. My Lord his throats is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beft o' th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleanc:
If thou did't it, thou are the Non-paftill.

M. Most Royall Su

Fleanc is fcar'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again.
I had elie beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and genetall, as the eathing Ayre
But now I am cabb'd, crib'd, confind, bound in,
To fav'ry doubts, and feares.
But Banque's fate?

M. I, my good Lord: I fale in a ditch beside,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The leaf a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There's the growne Serpente lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breede,
No teeth for th'prefent. Get thee gone, to metrow
We'll hear our faches again.

Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouch'd, while his is making;
'Tis guine, with welcome: to feeede were beft at home:
From thence, the fawe to meare is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghofl of Banque, and sit in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrance:
Now good digefion waiete on Appetite,
A'dhealt on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highness fir.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honour, rood'd,
Were the grace'd person of our Banque prefent:
Who, may I rafer challenge for wakindle,
Then pitty for Mifcharce.

Rafet. His abfence (Sir)

Layes blame uppon his promise. Plead your Highness
To grace versus with your Royall Company.

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. The Table's full,

Len. Here is a place refer'd Sir,

Macb. Where is it?

Len. Here is my Lord's table.

Where is that mouse your Highness saw?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it:

Thy guilty locks at once.

Reef. Gentlemen sir, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,

And hast beene from his youth. Pray you keep your seat.

The fit is momentary, upon a thought

He will againe be well. If you much note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appall the D威尔.

La. O proper slue:

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the Aye-drawne-Dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan. O, these Flaws and Flares

(Improofs to true fear) would well become

A woman's story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it fels,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a Floo.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how fay you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Channell boules, and our Graues mufft fend

Thole that we bury, backe, our Monuments

Shall be the Muses of YOURS.

La. What? quite vno name'd in folly,

Macb. If I stand heere, I faw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene fied ere now, i'th olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Wesle:

I, and fince too, Murther's haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the care. The times has bene,

That when the Brainer were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murtherers on their crownes,

And put as from our flooels. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord.

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget;

Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To thole that know me. Come, loose and health to all,

Then lle fitt downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghoft.

I drink to th'generall joy o'th whole Table,

And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we miff:

Would he were here: to all, and him we thirft,

And all to all.

La. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Auant, & quit my fleg, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowleffe, thy blood is cold

Thou hast no speculation in thofe eyes

Which thou daff gire with.

La. Think of this good Peeres:

But as a thung of Cuftome: Tisno other,

Onely it spoyle the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dares, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Runam Bearer,

The arm'd RHinocerous, or th'Hircen Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my fume Narres

Shall never tremble. Or be alie againe,

And dare me to the Delfart with thy Sword:

If trembling I inherit then, proceed mee

The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,

V neat mock'ry hence. Why fo, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You have dispal'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admitt'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And over come vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our special wond? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such fighs,

And keep the natural Rubie of your Checkes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Reef. What fighs, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Qr the figh enranges him: at once, goodnight,

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

La. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majefly.

La. A kind goodnight to all,

Exit Lords.

Macb. It bave blood they fay:

Blood will have Blood:

Stones haue bene knowne to mue, & Trees to speake:

Angues, and vnderfoat Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Coughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'll man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How may I fay, thou that Macdoff denies his perfom

At our great bidding.

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I haue it by the way: But I will fend:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sifters.

More thall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All caufes thall glue way. I am in blood

Steep in fo farre, that thould I waide no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I hauce in head, that will to hard,

Which must be sted, ere they may be fent.

La. You lacke the feafon of all Natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we cleare to sleep: My flrange & felf-abufe

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vfe:

We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting.

Hec. Haue I not reafon (Beldams) as you are?

Sawce, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To trade, and traffick with Macbeth,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And I the Mirth of your Charmes,
The cloe contriver of all harms,
Was neuer calld to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loses for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pest of Acheron
Meete me 'th morning: there he will
Come, to know his Deinite,
Your Vehells, and your Speies provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for thy Ayre: This night I spee
Vnto a diffmal, and a fatal end,
Great bussinesse must be wrought ere Noorne.
Upon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vaprous drop, profound,
Ile cach it ere it come to ground;
And that diffill'd by Magickes nights,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strengte of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spare no Fate, fare Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wifedome, Grace, and Fear;
And you all know, Security
Is Mortsals checkef Enemie.

Muficke, and a Song.

In Monde, And a Song.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Hue but hit your Thoughtes
Which can interpret farther: Oeily I say
Things have bin strangell, bome. The gracious Doctome
Was pitted of Macbeth: mary he was death:
And the righ vallians Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if it please you) Piaus kill'd,
For Piaus said: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monfrous
It was for Macdolne, and for Dunsheare
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Pack,
How it did greece Macbeth? Did he not (straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents cease,
That were the Slaves of drinker, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? 1, and wisely too:
For twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He is borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he doneit Sonnes under his Key,
(As, and not plesse Heauen he shal not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father? So should Piaus.
But peace; for from bread words, and confe he say'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macdolnes lies in disguise. Sir, can you tel!
Laugh to teorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Mac. Then liue Macduff: what need I feare of thee?
But yet I lie make assurance: double fure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fears, it lies;
And sleep in spight of Thunder.

3 Appar. A Childre Crowned, with a tre on hir hand.
What is this, that rifes like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Liten, but speake not too's.

3 Appr. Be Lyon meated, proud, and take no care:
Who chales, who feets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Byrrnam Wood, to high Dunmone Hill
Shall come against him.

Mac. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreffe the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet beddements:good:
Rebellious dead, rife neuer till the Wood
Byrrnam rife, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall liue the Leafe of Nature,pay his breath
To time, and mortall Culltone. Yet me Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdom?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Derny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Whyakes that Calbhrn? & what noise is this? Hobyes
1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greece his Hart,
Come like shadowes, fo depart.

A how of eight Kings, and Banque lauf with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banque: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy baire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A thou canst not like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you thowe me this? — A four? — Start eyes!
What will the Line flretch out to' others cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seuenw. I fee no more:
And yet the eight appears, who bares a glasse,
Which fiewes me many more: and some I fee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Sceptors carry.
Horrible figh: Now I fee'ts trae,
For the Blood-bolster'd Banquo fmites uppon me,
And points at thons for his. What is this fo?

1 Sir, all this is fo. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sifters, cheere we vp his fprights,
And blew the belt of our delights.
Ile Charme the holy Eye to gaine a found,
While you performe your Antiques round:
That this great King may kindly lay.
Our duties, did his welcome poy.

Macb. Where are they? Gone t

Let this permittious hour,
Stand aye accused in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

What's your Graces will,
Scena Seconda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, for Sen., and Raff.

wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Raff. You must have patience Madam.
wife. He had none:
His flight was mademve: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make vs Traitors,
Raff. You know not
Whether it was his wifedom, or his feare.
wife. Wifedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Harem, and his Titles, in a place
From whence heleft he do's flye? He looses vs not,
He fignes the natural touch. For the poore Wren
(The moft diminutive of Birds)will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Fearce, and nothing is the Loue;
Least is the Wifedom, where the flight
So run es against all reafon.
Raff. My deareft Cooz,
I pray you fchool me your felle. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wife, Judicious, and beft knownes
The first o'th'Seflon. I dare not fpeak more further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our clues: when we hold Rumar
From what we fear, yet know not what we feare,
But flye vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and more. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worft will ceafe; or else come up'ward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cooz,
Eftiffing vpon you.
wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Father-Jeffe.
Raff. I am fo much a Foola, I hould I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your difcomrtain,
I take my leave at once.

wife. Sirr, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Raff. As Birds do Mother.
wife. What with Wormes, and Fifies?
Raff. With what I get I meane, and do they.
wife. Poor Birds,
Thould neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
wife. Why should I Mother?
Raff. Poor Birds they are not fet for:
My Father is not defed for all your faying.
wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Raff. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Raff. Then you'll by'em to fell againe.
wife. Thou speakes! with all thy wit,
And yet I faith with wit enough for thee.
wife. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
wife. I, that he was
Raff. What is a Traitor?
wife. Why one that sweares, and lies.
Raff. And be all Traitors, that do so
wife. Exery one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And mouth be hang'd.
Raff. And mouth they all be hang'd, that swear and lies?
wife. Every one.
Raff. Who mouth hang them?
wife. Why, the honest men.
Raff. Then the Laos and Sweares are Fools; for there
are Laos and Sweares now, to beare the honest men,
and hang vp them.
wife. Now God helpe thee, poor Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Raff. If he were dead, you'd weake for him: if you
would not, it was a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.
wife. Poor plater, how thou talk'fl?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bleffe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your State of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you nectarly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found heare: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too lusage;
To do worfe to you were all Cruelly,
Which is too nce your person. Heauen preferv you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger.
wife. Whether Should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accouted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To fay I hafe done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Mothers.

Mrs. Where is your Husband?
wife. I hope in no place do unmanified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mrs. He's a Traitor.
Raff. Thou ly'th thou flagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mrs. What you Egge?
Yong ly'f of Treachery?
Raff. He ha's kilt me Mother,
Run away I pray you.
That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confideffe harms.

Macbeth. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can one Diuell more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Macbeth. I grant him bloody
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodain, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That he's aware. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voleounoufnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Mistresses, and your Maidens, could not fill vp
The Cellarne of my Luft, and my Defire
All continent impendems would ore-beare:
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macbeth. Bouldeffe intermencne
In Nature is a Tyranny: I hath beene
Th'vn即时ly empying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Comyre your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet be neere cold. The time you mayto goodwinke: we
Have winning Dames enow enough:there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to decoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Macbeth. With this, there growes
In my molt ill-composed Affection, such
A flanchelfe Ausrice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Defire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sausce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniuit against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macbeth. This Ausrice
Sticks deeper: growes with more perecieus roote
Then Summer-seeming Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our blame Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Faysons, to fill vp your will
Of your mears Owne. All these are portable,
With other Grace weighd.

Macbeth. But I have none, The King:becoming Graces,
As Affetie, Verity, Temperance, Sthalenesse,
Bountie, Perverence, Mercie, Lawdnesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relieff of them, but abound
In the duisious of each feueral Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay,had I powre, I should
Pource the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vproe the vainesfall peace, confound
All visityon earth.

Macbeth. O Scotland, Scotland.

Macbeth. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake;
I am as I have spoken.

Macbeth. Fit to gouerne? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an unbloud Tyrant, bloody Spleed,
When shall thou feere thy wholeseme days againe?
Since that the truec issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdicion flandsc soule,
And do'st blaspheme his brest? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Saincted King: the Queene that bore thee,
Olmer upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day the liurd. Fare thee well,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Thee Evils thou repeat^D upon thy felle,
Hast bannish'd me from Scotland. O my Breth,
Thy hope ends here.

Meth. Macduff, this Noble passion
Child of integrity, hast from my foule
Wit'd the blinde scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts
To thy good Trust, and Honor. Dwellith Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hast fought to win me
Into his power: and medeft Wiledome pluckes me
From outer-credulitie; but God about
Deaf between thee and me; for even now
I put my fette to thy DirecTion, and
Vifpeake mine owne deftracTion. Herebe aibre
The rains, and blame I fide upon my felle,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, never was foe worne,
Scarfe have coueted what was mine owne.
At no time brooke my Faith, would not be
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lefe in truth then life. My first felle speaking
Was this upon my felle. What I am truly
Is shine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere appro:ch
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already a特 a point, was tenting foorth:
Now weel together, and the chance of goodneffe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you filent?
Meth. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
Tis hard to recollece.

Enter a Dollar.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doll. I Sitt: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That pay his Cure: their malady conunces
The great afly of Art. But at his touch,
Such fanchy hath Heauen given his hand,
They prefently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.
Meth. What's the Difeafe he meanes?
Mal. Tis call'd the Evill.

A merch medicinal writings in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaines in England,
I have feene him do: How he forbeares heauen
Himselfe bell knowes; but strangeth visited people
All twolmeand Vicetous, pitifull to the eye,
The meerely dispaire of Surgery, he cures
Hanging a golden flame before their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and tis spoken
To the succeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benedicion. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly gift of Propheticke,
And fundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him fll of Grace.

Enter Raff.

Meth. See who comes here.
Mal. My Countreyman: but yet I know him not.
Meth. My ouer gentle Cozen,welcome bither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meane that makes vs Strangers.
Meth. Stands Scotland where it did i?
Raff. Alas poore Country,
Almost destroyd to know it felle. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue: where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once fene to smile:
Where fishes, and groomes, and thrifeaks that tent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow fretmes
A Modern exauffe: The Deadman knell,
Is there fearfull ask'd for who, and good mens blises
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ficken.
Meth. Oh Relations, too nice, and yet too true.
Mal. What's the newell grievfe?
Raff. That of an hours age, doth hiffe the speaker,
Each minute tremens a new one.
Meth. How do's my Wife?
Raff. Why well.
Meth. And all my Children?
Raff. Well too.
Meth. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Raff. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em
Meth. Be not a niggard of your Speech: How goes it?
Raff. When I come hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heently borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleue witneft the rather,
Fat I saw the Tyrans Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpers, your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To dofe their dire dift refes.
Mal. Be't your comfort
We are comming thisher. Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souleier, none
That Christendome giues out.
Raff. Would I could anwver
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be how'd out in the defect ayre,
Where hearing should not lath them.
Meth. What concernes they?
The general caufe, or is it a Fee-grieve
Due to some fingle breft?
Raff. No minde that's honofl
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertraines to you alone.
Meth. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me hau it.
Raff. Let not your eyres distife my tongue for eucts
Which shall potifee them with the heauieft found
That ever yet they heard.
Meth. Hush! I giue you at it.
Raff. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sozengely laughtert: To recal the manner
Were on the Quary of thefe mother'd Deere
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your brousse:
Gibe fowre full words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the ote-traght heart, and bids it breake.
Meth. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Meth. And I must be from thence? My wife kit'd too?
Raff. I have faid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Medicines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly grieve.
Meth. He's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say Al? Oh Hell-Kite! Al?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swope?
Mal. Dispute it like a man,
Meth. I shall do fo:
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

But I must also feel it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were That were most precious to me. Did heaven looke on, And would not take their part? Sunfull Macduff, They were all trooike for thee: Naught that I am, Not for their owne danger, but for mine. Felt slaughter on their soles: Heaven left them now. Mac. Be this the Whitetone of your sword, let grieve Converse to anger; but not the heart, enrage it. Mac. O I could play the woman with mine eyes, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens, Cut short all intermission: Front to Front, Bring thou this Friend of Scotland, and my selfe Within my Swords flegles let him, if he eare to Heaven forgive him too. Mac. This time goes manly: Come go we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lacke is nothing but our Ease. Macbeth Is ripe for flaking, and the Powers above Put on their instruments: Receive what cheere you may. The Night is long, that never findes the Day. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Draying Gentlewoman.

Dott. Have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it thee last walk'd?

Gen. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, volse her Cloisters, take foure paper, fold it, wrote upon't, read it, afterwards Seate it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moody sleepe.

Dott. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this fumbly ignition, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gen. That Sir, which I will not report after her. Dott. You may to me, and I's most meet you should. Gen. Neither to you, nor any one having no witness to confirm my speech. Enter Lady with a Taper. Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon her life asleep: observe her, and clothe. Dott. How came she by that light? Gen. Why is it fum'd by her? she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Dott. You see her eyes are open. Gen. But they are senile and shut. Dott. What is it she do's now? Look how she rubbes her hands. Gen. It is an action'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre. Lad. Yet here's a spot.

Dott. Hearck, she speakes, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfies my remembrance the more strongly. Lo Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to dote. Hell is murthy, Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and after what need we fastest? who knoweth it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him. Dott. Do you make that? Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you more all with this starting.

Dott. Go too, go too: You have knowne what you should not. Gen. She's spake what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she ha's knowne. Lad. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Dott. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd; I would not haue such aheart in my bosome, for the dignety of the whole body. Dott. Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be fir. Dott. This difclee is beyond my prcficie: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleepe, who haue dyed hardily in their beds. Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not to pale: I tell you yet againe Banque's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Dott. Even so? Lad. To bed, to bed: there's knockinge at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give mee your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. Exit Lady.

Dott. Will she go now to bed? Gen. Direcely.

Dott. Foults whistle's are abroad; vnnatural deeds Do breed vnnatural troubles: infected minds To their deafe pillowes will discharger their Secrets: More needs thet the Dunsye, then the Physitian: God, God forgive us all. Looke after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight, My mind she ha's mated, and amaze'd my fight. I think, but dare not speake.

Gen. Good night good Doctor. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Macbeth, Cabinet, Angus, Lomax, Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff. Reuenges burne in them: for their deedes cases Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarne Exerce the mortified man. Ang. Neere Byman wood Shall we well meet them, that way are they comimg. Cabt. Who knowes if Donalamb be with his brothers? Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a file Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward Sonne, And many vnuse youths, that euyn now Proftet their first of Manhood. Ment. What do's the Tyrant. Cabt. Great Dunfan his strong Fortifies: Some say he's mad: Others, that letser hate him, Do call it valant Fury, but for certaine
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

He cannot buckte his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.
Aug. Now, do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now mutuall Revolts vpbraid his Faith-breath:
Tho' he commands, none oynly in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feel his Tite
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peater'd Senes to recelyce, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemme
It selfe, for being there.

Calc. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly owld:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him pourre we ia our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Of so much as it needs,
To drow the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birman. Exit marched.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctour, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrmane wood remoue to Dunfinste.
I cannot taint with Fear, What's the Boy Malec'one?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
Shall have pow're upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epitres,
The miode I swaye by, and the heart I bearre,
Shall neuer fagge with doubt, nor flake with feare.
Exit Seruants.

The scissell damne thee blacke, thou cryse-fac'd Loone:
Where goest thou that Goode-lookke.

Srvr. There is rare thousand.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-rid thy feare
Thou Lilly-lit'rd Boy. What Soldiers, Pasch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linsen checkes of thine
Are Counselers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Srvr. The English Force, so please you

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at hart,
Whenu I behould: Seyton, I say, this pith
Will cheer me euer, or dis-rave me now.
I have lu't long enough, my way of life
Is falln into the Sacre, the yellow Lase,
And that which shoul accompany Old-Age,
As Hono'r, Louse, Obedience. Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to have; but in their feed,
Curfect, not loved but deede, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faire deny, and dare not.

Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Srvr. What's thy gracious pleasure?

Macb. What News more?

Srvr. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. We fight, till from my bones, my flith be backe.
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 Castle's strength will laugh a Sedge to Scorn: Here let them take, Till Famine and the Auge ease them vp: Were they not for'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them dardall, beard to beard, And beast them backward home. What is that noyse? A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the rants of Fears. The time's been, my fences would have cool'd to hear a Night-striake, and my Fell of baire Would at a distall Treatise rouse, and fright As life were in's. I have sup's full with horrors, Direndfe familiar to my laughterous thoughts Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd before her sateer; There would have beene a theme for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last Syllable of Recorded time: And all our yesterdays, have lighted Foole's The way to dusty death. Out, out, breve Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player, That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury Signifying nothing. Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to vitche Tongue: thy Story quickly. Aes. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say so.

Aes. As I did hand my watch upon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnsane, and anon me thought The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Sulve.

Aes. Let me endure your wrath, it's be not so: Within this three Mile may you see it coming, I say, a mounne Groue.

Macb. If thou speakest the shife, Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be tooth, I care not if thou doll for me as much, I pull in Revolution, and begin To doubt: Enameo'c'ation of the Fiend, That list like truth, Fear not till Byrnsane Wood Do come to Dunnsane, and now a Wood

Scena Sexta.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army, with Beneght.

Mal. Now near enough: Your leasy Skreenes throw downe, And flew like those you are: You (worthy Wk)e Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne Lead our first Battell, Worthy Macduff, and wee Shall take upon wh's else remains to do, According to our order. Sey. Fare you well: Do we but finde the Tyants power to night, Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpets speake, give us a breath Thos elojous Harbingers of Blood, & Death Exeunt. Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot dye, But Bearn like I must fight the course. What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Seyward. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'st be afraid to hear it.

Sey. No: though thou cal'st thy selfe a horser name Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Sey. The dwull himselfe could not pronounce a Title More hateful to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword I leue the lyce thou speake 12.

Figt, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was borne of woman;

But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,


Macb. That way the noise is: Tyrant fhew thy face, If thou bereft flaine, and with no froke of mine, My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still: I cannot fight at worsted Kernes, whole atames Are hy'd to bear their Staves; neither thou Macbeth, Or else my Sword with an unblethered edge I fhew a game unchee. There thou shoul'dt be, By this great clatter, one of greatest note
FINIS.
Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's thine?  
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your felle.
Barn. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?

Barn. You come most carefully upon your hurdle.
Fran. This now it is twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.
Barn. For this relieve much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, and I am fickle at heart.
Fran. Have you had quiet? Guard?
Barn. Not a Mouse stirring.
Fran. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hal.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends and Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Of farwell honest Soldier, who hath relieuid you? 
Fran. Barnardo he's my place: give you goodnight.  

Exe Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo!
Bar. Say what is Horatio there?
Hor. A peace of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, he's this thing appear'd against to night.
Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio sakes: this but out Fantasticks,
And wilt not let beleeve take hold of him,
Touching this dreeded figh, how fierce seen it vs,
Therefore I have incerted him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if against this Apparition come,
He may approv our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Truth, truth, 'twill not appear.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe affile your ears,
That are so forfied against our Story,
What we two Nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,

When your fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his comfit illume that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my Selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee of:
Enter the Ghost
Looke where it comes again.
Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.
Bar. Lookes it not like the King? Make it Horatio.
Hor. Motli like: It harrowes me with fear and wondre.
Bar. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Queflion it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that vfurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Wondlike forme
In whch the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See, it falikes sway.
Hor. Stays speake, speake: I charge thee speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Bar. How now Horatio? You tremble and looke pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasticks?
What thinkst thou on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensibell and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy felle,
Such was the very Armour he left on,
When the Ambitions Norway combatt
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the fleded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and last at this dead house,
With Marcellus falke, hath he beene by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange extomp to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me hether knowes
Why this same fantick and most obstruant Watch,
So nightily toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Call of Bacon Cannon
And Forraine Mists for Implements of warre:
Why such imprifed of Ship-Wrightes, whose force Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be ward, that this Swearie haff
Doth make the Night joyn - Labour with the day:
Who is't that can informe me
Hor. That can I.
At least the whisper goes to: Our last King, Whole image e'en but now appeareth to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Thereto prick'd on by a most emulac't Pride) Dare to the Comitate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For to this side of our knowne world effect'm him) Did fly this Fortinbras who by a Steal Compact, Well ratified by Law, and most by Right, Did forfeite (with his life) elt theke his Lands Which he had (or was) on the Conqueror. Against which, a Moisy comptent Was gaged by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Count' And carriage of the Article defigne, His fell to Hamlet. Now his, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved Merit, hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shot up a Lift of Lantific Resolves, For Foodie and Diet, to some Enterprize That hath a stomacke in't which is no other (And it doth well appeare vnto our State) But to recover of vs by strong hand Andtermes Compellative, tho's forefald Lands So by his Father loft: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The Soure of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this our homm's and, Romage in the Land, Of his with and the deliverers of our Selve, But still behold: Loe, where it comes againe: He coffe it, though it blaff me. Stay Illusion: If you haft any found, or slee of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me; speake to me. If you art privie to the Countrie Faye (Which happily foreknowing may awaie) Oh speake, Or, if you haft vp-through'd in thy life Extorted Treasure in the wornde of Earth, (For which, they say, you Spirits oft waile in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Anteclaves. Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? Hor. Do, if it will not stand. Barn. Tis here. Hor. Tis here. Mar. Tis gone. Exit Goff. We do it wrong, being too Mislac'dall To offer it the shew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invincible, And our wie blowes, malicious Mackery. Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. Hor. And then it flared, like a guilty thing Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Doth with his leisye and thrill-founding Throstle Awake the God of Day: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes To his Confine. And of the truth herein, This present Obietion made probation. Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke. Some fay, that euer 'gainst that Seson comes Wherein our Saultous Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawn, fingereth all night long; And then (they fay) no Spirit can wailes abroad, The nights are wholesome, then no Plants strike, No Fiery talks, nor Witch hath power to Charme: So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time. Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in part believe it. But looke, the Morne in Ruffe mantle clad, Walkes o'er the dew of yoon high Effeence Hill, Breakes we our Watch vp, and by my advice Let us impart what we haue feeme to night Un'to your Hamlet. For upon my life, This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speakes to him; Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Loues, citing our Duty? Mar. Let do't I pray, and this morning know Where we shall finds him most conveniently. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and bis Sifter Ophelia, Lords attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deare Brothers death The memory be Greene: and that vs beforr'd To hare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdom To be contrall'd in one broue of war: Yet so farre hath Direc'tion fought with Nature, That we with weefe forewre thynke on him, Together with remembrance of our felues, Therefore we some times Siller, now our Queen, Th'Imperiall lustytrete of this warlike State, Have we, as thrise, with a defaced Joy, With one Aupicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage, In equal Scale weighing Delight and Drole Taken to Wife; nor hau we herein bar'd Your better Widowmes, which hau feelely gone With this affrate along, for all our Thankes. Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras, Holding a weake supposall of our worth; Or thinking by our late deare Brothers death, Our State to be dilatory, and out of Frame, Collagued with the dream of his Advantages, He hath not sayd to pefer vs with Meliaje, Importing the surrender of those lands Left by his Father: with all Bends of Law To our most valiant Brother. So much for him. Enter Voltemand and Cornelius, Now for our felle, and for this time of meeting Thus much the businenesse is. We haue here writ To Norway, Vnle of young Fortinbras, Who Impoer'ting and Bedrid, fearefully heare Of this his Nephews purpoze, to supporle His further gate herein. In that the Loues, The Lifts, and full proportions are all made Out of his fobriet: and we heroe dispatch You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand, For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, Giving to you no further personell power To busineffe with the King, more then the scope Of these dilated Articles allow: Farewell and let your haft commend your duty, Vol. In that, as all things, will we shew our duty. King. We doubt it nothing, heerely farewell. Exit Voltemand and Cornelius
And now Laertes, what's the newes with you? You.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some suite, What is't Laertes? You cannot speake of Rosaline to the Dane, And loose your voyce. What wouldst thou beg Laertes, That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking? The Head is not mere Nature to the Heart, The Hand more Instrument to the Mouth, Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father, What wouldst thou have Laertes? Lose. Dread my Lord.

Your leave and favour to returne to France, From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark To shew my duty in your Coronation, Yet now I must confesse, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France, And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?

What eyes Pollonia? Pdl. He hath my Lord;

I do beseech you give him leave to go. King. Take thy faire hour Laertes, time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and left then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds full hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off, And let thine eyes looke like a Friend on Denmark.

Do not for cier with thy weyled lids Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duff; Thou know'st it's common, all that liues must dye, Pilling through Nature, to Eternity,

Ham. 1 Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Scenes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes: 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother) Nor Customeary suits of Sowleme Blacke, Nor windy suspicion of fire's breath, No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye, Nor the diect daind haunter of the Village, Together with all Forms, Minds, shewe of Griefe, That can denote me truly. Thore indeed Seemes, For they are actions that a man might play:

But I shewe that Within, which paellef show; Thore, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe

King. Tis whever and commendable

In your Nature Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father left a Father, That Father left, left his, and the Suruice bound In filial Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persue

In oblique or Coudement, is a course

Of impiety flubbornesse. 'Tis vnamody greefe,

It shewe a will most incorrec to Heaven, A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Ynderstanding fimple, and vnchoold; For, what we know must be, and is as common

As the most vulgar thing to fence,

Why should we in our peculiar Emption

Take it to heart? Yea, it's a fault to Heaven, A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, To Reafton most absurd, whose common Theame Is death of Fathers, and who still lath cried, From the first Creates, till he that dyed to day, This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnprosaually woes, and thinke of us

As of a Father; For let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our Throne,

And with no lesse Nobility of Love,

Then that which decreafeth Father beastes his Sonne,

Do I impart towards you. For your intent

In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our deffe:

And we befeer you, bende you to remaine Herein the cheere and comfort of our eye,

Our cheefeft Cousin Cofin, and our Sonne.

[Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet.] I pritty bide with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my be

Obey you Madam.

King. Why? 'tis a lousing, and a faire Reply,

Be as our selfe in Denmark. Madam come,

This gentile and vnforfe accord of Hamlet

Sits malting to my heart; in grace whereof,

Ne no incend heath that Denmark thinkes to day;

But the great Coronation to the Closed shal retell,

And the Kings Rouce, the Heavens shall bruite aga

Respeching earthly Thunder. Come away,

Exeunt

Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too solid Flesh, would melt,

Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dowe:

Or that the Euroslaffing had not stiff

His Cannon gaunt Selfe-slaughtred. O God, O God!

How weare, fitle, flat, and vprofitable,

Seemes to me all the vies of this world?

Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'ts an unweed Garden

That growses to Seed: Things rank, and geoffie in Nature

Volfle it more; That it should come to this:

But two months dead! Nay, not so much; not two,

So excellent a King, that was to this

Hyperion to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother,

That he might not detene the windes of Heaven

Vift her face too roughly. Hesuen and Earth

Moll I remember: why shew would hang on him,

As if encreasse of Appetite had growne

By what it fed on; and yet within a month?

Let me not thinke on't: Fraitty, thy name is woman.

A little Month, or thee fholes were oone,

With which the followed my poor Fathers body

Like Noile, all tears. Why the, even the.

(0 heaven! A brefht that wants difcourse of Reason

Would have most modell longer: all with mine Vakle,

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,

Then I to Hercules, Within a Month?

Ere yet the felt of moft vrighteous Teares

Had left the flushing of her gaultey eyes,

She married. O moft wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to Inefluces flowes:

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Her. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selle.

Her. The same my Lord,

And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That you know ought of my this nor to doe.
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you :
Swell.

God. Swewest.

Ham. Reft, reft perturbed Spirit: so Gentleman,
With all my louse I doe commend me to you
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe'et expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not looke: let vs goe in together,
And fill your fingers on your lippes I prays,
The time is out of joys: Oh cursed flight,
This ever I was borne to let it right,
Nay,comet let's goe together. 

Aetius Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynold.

Polon. Greet him his money, and these notes Reynold.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe mansels wisely: good Reynold,
Before you visit him you make inquiry
Of this behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire what he, that Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and where,what means; and where they keep
What company,at what expence : and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my lorne. Come you more neer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you make this Reynold?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him,but you may say not well;
But if he bee he, he's very wilde;
Addicted to and fog and there put on him
What forgesyes you pleafe: marry, none for rankes;
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and fjualil, flaps,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and Liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swimming,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe fo farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feacon it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to Inconsciencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quanta,
That they may feme the saints of liberty;
The filthy and out-brake of a firty minde;
A fawagene, in very clame's broade of generall assault,
Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore shoulde you do this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drifts,
And I beleive it is a fettch of warrant:
You laying these flight full eyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd reth working:

'Thousand times yonder party in converse;
theon you would
Having ever eene. In the proumouint crimes,

The youth you breath of guility, be affair'd
He closes with you in this confequene-
Good Sir, or fo, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Phrafe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

Reynol. What was I about to say?

I was about to fay someting : where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the confequene:
At friend, or fo, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the confequene, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterdy, or other day;
Or then or then, with fuch and tuch and as you say,
There was he gaming, there re'tracco in's Route,
There falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a houfe of ilace;
Vindict, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your base of faithfullness, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus of we: of wife:ome and of reach
With windlefe, and with affairs of Bllss,
By indi:ous finde directions out
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonnet you haue me, haue you nor?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your felfe

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke

Reynol. Well, my Lord

Enter Ophelia.

Polon Farewell:

How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have bene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doubter all vnbraed,
No hat upon his head, his flockings fauld,
Vingastred, and downe guit to his Ankle,
Pale as his fhir, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke to pusious in purport,
As if he had been loofed out of hell,
To speake of horrores: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He took mee by the whif, and held mee hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his armes;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to fuch perful of my face,
As he would draw it. Long faid he fo;
At left, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus waing vp and downes;
He rais'd a figh, fo pitious and profound,
That it did feeme to fainter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head out his shoulders turnd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpes;
And to the left, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me. I will goe feeke the King.
This is the very eflate of Love,
Whose violent property fordoes it selfe,
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The Tragedy of Hamlet.

And heads he will to despare Vnderkinings, As oft as any passion under Heaven, That doth afft our Nature. I am forie. What have you goun him any hard wordes of late? Oph. No my good Lord: but as you did command, I did repel his letters and deny'd do His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. I am forie that with better speed and judgement I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle, And meant to wraack the: but bethrew my scallouf: It feemes it is as proper to our Age, To call beyond our felves in our Opinions, As it is common for the younger fort To take direction. Come, go we to the King, This must be knowne, & being kept close might move More greexe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. Exeunt

Scene Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosencrantz, and Guildenfmerle Curn alays.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guildenfmerle. Moreover, that we much did long to fee you, The needle we have to vfe you, did provoke Our haftie sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation: so I call it, Since not the exterior, nor the inward man Remembles that it was. What it should bee More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'understanding of himselfe, I cannot deeme of. I intrest you both, That being of so young days brought vp with vp, And fince so Neighbourd to his youth, and humour, That you voufhafe your refv here in our Court Some little time: fo by your Companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather So much as from Occasions you may gleane, That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talked of you, And sure I am, two men there are not loving, To whom he more acheres. If it will please you To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will, As to expend your time with vs a while, For the supply and profit of our Hope, Your Vifitation shall receive such thankes As firs a kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maifics Might by the Soueraigne power you have of vs, Put your dread pleasures, more into Command Then to Entreatie.

Guild. We both obey, And here giue vp our felues, in the full bend, To lay our Services freely at your feetes, To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenferme.

Qu. Thankes Guildenfmerle and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much changed Sonne. Go fome of ye, And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guild. Heauens make our prefence and our pratifices Pleasant and helpful to him. Exeunt.


The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Mad lets us grant him then; and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter: haue, whilst she is mine,
Who in her Dute and Obedience, marke,
Hath givn me this: now gather, and furmise.

The Letter.

To the Celsshall, and my Soul.: I shall, the misf b feared util
That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified as a vile
Phrase: but you shalhear these in her excellent white
before, thefe.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam how awhile, I will be faithfull.

Deads thow, the Sarters are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth make:

Doubt Trueh to be a Lier,

But never Doubts, I late.

O dere Ophelia, I am in at these Numbers: I have not Art to
reckon my groans; but that I know the soft, oh moft Doft be-
leave you. A dana.

These soure more sof deonis Lady whilis this
Machete wsh to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more about his bit lolligick,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All givn to mine care.

King. But how hath the receiv'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. Wold fame prove so. But what may you think?

When I had done this bot, loue on the wing.

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dere Maecifte your Queene here, think:
If I had play'd the Deske or Table-bookes,
Or givn my heart a winking, mutd and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle fight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to workes,
And (my yong Miftis) as I did bespeke
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepte gav her,
That she should locke her felle from his Report,
Admaid no Miffengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, shee took the Fruites of my Advice,
And he repulde. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fift,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declenion
Into the Madnesse whereon now he rues,
And all we vide for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I de fain know that,
That I have poftively laid, 'tis so,
When it rou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know,

Pol. Take this from this: if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

Qu. How may weer try it further?

Pol. You know forsettive
He walks four houres together, here

in the Lobby.

Qu. So he has't indeed.

Pol. As such a time he looke my Daughter to him,

Be you and I behinde an Arras then,

Makke the encounter: I the louver not,

And be not from his reason false thereon;

Let me be no Assent for a State,

And keep a Firme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qu. But looke where tardy the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beast you, both away,

He boards him presently.

Exe King & Queen.

Oh give me leisure. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God's mery.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to be
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun beed Megots in a dead dogge,

being a good kifing Carrion—

Hau e you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke in the Sunne: Conception is a

blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue.

Friend looks too's.

Pol. How lay you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is faire gone, faire gone; and truly in my youth,
I suffered much extremity for louse; very nether this. He
spoke to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Beweere who?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Standes Sirs: for the Satyricall fane facles here,

that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are

wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they have a plentiful Locke of Wit,

together with weakke Hammes. All which Sir, though I

most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it

not Honesfte to have it thus fe deowne: For you your

felfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you
could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness,

Yet there is Method in't: will you walke

Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed thet is our oth' Ayre:

How pregnant (fometimes) his Replces are?

A hapinnes,

That often Madnesse bites ons,

Which Reafon and Sanitie could not

So prosperity be deliuer'd of

I will leave him,

And fondanely contrue the meanes of meeting

Beware him, and my daughter

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leve of you.
Enter Rosencranz and Guildenstern:

Rosenc. God fore you Sir.

Guild. Minglehonour'd Lord?

Rosenc. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'lt thou

Guildensterns? Oh, Rosencranz; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosenc. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoe?

Rosenc. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lust about her waiste, or in the middle of her faviour?

Guild. Faith, her priuests, we.

Ham. In the fecret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosenc. None my Lord; but that the World's growne benefic.

Ham. Then is Doomed sky neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you thy good friends, defuered at the hands of Fortune, that she lends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prifon.

Rosenc. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confiners, Wards, and Dangours; Denmark being one of them.

Rosenc. We think not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prin.

Rosenc. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Whicr dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very sublmitude of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosenc. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs; and our freeths: Heroes the Beggers Shadows: shall wee to th Court: for, by my lea I cannot reaason?

Both. We'll wait vpon you.

Ham. No fuch master. I will not fort you with the reft of my leurus: for'to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beatem way of friendfhip, What make you at Elfonower?

Rosenc. To visit you my Lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even prone in thankes; but I thank you: and fure desire friends my thoughts are too deare a halfe penny; were you not feared? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Can you deal mildly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde cooeffion in your lookes, which your moderate hath not euffect enough to so-lor, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosenc. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me assure you by the rights of our felloe whup, by the condenacy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preferued love, and by what more desire, a better propofet could change you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosenc. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eue of you; if you love me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so fhall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your fecret to the King and Queene:oult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my worth, forgone all custome of exer-cise; and indeed, it goes heauenly with my disposition; that this goddy frame the Earth, fecmes to me a fer-til Promontory: this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Maifiehall Roofe, setted with goldfinde: why, it appeares no other thing to me, then a foule and pethul congregation of vapours, What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reafon? how infinite in fuculty? in forms and moving how expreffive and admirable in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parggon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteffence of Duff? Man delights not me: no, nor Woman neither; though by your finiling you feeme to fay fo.

Rosenc. My Lord, there was no fuch fluffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I faid, Man delights not me?

Rosenc. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lentons entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we receed them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruce.

Ham. He that plays the King shal welcome his Majefly shall have tribute of me: the advenourous Knight shal vfe his Feyle and Target: the Lover shall not fiue gratitude, the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the Clouame shall make thofe laugh who long are tickled a th'fere: and the Lady shal say her minde freely; or the blanke Verfe shal halt for: what Players are they?

Rosenc. Even thofe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauolle? their re-idence both in reputacion and proft was better both ways.

Rosenc. I think their Inhibition comes by the meane of the late Independance?

Ham. Do they hold the fame estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow'd?

Rosenc. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow nuy?

Rosenc. Nay, their endeavoure keeps in the wonted pace; but there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Tales, that crye out on the top of question, and are moft tyrannically clapt for: there are now the
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

The which he loved paffing well. 

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not the right old Iphes? 

Pol. If you call me Iphes my Lord, I have a daught-

er that howe paffing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not. 

Pol. What follows then, my Lord? 

He. Why, As by lot, God war: and then you know, I 
come to paffe, as motli like it was: The first rowe of the 
Pers Chapein will shew you more. For looke where my 
Abridgements come.

Enter feast or five Players.

Y'are welcome Mislers, welcome all. I am glad to see 
thee well: Welcome good Friends. Of my oldt Friend? 
Thy face is valiant once I saw thee last. Canst thou to 
beard me in Danemarke? What, my young Lady and Ma-
sters? By lady your Ladyship is nearer; Heauen then when 
I saw thee last, by the altitude of a Cheppine. Pray God 
your voice like a piece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd 
intherd among the masters, you are all welcome: we'lt cle 
to't like French Faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll 
have a Speech straight. Come gue vs a tait of your qua-
ty: come, a passonate speech.

1. Player. What speech, my Lord? 

Ham. I hearde thee speake a speech once, but it was 
never Aided. or if it was, not above once, for the Play 1 
remember pleas'd not the Milion, 'twas Careuss to the 
General: shall it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose 
igenden in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an 
excellent Play: well diggell in the Scenes; set downe 
with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said 
there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-
uary; nor no master in the phrase, that might inde the 
Author of affection, call'd it an honest method. One 
choo'd Speech in it, I cheefly judg'd, 'twas Amens Talk 
to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks 
of pancre Daughter. If it live in your memory, begin 
at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged Pyrhus like 
chilprenson Besit. It is not so: it begins with Pyrhus
The rugged Pyrhus, he who's Sable Armes 
Blache as his passporte, did the night refemlbe 
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe, 
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion stmar'd 
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote 
Now is he to take Greules, horridly Trick'd 
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, 
Bak'd and impaizell with the parching streets; 
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light 
To their vile Murchers, roaizell in wrath and fire, 
And thus at-ezizell with coagulate gore. 
VWith eyes like Carbuncles, the belliish Pyrhus 
Old Grandire Praines feeke.

Pol. Fare God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-
cent, and good direction.

1. Player. Anon he findes him, 

Stricking too short at Greeks. His antick Sword, 
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it fallles 
Repropnent to command : vnequall match, 
Pyrhus at Praines druzes, in Rage atkzes wide: 
But with the white and wine of his fell Sword, 
Th'underned Father falle. Thenatchetefly Iluem, 
Semithefe, hee sett his foot, with flaming tope 
Scooper to the Bace, and with a hideous cloth 
Takes Prifonct Pyrhus eate. For hee, his Sword 
Which was declining on the Milke heed 
Of Reuerend Praines, seem'd i'th'Ayte to flieke:
The Tragedie of Hamlet.


Ham. I so, God buy ye: Now I am alone. Oh what a Rogue and Peaam they me am I? Is it not now ere this Playe here, But in a Fision, in a dreame of Fasion, Could force his soule so to his whole conceit, That from her working, all his visage warm’d; Tears in his eyes, disfuration in’s Aspekt, A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing? For Heucaub What’s Heucaub to him, or he to Heucaub, That he should weare for her? What would he doe, Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with tears, And cleaue the general ear with horrid speech: Make mad the guilty, and stale the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed, The very faculty of Eyes and Eares Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal,peke Like John a dreams, unperson of my caufe, And can say nothing: No, not for a King, Upon whole property, and most deere life, A damnd defiance was made. Am I a Coward? Who calleth me Villaine? breaks my pate-croffe? Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes in my face? I weakes me by th’Noife! gives me the Lye th’Throte, At drerpe to the Lungs? Who does me this? Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am Pigeon-Lin’d, and Shackell Gall To make Oppression bitter, or ere thee, I should have fasted all the Region Kites With this Stules Offall, bloodly, a Bawdy villaine, Remosefile, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindles villaine! Oh Vengeance! What! What an Affe am I? I fure, this is most brave, That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered, Prompted to my Revenge by Heucaen, and Hell, Must (like a Whore) rsacke my heart with words, And fall a Courting like a very Drab, A cowling! Fye vp’n: Foh. About my Braine. I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play, Have by the very running of the Stage, Bene stroke fo to the foule, that presently They have proclaimed their Malignations. For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake With most mysticaue Organ, Ile have these Players, Play something, like the murder of my Father, Before mine Vinkle. Ile obserue his lookes, Ile sent him to the quicke if he but brench I know my course. The Spirit that have scene May be the Duell, and the Duel hath power Toframe a pleasing fhape, yea and perhaps Out of my Weakefifie, and my Malanchonally, As he is very potent with such Spirits, Abuseth me to darne me. Ile have grounds More Relevant then this: The Playe’s the thing, Wherein Ile catch the Confinace of the King. Exit.

Exit Prince, Queene, Palmet, Ophelia, Reuenerance, Guistleform, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance Get from him why he puts on this Confusion: Grating so basely all his dayes of quiet

With
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rofin. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

God. Nor do we find him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madonnhe keepes alone.
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Que. Did he receive you well?

Rofin. Most like a Gentleman.

Godd. With much forging of his disposition.

Rofin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Moff free in his reply.

Que. Did you alay him to any pastime?

Rofin. Madam, it to fell out, that certaine Players
We once wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pet. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To hear, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and trust his purpose on
To these delights.

Rofin. We shall our Lord.

King. Sweet Gertrude leaze vs too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That be, as were by accident, may theirs
Affronts Ophelia. Her Father, and my selfe(Lawful epipla)
Will be shew our selves, that seeing violence
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
'Tis the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffer for.

Que. I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wanted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophel. Madam, I wish it may.

Que. We will follow our selves: Reader on this bookes,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much proud, that with Devotions vailage,
And pious Action, we do surfe o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh'tis true:
How smart a lath that speech doth grace my Confidence?
The Heartless Checke beautified with plainifting Art
Is not more vile to the thing that helpeit,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauen butcher!

Pet. I shere him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Phit his heyre too? 'Ts a conformation
Dequity to be wish'd. To dye is sleepe.
To sleepe, perchance to dream: I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have labell'd off this mortal coile,
Muf't guive vs pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamy of so long life.
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Lour, the Larter delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he him selfe might his Question make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would then Pardles bee
To grime and weare under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undeclareed Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Purtels the wall,
And makes vs rather choose those alls we have,
Then dye to others that we know not of.
Thus Confidence does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Nature hew of Resolut
Is sickled o'th, with the pale eft of Thought,
And enterprizes of great path and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my times remembereld.

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well well well.

Ophel. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive these.

Ham. No no, no never gave you ought.

Ophel. My hoarded Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gists was poure, when guers prove vnkinde.

There my Lord

Ham. Ha ha! Are you honest?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Ophelia, are you faire?

Ophel. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Should admit no discours to your Beautie.

Ophel. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Cememee
then your Honesty?

Ham. I truste : for the power of Beautie, will longer
transforme Honeste from what it is, to a Bawed, then the
force of Honeste can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proofe. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have beleuied me. For virtue
cannot so inoculate our old flocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why shoul't thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bette
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, very
tinge full, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth.  

We are strait Knaves all, believe none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnerie. Where's your Father?  

Oph. As home, my Lord. 

Ham. Let the doore be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no more, but in's owne houre. Farewell. 

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heauens. 

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile make thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chait as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not sraphe Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wife men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnerie go, and quickly too. Farewell. 

Oph. O heavenly Powers, restore him. 

Ham. I have heard of your prattings too well enough. God hath given you one pace, and you make your selfe an other; you gudge, you amble, and you life, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonness, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shal be, the rest shall keep as they are to a Nunnerie go. 

Exit Hamlet. 

Oph. O what a Noble mind is here o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers. Eye, tongue, sword, Theesperance and Rofe of the faire State. The glaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme. Tho'ober'd of all Offenders, quite, quite downe. Hau't of Ladies most defective and wretched, That fuck'd the Honie of his Musick Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Souveraigne Reason, Like sweet Bells rang'd out of tune, and harsh, That vanish'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Biaffed with exult. Oh woe is me. Thau'ft feeme what I have feene: see what I feee. 

Enter King, and Polonius. 

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Not what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madniffe. There's something in his foule? O'ere which his Melancholy fis on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the diffcoul 

Will be some danger, which to prevent I haue to quecke determination Thus let it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something fetted matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines still burning, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe, What thinke you on't? Pol. It fhalld do well. But yet do I beleue The Origin and Commencement of this greene Sprung from neglected love. How now Ophelia? You need not tell vs, what Lord hamler faide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone lutfate him To shew his Griefes: let her be found with him, And Ile be plac'd fo, please you in the care Of all their Conference. If the find he not, To England fend him: Or confine him where Your widowed bell shall think. 

Madniffe in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go. 

Enter Hamlet, and two or thre of the Players. 

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lief the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines. Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but we all gentlly: for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whitle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may gide it Smoothness. If it offendes mee to the Soule, to see a robusitous Pery-wigged Fellow, teares a Passion to tateres, to verie ragger, to split the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable durbme fhewes, & noifles; could have such a Whelp whipp'd for o're-doing Termagants: it out. 

Her. O Herold. Pray you avoid it. 

Player. I warrant your Honor. 

Ham. Be not too tame myther: but let you ownes Differece be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obherence: That you ore-flopp not the modells of Nature; for any thing to over-done, is for the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold it over the Murrour up to Nature; to shew Verve her owne feature, Scorn, her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preface. Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious Greene; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're- 

way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have feene Play, and heard others prate, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neytther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have fo frutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures lourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably. 

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sirs. 

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will theselves laugh, to let on some quantitie of barmn Spectators to laugh too, though in the meanente, some necesseary Quellion of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villainous, & thewes a most pitifull Ambition in the Fools that vrs it. Go make you readie. 

Exit Players. 

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern. 

How now my Lord, Will the King lease this peace of Wores? 
Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently. 
Ham. Bid the Players make halt. 

Enter Rosencrantz. 

Will you two helpe to haften them? 
Bath. We will my Lord. 

Exit Rosencrantz. 

Ham. What ho, Horatio? 
Hor. Haste sweet Lord, at your Service, 
Ham. Horatio, thou art even as one of us. 
As my Conuerstion soap'd withall 
Hor. O my deare Lord. 
Ham. Nay do not thinke I faster: 
For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no Revevnewshhaft, but thy good spirits
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To feed & clouthe thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? No, let the Candi'd tongue, like abford pomp, And crooke the pregnant mids of the knee, Where thrift may follow cunning? Doft thou beare, Since my deere Soule was Mili'ts of my choyse, And cou'd of men distinguishe, her election. Hath fel'd thee for her felle. For thou haft bene As one in suffering all, that suffer's nothing. A man that Fortune butters, and Rewards Hath 'tane with equal Thanks. And blest are those, Whose Blood and Judgement are so well con'mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortune finger, To found what flop the pleafe. Give me that man, That is not Paffions Saue, and I will weare him In my hearts Core: I am, in my hearts heart. As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a Play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death. I prythee, when thou feelest that Ake a-foot, Even with the verie Comment of my Soule Obferme mine Vokle: If this oculted guilt, Do not it fel'e vnkennel in one preech, It is a damned Ghoul that we have feene: And my Imaginations are as foule As Vulcans Sthyre. Give him needfull noire, For I mine eyes will tuit to his Face: And after we will both our judgements ioyne, To cenure of his seeming. 

Ham. Well my Lord. If the feate though the whirl this Play is Playing, And scape detecline, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonium, Ophelia, Rosencrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendants, with by Guard carrying Towers. Danib. March. Sound a Fluribh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Iriath, of the Camelines diet: I eate the Ayre promis'd-cream'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 I'th'Venter'tay, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accouter'd a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enat? Pol. I did enact Iulius Cæsar, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: Brutus kill'd me. Ham. It was a bruite part of them, to kill fo Capitall a Calf there. Be the Players ready? Rosin. I my Lord, they play upon your patience. 

La. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's Merttie more attractive. Pol. Oh ha, do you mark me? Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap? 

Ophio. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap? Ophio. I my Lord. 


Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Malds legs. Ophio. What is my Lord? 

Ham. Nothing.

Ophio. You are merrite, my Lord?


Ham. Oh God, you onely liggeth-what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how chearfully my Morteht, and my Father dyed within two Hours. 

Ophio. Nay, 'tis two moneths, my Lord. 

Ham. So long! Nay then let the Duel were, blacke, for I have a juice of Sables. Oh Heaven! dyd two moneths agoe, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man Memone, may out-live his life halfe a yeere. But bylady he must build Churches then: or else shall he better not thinking on, with the Hoby-borde, whole Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-borde is forgot.

Hobesley play. The demure show enters. Enter a King and Queene, very lowingly; the Queene embracing him. She kisses, and makes them of Pilgrimage unto him. He taketh her up, and declineth his head upon her neck. Lays him downe upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. 

Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and probably presse in the Kings ear. And Enrages. The Queene returns, finds the King dead, and makes pompous Allamon. The Periomer, with some one or three Notees comes in againe, seeming solemn with her. The dead body is carried away: The Periomer Woses the Queene with Gisfes, the sermest lookes and unwellling ambe, but in the end, accepts his love. 

Enter Prologue. 

For us, and for our Tragedie, Hereby hoping you to Comme: We begge your hearing Patience. 

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeme of a Ring? Ophio. Tis breve my Lord. 

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King and his Queene. 

King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round, Neptune slie Wath, and Tellow Orbed ground: And thirtie dozoon Moone with borrowed theene, About the World blisse times twelue thirties becone, Since looke our hearts, and. Hamne did our hands Unite consuall, in most facted Bands. 

Bap. So many journeyes pay the Sunne and Moone Make vs againe counte 02e, are late done be. But woc is me, you are so fickle of late, So farrer from cheere, and from your forme att. That I didrut you: yet though I didrut, Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing mutt: For womanes ferre and love, holds quanteties, 

In
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremitie:
Now what my love is, prove hath made you know,
And as my Love is fix'd, my Feere is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My opent Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fatale world behinde,
Honourd, beloved, and happy, one as kinde.

For Husband shal thee._

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my breast:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bap. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base repliefs of Threats, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband killeth me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purporre is but the flave to Memoirs,
Of violent Birth, but poor Valutites.
Which now like Frankes, vinehicks, stickes on the Tree,
But fall withshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessarie, is, that we forget
To pay our felues, what to our selues is due:
What to our selues in passion we prophose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Toy,
Their owne connectors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Reuelas, Greefe doth most lament:
Greeceloyes, Joy greeces on flender accidents,
This world is not for aye, nor is not strange
That even our Loves shoulde with our Fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
In the great man downe, you mark he the favourites flie,
The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hiscroft doth Loue on Fortune pend.
For who no needs, fhall never lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly feauses him his Enemy,
But orderly to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthorne,
Our thoughts are out, their ends none of our owne.
So thiue thout will no second Husband wed
But die thy thoughts, when thy selfe Lord is dead.

Ham. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposte that blanke the face of joye,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both here, and hence, pursue me lafting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If the should brake it now
King. 'Tis deeply worne:
Sweet, leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and same I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Queen. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,
And ever come mishance between vs swane,

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Queen. The Lady protest it much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but thee'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in?

Ham. No, no, they do but light, poysen in self, no Of-
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

GUILD. The King, sir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

GUILD. Is in his retirrement, manuellly dis tempered.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

GUILD. No my Lord, rather with Choller.

Ham. Your wife did should, she felt more riper, to signifie this to his Doctor. for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into worse Choller.

GUILD. Good my Lord put your discourse into some fatter, and do not to wildly from my affyre.

Ham. I can tame Sir, pronounce.

GUILD. The Queene your Mother, in most great affiliation of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

GUILD. Nay, good my Lord, this courteisie is not of the right breed. It shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandement: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

GUILD. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits disordered.

But sir, such answer as I can make you shall command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say?

Refus. Then thus she says: your behavior hast stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so soonish a Mother. But is there no fequester at the heels of this Mothers admiration?

Refus. She defires to speake with you in her Cloister, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obrey, be the ten times our Mother.

Have you any farther Trade with vs?

Refus. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I doe still, by these pickers and stealers.

GUILD. Good my Lord, what is your cause of dispensation? You do freely bare the doors of your owne Liber-tie, if you deny your gratest to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Refus. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succeffion in Denmarke?

Ham. But while the gaffe growes, the Prouerbe is something msutily.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder, Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of me, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

GUILD. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too vnamennerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

GUILD. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I prays.

GUILD. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do thecharge you.

GUILD. I know not touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne thofe Veniges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Looke you, the ace are the stops.

GUILD. But hefe cannot I command to any vesture of harmony. I loose not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me; you would seeme to know my flaps: you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would found me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to bee pleased on, than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Cloud? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By th'Nife, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Weasell.

Polon. It's back'd like a Weasell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Vergie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Let me Friends:

Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot Blood, And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, looke not thy Nature; let not ever

The Soule of Nero, enter this frame before,

Let me be cruel, not unnatural,

I will speake Daggers to her, but vfe none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrizys,

How in my words someuer the be then,

To give them Scales, newer my Soule content.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, not hands at sale with vs,

To let his maddest range. Therefore to prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our estate, may not endure,

Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his Lunacies.

GUILD. We will our felues provide:

Meat holie and Religious feare is it

To keepe those many bodies safe

That live and feede upon your Majestie.

Refus. The fingle

And peculiar life is bound

With all the strengthe and Armour of the mindes,

To keepe it felle from noyance; but much more,

That Spirit, upon whose fpirit depends and reft

The lives of many, the ease of Malefiece

Dies not alone, but like a Gulfe doth draw

What's nearer it, with it. It is a maffe wheelke

Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,

To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand leffer things

Are mortis'd: and adiroy'd: which when it falles,

Each small annexment, pettie consequence

Attends the boyfulous Ruine. Neueralone

Did the King singe, but with a generall groane.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speecie Voyage;

For we will Petters uppon this fcafe,

Which
When he is drunke asleep: or in his rage,
Or in the incesituous pleasure of his bed,
As gaining, Swearings, or about some Ate,
That he's a relish of Salvation in's,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven,
And that his Soul may be as damnd & blakke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stays,
This Phyrick but prolonges thy sickly days. Exit.
King. My words vye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heaven go. Exit.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Look hereon this Picture, and on this, The counterfeft presentmen of two Brothers: See what a grace was fect on his Brow, Hyperions curls, the front of love himfelfe, An eye like Mars, ro threaten or command A Station, like the Heral Mercury New lighted on a heaven finking hill; A Combination, and a forme indeed, Where every God did fencem to let his Sake, To gie the world affurance of a man. This was your Husband. Look you now what followes. Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd care Blaffing his whifdom breath. Have you eyes? Could you on this fable Mountain leave to feed, And batten on this Moore? His? Have you eyes? You cannot call it Love: For at your age, The hcy-day in the blood is came, it's humble, And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement Would flip from this, to this? What diuell was, That thus bath coufled you at houdom-blinde? O Shame! where is thy Bifli? Rebellion Hell, If thofe can't mutine in a Matrons bone, To flaming youth, let Vertue be waxe, And melt in her owne fire. Proclamation no fame, When the fomphifhe Arduce gives the charge, Since Froit is felfe, as affilte doth burne, As Reafon pander's Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, fpoke no more. Thou turn'dft mine eyes into my very soule, And there I fee fuch blanke and grained spots, As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to fue In the ranke fweet of an enfeame bed, Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loute Ouer the nasty Styne.

Qu. Oh fpoke to me, no more, Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine eares. No more sweet Hamlet

Ham. A Murtherer, and a Villaine: A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tybe Of your preceedent Lord. A Vice of Kings, A Corpufe of the Empire and the Rule. That from a fheflc the precious Diadem flote, And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost. Ham. A King of fherds and patches, Swore me; and houer o're me with your wings You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide, That laps't in Tane and Paffion, lets go by Th' important fting of your dreame command? Oh fay. Ghost. Do not forget: this Vifitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpofe, But lookke, Amazenment on thy Mother fitts; A ftep between her, and her fighting Soule, Conceits in weakeft bodies, strongeft worke, Spake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is it with you?

That you bend your eye on vacanice, And with their corporall eye do vide and difcourfe. Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peppe, And as the fliepeing Solldiours in this Alarms, Your bedded haires, like life in excrements, Start vp, and fland an end. Oh gentle Sonne, Upon the hefte and fame of thy diltemper Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares; His forme and caufe conioun'd; preching to fones, Would make them expable. Do not looke upon me, Let with this pittifue action you confent My ferene effects: then what I have to do, Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you fpake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet that is I fee

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our foules.

Ham. Why looke you there: looke how it fleale away.

My Father in his habite, as he lived, Looke where he goes even now out at the Portal Laft. Qu. This is the very conmyage of your Braine. This bodiiffe Creation extaffe is very cunning in.

Ham. Exaffel My Pulsse as yours doth temperate keepetime, And makes as healthful Musike. It is not madneffe That I have wrerred; bring me to the Teft And I the matter will re-word which madneffe Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace, Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule, That not your trepffe, but my madneffe speaks: It will but skin and ftame the Vicerous place, Will'll ranke Corruption mining all within, Infect vnfeene. Confiye your felfe to Heauen, Repent what is past, away what is to come, And do not spred the Compoft or the Weedes, To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue, For in the faceffe of this purifie times, Vertue if felle, of Vice muft pardon begge, Yea courft and woe, for leau e to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,

Thou haft left my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it, And lute the purer with the other halfe. Good night, but go not to mine Vnkle bed, Aflume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night, And that shall lend a kinde of efclwffe To the next abifinence. Once more goodnight, And when you are defirous to be bleft Ile blefting begge of you. For this fame Lord, I do repent: but heaven bath pleads it fo, To punifh me with this, and this with me, That I muft be their Scourge and Minifter. I will befove him, and will anfwer well The death I gaine him: so agince good-night. I muft be cruel, onely to be kinde, Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Qu. What fhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do: Let the blunt King tempte you againe to bed, Pinch Witen on your cheeke, call you his Moufe, And let him for a paire of twelve kiffe,
To let them know both what we meant to do,  
And what's entirely done. Oh come away,  
My soul is full of discord and dismay.  

Enter Hamlet.  

Ham. Safely flow'd.  

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.  

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?  

Oh here he they come.  

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.  

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?  

Ham. Compound it with dust, wheresoe'er it's Kinne.  

Ros. Tell vs where'tis, that we may take it thence,  

And bear it to the Chappell.  

Ham. Do not believe it.  

Ros. Believe what?  

Ham. That I can keep your counsell, and not mine own.  

Beside, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replications should be made by the Sonne of a King.  

Ros. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?  

Ham. I first, that takes vs the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authoritie (but such Officers do the King beft feruices in the end). He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his Iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you have glem'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.  

Ros. I understand you not my Lord.  

Ham. I am glad of it: a known Speech sleepes in a foolish ear.  

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,  

and go with vs to the King.  

Ham. The body is with the King, the but the King is not with the body. The Kings a thing ——  

Guild. A thing my Lord?  

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.  

Ros.  

Enter King.  

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the bodie:  

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose;  

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:  

He's loded of the distracted multitudes,  

Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:  

And where 'tis so, the Offenders scourge is weigh'd  

But neuer the offence: to bear all smooth, and even,  

This fadness finding him away, could scarce  

Deliberate pangs, doles and carefull growsne,  

By deprestions are releaved,  

Or not at all.  

Enter Rosencrantz.  

How now! What hath befalne?  

Ros. Where the dead body is before was my Lord,  

We cannot get from him.  

King. But where is he?  

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.  

King. Bring him before vs.  

Ros. Has, Guildenstern! Bring in my Lord.  

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.  

Ham. I know not where :: Hamlet, Hamlet, Hamlet?  

Ham. At supper,  

King. At supper? Where?  

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is seen, a certaine communication of worms are on him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We eat all creatures elfe to fast vs, and we fast our selves for Magnets. Your fat King, and your lean Beggar is but variable source to choses, but to one Table that's the end.  

King. What doft thou mean by this?  

Ham.
Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progreffe through the guts of a Begger.


delayed

Indeed would make one think there would be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Yet which finde he not there, seek him i'th other place your selfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall noth him as you go vp the stairs into the Lobby.

Ham. He will stay till ye come. 

K. Hamlet, thus deed of shine, for shine especial safety Which we do tender, as we doerely greeue
For that which thou haft done, must tend thee hence With faire Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe, Th' Aclimates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King, 1 Hamlet.

Ilem. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewst our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him : but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and wife. man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother, Come, for England. Exit. 

King. Follow him at foote.

Tempchim with freed abroad.

Delay it not, I haue him hence to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That else leanes on th' Affaire pray you make haft And England, if my love thou holdest at ought, As my great power thereof may guse thee sense, Since yet the Citristic lookes raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy frey awe Payes homage to vs : thou maist not coldly set Our Soutaine Preceife, which imports at full By Letters conforming to that effect. The present death of Hamlet. Do it England, For like the Hicken in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me : Till I know 'tis done, How e're my happes, my loves were ne're began. Exit

Enter Fortinbras with an Armee.

For. Go Captain, from me gree the Danish King, Tell him by that his lisenf, Fortinbras Claims the conuenance of a promis'd March Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendezvous : If that his Majesty would ought with vs, We shall expresse our dute in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't, my Lord. 

For. Go safely on. 

Exit. 

Ob. I will not speake with her. 

Har. She is importunate, indeed distrust, her mood will needs be pisted.

Ob. What would she have?

Har. She speaks much of her father, saies the heares There's slickes i'th world, and heures, and bearts her heart, Spurnes enoymously at Survay, speakes things in doubts, That carry but half sense : Her speech is nothing, Yet the vnspfed vice of it doth move

The heares to Collectio ; they ayme at it,

And both the words vp fit to thei own thoughts.

Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeild them,
Without the which we are Pictures, or meer Beasts.
Left, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France.
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his ear
With peffilant Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necelfitie of master Baggard,
With nothing fickle our perfons to Arraigne
In care and care. Of my decree Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places.
Gives me fuperfluous death.
A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qn. Alacke, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Sweaers?

Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

Meff. Save your felfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (one-peering of his Lift)
Eares not the Flats with more impetuous haffe
Then young Learret, in a Rivos head.
Ore-bears your Officefs, the sabbie call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin.
Antiquity forget, Cufome not knowne,
The Ratiors and props of euer word,
They cry choofe we ? Learret shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applause it to the clouds.
Learret shall be King, Learret King.

Qn. How cheerfully on the felle Traile they cry,
Oh this is Countrey you falle Danifh Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Learret.

King. The doores are broke.

Lear. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.

Lear. I pray you giue me leave.
All. We will, we will.

Lear. I thank ye. Keep the doore.
Oh thou wilde King, giue me my Father.

Qn. Calmely good Learret.

Lear. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Baftard?
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen where betweene the chaffe unbraught brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the caufe Learret,
That thy Rebellion looks So Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude : Do not feate our perfon:
There's fuch Diunity doth hedge a King,
That Trefcon can but peepve to what it would,
A ftill of his will. Tell me Learret,
Why thou art thus Incendi? Let him go Gertrude.

SPEAKER.

Lear. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qn. But not by him.

Lear. Let him demand his fill.

Lear. How came he dead? Ile not be Tuggell'd with.

To hell Allengeance: Vowes, to the blackeff diuell.

Confidence and Grace, to the profoundit Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ftand,
That both the worlds I glue to neglignce,
Let come what comes: onely fhe be reueng'd
Moft throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall flay you?

Lear. My Will, not all the world,
And for my menses, He husband them so well,
They fhall go fure with little.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You mainly were staid vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unnowned,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lies almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Virtue or my Piague, be it either which,
She's so cunmiolue to my life and foule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but her. The other Motiuue,
Why to a publique count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyes to Graaces. So that my Arrows
Too lightly trimm'd for to fould a Winde,
Would have return'd to my Bowe againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Lort, And to have a Noble Father lost,
A Sifter driven into desperate teares,
Who was(if praifes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfecions. But my revenge will come,

King. Break not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so fist, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall hear more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Muffling.

How now? What NEWESS?

Miss. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Majesty this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Miss. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudius, he receiued them.

Letter, you shall hear them:

Leave vs.

Enter Muffling.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am sent naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leve to fee your Kingly
Eyes, when I shall (first taking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th'Occasions of my sojourn and more strange returne,
Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Lort. Know you the hand?

Kim. Itis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Post-
scrip't here he fayes alone. Can you aduise me?

Lort. I am loth to trye, or try me, but let him come,
It warne's the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall lye and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeft thou.

Kim. If it be so Lorters, as how should it be for
How otherwize will you beroul'd by me?

Lort. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kim. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checkeing at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to vndertake it; I will work him
To an expoyt now ripe in my Device,
Vnder which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But eu'n his Mother shall vntaghe the praife,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gundersman of Normandy,
I suefe my selfe, and sent'd against the French,
And they can well on Horselbacke; but this Gallant

Had
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,  
As had he beene encorps'd and derry-Natur'd  
With the braue Death, so farre he past my thought,  
That I in forgery of Shapes and trickes,  
Come short of what he did.  

Laud. A Norman wrast?  
Kim. A Norman.  
Laud. Upon my life Lamound.  
Kim. The very tame.  
Laud. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,  
And Iames of all our Nation.  
Kim. He mad confession of you,  
And gave you such a Matterly report,  
For Art and exercize in your defence;  
And for your Rapier most especially,  
That he cryed out, 'would be a fight indeed,  
If one could match you sir.' This report of his  
Did Hamlet to envenom with his Envy,  
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him,  
Now out of this.  
Laud. Why out of this, my Lord?  
Kim. Laertes was your Father dearer to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?  
Laud. Why aske you this?  
Kim. Not that I think you did not love your Father,  
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:  
And that I see in passages of proofs,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it;  

Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,  
To show your selfe your Fathers some indeed,  
More then in words?  

Laud. To cut his throat i'th Church.  
Kim. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;  
Reuenge shou'd have no bounds: but good Laertes  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,  
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'LL put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads, he being remou'd,  
Moff generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with eafe,  
Or with a little fluffing, you may choice  
A Sword unbaited, and in a pace of prachce,  
Requit him for your Father.  

Laud. I will do't,  
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:  
I bought an Vndion of a Mountebank.  
So motcall, I bit dipt a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death,  
That is but atarce withall: Ile touch my point,  
With this contagion, that if I call him flightly,  
I t may be death.  
Kim. Let's further think of this,  
Wight what convenience both of time and means  
May fit to our shape, if this shou'd fail,  
And that our drift booke through our bad performance,  
'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proiect  
Should have a backe or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proofof, Soft, let me see  
We'll make a folome wajger on your commings,  

I ha't when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bowers more violent to the end,  
And that he euls for drink; he haue prepar'd him  
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sippinge,  
The by chance escape your venom'd stoke,  
Our purpose may hold here; how sweet Queene.  

Enter Queen.  
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another heels,  
So fast they'll follow your Sitter's drown'd Laertes.  
Laud. Drown'd! O where?  
Queen. There is a Willow growes afflant a Brooke,  
That fhevess his horse leaves in the glassie streame:  
There with fantasick Garlands did she come,  
Of Crows-flowers, Needles, Dayries, and long Purlples,  
That liberrall Shepheardes give a glorier name;  
But our cold Maides doe Dead Mans Fingers call them:  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet wees  
Clambringe to hang; an emulous floter broke,  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felse,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes sped wide,  
And Metamorphis'd, a while they bore her vp,  
Which time she exhau'd the floweres of old tunes,  
At one incapable of her owne diffurfe,  
O like a creature Natiere, and indued  
Into that Element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,  
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious bay,  
To muddy death.  

Laud. Alas then, is the drown'd?  
Queen. Drown'd, crown'd.  
Laud. Too much of water hath shott poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet  
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,  
Let shame lay what it will; when these are gone  
The woman will be our: Adue my Lord,  
I have a speech of fire, that famine would blaze,  
But that this folly doubts it.  

Exit.  
Kim. Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to doe to calm his rage?  
Now feare this will give it Hart againe:  
Therefore let's follow.  

Exeunt.  

Enter two Clowens.  
Clow. If the bee burried in Christian buriall, that  
willfully seeks her owne salvation?  
Other. I tell thee frie is, and therefore make her Grave  
straight, the Crowsmer hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.  
Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?  
Other. Why 'is found fo.  
Clow. It must be So offendends, it cannot bee els: for hee lies the point; I'll drown my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drowned her selfe wittingly.  
Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.  
Clow. Give me leaue; heere lies the water; good:  
here stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water  
and drowned himselfe; it is will he, he goes;  
marks you that? But if the water come to him & drown him;  
hee drownes not himselfe: argall, hee that is not  
guilty of his owne death,shortens not his owne life.  
Other. But is this law?  
Clow. I marry is't, Crowner Quell Law.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a faire off.

Clo. Cudgel thy braines no more about it; for your dulle Asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Haukes that he makes, lafts till Doome day: go, get thee to Targhow, fetch me a Roup of Liquor.

Sighs. In youth when I did lose did lose, I thought it was very sweet; To controul O the time for a my behove, O me thought there was nothing more.

Ham. His's this fellow no feeling of his business, that he fings at Graue-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ex.

finelle.

Ham. This he has for the hand of little employment hath the daintier fense.

Clowne fings.

But Age with his falling fips hath cau'd me to his death: And both happe me death, As if I had never been such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: howe the knave owes it to th' ground, as if it were Cause law-bone, that did the first murder: It might be the Pate's of a Politician which this Asse o'er Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtie, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that preis'd my Lord such a ones Horne, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. 1, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapteffe, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sextons Spade, here's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to see.'t. Did these bones coft no more the brending, but to play at Loggetts with 'em ? mine see to think on't.

Clowne fings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade for a Brandling-Sherie.

O a Pot of Clay for to be made, for such a Griefe is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Seuitt of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quiddles? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knockt him about the Scoine with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? this Fellow might be n'time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to hang his fine Pate full of fine Dust? will his Vouchers wouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pature of Indentures? the very Conveynes of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a t' more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues that seek out affurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pot of Clay to be made, for such a Grief is meet.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lyest out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost liest in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou liest.

Clo. This is a quicklie Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doth thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir, Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knasse is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equinocution will vndoe us: by the Lord Horatio, th'ee three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown to picked, that the toe of the Peafan comes to neere the heeles of our Courtie, bee gals his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the days ye'th'yeare, I came too that day that our last King Hamlet o'recame Fortunatras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that; it was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad, and went into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recount his witts there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?
Cl. 'Twill not be seeme in him, there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Cl. Very strangely, they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Cl. Faith, one with looking his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Cl. Why heere in Denmark: I have bin sixteene yeres, and Boy thirty yeres.
Ham. Long will a man lie 'th' earth ere he rot?
Cl. If such, he be not rotted before he die (as we have many pokey Coarse now adayes, that will fearce hold the laying in) he will leave you some eighte, or nine yeres. A Tanner will leave you nine yeres.
Ham. Why hee, more then another?
Cl. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a four Decayer of your holmes dead body. Here a Scull now, and a Scull has lain in the earth three & twenty yeres.
Ham. Whose was it?
Cl. A whorsom mad Fellowes it was.
Ham. Who doe you thinke it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Cl. A pellitence on him for a mad Rogue, a po' dada Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This fame Scull Sir this fame Scull fir, was Toricky Scull, the Kings Leifer.
Ham. This? 
Cl. E'ene that.
Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Toricky, I knew him Howsaw, a fellow of infinite leaffe, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorges riffs at it. Here hung thos' lips, that I have kill'd I know not how of. Where be your libes now? Your Gombals? Your Songs? Your fleshes of Metrimen that were wont to set the Table on a Rote? No one now to mock your own Ietting? Quite chopplaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicker, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at this: pyrhe Horatio tell me one thing.
Hor. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Doth thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion? or earth?
Hor. E'en so.
Ham. And flmell fo? Puh.
Hor. Fenco, my Lord.
Ham. To what base vises we may remune Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it flomping a bunghole.
Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.
Ham. No faith, noe aiot. But to follow him the hinder with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead us; as thus.
Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into duft; the duft is earth of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereboe he was converte: might they not flapp a Beere-barre!)
Imperiell Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might flap a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which keeps the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, to expell the winners flaw. But fools, but fools, aside; here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Lortes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.
The Queen, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow, with such maime rites? This doth betoken, The Coarse they follow, did with disperse head, Fare do owne life; 'twas some Eftate.
Coulch we a while, and maik.

Lort. What Cerimony eile?
Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.
Lort. What Cerimony eile?
Priest. Her Obsqueues have bin as faire in larg'd, As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull, And but that great Command, o're-sweates the order, She should in ground vnscantified have lodg'd.
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayed, Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro' wne on her. Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maidens殉ment, and the bringing home Of Bell and Burial.
Lort. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should prophanne the fentre of the dead, To fling fage Regiule, and fuch ref to her As to peace-parted Soules.
Lort. Lay her 'tis earth, And from her faire and unpolluted flesh, May Violesct spring. I tell thee,Charleth Priest.
A Miniftring Angel shall my Siler be,
When thou lietst howling!
Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?
Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou shouldt haue bin my Hamlets wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid) And not th' use strew'd thy Graue.
Lort. Oh terrible woer, Fail ten times treble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingeniousence,
Depris'd thee of, Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Loops in the graue.
Now pile thy duft, upon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountain you have made,
To o're top old Felion, or the skythsb head
Of bles Olympus.
Ham. What is he, whose griefes,
Bears such an Emphazis? whose whole phrase of Sorrow
Conjure the wonders Earths, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearets? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Lort. The deuill take thy soule,
Ham. Thou pratt't not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleeneste, and taith,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiferesse eare. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them suffier,
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet,
Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Vntill my cielids will no longer wag,
Qu. Oh my Sonne, What Theme?
Ham. I told Ophelia; forie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quintn of Lome)
Make up my fame.
Qu. Why thou doest for her?
King. Oh he is mad Laertes.
Qu. For love of God forbear him.
Ham. Come shew me what thou'dt doe.
Woo't wepe? Woot fight? Woot'st eere th' selfe?
Woot's drinke vp eftle, eat a Crocodile!
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

He duke. Doft thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou passe of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Ashes on vs; till our ground
Singling his pare against the burning Zone,
Make Offs like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
He ran as well as thou.

K onc. This is meer Madneffe;
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doe,
When that her golden Cuptet are difclos'd;
His fentence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reafon that you vie me thus?
I loud' you ever; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himfelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day.

Kim. I pray you good Heratye waft upon you,
Stay then your patience to our left nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the prefent futh:
Good Cercunde let some watch over your Sonne,
This Graue fhall have a flying Monument:
An house of quiet fhortcly shall we fee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Enter Hamlet and Heratye.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Heratye. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me fleep; me thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
And prife be rashnes for it let vs know,
Our indiffertion fometime ferves vs well,
When our deputer plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Heratye. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My feg-gowe feart about me in the dark,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Pcket, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne room no more, making no bold,
(My feares forgetting manner) to vsfeale
Their grand Commination, where I found Heratye,
Oh royall knackery: an exact command,
Larded with many feuerall forts of reafon;
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the upperize no lefure bafed,
No not to flay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be ftruck off.

Heratye. Ill poifible.

Ham. Here's the Commination, read it at more leyture:
But will thou hear me how I did proced?

Heratye. I feeth you.

Ham. Being thus beneted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my brains,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commination, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statifes doe,
A basenefte to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me too manes fervices: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conuation from the King,
As Englifh was his faithfull Tributary,
And love becomming them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should fill their wheaten Garland weare,
And fland a lamma tournement their amities,
And many fuch like Allis of great charge,
That on the view and know of thefe Contentes,
Without debate further, more or leffe,
He fhould the bearers put to fodaine death,
Not thrufing time allowed.

Hor. How was this feeld?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordain'd;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purfe,
Which was the Model of that Danifh Seal:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subferib'd it, gant' th' impression, pla't it fafely.
The changelung never knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Right, and what to this was femene,
Thou know thy already.

Hor. So Guiltineffe and Reafonafe, go'to.'

Ham. Why man, they did make large to this employment
They are not neere my Confeience; their debate
Doh by their owne infcription grow:
Tis dangerous, when the bafe nature comes
Betweene the paffe, and fell incenc'd points
Of mighty oppofites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it nor, think'ft thee, fee me now upon
He that hath kill'd my King, and who'd my Mother,
Pope in between th'election and my hopes,
Thowse out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch couragenes it's not perfect confience;
To quict him with this arm'e And it's not to be damm'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further ruil.

Ham. It must be fhortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be fhort,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to fay one; but I am very forry good Heratye,
That to Lantyn I forgot my felfe;
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee
The Portraiture of his; He count his favours:
But fure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing paffion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Oftrick. (marke.

Oftrick. Your Lordfhip is right welcome back to Den-
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, do not know this waterfide!

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy fate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him:
he hath much Land, and fettled; let a Beafte
be Lord of Beafs, and his Cribe fhall stand at the King's
Meffie; 'tis a Chough; but as I saw spacious in the pa-
feffion of dirt.

Oftrick. Your Lordfhip, if your friendfhip were at lefteur,
I would impart a thing to you from his Majefty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spiritus,
your Bonet to his right wife,tis for the head.

Oftrick. I thank you Lordfhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe mee 'tis very cold, the wind is
Northely.

Oftrick. 'tis indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very foultie, and hot for my
Complication.

Oftrick.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Oft. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sountries as twere. I cannot tell you how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I buthe you remember.

Oft. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is as his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oft. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oft. The sir King he's wag'd with him fix Barbary Horse, against the which he impos'd as I take it, fixe French Rapers and Pontiards, with their Affignies, as Giraffe, Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very exponite to the hils, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Oft. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their Affignies, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish: why is this impon'd as you call it?

Oft. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen pastes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hils; he hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Oft. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in trall.

Ham. Sir, I will waile here in the Hall; if it please his Maiefty, 'tis the besting time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpos: I will win for him if I can: if not, He gains nothing but my Shame, and the odde bits.

Oft. Shall I redeliver you'en fo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Oft. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his tongue.

Her. This Larpin runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Compile with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droose age doth openly got the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnow'd opinion; and doe but blow them to their tralls: the Bubbles are out.

Her. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have beene in commoyl practice: I shall winit at the odder: but then woul'd not think how all here's about my heart: but it is no matter.

Her. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolishly; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Her. If your minde dislike any thing, obey, I will forefähall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: it be not yet, it will bee now: if it be not now, yea it will come; the readie assay is all, since no man's o'drught of what he leaves. What's it to have betimes?

Enter King, Queens, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Ganueltes, a Table and Flagnes of Wine on it.

Kin. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong; But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes, And you must needs have heard how I am punishd With some diffraction? What I have done That might your nature honours, and exception Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnese: Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be taken away: And when he's not himsellse, do's wrong Laertes, Then hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His Madnese: If he be so, Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madnese is poore Hamlet Enemy, Sir, in this Audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpose'd cuill, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow in the houte, And hurt my Mother.

Lear. I am satisfied in Nature, Whose mortise in this case should fervice me not To my Reseigne. But in my terms of Honor I stand aloofe, and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and presidencie of peace To keep my name vnorg'd. But till that time, I do receave your offer'd loue like loue, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play. Glue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Lear. Come one for me.

Ham. Ibe your foilie Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre it's darkeft night, Sticke Berry of indeed.

Lear. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand, King. Glue them the Foyles yong Ofrick, Cousef Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord, Your Grace hath laide the odds at'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it, I have feene you both; But since he is better'd, we have therefore odde.

Lear. This is too heaft, Let me fee another.

Ham. This like no me well, These Foyles have all a length. Prepare to play.

Ofrick. My good Lord.

King. Ser mee the Stopes of wine upon that Table: If Hamlet give the first, or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the Battlemates their Ordinance fire, The King shall drink to Hamlet better breath, And in the Cup an eonon (thal he throw Richer then that, which fourne succesfue Kings In Denmarke's Crowne have worn,
Enter Oftrick.  

Ofstr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come into Poland  
To th' Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volley.  

Ham. O I dye Hamlet.  

The potent passion quite o'er-crowes my spirit,  
I cannot live to hear the Nevers from England,  
But I do prophesie th' election lights  
On Fortinbras, he's a man dying voice,  
So tell him with the encourments more and less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.  

O, o, o, o, Dyer.  
Here. Now cracks a Noble heart:  
Goodnight sweet Prince,  
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,  
Why do's the Drumme come hither?  

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drumme,  
Celeurs, and Attendants.  

Fort. Where is this fellow?  

Her. What is it ye would fee?  

If sought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.  

Par. His quarry cries on hauecote. Oh proud death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternal Cell,  
That thou so many Princes, as a hooten,  
So bloodily haft strooke.  

Amb. The fight is dismal,  
And our affaires from England come too late,  
The eares are senselasse that should give vs hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled.
FINIS.
Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seeme so to vs: But now in the division of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valueth most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiositie in neither, can make choice of either moyst.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am brazen't too.

Kent. I cannot conceiv you.

Glo. Sir, this young Fellowes mother could; whereby she grew round womb'd, and hid indeed (Sir) a sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.

Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glo. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeares elder then this; who, yet is no deere in my account, though this Knave came something unwisely to the world before he was sent for: yet was he his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horizon must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My ferenes to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and lose to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deference.

Glo. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall against. The King is coming.

Scene. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gower, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.


Lear. Mean't he that, expresse our darker purpose.

Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided in three our Kingdome, and us our fall intent, To make all Cares and Blisters from our Age, Conferring them on yenge strengths, while we Vr'burthen'd travele toward death. Our Son of Cornwall, And you our no lesser loving Sonne of Albany.

We have this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters severall Dowers, that future life
May be prevented now: The Princes, France & Burgundy,
Great Ruines in our yonge daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous soiourne,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will discourse both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we, our largest bounty may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Gowerill,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Glo. Sir, I love you more then word can weild 5 matter,
Deerer then eye-fight, space, and liberie,
Beyond what can be valw'd, rich or rare,
No leaft then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childs ere lould, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Car. What shall Cordelia speake? Loue, and be silent.
Lear. Of all these things from this line, to this,
With findefull Forrefts, and with Champans rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skitted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and Albaniue duties
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-metale as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde the names my very deere of loue:
Or else she comes too short, that I profess
My selfe in enemy to all otherjoyes,
Which the most precious square of fente professe,
And finde I am done felicestate
In your deere Highnesse love.

Car. Then poore Cordelia,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More pondetuous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leas in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on Gowerill. Now our joy,
Although our laft and leaft: to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundye,
Sirenes to be intertained, What can you say, toy draw
A third, more opulent then your Sister speake.

Car. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot hate men! My heart into my mouth; I loose your Majesty.

According to your bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How now Cordelia! Mend your speech a little, lest you may mar your Fortune.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lou’d me,
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moit Honour you.
Why have my Sisters Married, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed.
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Hale my love with him, hale my Care, and Dutie.
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I your good Lord,

So young, and so restorer?

Lear. Let be so, thy truth then be thy downs.

Port by the sacred radience of the Sunne,

The infernities of Hecat and the night:

By all the operation of the Orbes,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my Paternall care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me,

Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Sesturnus,

Or heath that makes his generation mems.

To garge his appetite, shall to my bosome

Be as well nourish’d, pittied, and releuest,

As thou my sometyme Daugher.

Kent. Goddy my Liege,

Lear. Peace Kent,

Come not betwixt the Dragon and his wrath,

I lou’d her most, and thought to let my reft.

On her kind necessity. Hence and avoid my sight:

So be my grace my peace, as here I give

Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who fittest?

Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albano,

With my two Daughters Downes, digge the third,

Let pride which the cats plainness, marry her.

I doe intreat you royndly with my power,

Prelimnience, and all the large effeets.

That tronope with Maitely Our fefts by Monthly course,

With iteration of an hundred Knights,

By you to be busied, shall our abode

Make the name, and all the addition to a King; the Sway,

Reuenuen, Execution of the reft,

Beloued Sonnes by yours, which to confirme,

This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall Lear.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,

Whom I have euer honor’d as my King,

Loud as my Father, as my Malter fellow’d,

As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent; & drawe, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rache, though the forte inuade

The region of my heart, be Kent enmannerly,

When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?

Think’st thou that dusse shall have deed to speake,

When power to flattery bowes?

To plainness honour’s bound,

When Maitely falls to folly, recufe thy flate,

And in thy belte confedtation checke

This hideous rafliness, answer my life, my judgment;

Thy yonge Daughter do’s not loue thee least,

Nor are those empty hearde, whose low sounds

Reuerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as pawne

To wage against thine enemies, now fere to loose it,

Thy safety being postuere.

Lear. Out of my fight.

Kent. See better Lear, and let me still remaine

The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by Apollo,

Kent. Now by Apollo, King

Thou swear, if thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vaifall! Miscreant.

Alt. Cor. Desse Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physitian, and thy fee beftow

Upon the foule difaife, reduke thy guilt,

Or while I can venge clamour from my throat,

Ile teale thee thou doft esuill.

Lear. Heere me receate, on thine allegiance hear me;

That thou haft sought to make vs breake our vowes,

Which we durt not yet erer; and with straïn’d pride,

To come between our sentences, and our power,

Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bee;

Our poynte made good, take thy reward.

Five dayes we do allot thee for preouion,

To helpe thee from distriers of the world,

And on the ftrat to turne thy harde backe.

Upon our kngdomes; if on the tenth day following,

Thy bannsfr trunke be found in our Dominions,

The moment is thy death, away. Bylouper,

This shall not be reuok’d.

Kent Fare thew well King, first thus thou wilt appeare

Freedome lues hence, and bannifhment is here;

The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Mad,

That juifly think it, and haft moft rightly laid:

And your large speecies may your deeds approve,

That good effeets may spring from words of loue;

Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,

Hee shalke his old course, in a Country now.

Lear. What? Why dost thou so?

Cor. Fare thee well Kent.

Lear. What! Why dost thou so?

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,

We fist addresseth toward you, who wish this King

Hath tiould for our Daughters; what in the laft,

Will you require in prefent Dowet with her,

Or ease your queft of Loue?

Bur. Moft Royal Majestie,

I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer’d,

Nor will you tender leffe?

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,

When she was deare to vs, we did holde her fie,

But now her price is fallen: Sir there the handes,

If ought within that little coming febrance,

Or tell of it with our displeauement ped’d,

And nothing more may fitly like your Grace;

She’s there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answere.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities the owes,

Unfriended, now adopted to our hate,

Dow’d with our curle, and strangere d with our oath,

Take her or lose her.

Bur. Par
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Bur. Pardon me, Royall Sir, 
Election makes not vp in such conditions. 
Le. Then leave her, sir, 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 ftrait, To match you where I hate, therefore before you, Take your liking a more worthy way, Then on a wheath whom Nature is ashamed 
Mind's acknowledgment hers. 
Fra. This is most strange, That she whom even but now, was your object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age, The beft, the deereft, should in this trice of time, Commit a thing so monstruous, so disinflant, So many fold's of fauours for her offence, Must be of such unnatural degree, That monfers it: Or your force-vouch'd affection, Fall into taint, which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason without miracle Should never plant in me. 
Cor. Iyet believe you, Maiesty. 
If for I want that glib and mylcle Art, To speak and purpose not, since what I will intend, Ile doe before I speake, that you may knowe 
It is no vicious blot, mutcher, or foulencnfle, No vnaehtaion or disHonour'd step 
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour, But even for want of that, for which I am richer, A fill foliciting eye, and such a tongue, That I am glad I have not, though not to have it, Hath left me in your liking. 
Lear. Better thou hadst it. 
Not beene borne, then not I haue pleas'd me better. 
Fra. It's but this: A tardineffe in nature, Which often leaves the history unspoke 
That it intend'd to do: my Lord of Burgundy, What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue 
When it is mingled with regards, that stands Aloofe from th'mitre point, will you have her? She is hersefl a Dowrie. 
Bar. Royall King, 
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd, And here I take Cordelia by the hand, 
Duchefle of Burgundy. 
Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme, 
Bur. I am forry then you looke to loost a Father, That you must loose a husband. 
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy, Since that respect and Fortunes are his love, I shall not be his wife. 
Fra. Esteemed Cordelia, that art moft rich being poore, Moft choie forfaken, and moft lou'd depriu'd, 
They and thy vertues here I feize vpon, Be it lawfull I take vp what's caft away, 
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold neglects, My Loue should kindle to enflame'd respect, 
Thy downerelfe Daughter King, thrown to me for my chance, Is Queenes of vs, and ours, and our faire France: Not all the Dukes of warfith Burgundy, Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me. 
Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vsinke, Thou looefh here a better where to finde. 
Lear. Thou haft her France, herterbe thy wife, for we 
Have no such Daughter, nor shall euer fee 
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, Without out Grace, our Loue, our Benison: 
Come Noble Burgundy. 
Leuefle. Exeunt. 
Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters. 
Cor. The jewels of our Father, with warfith dei a 
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are, 
And like a Siffer am most loth to call 
You fault's as they are named. Loue well our Father: To your professed boane I commit him, But yet alas, Iowd I within his Grace, 
I would prefer him to a better place, So farwell to you both. 
Regn. Prefcribe not vs our dutie. 
Gen. Let your study. 
Be to content your Lord, who hath recei'd you 
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience stampt, 
And well are worth the want that you have wanted, 
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides, 
Who couers faults, at last with shame declares. 
Well may you prosper. 
Fra. Come my faire Cordelia. Exit France and Cor. 
Gen. Siffer, it is not little I haue to say, 
Of what moft neerely appertaines to vs both, I thinke our Father will ence to night. 
Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next month 
Gen. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob- 
feruation we haue made of it hath beene little the wares loud our Siffer moft, and with what poore judgement he 
haue now cast her off, appears too grofty. 
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age yet he haue euer but 
flenderly knowing himselfe. 
Gen. The beft and foundest of his time hath bin but rath, then must we looke from his age, to receive not on 
one the imperfections of long ingrass'd condition, but 
 thereby all the varly waywardnesse, that infirm and 
chorisick yeares bring with them. 
Reg. Such vnconstant flarts are we like to hast from 
him, as this of Senes banishment. 
Gen. There is more complement of leave-taking be- 
tweene France and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our 
Father carry authoritie with such disposition as he beares, 
this last surrender of his will but offend vs. 
Reg. We shall further think of it. 
Gen. We must do something, and it heate. Exeunt. 

Scene Secunda.

Enter Baffard. 
Baff. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law 
My servitues are bound, wherefore should I 
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit 
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me, 
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshine 
Lag of a Brother? Why Baffard? Wherefore Baff? 
When my Dimensions are as well compaate, 
My minde as generous, and my shape as true, 
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they us 
With Baff? With bafened Bastardie? Baff, Baff? 
Who in the liitle health of Nation, take 
More compoition, and fierce qualitie, 
Then dost within a dull stale tyred bed 
Go to threatening a whole tribe of Pops 
Gott's weene a steepe, and wake? Weell then, 
Legitimat Edage, I must have your Land, 
Our Fathers loue, is to the Baffard Edmond, 
As to th'legimat: fine word: Legimat. 

99. Well
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Well, my Legitinate, if this Letter speed, And my invention throve, Edmund the bafe Shall to'th Legitinate: I grow, I prosper: Now God, I stand vp for Baffards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus: and France in choler part'd? And the King gone to night? Prefer'd his power, Confum'd to exhibition? All this done Upon the gad? Edmund, how now? What news?

Baff. So please your Lordship, none.


Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baff. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needest then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pockett? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to hide it felte. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not neede Spectacles.

Baff. If bee you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-look.

Glou. Give mee the Letter, Sir.

Baff. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it: The Contents, as in part I understand them, Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see,

Baff. I hope for my Brothers suffication, hee wrote this but as an effay, or tarte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. This policie, and reverence of Age makes the world haver in the biff of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs; till our oldisece cannot retract it. I began to see an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreACTION of aged trauers, who staggars not at it hath power, but at it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I now speake more. If our Father would faire wade him, you should enjoy half his Reuenu for ever, and live the beloncd of your Brother.

Edgar. Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his Reuenue: my Sonne Edgar, I have a head to write this? A heart and braine to bende it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baff. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Cafement of my window.

Glou. You know the charaCter to be your Brothers?

Baff. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baff. It is his, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glou. Has he never before founded you in this busines?

Baff. Never my Lord. But I have heard him of main- taine it to bee, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuenue.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vanaturnal, desperate, brutish Villaine: waste then brutish: Go striaft, fecke him: I apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, whose is he?

Baff. I do not well know my Lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, till you can derive from him better testimonie of his intent, you shold run a certain course: where, if you violently proceed against him, misinterpreting his purpoe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and make in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawns downe my life for him,that he bath writ this to seale my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you to?

Baff. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall hewe vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Eveninge.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. Edmund, feke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Business after your owne wiswdomc. I would unflate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Baff. I will feke him Sir, presentely: coney the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moon pote nd no good to vs: though the wisdome of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe forc'd by the frequent effeCts. Luue coolers, friendship falls off, and the good, the bad, and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt a Sonne and Father. This villain of mine comes under this prediction; there's Sonn against Father, the King faith from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have feelen the hiet of our time. Machinations, bollowne, te scarce, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, Edmund; it shall leue thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true- harted Kent banish'd; his offence, honestly. Tis strange. Exit Glou.

Baff. This is the excellent toppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfer of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disforders, the Sun, the Moon, and Staries. But if we were villaines on necessitie, Fools by heauently compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyr. As, and Adulterers by an infrorded Exceedence of Planetary influence; and all that we are rul'd in, by a diuine thrusting on. An admirable eucasion of Whose-mater-mian, to lay his Godtish disposition on the charge of Starre. My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dagon's tail, and my Nativity was vnder Virga Maris, so that it followes, I am rough and Lecherous. I should haue bin that I am, had the maidepcift Starre in the Firmeament twinkled on my bafeldring.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Pat: he comes like the Caflrophie of the old Comedie: my Cues are villainous Melancholy, with a fighte like Tom o'Bedlam. O these Eclipses do potend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Mr.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

Baff. I am thinking Brother of aprediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you balse your selfe with that?

Baff. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeede unhappily.

Law now you my Father left?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baff. I apprize you with him.

Edg. I, two houttes together.

Baff. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baff. Bethink your selfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entrance forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so ragethe in him, that with the mist chiefe
chaste of your person, it would scarcefely aly.
Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.
Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I fay, retire with me to my lodging. From whence I will fully bring you to hear my Lord Speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do firre abroad, goe arm'd.
Edm. Arm'd Brother! 
Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am a honeft man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what you have feene, and heard: But fainfly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.
Edm. Shall I hear from you anon? 
Edm. I do ferue you in this bufineffe:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is fo farre from doing harms, That he fupprefis none: on wholesome honoftile
My praifes ride caffe: I fee the bufineffe.
Let me not by birth, hauie lands by wit, All with me's meere, that I can fashion fit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gentleman, and Steward.

Com. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Fooke?
Ste. 1 Madam.

Gow. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He flanthes into one groffe crime, or other,
That fens vs all ods: He endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himfelfe vpbraides vs
On every trifile. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speake with him, lay I am fickle.
If you come backe of former fervices,
You fhall do well, the fault of it I efpeare.
Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.
Gow. Put on what weary negligence you pleafe,
You and your Fellowes: I doe it come to queftion,
If he do fault it, let him to my Sifter,
Whole mind and minel know in that are one,
Remember what I haue faid,
Ste. Well Madam.

Gow. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what grows of it no matter, aduife your fellowes to write thrifte to my Sifter to hold my countersprepare for dinner.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defufe, my good intent
May erry through it fitle to that full ifufe
For which I rait'd my likeneffe. Now banish Kent,
If thou canft ferue where thou doft fand condemn'd,
So may it come, thry Mater whom thou lou'r
Shall find thee full of labours.

Lear. Me not to play a folt for dinner, go get it ready: bownow, what art thou?
Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doft thou profefle? What wouldft thou with vs?
Kent. I do profefle to be no leffe then I feme to: ferue him murky that will put me in truft, to love him that is honeft: to confufe with him that is wife and faiely: to fee before judgement, to fight when I cannot choofe, and to ease no fittle.

Lear. What art thou?
Kent. A very boolef hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou beft as poore for a fubieft, as bee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldft thou?
Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldft thou ferue?
Kent. You.

Lear. Doft thou know me fellow?
Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Matter.

Lear. What's that?
Kent. Authority.

Lear. What fervices canft thou do?
Kent. I can keepe honeft counfelle, ride, run,make a curiof tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meaffe bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beft of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?
Kent. Not fo young Sir to loue a woman for fingling, nor fo old to dote on her for any thing. I haue ycares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou fhalt ferue me. If I like thee no worfe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dine ho, dinner, where's my knawe you Fooke? Go you and call my Fooke hither. You vou Stharah, who's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So pleafe you ——

Lear. What faires the Fellow there? Call the Clopole backe: what's my Fooke? Ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrel?

Knight. He faries my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the flawe backe to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anfwered me in the roudef order, he would not.

Lear. He would not.

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highneffe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindneffe appears as well in the generall depondants, as in the Duke himfelfe alfo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Has Saffit thou so?

Knight. I befeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mitaken, for my duty cannot be filent, when I think your Highneffe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember it of mine owne Conception, I have perceiv'd a moft faine neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curioufie, then as a very pretence and purpofe of v much kindneffe; I will looke further into't: but where's my Fooke? I have not feene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into France
Sir,
The Tragedie of King Lear.


Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Fool, Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords know, you whom dog, you base, you curre. Sir, I am none of thec my Lord, I befeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascal? Stew. Ile not be stricken my Lord. Kent. Nor trip either, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou fou'tst mee, and lie lightly thee.

Kent. Come far, aside, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lusters length a-gainst, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wisedome, Sir.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, there's earrest of thy service.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe. Lear. How now my pretty knave, how do's thou?

Fools. Sirrah, you were best take my Caxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fools. Why? for taking one part that's out of flauor, nay, & thou canst not smale as the wind sitts, thou'l catch cold saile, there take my Coxcombe, why this fellow's bas'tard and one of thy Daughters, and did the third a blesting against his will, if thou follow him, thou mil o'reade were my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fools. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my Caxcombe my felfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Fools. Truth's a dog must to kennel, hee must be whip out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'theire and finkle.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fools. Sirrah, Ile teach thee a speach.

Lear. Do.

Fools. Mark it Nunckle; have more then thou shou'dst, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, Learne more then thou knowest, set lesse then thou shou'dst; leave thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doce, and thou shalt have more, then two tents to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Fool.

Fools. Then 'tis like the breach of an unfrind Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no vice of nothing Nunckle?

Lear. Why no Boy?

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fools. Prythee tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to, he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bittter Fool.

Fools. Do'th thou know the difference my Boy, between a bittter Fool, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, reach me.

Fools. Nunckle, give me an egges, and Ie give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shal they be?

Fools. Why after I have ear the eggge ith'middle and earve up the more, the two Crownes of the eggge: when thou clou'dst thy Crownes ith'middle, and gaue it away both parts, thou boaste a shine Affe on thy backe o'the dust, thou hadst little wit in thy basd crowne, when thou gaue it golden one away; I speake like my felse in this, let him be whip that first finds it so.

Foole had bare light grace in a yere.

For wisemen are growne fullsch, And know not how their wits to weare, Their manners are so spilth.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Fools. I haue wtd it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters ry Mother's, for when thou gaue'th them the rod, and put'th downe thime owne breeches, then thay for sodaine joy did wepe,

And I for sorrow sung, That feth a King should play bo-peepme, And goe the Foolle amoug.

Pry thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foolie to lie, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'nt have you weipe.

Fools. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'nt have me whip for speaking true: thou'nt have me whip for lying, and sometimes I am whips for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foolle, and yes I would not be thee Nunckle, thou halft perde thy wir o both sides, and left nothing ith'middle, beere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Council.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Irooder out? You are too much of late ith'srowne.

Fools. Thou wost a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foolle, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, for thy face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps not curf, not curf, Wearie of all, shall we some. That's his Peode.

Gen. Not only Sir, this your all-lynde'd Foolle,

But other of your infolent reprise,

Do hastily Carpe and Quarrel, breaking forth In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) rions Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne unto you, To have found a safe redres, but now grow farseul

By what your fells too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the faults Would not fear cenure nor the redresses sleepe,

Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were blame, that then needlis,

Will call different proceeding.

Fools. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge, Sparrow fell the Cuckoo so long, that it's had head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are your our Daughters? (doe)

Gen. I would you would make vice of your good wife.

(Whereas I know you are fraught), and put away

These dippotions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly arie.

Fools. May
Poesy. May not an Asple know, when the Cart draws the Hoc? Whooop Juggle I looke thee.

Lear. Do any hette know me?

This is not Lear?

Do's Lear wraithe thus? Speake thus? Where are his cit? Either his Notion weakes, his Dicenings And Lethargies. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so? Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Poesy. Lear shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman? Gen. This admirations Sir, is much o'th'Savour Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To vnderstand my purposes aright: As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise. Here do ye keepe a hundred Knights and Squires, Men so disorder'd, so debod'd, and bold, That this our Court infected with their manners, Shewes like a riotous güne; Epicurisme and Lust Makes it more like a Trauerne, or a Brothell, Then a gned' Pallace. The flame it felde doth speake For least remedie, Be then defird' By her, that else will take the thing she begges, A little to diquity your Train, And the remainder that shall well depend, To be such men as may before your Age, Which know themselfes, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Duells.

Saddle your horse, call your train together. Degenerate Baffard, I lenot trau te thee; Yet have I left a daughter.

Gen. You strike my people, and your disorder'd table, Make Scarnts of their Beeters,

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that so late repents; Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepeare my Horse: Ingratitud, let Marble hearted Friend, More houdeous when thou show'st thee in a Child, Then the Sea-monter.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts, That all particulars of dute know, And in the most exact regard, support The worships of their name. O must small fault, How ugly did'th thou in Cordens then? Which like an Engin, wrentch my fame of Nature From the first place: drew from my heart all loute, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Bear at this gate that let thy Polly in, And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guilelesse, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare; Suspend thy purpose, if thou didt intend To make this Creature fruitful; Into her Wombe conuey fraltility, Drive vp in her the Organs of increase, And from her derogate body, never spring A Babe to honor her. If the mist terme, Create her Child of Spleene, that it may live And be a cheatish & ungrounded comt to her. Let it ampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cedent Tearres fishe Channels in her chekke.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

And hasten your return; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdome,
Then prais'd for harmless mildnesse.

Lear. How faire your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gen. Nay then —

Lear. Well, well, the vent.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fools.

Lear. Go ye before to Gloster with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedily, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered
your Letter. Exit.

Fool. If a mans brained were in's heales, were not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Fool. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
flepshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shall fee thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones note flands i' th'middle
on't face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's note,
that what a man cannot smell ou, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail's ha's
a houfe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his
daughters, and lease his horses without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to kind a Father? Be
my Hostes ready?

Fool. Thy Ailes are gone about 'em; the reason why
the feuen Sistres are no moe then feuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good Fools.
Lear. To speak a good perforce; Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou were my Fools Nunckle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst
bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven;
keep mee in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Hostes ready?

Gen. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Enter Boifard, and Curan generally.

Boif. Saw, see thee Curan.
Cur. And your Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Dutchess
Will be here with him this night.

Boif. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I now no, you have heard of the newes
broad, I meanes the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
est fffing arguments.

Boif. Not: pray you what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely Wares to
Twitch the Dukes of Cornwall, and Albany?

Boif. Not a word.
Cur. You may do them in time.

Fare you well Sir.

Boif. The Duke be here to night & The better beft,
This wastes is selfe perforce into my buinfesse.
My Father hath let guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a quezzie question
Which I must ad, Brieufeness and Fortune worke.

Brother, a word, discords, Brother I say,
My Father watches: 0 Sir, by this place,
Intelligence is given where you are lidd;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
HAVE you not spokn' gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
Here's comming hither, now ith' night, it's haffe,
And Regan with him, have you nothing fayd
Upon his partie' gainst the Duke of Albany?
Aduise your felle.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Boif. I heare my Father comming, pardon me.

In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your felle,
Now quit you well.

Yield, come before my Father, Licht hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torchers, Torchers, & farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavoure. I haue feene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torchers.

Glo. Now Edmund, where's the villain?

Boif. Here found he in the dark, his sharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, confurring the Moone
To brand auspicious Misfortunes.

Glo. But where is he?

Boif. Lookie Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Boif. Fled this way Sir, when by no means he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho; go after. By no means,what?

Boif. Perdue we to the murther of your Lordship.
Edmund, I hearst that you have sworne your Father A Child-like Office.

But that I told him the reuenging God,
'Gainst Pariaces did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite J Hood
To his unnatural purpose, fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lath'd mine arms;
And when he saw my belt about'd my spirit
Bold in the quarrels right, round'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gafted by the neyle I made,
Full godamly he fled.

Glof. Lest him fly furte:
Not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deferve our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to th' stake:
He that conceals him death.

Barf. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curt speech
I threatned to disconcer him; he replied,
Thou vnpreffing Baffard, doft thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any truth, vertue, or wersch in thee
Make thy words faith'd els, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy figgation, plot, and damned praife:
And thou must make a dollard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, faid he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile bare, the villaine shall not escape,
The Duke muft grant me that; besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdom
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ie worke the means
To make thee capace.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my noble friend, since I came hither (Which I can call but now,) I have heard frangene.

Reg. If it be true; all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender, how dost thy Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seek thy life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Barf. Yes Madam, he was of that comfort.
Reg. No maruaile then; though they were all afflicted,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have the expence and waft of his Revenues:
I have this present euening from my Sifer
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to soioure at my house,
Ie not be there.

Cor. Nor I, affure thee Regan.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward generally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?
Kent. Sir.
Stew. Where may we see our horses?
Kent. I'th' myre.
Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me,
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lupsbury Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'ft thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. What do'ft thou know me for?
Kent. A Knaue, a Rafeall, an eater of broken mastes, a base, proud, shalow, beggerly, three-futed hundred pound, shifty woofled-flocking knaue, a Lilly-luured, action-taking, whorish glasse-gazing super-ferviseable finical Rogue, one Trunke-inhettiing False, one that would'ft be a Baudin way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Birch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ft the least tisable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweft me? Is it two days since I tript vp thy heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue.
for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a
fop oth' Moonshine of you, you whereon Colonely
Barber-monget, draw.
Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters
against the King, and take Vanitie the puppet parts, a-
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogues, or
Ile to carbonado your thanks, draw you Rascall, come
your wares,
Stew. Help, ho, murther, helpe.
Kent. Strike you flauce: fland rogue, fland you not
flauce, strike.
Stew. Help hea, murther, murther.
Exeter Bassard, Cornwail, Regan, Gleser, Serriant.
Baff. How now, what's the matter? Past,
Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,
Ile of ye, come on yong Master.
Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?
Cor. Keep your peace upon your lites, he dies that strikes
against, what is the matter?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sifter, and the King,
Cor. What is your difference, speaks?
Stew. I am fearcen in breath my Lord.
Kent. No Marcell, you have so belif'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in these Taylor
made thee.
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not have made him soill, though they had bin two
bears oth' trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
Stew. This ancient Russell Sir, whose life I have pard
at fute of his gray-beard.
Kent. Thou whorfon Zed, thou vnecessary letter;
your Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this
vaubled villaine into morrter, and daube the wall of
Iakes with him, Spare my gray-beard, yow wastage?
Cor. Peace firrah.
You bestilly knaue, know you no reuence?
Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.
Cor. Why art thou anime?
Kent. That such a flauce as this should waere a Sword,
Who weares no honeily: such smilling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a swaine,
Which are trinence, treblowne: smoothe every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moode,
Reuenge, affirma, and term their Halcion beakes
With euyet gall, and varly of their Mesters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plaunce upon your Epitaphie Visage,
Smowel your Speeches, as I were a Poole?
Goose, if I had you upon Serroum Plaine,
I'd drive you eackling home to Camelet,
Cor. What art thou mad eld Fellow?
Glo. How fell you out, say that?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and fluch a knau,
Cor. Why do't thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance like me not.
Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain,
I have seene better faces in my time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.
Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who having beene prai'd for blustrous, with affect
A flauce toughen, and containes the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honett mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it to, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this painfless
Harbour more craft, and more corrupcer ends,
Then twenty flilly, ducking obebumes,
That fretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith, in uncere verity,
Under th'allowance of your great affect,
Who's influence like the warrant of radiante fire
On flicking Phebus front.
Cor. What means't by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialed, which you commend
so much. I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guid you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displasure to entreat me too.
Cor. What was this offensive you gave him?
Stew. I once gave him any.
It please's the King his Master very late
To strike at me, upon his mistress, firraction,
When he compate, and flatteringe his displeasure
Tript me behind, being downe, insulting, raif'd,
And put upon him such a deal of Man,
That worshipped him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was felle-fubducted,
And in the fhewment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But Alice is there Poole.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You sulphorne ancient Knaue, you reuencent Bragart,
We'll teach you.
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ferue the King.
On whose impomement I was first to,
You shall doe small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Perfon of my Master,
Stocking his Meffenger.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and Honour, there shall he fit till None.
Reg. Till noon here till night my Lord, and all nights too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vfe me so.
Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will.
Stocks brought out.
Cor. This is a Fellow of the life same colour,
Our Sifer speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so.
The King his Meffenger, needs must take it ill,
That he be highely valued in his Meffenger,
Should haue him thus restrained.
Cur. Ile anfwered that.
Reg. My Sifer may recieve it much more worfe,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, affulated,
Cor. Come my Lord, away.
Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes,
Will not be rub'd nor stop'd, Ile entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not Sir, I bowe watch'd and trauaill'd hard,
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest ile whiffle.
A good mans fortune may grow out at heele.
Glo.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Guisy, you good morrow.
Lear. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.
Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw, Thou out of Heaven's benediction come'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beason to this vader Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to glue
Lothes their remedies. All weary and brow·watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, nor to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheels.

Exit Edg.
Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollowe of a Tree,
Esped't the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnfall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferre my life: and am beasthold
To take the beast, and most poorpest stripe
That ever penury in contemps of man,
Brought naere to brast; my face he grime with filth,
Blanket my laines, effe all my haires in knots,
And with presented nakedne'sse our face
The Winder, and perfecutions of the skye;
The Country gives me proofes, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roasting voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roseneare :
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poor pecling Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Somewhiles with Lunaticke bans, sometymes with Priaters
Inforce their charitie: poors Turf'd, poore Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.
Exit.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.
Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from home.
And not tend backe my Messengers.
Gen. As I learn'd
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.
Kent. Haste to thee Noble Master.
Lear. Ha! M'k't thou this shame abys pastime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horse's
ride by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by 'ch'necke,
Monckies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
ouerlustie at legs, then he weares woodden Neither-stocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mislooke
To let thee here?
Kent. It is both he and the,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I say.
Kent. I I say yes.
Lear. By Jupiter I swearstoo,

Lear. They durft not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Refuse me with all modest haffe, which way
Thou might'ft deferse, or they impose this vlage,
Comming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness Letters to them,
Ere I was riven from the place, that showed
My daunted sight, came there a seeking Poole,
Strew'd in his haffe, half breathlesse, ranting forth
From Gomehill Mist, satisfactions;
Detuier'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which preferably they read; on those contents
They summon'd vp their money, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The teriture of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting heere the other Messengers,
Whose welcome I percei'd had poison'd ailes,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so lascivly against your Highness,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trufpafse worth
The flame which here he sufferes,

Lear. Oh how this Mother flew up toward my heart!
Histories paffive, downe thou climbing forrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, fly here.
Exit.
Gen. Made you no more oisence,
But what you speake of?
Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with so small a number?
Foole. And thou hadst beene fet t'ch' Stockes for that
question, thould't well defend'it.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Wec'll set thee to schoole to an Art, to teach
thee ther's no labouthing t'ch' winter, All that follow their
noise are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's
not a note among twenty, but can smell him that's thking
let go thy hold, when a great-wheel runs downe a hill,
leas it breakes thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after:
when a woman guzes thee better some fellow give me mine
again, I would have none but knaves follow it, since
Foole guises it,
That Sir, which terues and stekes for gaine,
And follo wes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine.
And leave thee in the forme.
But I will carry, the Foole will play,
And let the wiseman fee:
The knave names Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knave perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glosters:
Kent. Where learn'd you this Poole?
Foole. Was'th' Stockes Foole.

Lear.
Lear. Deny to speak with me?
They are sick, they are weary,
They have travailed all the night; more fetches,
The images of woe and flying off,
Felt me a better answer.
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How sanguine and fast he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do't thou understand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall.
The loathsome Father
Would wish his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (voice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that —
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infamy doth still needle all office,
Whereo'er our health is bound, we see not our felves,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more header will,
To take the indispos'd and fickly fit,
For the found man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he fit heere? This ad peruses me.
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is positive only. Give me my Servant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and his wife, I'll speak with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their Chamber door Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well berewix you. Exit.
Lear. Oh my heart! My rising heart! But downe.
Perse. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Bees, when the put 'em i' th' Pitshe alive, the knap't 'em
o' th' excombs with a fliske, and crued downe wayntons;
downe, twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Herse buttered his Hey.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.
Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to you Grace. Kent hereft at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.
Lear Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to thinke so, if thou shoul'dst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy Sistors naught: oh Regan, she hath tided
Sharpe tooth'd a rambleshe, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleue
With how deprauf'd a quality. Oh Regan.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her defect,
Then fire to scint her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Sisiter in the least
Would fail her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleere's her from all blame.
Lear. My curles on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be mild, and laced
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better then you your selle: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sistors, you do make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Ask for her forgiveness?
Do you but make how this becomes the house?
Dear daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
That you'rl vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are unhappily trickes:
Returne you to my Sistors.
Lear. Neuer Regan:
She hath abused me of halfe my Traine,
Look'd blace upon me, frook me with her Tongue
Molt Serpents, like, upon the very Heart.
All the fierse Vengences of Heauen, fell
On her ingratiates fulp: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.
Corn. Fye fir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-fuck'd Foggles, drowse by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister.
Reg. O the blest Gods!
So will you with on me, while the rath moode is on.
Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my eare:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o're to hartnennesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not bume. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleuresies, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scan my fizes,
And in conclusion, to oppole the bolt
Against my comming in. Thou better know t
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effusis of Curtesy, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o' th' Kingsdome haft thoung not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i th' Stockes?
Enter Stewards.
Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Sistors: this approves her Letter,
That she would soone be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whose eafee borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickly grace of her hee follows.
Our Varlet, from my fight.
Corn. What means your Grace?
Enter Cornwell.
Lear. Who hooks my Servant? Regan, I have good hopes
Thou didst not know on.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your sweet sware
Allow Obedience: if you your felves are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not alam'd to looke upon this Beare?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'thand Sir? How have I offendred?
All's not offence that indiscresion findeis,
And dotage termes so.
Lear. O fides, you are too tough
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i th' Stockes?
Corn. Iet him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Deseur'd
And thou art twice her Loue.

Gen. Heare me my Lord;

What need you flute and twenty? Ten? Or flute?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to Send you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason nor the need: O base! Of beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheaper as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wert,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you Gods) a poor old man,
As full of griefes as age, wretched in body,
Yet be you that flirres these Daughter's hearts
Against their Father, food me not so much,
Be sure it is tamedly touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheeks. No you unnatural Hogs,
I will have such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall—— I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth: you think Ile wepe,
No, Ile not wepe, I have full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempes.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I le pepe; O Foole, I shal go mad.

Enter. Glier.

Gler. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Gen. Glier. The King is in high rage.

Cor. Whether is he going?

Gier. He calls to Horses, but will I know not whether.

Cor. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.
Gen. My Lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Gler. Alacke the night comes on, and the high winder
Do fairely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bird.

Reg. O Sir, to willfull men,
The injuries that they themselues procure,
Muft be their Schoole. Muellers; thus vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperare traine,
And what they may incenc him too being seate,
To have his ear about'd, wifeedom bids fear.
Gler. Shout vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My Rigan counsells well: come out oth formes. Enough.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vacuety

Kert.
Scene Second.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow
You Cataraets, and Hvyreclu's spout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vampl-curriers of Oxst-cleansing Thunder-bolts,
Singde my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the chichc Rotundity of this world,
Cracke Muses moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingrateful Mang.

Fool. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house,
Is better then this Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle,
In, asketh Daughters blessing, heres a night pitties neither Wifemen, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowte Raines:
Nor Raines, Wifiede, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I trust not you, you Elements with vukindnwse,
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owne me no subcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirme, waste, and defpeard old man:
But yet I call you Senile Minifters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Batallies, gainst a head
Of old, and white as this. O, ho! tis foule.

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good
Head-peace:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowe: b0 Beggars marry man;
The man y makes his Tope, what he his Hart thold make,
Shall of a Corne cry wo, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was never yet faire woman, but fhe made
mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will but the pattern of all patience,
I will Fay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wifeman,
and a fool.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keep their Caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such burhs of horrid Thunder,
Such groomes of roasting Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to haue heard. Man Nature cannot carry
That afflicktion, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great Goddess
That keeps this dreadful pudder o're our heads,
Fande out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee undivulged Crimes
Vex'd with Justice. Hide thee, thou Blody hand;
That Portusr'd, and thou Simular of Verrue
That are Incondituous. Cau'd, to pieces shake
That Vnder couer, and convenient seeming
He's praetis'd on mans life. Close pent-vp guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More finn'd against, then finning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you? 'gainst the Tempell:
Replye you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones where'ts rais'd,
Which been but now demanding after you,
Deny'd to come in) resume, and force
Their feared cures.

Lear. My wits begin to turne,
Come on my boy. How daft my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neccessities, is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your houell,
Poore Fools, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's forry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little, and a little-syne wise,
With heigh-ho, the Wind and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. Ext.

Fool. This is a brave right to coole a Curstian:
Ile speke a Prophete ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then master;
When Brewers make their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Turns,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wench'd Sutours;
When every Caff in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Standles do not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-pursit come not to thongs;
When Vinters tell their Gold thi Field,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

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And Baudes, and wheres, do Churches build,
Then shall the Realm of Albim, come to great confusion: 1
Then comes the time, who lives to see it,
That going halfe vs'd with feet. 2
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this unnatural
dealing when I defined their lease that I might pay him,
they tooke from me the ree of mine ownehouse, charg'd
me on paine of perpetuell displeasure, neither to speake
of him entreat for him, or any way suffaine him.
Exeunt.

Glo. Goddy, lay nothing. There is division be-
tweene the Dukes, and a woeful matter then; but I have
received a Letter this night, 3 it dangerous to be spoken,
I have lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these injuries the
King now bears, will be revenged home; ther is part of
a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
will looke him, and priouly relieue him: you go and
maintaine talkes with the Duke, that my charity be not of
him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone
to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatened me) the King
my old Master must be releas'd. There is strange things
toward Edmund, pray you be carefull.
Exit.

Edg. This Curtefie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too.
This seems a faire deceiving, and must draw me
That which my Father looke in lesse the then, all
The younger riles, when the old doth fall.
Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The errynge of the open night's too tough
For Nature to endure. Storms still
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart? Kent. I had rather breake mine owne.
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Inades vs to the skinnes of the thee,
(Bome)
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The litter is fearce feitt. Thou didst sin a Bear,
But if they fly lay toward the roasting Sea,
Thou didst meete the Bear in'mouth, when the mind's
The bodys delicate: the tempest in'mind, free,
Doth from my fences take all feeling alse,
Save what betrays thee, Fillsitt ingratitude,
is it not as this mouth should treate this hand
Forlorn'g face too? But I will punishe homes;
Not I will wepe no more; in such a night,
To shu't me out? Poure oo. I will enonde:
In such a night as this? O Regan, Gonerell,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gave all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Poure Fiend, thy selfe, think thee come once,
This tempest will not giue me lease to ponde.
On things would hurt me more, but Ie go in,
In Boy, go hunt. You housoffe Pouterie,
Nay get thee in, let pray, and then Ie sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where for are you
That bide the peting of this pilifulate rogue,
How shall your House-leffs heads, and vned fishes,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneffe defend you
From feacons such as thefe? O I have theme
Too little care of this: Take Phylacke, Pompe,
Expos thy selfe to feel what wretches feel,
That thou might fi'she the superfic to them,
And shut the Heavens more toth.

Enter Edgar, and Fools.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe Fathom and halfe a poore Tom.
Fools. Come not in here. Uncle, here's a spirit, helpe
me, helpe me.
Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there? Fools. A spirit, a spirit, he forges his name poore
Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumle these ith
fell? Come forth.
Edg Away, the soule Fiend follow mee, through the
Sharp Hu unhorne blow the windes. Hump, go to thy
bed and warme thee.
Lear. Didst thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come to this?
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore Tom? Whom
the soule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Plaine,
through Sword, and Whirlie, Poole, or Boy, and Quag-
mire, that had laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halteres
in his Poc, set Rats-bone by his Fortune, made him
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay rottling Horse, over four
Loch Bridges, to courte his owne shadown for a Traittor.
Blisse thy be Wiss, Tems cold. O doo, doo, doo, doo,
blisse thee from Whirle-Winde, Stare blasting, and tak-
king, doo poore Tom some chryste, whom the soule Fiend
requires. There could I have him now, and there they
are gone, and the.

Lear. Has't his Daughters brought him to this pales?
Could'th she fait nothing? Would'th she giue thee all.
Fools. Nay, he refer'd a Blanket, else we had him all
in sham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous are:
Hang fast o're meausfavours, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters sit.
Lear. Death Traittor, nothing could have substoud
To such a lowente, but his wekend Daughters. (Percy)
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should have thus litle mercy on their fliens:
Judicious punishment, 'twas this fiend begot
Those Pelican Daughters.
Edg. Pillock fast on Pillock hill, a's walking, a'soote.
Fools. This cold night will turne us all to Poolees, and
Madmen.
Edgar. Take heed ol'th'poole Fioind, obey thy Po-
rules, kepe thy words Justice, sweerntec, commit not,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

with mans sworne Spoule; for not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold.

Lear. What hast thou done?

Ken. A Semlingman? Proud in heart, and mind; I need
not call him my harte, wore Gloues in my cap; sent the Luft of my Milfris heart, and did the seide of darkenesse with her. Sware as many Othes, as I fake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Luft, and wak'to do it. Wine loud I'd deere; Dice deere ly, and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Fisse of heart, light of care, bloody of hand Hog in floth, Foxe in fleste, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madness, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of Shoes, Nor the ruffling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keep thy foode out of Brothells, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and deifie the foule Fiend. 'Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde : Sayes faun, mun, monny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Saffy: let him trot by.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grate, then to anwer in with thy vncoer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou ow'lit the Worne no Silke ; the Beest, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wool, the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophificated. Thou art the thing it selve; unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, base, forked A-nimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vn-button here.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunackle be contented, this is a naughty night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wide Field, were like an old Letches heart, a small sparkle, all the reft on's body, cold : Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the forle Flibbertigibbet; here begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cocke : Hee gives the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Midlewes the white Wheatse, and burns the poore Creature of earth.

Swindell footed thrice the old, He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her a-light, and her tooth-pighe, And astony them Witch, astony thee. Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that easeth the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neat, and the water that in the tune of his heart, when the foule Fiend ragers, eas Cow-dung for Sallets; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole; who is prysed from Tything to Tything, and flockes, punished d, and impos'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, filet thrus to his body: Horse to ride, and weapon to weare; But Mice, and Rat, and such small Deare, Haue bin Toms food, for feuen long yeare: Beware my Fellower: Peace Smalkin, peace thou Fiend, Edg. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman, Mode he's call'd, and Mabu.

Glou. Our fith and blood, my Lord, is glowne so vile, that is doth hace what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer to obey in all your daughters hard commandes: Though their Inuention be to barre my doores, And in this Tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet hau' I wot's he? his name doth feeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder?

Kant. Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'houfe.

Lear. He tale a word with this name lerned Theban: What is your judy?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine. Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate. Kent. Important him once more to go my Lord, His wis begin't venfece.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, in to th'Houfe; keep thee warm. Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kant. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him; I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, soothe him: Let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kant. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hush, Edg. Childre Runwell to the darke Tower came, His word was still, fie, foh, and fomme, I finell the blood of a Britifh man.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houfe.

Busf. How my Lord, I may be cenfur'd, that Nature thus gues way to Loyalite, something fears mee to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not alogether your Brothers euill disposition made him feeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a worke by a reprovable badnesse in himselfe.

Busf. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repente to be usefull? This is the Letter which he spake of; which approcheth him an intelligate partie to the aduances of France O Heaven! that this Treafe were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Busf. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.
Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glos. Here's better than the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Exit Kent. All the power of his wit, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnells.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterette calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darkness: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Fool. Prythee, Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy true wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now That you do oft have bestowed to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much, They make my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogsge, and all, little dogsge, little dogsge, sweet heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Assaynt you Currres, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that poynons if it bite: Maltiff, Greyhound, Mongrill, Grum, Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtaile, or Toule, or Toffle taile, Tom will make him weep and wail, For with throwing thus your head, Dogs leap the batch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de, fife: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: to poore Tom thy home is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize Regan: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any scule in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee changed.

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, I say here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noisse, make no noisse; draw the Curtains: so, so, we'll go to Supper this morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at none.

Glos. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glos. Good friend, I pray thee take him in thy arms; I have fore-heard a plot of death upon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't.

And drive toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master, If thou shouldst daily halfe an house; his life With wife, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in affur'd loafe. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some provisio

Give thee quickke conduct. Come, come, away. 

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bardolf, and Servants.

Glos. Pove speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seek out the Traitor Gloster.

Reg. Hang him infamously.

Gons. Pluck out his eyes.

Kent. Leave him to his displesuren. Edenmd, keep ye our Sitter company: the revenge we are bound to take upon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most fatlifie preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Potest shall be with, and intelligent between vs. Farewell deere Sitter, Farewell my Lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Siege. My Lord of Gloster hath counter'd him himselfe.

Some sue or fix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queftiffes after him, met him at gate: Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast To have well armed Friends.

Gons. Get horses for your Militias.


Exit. 

Glos. Edmond farewell: we go seek the Traitor Golster, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not passe upon his life Without the forme of Justice: yet our power Shall do a certifie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comproll.

Enter Gloster, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traiton?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Glos. Binde him in the blacke arme.

Glos. What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghosts: Do me no sole play, play, Friends.

Glos. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy Traitor.

Glos. Vnder foillfull Lady, as you are, I'm none.

Glos. To this Chaire bindes him, Willaine, thou shalt finde.

Glos. By the kinde Gods, tis most ignobly done To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and fuch a Traitor?

Glos. Naughy Lutie.

Thine haires which thou dost rauish from my chin Will quicke and accurse thee. I am your Host, With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be concern'd, That still concern'd and flatter'd, to be worst. The lowest, and most deser'ted thing of Fortune, Stands full in esperance, liues not in feare: The lamentable change is from the best, The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then, Thou valiant fantasi'ry that I embrace: The Wretch that thou hast blowne into the worst, Oues nothing to thy blastes.

Enter Glauffer, and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorely led? World, World, O world! But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee, Life would not yeeld to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue borne thy Tenants, And your Fathers Tenants, these fourscore yeares. Glau. Away, get thee away; good Friend be gone, Thy comfortes can do me no good at all, Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see thy way.

Glau. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes: I humbled when I saw. Full oft it seeme, Our means secure vs, and our meres defeats Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar, The food of thy abused Fathers wrath: Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes againe,

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst? I am worse then ere I was.

Old. Thy poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not, So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest thou?

Glau. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glau. He has some reason, else he could not be.

I th'last nights forborne, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Wo'rne. My Sonne Came then into my minde, and yet my minde Was then fearse Friends with him.
I haue heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boys, are we to th'Gods, They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to forrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glau. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I say Lord.

Glau. Good: except me for 'sake.

Thou wilt one-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I' th'way toward Dover, do it for ancient love, And bring some courting for this mad Soule, Which I hope to leade me.

Old. Alaske sir, he is mad

Glaue.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Glu. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen lead the blind: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: Above the rest, be gone.
Old. Ile bring him the beft Parrell that I haue Come on't, what will,
Glu. Sir, he asked fellow,
Edg. Poor Tom's cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glu. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I muft: Bleffe thy twere eyes, they bleede.
Glu. Know'lt thou how to Dauer?
Edg. Both style, and gate: Horseway, and foot-path: Poor Tom hath bin fear'd out of his good wits. Bleffe thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glu. Here take this paffe, & whom the heavens plaues Haue humbeld to all strokes: that I am wrched Makes thee the happier: Heauens deals so still: Let the superfluous, and Loft-dicted man, That flues your ordnance, that will not fee Because he does not feel, feel your powre quickly: So diſtribution should vndoe exceffe, And each man have enough. Doft thou know Dauer? Edg. I Maftcr.
Glu. Thee is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head Lookes feaferly in the confined Deepe: Bring me but to the very brimme of it: And Ile repaye the miry thou doft bear With something rich about me: from that place, I shalI no leading neede.
Edg. Give me thy arme,
Poor Tom shall leade thee

Scena Secunda.

Enter General, Baffard, and Stemard.
Gen. Welcome my Lord: let ourself our mild husband Not meet vs on the way. Now, where's your Mafter? Stem. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd: I told him of the Army that was Landed: He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming, His anfwer was, the worfe. Of Gloulers Treachery, And of the joyfull Service of his Sonne When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out: What molt he should dislike, seems pleasant to him: What like, offentce.
Gen. Then shall you go no further, It is the Cowith terror of his spirit That dares not undertake: Hee I'll not feele wrongs Which trye him to an anfwer: our wishes on the way May prove effect. Backe Edmund to my Brother, Haftent his Mufferers, and conduct his powres. I muft change names at home, and give the Difpaft into my Husbands hands. This truthe Servant Shall paife betweene vs: where long you are like to heare (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe) A Miftrefes command. Weare this: spare speech, Decline your head. This liffe, if it durft speake Would stretch thy Spirits wp into the ayres Conceucre, and fare thee well.
Baff. Yours in the rankes of death.
Gen. My most deere Gloufer.

Oh, the difference of man, and man, To thine a Woman's services are due, My Fool ye visipes my body.
Gen. Madam, here come's my Lord, Enter Alhany, 
Gen. I have beene worth the whistle, 
Alb. Oh Conrill, 
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde Blows in your face.
Gen. Milke-Liuer'd man, 
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wroges, 
Who haft not in thy browes an eye-difeemer Thine Honor, from thy fuffering, 
Alb. See thy felfe diuell: 
Proper destruific fceemes not in the Fiend 
So horrifd as in woman.
Gen. Oh vaile Foole.

Enter a Meffinger,
Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Carnwals dead, Slaine by his Servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloufter,
Alb. Gloulers eyes.
Mef. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword To his great Mafter, who, threat-enrag'd 
Flew on him, and among 'em fell'd him dead, But not without that barrenfull stroke, which fince Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This fhes wes you are aboue You lubiefs, that thefe our neather crimes So speedily can venge. But (O povere Gloufter) Loft he his other eye?
Mef. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, caues a speedy anfwer: 'Tis from your Sifter, Gen. One wae I like this well, But being widow, and my Gloufter with her, May all the building in my fance pluche Upon my barefull life, Another way The Newes is not ftoffe. Ile read, and anfwer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne, When they did take his eyes?
Mef. Come with my Lady hituer.
Alb. He is not here.
Mef. Noy his good Lord, I met him backe again.
Alb. Knowes he the wickednife?
Mef. I my good Lord:twas he inform'd againft him And quitte the boufe on purpose, that their punishment Might have the freer count.
Alb. Gloufer, I live To thanke thee for the loue thou beth'dt the King, And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend, Tell me what more thou know'ft.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.
Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met eu'n now As mad as the wett Sea, finging lowd.
Crow'd with ranke Fenisat, and furrow weedes, With Hardokes, Henlocke, Netattles, Cuckoo flowers, Darnell
Ournell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery tend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom do
In the looking his benumbed Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gen. There is meannes Madam: Our over Nurfe of Nature, is reposes,
The which he lacks: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simplets operatwe, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguife.

Cord. All blest Secrets, All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with, my reares: be ayzant, and remEDIATE
In the Goodmans defires: seeke, seeke for him,
Leaft his yngouer'd rage, disolve the life
That wants the meannes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mis. Newes Madam, The Britifh Powres are marching hitherward.

Car. This knowe before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy business that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd reares hath pittted
No bllowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I hear, and set him

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres fet forth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himfelfe in perfon there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:

Your Sifer: is the better Souliers.

Reg. Lord Edmund f poke not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sifers Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is pooffed hence on ferious matter:
It was great ignoignorance, Glouifies eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moues
All hearts againf this: Edmund, I think is gone
In pity of his milery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreover to defcry
The strength of the Enemy

Stew. I muft needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troops fet forth to morrow, by way with vs?
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should the write to Edmund?

Might not you tranfport her purpoites by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. He love thee much
Let me unlesse the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am lufe of that; and at her late being here,
She gave strange Ellads, and most pocking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in understanding: Y'are; I know't.

Therefore I do advise you take this note:

My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you gue him this;
And when your Miftres heartes thus much from you,
I pray deffeire her call her wisdome to her.
So far are you well:
If you do chance to hear of that blinde Traitor,
Preferenent falls on him, that runs him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well

Enter Gloufifer, and Edgar.

Glow. When shall I come to the top of that fame hill?

Edgar. You do clime vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glow. Me thinkes the ground is even.

Edgar. Horrable fleape.

Hesite, do you heare the Sea?

Glow. No truly.

Edgar. Why then your other Semies grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiffe.

Glow. So may it be indeed.

Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speake'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edgar. Y'are much deceu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glow. Me thinkes y'are better spoked.

Edgar. Come on Sir.

Here's the place: landfull: how fearefull
And dici'st, to caft ones eyes so low.

The Crowes and Coughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew fearce to groffe at Beecles. Halfie way downe
Hanges one that gathers Samantha: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.

The Fishermen, that walk'd vp the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminifh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,
Leaft my braine turne, and the deficient fights
Toppke downe headlong.

Glow. Set me where you fland.

Edgar. Give me your hand.

You are now within a foot of th'eextreme Verte.
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpight.

Glow. Let go my hand.

Here's Friend's another pursie: tin is, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans raking. Fayries, and Gods
Propper is with thee. Go thou furher off,
Bid me farewel, and let me heare thee going.

Edgar. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glow. With all my heart.

Edgar. Why do I trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glow. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your fights
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Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposifell milieu,
My fuffre, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it felle out. If Edgar live, O bless him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life is felle
Yields to the Theif. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paft. Alife, or dead?
Ho, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he resiues.

What are you Sir?

Gloe. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had he thought beene ought
But Goxamore, Feathers, Ayre.

(As many as fhome done precipitizing)
Thouf't finiher'd like an Egg: but thou don't breath;
Haft heavy substance, bleed't nor, speak'it, art found,
Ten Maffes at each, make not the stidue
Which thou haft perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myrtle. Speake yet againe.

Gloe. But have I faine, or no?

Edg. From the dead Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the thrull-gorg'd Lacke fo farre
Cannot be fome, or heard: Do but looke vp,
Gloe. Alacke, I have no eyes:
Is wretchedefle deprui'd that benefit
To end is felle by death? Twas yet some confor
When mistyfie could beguile the Tyraams rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Glue me your arme.
Up, lo: How is't? Eele the your Legges? You fand.
Gloe. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is about all strangefene,
Vp, the crowne of all. Cliffe.
What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Gloe. A poore infortune Beggar.

Edg. As I fould here, we, thought his eyes
Were two fmal Moones: he had a thousand Noifes,
Homes wea'ld, and wafted like the enraged Sea:
It was fome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cerleffe Gods, who make them Honour
Of mens Impossibilities, have preferv'd thee.

Gloe. I do remember now's henceforth lie bear
Affiflion, till it do cry out it felle
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I took it for a man; offten'll would fay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?

The Serf f彭 we'll ne're accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that refpeft. There's your Prefe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Cloathsers yard. Look, looke, a Moufe: peace, peace, this piece of tofted Cheese will do't. There's my Gauntlets, He proue it on a Gaunt.
Bring up the brownes Billes. O well Bowne Bird! I'sh' clout, r'sh'clout; Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marlonum.

Gloe. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Generill with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hyres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and not, to every thing that I faid; I, and no too, was no good Divinicy. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chafter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found'em, there I flmate'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lyce, I am not Ague proves.

Gloe. The tickle of that voyce, I do well remember:
Isn't the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

When I do flare, see how the Subie & quakes,
I pardon that mans life: What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou that not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wen goes too, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letter in my fight. Let Copulacion thrive:
For Gloysters baffard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got'twene the Lawfull Fleece.
Too's Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers,
Behold yond impompting Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes prefages Sowne; that minces Venture & do's flake
The head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitcheew, for
But the follyed Horfe goes to't with a more morous appetite:
Downe from the waffe they are Centurues, though
Women all abroad: but to the Girdle do the Gods inheri-
bit, beneath all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
ness, there is the sulphurous spit, burning, scalding fteach,
Consumption: Fye, fie, fie, pah, pah: Give me an ounce of Cineat; good Apotheccary sweepen my imagination:
There's money for thee.

Gloe. O let me kiffe that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it fift,
It fmulles of Mortality.

Gloe. O Nature's the Prince of Nature, this great world
Shall we waste out too naught.

Do't thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doft thou
fquiny at me? No, do thy worst blind Cupid, I'll not
love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of
it.

Gloe. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not fee.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Gloe. What with the Cave of eyes?

Lear. Oh he, are you there with me? No cies in your head, nor no mony in your purs? Your eyes are in a hea-
y cafe, your purs in a light, yet you fee how this world goes.

Gloe. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may fee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eyes: See how
tond Litchae raiies upon yond simpel theeue. Harke in thine eye: Change places, and handli-dandy, which is the Juitice, which is the theeue: Thou haft scen a Farmers dogge bace at a Beggar?

Gloe. Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Curr: there thou
might'be behold the great image of Authoritie, a Doggs
obey'd in Office. Thou, Raffell Bizzle, hold thy bloody
hand: why doft thou lisht that Where? Strip thy owne
bace, thou haftly cut to vie her in that kind, for which
thou whip her. The Vintar hires the Comer, Thru-
rough.
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ough Easter's d daches great Vices do appear: Robes, and Furt's cowens hides all. Place finnes with Gold, and the Strong Lance of Justice, hurtles breaks: Ame in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, He's able emi take that of me my Friend, who have the power to feale the accusers lips. Get thee glace; eyes, and like a feanly Politician, seeme to thee thou dost not. Now, now, now, now, Pull off my boots: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madness.

Lear. If thou wilt wepe my Fortunes, take my eyes,
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ft, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preche to thee: Marko.
Glo. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, wercy that we are come
To this great flage of Foolies. This is a good blockes:
It were a delicate fistagem to thoo
A Troope of Horfe with Felt: ite put't in proofe,
And when I have borne upon thefe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is, lay hand upon him, Sirs,
Your most deceit Daughter —

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euem
The Natural Foolie of Fortune. Vie me well,
You shall have ranfome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th' Brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my felte?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Sale
To vie his eyes for Garden water-post: it will die bravely,
Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Jannall:
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a Royall one and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get by renning: Sa, fa, sa, fa.

Exit.

Gent. A fight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of a King. Thou haft a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall Care
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you? what's your will?
Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.
Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:
Every one heares that, which can distinguish found.

Edg. But by your favour:

How near's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot the maine desery
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mord'on.

Edg. I thank you Sir.
Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my wofier Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.
Glo. Now, now, what are you to me?

Edg. A most poore man, made came to Fortunes blowes.
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forowes,
Am pregnant to good pity. Gie me your hand,
He leade you to some biding.

Glo. Hesitouch thanks:

The bountie, and the benison of Heaven
To boat, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclam'ed priize: most happie
That eyelesse head of thine, was first framt'a flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Briefly thy false remembrance: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.
Stew. Wherefore, bold Peasant
Don't thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaat that thin'g'ition of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir
Without vurther' cafon.

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'l.

Glo. Good Gentleman goo your gate, and let poure
volke paffe: and 'chud ha'bin zagged out of my life,
t'would not ha'bin zo long as tis, by a vostight. Nay,
com'e not neere th'old man: keep out the ye ye, or let
thy whether your Cohard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plane with you.

Stew. Out Dung-hill.
Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vot your
foynes.

Stew. Slave thou haft slaine me: Villaine, take thy purfe;
If euer thou wilt trash, bury my bodie,
And give the Letters which thou find'd about me,
To Edward Earl of Gloucester: fecke him out
Upon the English party. Oh entirely death, death.
Glo. I know thee well. A servicable Villaine,
As duteous to the vises of thy Mistres,
At badmofe would deserve.

Glo. What, is he the dead?

Stew. Sit you downe Father: rett you.
Let's fee these Packets: the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends: ho, ho, ho, I am onely farre
He had no other Deathsman. Let vs fee:
Lesse gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies minde, we rap their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letters.

Lest our recepct all be remembered. You have minute
opportunities to cut him off: if your will went not same
and place will be fraughtly offer'd. There is not long done, if he,
returnes the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and has bed my
Goole, from the loathed warmth whereof, desier me, and sup-
ply the place for your Labour.

Tours (wife, so I would say) affectionate
servants. Gosnoll.

Oh indiguis'd spacie of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous Husband's life,
And the exchange my Brother: here in the fands
There I take vpp, the poft unvancanghised
Of murtherous Leechers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper strike the fight
Of the death-pracht's Duke: for him'tis well,
That of thy death, and butineffe, I can tell.
Glo. The King is mad:
How fithe is my wiles genfe
That I hand vp, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were dispa,
So should my thoughts be suetter'd from my greese,
Drum ofare off.

And wo's by wrong imaginations lose,

The
Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentlemen.

Car. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodness?
My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is one pal'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Not once, not elipt, but so.
Car. Be better treated,
These weede are memories of those worser hours:
I praythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my rude intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I,thinke meet.
Car. Then be't to my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam sleepec still.
Car. O you kind Gods!
Care this great breach in his abused Nature,
The眜un'd and surrving fener, O wende vp,
Of this child's changed Father.
Gent. So please your Maiestie,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long.
Car. Be gouesn'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'm in your owne will: is he arrayd?

Enter Lear in a charriot carr'd by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the humineless of sleepe,
We put freth garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Car. O my deere Father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repair those violent harms, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reveuence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse.
Car. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pitie of them, Was this a face
To be oppress'd against the tarrying windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bin me,
Should have flood that night against my fire,
And w'thout paine (poore Father)
To howel thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn, I
In storm, and mutly fraw Sacke, sacke,
To wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.
Gen. Madam do you, 'tis frett'd.
Car. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiestie?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out 'O'st'grace,
Though are a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine owne teares
Do fai'd, like molten Lead.
Car. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit; I know, where did you dye?
Car. Still, still, faire wide.
Gen. He's faire awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bin!
Where am I? Faire day light!
I am mightily abused; I should eu'o dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affir'd
Of my condition,
Car. O by on me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction 'O're me,
You mutt not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Forsooke and upwar'd,
Not an houre more, nor lef.
And to deale plainly,
I feared I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubfull: For I am mainly ignorant
Where place this stand all the skill I have
Rememberes not these garments: nor know noe
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinkes this Lady
To be my childe Cardesia.
Car. And lo I am: I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet?
Yes faith: I pray weep not,
If you have paine for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
Car. No cause, no caufe.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You fee is kill'd in him, if he will so go in,
Trouble him no more till further setting.
Car. Will pleafe your Highnesse walke?
Lear. You must beate with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Enter with Drumme and Caution, Edmund, Ragan,
Gentlemen, and Serviters.

Baff. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether fince he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.
Reg. Our Sifiers men is certainly miscarried.
Baff. Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now sweet Lord,

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The knowledge of themselves.
Edg. Give me your hand:
Fare off me thinkes I hear the beate Drumme.
Come Father, he befor you with a Friend. 

Scena Septima.
You know the goodnesse I intend upon you: Tell me but truly, by thealter, can she be made to speak the truth, Do you not love my Sister?

Exe. In honour'd Loue, 

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way, To the fore-fended place?

Exe. No by mine honour, Madam. 

Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord 

Be not familiar with her.

Exe. Fear not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drums and Colours, Albany, General, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-meet:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter With others, whom the rigours of our State 
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this resound?
Gene. Combine, together against the Enemy:
For these domesticke and particular broiles, Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with that ancient of warre 
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you go with us?
Gene. No.

Reg. Tis most convenient, pray go with us.
Gene. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe. 

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Ifere your Grace had speech with man so poore, Hear me one word. 

Edg. Ilke overtake you speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battle, give this Letter.
If you have victorie, let the Trumpet sound 
For him that brought it writ'though Leeme, I can produce a Champion, that will prove 
What is assaultt there. If you miscarry, Your businesse of the world hath fo an end, And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry, And I appeare again.

Alb. Why farthest we well, I will o'ers-look this paper.

Enter Edmund.

Edg. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers, 
Here is the guesse of their true strength and Forces, By diligent discouer, but your hast 
Is now vrg'd on you:

Alb. We will greate the time.

Edg. To both thee Sisters have I sworne my love: Each jealous of the other, as the flung 
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be employ'd If both remaine alive: To take the Tidwod, Exasperates, makes mad her Sisiter General, And hardly shall I carry out my rite, Her husband being alive. Now then, wee'll live His countenance for the Battle, which being done, Let her who would be rid of him, deuite His speedy taking off. As for the mercie Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The Battle done, and they within out power,
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Ere they shall make us wepe?
Wait thee Iam that do first come.
Exit Baff. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Talke this note, go follow them to prison.
Ope not I have adviz'd thee, thou do not
As this inmutes thee, thou dost not make thy way
To Noble fortunes: know this, that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded.
Do's not become a Sword, thy great employment
Will not bear question: neither say thou'lt do's,
Or thrive by other meanes.
Capt. He do's not my Lord.
Exit Baff. About it, and write happy, when th'has done,
Mark I say infantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.
Entr. Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well; you have the Captains
Who were the opponents of this dayes stiffe:
I do require of you so to write them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
Baff. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some restraint,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To pluck the common bosome on his side,
And wone our imperial Laurens in our eyes.
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;
My reason all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, appeare
Where you shall hold your Seiffion.

Reg. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Alb. That's as we lift to grace him,
Methinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoken so farre. He led out Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediately may well stand vp,
And call it false your Brother.

Gen. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rigt,
By me inmeted, he comprehendes the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Letters do often prove Prophets.
Gen. Hols hols,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a feint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should have
From a full flowing stomack. Generally,
Take thou my Soullers, prisoners, patrimony,
Disposse of them, of me, the walls is thinne.
Witness to the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Master.

Gen. Meane you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baff. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Half-blood ed fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yest, heere reafon: Edgmond, I bruthe thee
On Captaine Trafalgon, and thy crew.
This guideld Serpens: for thy claimse faire Sifters,
I bore it in the interest of my wife,

Tis she is sub-contrasted to this Lord,
And her husband contradict her Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bispoke.

Gen. An enterlude,

Alb. Thou art armed Glescer,
Let the Trense found:
If none appeare to prove upon thy person,
Thy heymons, manifest, and many Trenseons,
There is my pledge: Ile ma ke it on thy heart
This lift bread, thou art in nothing leffe.
Then I have heere proclaimed thee,

Reg. Sir, by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Truth to thy singele vertue, for thy Soullers
All leued in my name, hau in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sickeñeffe groves upon me.

Alb. She is not well, conney her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trense found,
And read out this.

A Trense founds.

Herald reads.

[any man of qualitie or degree within the lists of the Ar-
my, willed maintaine upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Glescer,
that he is a manfull Trense, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trense: he shall be bold in his defence.

Trumper
Trumper
Trumper

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his purpose, why he appears
Upon this Call oth Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Supplies.

Edg. Know my name is lost?

Regen. By Trenseons toke: bare, gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adverfary.

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adverfary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Glescer?

Baff. Himselfe, what daffe thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword.

That if my speche offend a Noble heart,
Thy armes may do thee Justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my prouide,
The prouvilledge of mine Honour,
My oath and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence.
Delpve thee victor-Sword, and live new Fortune.
Thy valor, and thy heare, thou art a Trenseer:
Falle to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father.

Conspirate givst this high illustrious Prince,
And from thee extremly upward fly thy head.
To the discent and dust below thy feet,

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A most / Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no, This Sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereas I speak, Thou lyest.

Baff. In wisedome I should ask thy name, But since the side lookes to faire and Warlike, And that thy tongue (some say) of breathing breathes, What safe, and nicely I might well delay, By rule of Knight-hood, I did daire and spurne; Backe do I offe these Treaasons to thy head, With the hell-bred Lye, ore-whelme thy heart, Which for they yet glance by, and facetly brute, This Sword of mine shall give them instant way, Where they shall rest for euer, Trumpets speake, 


Gen. This is prattie Gloster.

By this law of Warre, how waft not bound to answer An unknowen opposite: thou art not vanish'd, But cowerd, and beguile, 

Alb. Shur your mouth Dame, Or with this paper shall I flop it: hold Sir, Thou warft then any name, respe thine owne euill: Not treading Lady, I perceiue you know it. 

Gen. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine, Who can assigne me for's? 

Exit. 

Alb. Moft monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper? 

Baff. Ask me not what I know. 

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her. 

Baff. What have you charg'd me with, 

That have I done, And more, much more, the time will bring it out. 

Tis past, and am 1. But what art thou, 

That half this Fortune on me? if thou it Noble, I do forge thee. 

Edg. Let's exchange charity: I am no leffe in blood then thou art Edmund, If more, the more th haft wrong'd me. 

My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne, The Gods are just, and of our plesant visces Make instruments to plague us: 

The darke and vissues place where thee he got Coff him his eyes. 

Baff. Th' haft spoken right, 'tis true, The Whiles is come full circle, I am here. 

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie An oft Noblesse: I must embrace thee, Let forrow split my heart, of euer 

Did hate thee, or thy Father. 

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't. 

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe? 

How have you knowne the miseries of your Father? 

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. Lift a breafe tale, And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst. The bloody proclamation to escape 

That follow'd me (neere, O our lives sweetnesse, That we the pains of death would hourly dye, Rather then die at once) taught me to shift Into a mad-mans rags, it affume a semblance That very Dogges disdaine'd: and in this habit Met my Father with his bleeding Ringe, 

Their precious Stones new lost, because his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, fain'd him from dispare. 

Neuer (Of fault) exceed'd my selfe into, Untill some halfe hour past when I was arm'd, Not sure, though hoping of this good successe, 

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart (Alacke too weake the conflict to support) Twist two extremes of passion, joy and griefe, Burft smilingly, 

Baff. This speech of yours hath mou'd me, And the perchaunce so good, but speake you on, You looke as you had something more to say. 

Alb. If there be more,would hold it in, For I am almost ready to dissole, 

Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.


Edg. What kinde of helpe? 

Alb. Speake man. 

Edg. What means this bloody Knife? 

Gen. 'Tis hot, it moskes, it came euyn from the heart of-Oh thou's dead. 

Alb. Who speak, Speake man. 

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sifter 

By her is payson'd: she confessest it. 

Baff. I was contracled to them both, all three 

Now marry in an instant, 

Edg. Here comes Kent. 

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead; 
Governor and Regens bodys bringh us. 

This judgement of the Heauens that makes vs trouble. 

Touches vs not with pitty, O is this he? 

The time will not allow the compleat 

Which very manners vrges. 

Kent. I am come 

To bid my King and Master aye good night. 

Is he not here? 

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot. 

Speake Edmund, where's the King (and where's Cordelia) 

Seest thou this object Kent? 

Kent. Alacke, why thus? 

Baff. Yet Edmund was belou'd: 

The one the other poison'd for my sake, 

And after flew hersel'fe. 

Alb. Euen so: cover their faces. 

Baff. 1 pant for life: some good I meanto do 
Delight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend, 

(Thy life in it) to th' Cattle, for my Writ 

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: 

Nay, send in haste. 

Alb. Run, run, O run. 

Edg. To who my Lord? Who he's the Office 

Send thy token of repreene. 

Baff. Well thought on, take my Sword, 

Give it the Captain. 

Edg. Haft thee for thy life, 

Baff. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me, 

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and 

To lay the blame upon her owne dispare, 

That she for-did her selfe. 

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while. 

Enter Lear with Cordelia apace armed. 

Lear. Howe, howe, howe, O you are men of stones, Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vie them so, That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer. 

I know when one is dead and when one liues, 

She's dead as eare: Lend me a Looking-glass,
If that her breath will mift or staine the stone,
Why then the lutes,

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Of image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather flies, the lutes; is it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Pray thee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble Kent your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have saud her, now she's gone for ever:

Cordelia, Cordelia, Ray a little. Ha:
What is't thou faidst? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman,
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I have spent the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these fame crofles spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not oth beft, let tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she loud and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The fame: your Servant Kent,

Where is your Servant Caesar?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll flrike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. I fee that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd you sad footsteps.

Lear. Your are welcome thither.

Kent. Nor no man else.

All's cheerful, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knoues not what he saies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Veryboolecke.

Keff. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will requifie,
During the life of this old Males.
To him, our absolute power, you to your rights,
With booke, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wagers of their venue, and all Foes
The cup of ther destruction. O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Poole is hang'd: no, no, no life!
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.
Neither, neither, neither, neither.

Pray you vnde this Button. Thank you Sir,
Do you see this? Look on her? Look on her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faies, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Break his heart, I pray thee break.

Edg. Look vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wreake of thistough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vfipt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
Is grand, as doe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the go'd slate fullaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go.

My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we see, not what we ought to say:
The old is left borne most, we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.
Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Roderigo.

Euer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (I say) who hast had my purse,
As if't settings were thine, should'rt know of this.
"But you'st not hence me, if ever I did dream
Oftuch a matter, abhorre me.

Iago. Despise me
If I do so.
Three Great ones of the Cittie
(In personall suite to make mee his Lieutenant)
Oft-cap't to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purpose)
Exudes them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with Epithores of warre,
Non-futes my Mediator. For certes, fayes he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almost dam'd in a faire Wife)
That never felt a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the defeuion of a Battale knowes.
More then a Spinther, Valesfe the Bookish Theorices:
Wherein the Tongued Contus can propose
As Masterly as he. Moore prattle (without prattle)
Is all his Soullerdhip. But he (Sir) had thelection
And I (of whom his eies had fene the profece
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must bee led, and calmd'
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-eater,
He in good time muft his Lieutenant be,
And I (biffle the marke) his Moorship's Auentient.

Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have Bin his hangman,
Iago. Why, there's no remed
To the curse of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to th' thirft. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any just termes am Affin'd
To lose the Moore?

Roderigo. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you: I follow him to serve my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters.

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowle him, make after him, pay fon his delight,
Proclame him in the Streets. Incense her kindnes,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Fretfulness that his joy be joy,
Yet throw fuch chances of vexation on's,
As it may leafe some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Dor, with like tereous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Citties.

Roderigo. What how: Brahman's, Signor Brahman's hoa,
Iago. Awake what how, Brahman's, Theues, Theues.
Lookes to your house, your daughter, and your Bag,
Theues, Theues, Theues.

Roderigo. Awake, What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Iago. Signor is all your Famite within?
Iago. Are your Doore lock'd?
Iago. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are trob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul. Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise, Awake the sleeping Ch. ten with the Bell, Or else the devil will make a Grand-fire of you. Arise I say.

**Bras.** What have you lost your wits? **Rod.** Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice? **Bras.** Not I: what are you? 

**Rod.** My name is Rodrigo. 

**Bras.** The wofuller welcome: I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest pleisme I haft heard me say, My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madness, (Being full of Supper, and difempring daughters) Upon malicious knavery, doth thou come To start my quiet. 

**Rod.** Sir, Sir, Sir. 

**Bras.** But thou muft needs be faire, My spirits and my place have in their power To make this bitter to thee. 

**Rod.** Patience good Sir. 

**Bras.** What tell'st thou me of Robbing? This is Venice: my house is not a Grange. 

**Rod.** Moft grace Brabazon, In simple and pure foule, I come to you. 

**Is.** Sir: you are one of those that will not ferce God, if the devill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you haue your Daughte care'd with a Barbary horie, you haue your Nephewse neigh to you, you haue Courters for Cozens: and Genness for Germaniers. 

**Bras.** What prophane wretch art thou? 

**Is.** I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs, 

**Rod.** Thou art a Villaine. 

**Lago.** You are a Senator. 

**Bras.** This thou shalt answere, I know thee Rodrigo. 

**Rod.** Sir, I will answere any thing. But he beseach you, if't be your plasure, and most wife content, (Aspartly I find it is) that your faire Daughter, Art this odd Euen and dull watch o' the night Transported with no worse one better guard, But with a knowse of common hire, a Gundelius, To the grosse ealpes of a Lascivious Moore: If this be knowne to you, and your Allownace, We then have done you bould, and fauor wrongs. But if you know not this, my Manners tell me, We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue That from the fonce of all Civilitie, I thus would play and trifie with your Reuense, Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave) I say again, hath made a grosse reuel, 

**Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes** In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger, Of here, and every where: sfraght fastifie your selfe, If she be in her Chamber, or your houfe, Let loose on me the juiftice of the State For thus deluding you. 

**Bras.** Strike on the Tinder, hos: Give me a Taper: call up all my people, This Accident is not like my dreames, Beliefe of it opprèffes me alreadie, Light, I say, light. 

**Ing.** Farewell; for I must leave you. It leemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

To be produc'd, (as if I stay, I shall,) Against the Moore. For I do know the State, (How euer this may gall him with some chocke) Cannot with felight cast him. For he's embark'd With fuch loud reafon to the Cyprian Warres, (Which euen now stands in A) that for their foules Another of his Fadome, they have none, To lead their Business. In which regard, Though I do hate him as I doe hell anipes, Yet, for necelisie of prefent life, I must show out a Flag, and figne of Love, (Which is indeed but figne) that you shall truly find him Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search: And there will I be with him. So farwell. 

Enter Brasavoli, with Servants and Torches.

**Bras.** It is too true an euill. Gone she is, And what to come of my defpaft time, Is naught but bitterneffe. Now Rodrigo, Where diuid thou see her? (Oh vnhappy Girls) With the Moore fast thou? (Who would be a Father?) How diuid thou know'd she was? (he the deuces me) Palt thought: what sad fide to you? Get mee Tapers: Raise all my Kindred, Are they married thinkes you? 

**Rod.** Truely I thinkes they are. 

**Bras.** Oh Heaven: how got the out? Oh treason of the blood, Fathers, from hence truf't not your Daughters minds By what you see them a. Is there not chamres, By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood May be abused? Have you not read Redorno, Of some fuch thing? 

**Rod.** Yes Sir; I have indeed. 

**Bras.** 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? 

**Rod.** I thinke I can discover him, if you please To get good Guard, and go along with me. 

**Bras.** Pray you lend on. At every house I call, (I may command at most) get Weapons (hoo) And take some special Officers of might. 

**Rod.** Go good Rodrigo, I will deferue your pains. 

**Exeunt.**

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**Scena Secundana.**

Enter Othello, Lago, Attendents, with Torches.

**Is.** Though in the trade of Warre I haue flaine men, Yet do I hold it very fluefe o'th' confidence To do no constra'd Murder: I scarce Iniquifie Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times I had thought 'chy were yerk'd him here under the Rubbes. Othello. 'Tis better as it is. 

**Lago.** Nay but he prated, And spoke fuch ftoory, and prouoking terms Against your Honor, that with the little godlimne I haue I did full hard farthe him. But I pray you Sir, Are you fain married? Be affur'd of this, That the Magnifico is much belou'd. And hath in his effect a voice potential As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you. Or part upon you, what restraint or greuces, 

**The**
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Othel. Let him do his spight;
Many services, which I have done the Signorise
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speak (unbonnetted) so proud a Fortune
As this that I have receiv'd. For know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscript, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.
Iago. There stone the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were well go in.

Othel. Not! I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Jarns, I think no.

Othel. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Othel. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post haste appearance,
Enen on the infall.
Othel. What is the matter, thank you?
Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heare. The Galliers
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one another hecles:
And many of the Consuls, rain'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hortly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three feuerall Queues,
To search you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Auncient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Caravett.
Yet prove lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to ------ Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you.

Cassio. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brobasta, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: General be adus'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othel. Holla! (and there,)
Reda. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.


Othel. Keep ye upon your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them, Good Signior, you shall more command with
years, than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haft thou flow'd my Daughter e

Dann'd as thou art, thou haft enchanted her

For he referre me to all things of men, (If he in Chains of Magick we're not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she found
The wealthy curled Dacreling of our Nation,
Would euer have (encore a general mole)
Run from her Guardage to the footst of home.
Of such a thing as thou to face, not to delight
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groffe in Sense,
That thou haft practis'd on her with soule Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakest Motion. He haert disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palatable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a profiter.
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do reftill
Subdue him, as his prer.
Othel. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclination, and the reeds.
Were it my Cuse to fight, I should have knowen it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anwre this your charge?

Bra. To Prifon, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direc't Seffion
Call thee to anwser.

Othel. What is it do obey?
How may the Duke be cherein with fasie'd,
Whose Messengers are here about my face,
Upon some pretenf buiness of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noblesfelle,
I am sure is fent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this tyme of the night: Bring him away
Mines not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelle,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'tweere their owne:
For if such Aflions may have pellage frees,
BOND-MAIL, and Pagans shall our Statefmen be. Enter

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes.
That gives them Credite.
1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned,
My Letters say, a Hundred and leven Galleries.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. Sen. And mine two Hundred:
But though they jumpe not unto a luft accompt,
(A's in thebes Cafes where the ayne reports,
Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confime
A Turkish Fleece, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement;
I do not to secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In fearefull fente.

Seyler within. What bow, what ha, what hoa

Enter Seyler.
The Moor of Venice. 313

Officer. A Merchant from the Gallies.  
Duke. Now, what's the business?  
Signior. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes, So was I bid report here to the State,  
For Signior Angelo.  
Duke. How far you by this change?  
Sen. This cannot be.  
By no alay of reason, 'Tis a Pageant  
To keep us in false grace, when we consider  
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let our felues against but vnderstand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk then Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bester,  
For that it bands not in such Warfare like brace,  
But altogether lackes th'substaint.  
That Rhodes is dres'd in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so vnskillfull,  
To leave that latef, which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of safe, and gaine  
To wake, and wage a danger profilefe.  
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.  
Officer. Here is more Newes.  

Enter a Merchant.  
Merchant. The Ottomans, Reuerend, and Gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the Ille of Rhodes,  
Have thereto injoyed them with an after Fleece.  
Sen. 1. So I thought: how many, as you guesse?  
Merchant. Of thirty Salle; and now doe we re-tram  
Their course, and most Valiant Subtact,  
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to beleue him.  
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus;  
Marcha Lucceius is not he in Towne?  
Sen. He's now in Florence.  
Duke. Write from vs,  
To him, Post, Post haste, dispatch.  

Enter Brabantio, Orbello, Caffio, Legio, Rodrigo, and Officers.  

Duke. Valiant Orbello, we must straightly employ you,  
'Gainst the generall Enemy Ottoman.  
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,  
We lack't your Counsafe, and your helpe to night.  
Or. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.  
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me. For my particular grieue  
It is of to Flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,  
That it engulfs, and swallowes other forrowes,  
And it is fillt it selfe.  
Duke. Why? What's the master?  
Or. My Daughter: oh my Daughter  
Sen. Dead?  
Or. I, to me.  
She is abus'd, alone from me, and corrupted  
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks:  
For Nature, so profp这儿tly to erre,  
(Being not sufficiently blind, or lame of senfe,)  
Sans witchcraft could not.  
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding  
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selle,  
And you of her, the bloodie Booke of Law,  
You shall your selle read, in the bitter letter.  
After your owne senfe: yea, though our proper Son  
Stood in your Action.  
Or. Humbly I thank you Grace,  
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it fornes  
Your speciall Messengers, for the State affairs  
Hath hither brought.  
All. We are verie for'r.  
Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?  
Or. Nothing, but this is so.  
Other. Maff Potent, Grace, and Reuerend Signiors,  
My very Noble, and approvd good Masters;  
That I have tane away this old mane Daughter,  
It is most true: true I have married her;  
The verie head, and front of my offending,  
Hath this extent: no more. Rude am I, in my speech,  
And little blest with the soft phrase of Peace;  
For since these Armes of mine, had feuen yeares pith,  
Till now, some nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd  
Their deerest action, in the Tenred Field:  
And little of this great world can I speake,  
More then pertains to Parts of Broiles, and Bataille,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)  
I will a round vnvarnish'd Tale de Ruler,  
Of my whole course of Loue,  
What Drugges, what Charms,  
What Couination, and what mighty Magicke,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)  
I won his Daughter.  
Or. A Maiden, never bold:  
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion  
Blush'd at her selle, and the, in spight of Nature,  
Of Years, of Country, Chastity, every thing  
To fall in Loue, with what the fear'd to look on,  
It is a judgement maind, and most imperfect,  
That will confesse Perfection to could erre  
Against all tales of Nature, and must be driven  
To find our prudences of running hell  
Why this shou'd be. I therefore vouch againe,  
That with some Mixtures, pow'feful o're the blood,  
Or with some Dram, (conui'd to this effect)  
He wrought vp on her,  
To vouch this is no proofe,  
Without more wider, and more over Teff  
Then these thine habes, and poore likely-hoods  
Of modern Fevering, do prefer against him,  
Sen. But Orbello speaks.  
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses  
Subdue, and payson this yong Maides affections?  
Or came it by request, and such faire question  
As foule, so foule afforhath?  
Other. I do befere you,  
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,  
And let her speake of me before her Father;  
If you do finde me foule, in her report,  
The Truth, the Office, I do hold of you,  
Not onely take away, but your Sentence  
E'en fall upon my life.  
Other. Aunciant, conduct them:  
You beft know the place,  
And tell the come, as truely as to heaven,  
I do confesse the vices of my blood,  
So steeply to your Grace ears, Ie present
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thrive in this said Ladies love,
And the in mine,
Duke. Say it Othello.
Otho. Her Father loud so, of invited me:
Still question'd me the Sore of my life.
From yore to yeare: the Battale, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past,
I ran is through, even from my boyish daies,
Tast very moment that he bad me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of hair-breath spesces! (th'Immortal deadly breach;
Of being taken by the, Iobif Poes,
And fold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,
And pertyance in my Travellours historie,
Wherein of Anters vast, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quaries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,
And of the Cannibale that each others eare,
The Antrophophs, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders, Thefe things to hear,
Would Desiframo seriously incline
But (all the house Affirer) would draw her hence
Which ever as she could with haffe dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie ease
Desiroe vp my difcourse. Which I obferuing,
Tooke once a plant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not incontinently: I did confent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some diffretfull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Story being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kifes:
And wore in faith 'twas strange: 'twa paffing strange,
'Twa pitifull: 'twa was wondroues pitifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, I had a Friend that loud her,
And should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooc her. Vpon this hint I fpake,
She loud me for the dangers I had past,
And I loud her, that she did pistey them.
This onely is the witchcraft I have w'd
Here comes the Ladie: Let her wisetle it.

Enter Desiframo, Lege, Attendents.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Braba toe, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vfe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speake?
If the confesse that she was halfe the woorer,
Defertation on my head,if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miftris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Dif. My Noble Father,
I doe perceve here a duided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My Life and education both doe learn me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hither to your Daughter. But here's my Husband;
And for much duise, as my Mother thow'd

To you, preferring you before her Father;
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you, I haue done.
Pliefe to your Grace, on to the State AFFaires
I bad rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do glue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already with all my heart,
I would keepe from thec. For your sake (Jewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirannie
To hang cloggges on them, I have done my Lord.
Duke. Let me speake like your selfe;
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a gire, or step may helpe these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the grieses are ended
By feeing the wooll, which late on hope depended.
To moune a Mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be prevent'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mock'y makes.
The rob'd that smil's, heales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelcfe griefe.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looke it not so long as we can smyle:
He bears the Sentencce well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort from which he heares.
But he bears both the Sentence, and the forrow,
That to pay grieue, most of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being Broug on both sides, are Equinocail.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruised heare was pier'd through the ears.
I humbly beseech you protest to th Associates of State.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place
Is best known to you. And though we have there a Subfi-
tute of most allowed sufficiencie, ye opinion, a more
foueraigne Miftris of Effreds, throws a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to flabber
the glose of your new Fortunes, with this more stin-
borne, and boyistous expedition.

Otho. The Turant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrie-driven bed of Downe. I do advise
A Naturall and prompte Alacritie,
I finde in her dience: and do undertake.

This present Warres against the Ottomanes,
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave the disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and befor.
As letteth with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it do.

Oth. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts.
By being in his eye. Most Grauous Duke,
To my unfoldung, lead your prosperouse ear,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice.
To still my flimpleffe.

Duke. What would you Desiframo?
Dif. That I loue the Moore, to live with him,
My dione-light violence, and flome of Fortunes,
the Moor of Venice.

My trumpet to the world. My heart's fab'd, and
dven 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 my soul and Fortunes confecrate.
So that (dear Lord,) I left behind
Morn of Peace, and go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are before me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By my 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:
Not to comply with heat the yong affects
In my deffent, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thynke
I will your seruos and great businesse sact.
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Tayes
Of other'd Copul, cleale with wanton dulness.
My speculacive, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disturbs corrupt, and tame my businesse:
Let Husbands make a Skiller of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base advantage,
Make me head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall prudently determine,
Either for her stay, or going : 'tis Affaire cries haft:
And speech must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine this morn, here we'll meete againe.

Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commision bring to you:
And such things elle of qualitative and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So pleaase your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and truft:
To his conuencye I affigne my wife.
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sentt after me.

Duke. Let it be so:

Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Verue no delighted, Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is faire more faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adriuo brave Moore, the Defermona well.

Bra. Lookes to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She's heauie decd't her Painter, and may thec,
I say.

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honoll Iago,
My Defermona must I leave thee to:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Defermonas, I have but an hour
Of love, of wordly matter, and direction.
To spend with thee. We must obey the thetime.

Exi. Rod. Iago.

Iago. What faift thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ft thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
What thou styll Gentleman?

Rod. It is fillyness to live, when to live is torment:
And then hate we a prescription to dye, when death is
Our hbby lover.

Iago. Oh villainous : I have look'd upon the world
For foure times foure yeares, and since I could distinguinth
between a Benefit, and an Innuire: I never found man that knew
how to lose himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drown my selfe for the love of Gymen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my frame
To be fo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Verue? A rigge, 'tis in our fheles that we are
such, or thus. Our bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Will are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-
rels, or lowe Lettice; Set Hilipes, and weede up Times
Supplye it with one gender of Heartes, or diftraft it with
many : either to have it fearrill with idlenesse, or ma-
urned with Induftry, why the power, and Corgisage, au-
thoritie of this heare our Wills. If the brame of our lines
had not one Scale of Reson, to poine another of Sen-
senallie, the blood, and vnsenesse of our Natures would
conduct us to most prophemous Conclusions. But we
have Reson to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Strings, or vnbated Lusts : whereof I take this, that you
call Love, to be a Seu, or Sen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Laft of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe: Drown
Carls, and thy Puppies. I have profeffed me thy friends,
and I confesse me in't to thy défegue. With Cables of
perdurable toughnesse, I could never better fixed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Warres, defend thy favour, with an wipr'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse: it cannot long that Defermona
should confue one to thee. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement
in her, and thou shalt fee an answerable Sequel-
ation, put but Money in thy purse. These Moors are
changeable in their wills: full thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as luthious as Locusts,
thalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Colouquintida. She
must change for youth : when she is fated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put Mo-
ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs name thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
ney thou canst: If Sanchoine, and a frails vowe;
between an erring Barbarian, and super-fuble Verenian be
not too hard for my will, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her: therefore make Money: a pois of drowning
thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seekst thou
rather to be hangd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Red. Wilt thou be faft to my hopes, if I depend
on the illu?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and again,
I hate the Moore. My eafe is hearted, thine hath no lea
reason. Let it be contumelie in our revenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou daft thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sporte. There are many Events in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivere. Traucefe, go,
proide thy Money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adeiu.

Rod. Where shall we meete yeb' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I cle with thee betimes.


Rod. I fell all my Land.

Exi. Iago. Thus do I ever make my Folio, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge shoule prophan
1 If I would Ginpex end with such Snpe,
The Tragedie of Othello

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She has done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for more sufficient in that kind,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him:
Caffo's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume up my will
After some time, to abuse Othello's ears,
That he is not familiar with his wife;
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seems to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th Noise
As Asles are:
I have's; it is engendered: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this manfroost Birth, to the worlds light.

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discourse at Sea?
Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Defy a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast, ne'er so shooke our Battellmen:
If its hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oske, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Morines. What shall we heere of this?
1 A Segregation of the Turkish Fire:
For do but stand upon the Fomning Shore,
The chidden Billow seems to pelt the Clouds,
The wind-shak'd-Surge, with high & menomous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beere,
And quench the Guards of chuer-fix'd Pole
I never did like mollissement view
On the enchafted Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fieree
Be not enflisht'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beat it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. News Ladders: our warres are done:
The desperat Tempest hath to bang ther Turkes,
That their desigament bats. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath feene a greateous wracke and suffrance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

Gent. The Ship is here put in: A Fennecella, Michael Caffo
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello,
Is come on Shote: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And in full Commission here to Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on's:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.

Gent. But this name Caffo, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loffe, yet he lookes sadly,
And prays the Moore be safe: for they were parted
With foules and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heaven he be:

For I have fam'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (here)
As well to see the Vessel that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the Maine, and th'Eristal blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expencancie
Of more Arriance.

Enter Caffo.

Caffo. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approow the Moor: Oh let the Heauen
Glue him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?
Caffo. His Bark is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylet
Of verie experts, and approow'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfeeted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Mon. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Caffo. What Noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand many of People, and they cry, a Saile.
Caffo. My hopes do shafe him for the Gouernor.
Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtefe,
Our Friends, at leaft.

Caffo. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And give vs truth who 'ts that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall with'd?
Caffo. Most fortunately: he hath a'the Dep't Maud
That patrones description, and wilds Fame
One that excels the quarkers of Blazing pens,
And in th'effinalent Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingenuer.

Enter Gentlemen.

Gent. How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one Lago. Auncient to the Generall.
Caffo. He's had most favourable, and happee Speed:
Tempests themselfes, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enstep'd, to enclapse the guileffle Kettle,
As haung fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Divine Deferbomna.

Mon. What is he?
Caffo. She that I spoke of
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Lago,
Whole foating here anticipates our thoughts,
A Seagants speed. Great Issue, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with shine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pints in Deferbomna Annns,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Deferbomna, Lago, Radorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shone:
You men of Cyprus, let her huse your knees.
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Emwheels there round.

Def. I thank you, Valiant Caffo,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?
The Moore of Venice.

Caf. He's not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought But what he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear! How long you company?

Caf. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies Perst our fellowship. But heark, a Saile.

Wid. A Saile, a Saile.

Gen. They give this greeting to the Cid adel: This likewis a Friend.

Caf. See for the Newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miftis: Let it not gauze your patience (good Iago). That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding, That gives me this bold fiew of Curstche.

Iago. Sir, would she give you somuch of her lippes, As of her tongue she oft bellowes on me, You would have enough.

Def. Alas: the hau's no speech.

Iago. Infatia too much: I finde it still, when I have issue to sleepe. Worry before your Ladyship, I grant, She puts her tongue a little in her heart, And chides with thinking.

Iago. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Injuries: Dues being offended: Players in your Hufwiferie, and Huswifes in your Beds.

Def. Oh, he vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turk, You ride to play, and go to bed to worke.

Iago. You shall not write my praise. Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What would she write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too.

For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Def. Come on, a affay. Theres one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwife. Come how would she praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my braine, as Birdlyme do's from freeze, it placeth out Braines and all. But my Mufe labours, and thus she is delicour'd.

Iago. She be faire, and wife? faire, and wit,

The one for the, the other of the.

Def. Well prais'd.

If she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and there be a wit,

She's fain a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Def. Writ, and worke.

Iago. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolishe that was faire,

For even her fells help her to an hauere.

Def. These are old fawd Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh it th' Alehouse. What miferable praise haft thou for her that's Foul, and Foolish.

Iago. There's none so foolishe and foolishe thereunto, But doth praise, which faire, and wife one do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bellow on a defering woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did fully put on the vouch of very malice if selfe.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud, Had tongue as will, and yet was never loud: Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay, * Fled from her wife, and yet said now I may. She that was angered, revenge being nie, Bad her wrong lay, and her dipole faire flie: She that in wisdomne never was so faile, To change the Gods-head for the Salmon's tail: She that could think, and never disliefe her mind, See Sivers fowinge, and not look behind.

She was a night, (if ever such nightes were)

Def. To do what?

Iago. To fackle Foolishe, and chronicle small Beere.

Def. Oho most lame and impotent conclution, Do not learn of him Aemilia, though he be thy husband. How say you (Caff) is he not a most prophan, and liberial Counsellor?

Caff. He speaks home (Madam) you may tellish him more in the Soundier, then in the Scholler.

Iago. He taketh her by the palme: I well said, whisper. With as little a web as this, will I infringe as great a fly as Caff, I firle upon her, do: I will gue there in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so.

If such tricks as these Frip you out of your Lieutenant, it had beene better you had not kifs'd your three fingers of oft, which now againe you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good: well kifs'd, and excellent Caff: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Clatter-pipes for your sake.

The Moore I know hit Trumpet.

Caff. 'Tis truely so.

Def. Let's meete him, and receive him.

Cass. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. 0, my faire Warriour.

Def. My deere Othello.

Oth. It givies me wonder great, as my content To see you here before me.

Oh my Soules Toy:

If after every Tempes, come such Calmes,

May the winde blowe, till they have waken'd death:

And let the laboring Barke climbbe hills of Seas

Olympe high: and duck againe as low,

As hell's from Heaven. If it were now to dye,

Twere now to be most happy. For I heare,

My Soule hath her content to absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succed in unknowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts should encrease

Even as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that. (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content.

It stoppeth me here: it is too much of joy,

And this and this the greatst dircords be

That are our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I set downe the pegs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Otho. Come: let us to the Castle.

Newes (friends), our Wastes are done:
The Turks are drown'd.

How do you? any Acquaintance of this life?
(Hony) you shall be well defray'd in Cyprus.

I have found great love amongst them. Oh, my Sweet.

I prattle out of fashion, and I doate.
In mine owne comfort, I prythee, good Sir.
Go to the Bay, and shibmate to my Coasters.
Bring thou the Muster to the Citadell.
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona,

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.

Come thither, if thou be't Valiant (as they say base men being in Lowe, hate then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is native to them) likewise, the Lieutenant to night doth sit in Council on the Court of Guard.
First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be intreuced. Markes me with what violence the first lould the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. To looke him full for pratting, let not thy diuers heart thank it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shal he have to looke on the duell? When the Blood is made dull with the As of Sport, there should be a Name to enamish it, and to give Satterly a fresh appetite.

Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and venture'd position) who stands so eminent in the deep of this Fortune, as Caffio do's: a knave very volubile, no further conceitonable, then in putting on the meere forme of Cuiull, and Humaine seeming, for the better compass of his fall, and most hidden looke Affection? Why none, why none: A flipper, and subtile knabe, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can flame, and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never pretend it fell. A diueltish knabe besides, the knaze is brandsome young: and hath all those respects in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A petillion, complett knaze, and the woman hath found him already.

Roda. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full ofmost blefs'd condition.

Iago. Blefs'd figg-es-end. The Wine she drinks is made of grapes. If there had beene blefs'd shee, would never have loud the Moore: Blefs'd pudding. Didth thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not mark that?

Rod. Yet, that I did: but that was but courteous.

Iago. Leachere by this hand: an index, and oserboue prologue to the History of Luft and sole Thoughts. They met to converse with their lippes, but they breathed embrac'd together. Vilious thoughts Redeppe, when shee mustabities so matthall the way, hard at hand cometh the Master, and make exercitethincorporate conclusion: Pith. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have Brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, lie lay's you upon you. Caffio knowes you not: Hen not be faire from you. Do you finde some other

cation to angit Caffio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more fauourably minifie.

Roda. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sedution in Choller: and happily may strike at you, provoketh him that he may: for even out of that will I suite thefe of Cyprus to Musco. Whole qualification shall come into no true taste of a game, but by the disputation of Caffio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means shall then have to preferre them. And the impediments most profittably removed, without the which there was no expectation of our profpettie.

Roda. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunitie.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Citadell, I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.


Iago. That Caffio loues her, I do well beleue: That the loue him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite. The Moore (how bett I endure him not) Is of a constant, louing Noble Nature, And I dare think, he's proue to Desdemona A most deere husband. Now I do love her too, Not out of absolute Luft, (though peradventure I stand accomplis for as great a fin) But purely led to dyetmy Reuenge, For that I do delpect the fullie Moore. Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof, Does (like a poylanous Minesell) gnaw my Inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule. Till I am even'd with him, wife, for witt. Of sayling, joy, yet that I put the Moore, Atleast into a leisuerie so strong.

That judgoment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If shou poore Traft of Venice, whom I trace For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on, Ile haue our Michael Caffio on the hip, Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe (For I feare Caffio with my Night-Cape roo) Make the Moore thank me, loue me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an Affe, And praching upon his peace, and quiet, Even to madnife. To his here: but yet confud, Knaueties plaine face, is never scene, till we'd. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Herald with a Proclamation.

Heralde. It is Othello’s pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That upon certaine vsings now arrive, importing the most perdition of the Turkish Frenie: every man put himself into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Ravel his addition leadeth. For besides the beneficall News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full license of Feasting from this
present hour of flue, till the Bell have told eleven. Blest is the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble General Orbello. Exit.

Enter Orbello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants. Orb. Good Maitland, look you to the guard to night. Let's teach our fel lows to Honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion. Can. Iago, I have direction what to do. But not withstanding with my personal eye Will I looke to't. Orb. Iago, is most honest: Michael, goodnight. To Morrow with your earlist, Let me have speech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchase made, the friences to enuie, That profite yet to come 'twixt me, and you. Goodnight.

Enter Iago. Can. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch. Iago. Not this hour Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our Generall Cassio was thus easily for the love of this Desdemona: Who, let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Ione. Can. She's a most exquisite Lady. Iago. And I'll warrant her, full of Game. Can. Indeed she's a most faire and delicate creature. Iago. What an eye she ha's. Methinks it founds a parley to provocation. Can. An insuing eye: And yet me thinkes right modeste, Iago. And when she speakes, Is it not an Alarum to Loue? Can. She is indeed perfection. Iago. Well, happeinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I have a Hope of wine, and neere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of blacke Orbello. Can. Not to night, good Iago. I have very poore, and unhappie Brannes for drinking. I could well with Catrice would invent some other Gallatine of entertainment. Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you. Can. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inonution it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infamy, and dare not take my weaknesse with any more. Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuel, the Gallants deifie it. Can. Where are they? Iago. Here, at the doore: I pray you call them in. Can. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. Exit. Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie, He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence As my young Mithris dogge. Now my sickle Poole Roderigo, Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, To Desdemona hath to night Carro's disguised. Potations, pottle-deepe, and he's to watch. Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble dwelling Spirits, (That hold their Honours in a weary distance, The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle:) Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups, And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards Am I put to our Cassio in some Action That may offend the life. But here they come. Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentleman. If Confession do but approue my dreame, My Boaste failes freely, both with wine and Streame. Can. 'Fore heauen, they have given me a rowle already. Mon. Good faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier. Iago. Some wine hoa. And let me the Cannakey clinke, clinke; And let not the Cannakey clinke, A Souldier a man: Oh, on my life: but a span, why then let a Souldier drink. Some Wine Boyes. Can. 'Fore heauen: an excellent Song. Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeedly they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your wag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your English. Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking? Iago. Why, he drinks you with facillite, your Dane dead drunk. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, the next Pottle can be fill'd. Can. To the health of our Generall. Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and I I do you justice. Iago. Oh sweet England. King Stephen was a worthy Prince, His Brechees cost him but a Crown, He hold them Six pence all to dwre, With that he cal'd the Tailor Lounes, He was a weight of high Remowes, An hon's art but of low degree: 'Tis Pride that pulli the Country dwre, And take thy wish'd Clocke about the bon. Some Wine hoa. Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other. Iago. Will you heres't againe? Can. No: for I hold him to be wounty of his Place, that do's those things. Well, behous all above all and there be foules must be fued, and there be foules must not be fued. Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant. Can. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality: I hope to be fued. Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant. Cassio. 1: (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be fued before the Ancien. Let's have no more of thiss, let's to our Affaires. Forfuge us our ennes: Gentlemen let's looke to our busines. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough. Gent. Excellent well. Can. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke. Exit. Mon. To th 'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch. Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to stand by Cessar, And guie direction. And do but see his vice, 'Tis to his venure, a just Equinox,}
The Tragedie of Othello

The one as long as th'o'erer. 'Tis pitie of him:
I fear the truth Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmite
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drink not rokke not his Cradle.

Mon. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the veruice that appeares in Coffe,
And lookes not on his estate; it is not this true

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now Roderigo?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingrate Infirmite,
It were an honest Acton, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not 1, for this faire Island,
I do lose Coffe well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But heark, what noise?

Enter Iago profusely Roderigo.

Iago. You Rogue! you Rafeall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Iago. A Knave touch me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knave into a Twaggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beat me, sir?

Iago. Doft thou praise, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant;
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Coffe. Let me go (Sir)
Or I'll knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunk.

Coffe. Drunk?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Also Gentlemen:
Help him. Lieutenant, Sir Montano;
Help Master. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell? Diablc, hoa:

The Towne will rife, Sir, this Lieutenant,
You've be asham'd for ever

Enter Othello and Attendants

Otho. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. He dies.

Otho. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold hoa. Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Hann you forgot all place of lenie and dutie
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame,

Otho. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our felues do that
Which Heaven hath forbid for the Ottomites
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawler.

He that this next, came for his owne rage,
Hold his foule lifes. He dies upon his Motion,
Silence that dreedfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honst Iago that lookes dead with greeting,
Speake. who began this? On thy loue I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now.

In Quarter, and in terms like Bride, and Groome
Devyling them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had unwield men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breasts,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peevish odore.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loft
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Otho. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Caff. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Otho. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be chaill:
The grannie, and fillimme of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wiseft Censure. What's the matter?
That you raise your rapier, and on thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hue to danger,
Your Officer Iago, can informe you.
While I spake speech which something now offends me.
Of all that Ido know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,

Villene fette-chastitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our feluer, it be a virtue
When violence assailes vs.

Otho. Now by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passions having my blood torment collie
Affairs to leade the way. If once this,
Or do but lift this Arme, the heft of you
Shall finkie in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rous began: Who set it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had swam'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet whyle, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage prouise, and domesticke Quarrell
In night, and on the Court and Guard of taffue?--
'Tis moniftrous! Iago, who began?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doft deliver more, or tell me then Truth.

Thou art no Soulicter.

Iago. Touch me not so nearie,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michael Coffe.
Yet I persuade my selfe, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This is it Generall;

Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And Coffe following him with determin'd Sword
to execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Stepeps in to Coffe, and entreats his paufe:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Left by hiscammour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He,(fright of foore)
Our rages encreas'pe; and I returned then rather
For that I heard the clinke and fall of Swords,
And Coffe high in oath; Which till to night
I never might lay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thus, even as against they were
When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report.
But Men are Men: The bell sometimess forgets,
Though Coffe did come little wrong to him
As men in rage strike those that with them bell,
Yet surely Coffe I beleue receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange Indigritie,
Which patience could not passe.
Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)
Oth. All's well, sweeting;
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe shall be your Surgeon. Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.

Com. Desdemona, 'tis the Soldier's life,
To have their Balmie slumbers walk'd with sites.
Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caf. I past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Caf. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have left my Reputation. I have left the immortal part of myselfe, and what remains is basalli. My Reputation, Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received some bodly wound; there is more fence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no Reputation as all, yet se you repute your selfe such a looke. What man, there are more ways to recover the Generall againe. You are but now call'd in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even as one would beate his offencelles dogge, to affright an Imperious Lion. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Iago. I will rather sue to be despir'd, then to desirue so good a Commander, with fo flight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunk? And speake Parrot? And fquabble? Swagger? Swear? And discouer Fuitian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou haft no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee the Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a name of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men shoul'd put an Enemie in their mouths, to scleeve away their Brains? that we shoul'd with joy, pleasance, renell and applaude, transforme our false into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But are you now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenwaffe, to give place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfei'dhewe, the wees me another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too feeur's a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hardly with this had not behalfe; 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 mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Fool, and presently a Beait. Oh strange! Eueri inordinate cup is vnbliss'd, and the Ingratitude is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good Familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.

And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approvd it, Sir, I dranke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunked at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is your Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath doted, and given vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuouement of her parts and Grace. Confesse thy selfe freely to her: Importune her to helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blest a disposition. She holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken ioynct betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes aginst any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Caf. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest kindnesse.

Caf. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will bleece the veruous Desdemona to vndertake for me: I am desparce of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: I good night Lieutenant, I muft to the Watch.

will bee, I shall have so much experience for my pains;  
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit,  
return again to Venice.  

Iago. How p'ose are they that have not Patience?  
What wound did ever heale but by degrees?  
Thou know'st I will make Wit, and not by Witchcraft  
And Wit depends on dilatory time:  

Don't, not go well? Coffin hath bear thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Coffin:  
Though other things grew safe against the Sun,  
Yet Fruits that blossome first, will first be ripe:  
Content thy selfe, a-while.  

Intro'd the 's Morning;  
Pleasure, and Action, make the hours seeme short.  
Retire thee, where thou art Billed:  
Away, I say, thou hast know much heretofore:  
May get thee gone.  

Exit Rodrigo.  

Two things are to be done:  
My wife will move for Coffin to her Mistres:  
lie fat her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jumpe, when he may Coffin finde  
Soliciting his wife: I hath's the way:  
Dull not Device, by coldneffe, and delay.  

Exit.  

Procure me some accesse.  

Iago. Ile send her to you presently.  

And Ile desil a meane to draw the Moore  
Out of the way, that your counerie and businesse  
May be more free.  

Exit.  

Coffin. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind, and honest.  

Enter Amilia.  

Amil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorry  
For your displeasure: but all will fore be well.  
The General and his wife are talking of it,  
And the speaks for you fluidly. The Moore replies,  
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,  
And great Affinitie: and that in whole some Wife'sdome  
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you  
And needs no other Sutor, but his lings  
To bring you in againe,  
Coffin. Yet I beleeve you,  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me a goodinge of some breefe Discourse  
With Defdemna alone.  

Amil. Pray you come in:  
I will beflow you where you shall have time  
To speake your bosome freely.  

Coffin. I am much bound to you.  

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.  

Enter Coffin, Messurier and Clowe.  

Coffin. Masters, play here; I will content your paines,  
Something that's briefer: and bid goodmorrow General.  

Clow. Why Maffers, have your Instruments bin in Naples,  
that they speake it's Notc thus?  

Muf. How Sic? how?  

Clow. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?  

Muf. I marry are they fir.  

Clow. Oh, theyre by hangs a tale.  

Muf. Where? by hangs a tale, sir?  

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know.  
But Masters, here's money for you: and the General  
so likes your Muficke, that he defires you for loves  
fake to make no more noise with it.  

Muf. Well sir, we will not.  

Clow. If you have any Muficke that may not be heard,  
tooe againe. But as they say to heare Muficke, the  
General do not greatly care.  

Muf. We have none fuch, sir.  

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for ile  
away. Go, with in a hour, a way.  

Exit Mus.  

Coffin. DoI shouze heare me, mine honoe Friend?  

Clow. No, I hear not your honoe Friend:  

Coffin. heare you.  

Clow. Pray thee keep vp thy Quillets, there's a poor  
peace of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends  
the General be fliring, tell her, there's one Coffin entres  
her a little favour of Speech. Withdous do this?  

Coffin. She is fliring fir: if she will flire hither, I shall  
seeme to monifice unto her.  

Exit Clow.  

Enter Iago.  

In happy time, Iago.  

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?  

Coffin. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.  

I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:  

My suite to her is, that the will to vertuous Defdemna  

Enter Defdemna, Coffin, and Amilia.  

Def. Be thou affir'd (good Coffin) I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalfe.  

Amil. Good Madam do:  
Warrant it greeves my Husband,  
As if the caufe were his.  

Def. Oh that's an honoe Fellow, Do not doubt: Coffin  
But I will have my Lord, and you againe  
As friendly as you were.  

Coffin. Bounteous Madam,  
What euer shall become of Michael Coffin,  
He's neuer anything but your true Servant.  

Def. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord:  
You have knowne him long, and be you well affir'd  
He shall in strangeness stand no further off,  
Then in a politique diftance.  

Coffin. I, but Lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feede upon such nice and waterful diet,  
Or breed it felfe so out of Circumstances,  
That I being abfent, and my place supply'd,  
My General will forget my Lous, and Service.  

Def. Do not doubt that's before Amilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Affire thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll performe it To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest, I'll watch him tame, and take him out of patience; His Bed shall suffer a Schoole, his Board a Shift, I'll intermingle every thing he doth With Caffo's fortune: Therefore be merry Caffo, For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago.

_Anti._ Madam, here comes my Lord. Caffo. Madam, I'll take my leave. _Def._ Why stay, and hear me speak. Caffo. Madam, not now: I am very ill at table.

Vnfit for mine owne purposes. _Def._ Well, do your discretion. _Exit Caffo._ Iago. Hah! I like not that, _Oth._ Who doth thou say? _Iago._ Nothing my Lord; for if—I know not what. _Oth._ Was not that Caffo parted from my wife? _Iago._ Caffo my Lord? No sure, I cannot think it That he should thusly quy to guilty-like, Seeing your coming. _Oth._ Do I believe twas he. _Def._ How now my Lord? I have bin talking with a Sutor heere, A man that languishes in your displeasure. _Oth._ Who is't you mean? _Def._ Why your Lieutenant Caffo: Good my Lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take. For if he be not one, that truly loves you, That error in Ignorance, and not in Cunning, I have no judgement in an honest fact. I prythee call him backe. _Oth._ Went he hence now? _Def._ I feare so huggled, That he hath left part of his greefe with mee To suffer with him, Good Loue, call him backe. _Oth._ Not now (sweet Desdemona) some other time. _Def._ But shall't be shortly? _Oth._ The sooner (Sweet) for you. _Def._ Shall't be no night, at Supper? _Oth._ No, not to night. _Def._ To morrow Dinner then? _Oth._ I shall not dine at home: I meet the Captaines as the Citadell. _Def._ Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morn, On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morn. I prythee name the time, but let it not Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent: And yet his Trepidation, in our common reason (Save that they say the warres must make example) Out of her brest, is not almost a fault. Touch a private checke. When shall he come? Tell me Othella. I wonder in my Soule What you would ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so maming on? What? Michael Caffo, That came a woing with you? and so many a time (When I have spoke of you displeasingly) Hath rase your part, to have so much to do To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much. _Oth._ Prythee no more: Let him come when he will: I will deny thee nothing. _Def._ Why, this is not a Boone:

_Tis as I should entreate you were your Glories, Or feede on nourishing diffes, or keep you warme, Or fare to you, to do a peculiar profit To your owne person. Nay, when I have a suit Wherein I least to touch your Loue indeed, It shall be full of proue, and difficult weight, And fearefull to be granted. _Oth._ I will deny thee nothing. Whereon, I do believe thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to my selfe. _Def._ Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord. _Oth._ Farewell my Desdemona, I come to thee at last. _Def._ Emilia come; be as your Panes teach you: What ere you be, I am obedient. _Exit._ _Oth._ Excellent wretch: Pardison catch my Soule But I do love thee: and when I love thee not, Chaos is come againe, _Iago._ My Noble Lord. _Oth._ What doth thou say, Iago? _Iago._ Did Michael Caffo When he wooed my Lady, know of your loue? _Oth._ He did, from br't to left: Why do'st thou ask? _Iago._ But for a satisfaction of my Thought, No further harme. _Oth._ Why of thy thought, Iago? _Iago._ I did not think he had bin acquainted with his. _Oth._ Of yes, and went betweene vs very oft. _Iago._ Indeed? _Oth._ Indeed! I indeed. Differ't thou ought in that? Is he not honest? _Iago._ Honett, my Lord _Iago._ Honett? I, Honett. _Iago._ My Lord, for ought I know. _Oth._ What do'st thou thinke? _Iago._ Thynke, my Lord? _Oth._ Thynke, my Lord? Alas, thou eechost me; As if there were some Monifter in thy thought. Too hideous to be fixtene. Thou dost mean something: I heard thee say eu'en now, thou liest not that, When Caffo left my wife. What didst thou like? And when I told thee, he was of my Counselfe, Of my whole course of wooing; thou eerdst, Ibeinde, And didst't construe, and purge thee brow together, As if thou then hadst't shew'd vp in thy Braine Some horrible Conceite. If thou dost love me, Shew me thy thought. _Iago._ My Lord, you know I love you. _Oth._ I shynke thou dost: And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honelfe, And weig'h'st thy words before thou giu'ft them breath Therefore these flaps of thine, fright me the more: For such things in a saile disloyal Knaue Are trickses of Cuffome: but in a man that's luft, They're close dilatations, working from the heart, That Passion cannot rule. _Iago._ For Michael Caffo, I dare be sworne, I shynke that he is honest. _Oth._ I shynke so too. _Iago._ Men should be what they seeme, Or those that be not, would they might seeme none. _Oth._ Certaine, men should be what they seeme. _Iago._ Why then I shynke Caffo's an honest man. _Oth._ Nay, yet there's more in this? I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings, As thou dost ruminate, and chuse thy word of thoughts.
The Tragedie of Othello

The word of words.

The word of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Acte of duty,
I am bound to that: All shall be free;
Not to be bound to that: Why say, they are wild and false?
As where's that Palace, whereunto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breacon so pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions
Keep Yeetees, and L. w-dayes, and in Sessions fit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou don't conspire against thy Friend (Iago)
If thou but think't him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do believe you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guise
(As I confess it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my levellous
Shapes faults that are not) that your weddome
From one, that so imperfectly conceivs,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his fastener, and vnuse obserwance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honestly, and Wifedom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman(deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steal's his pure. steal's straith;
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin fluifie to thousand
But the that flie's from me my good NAME,
Rob's me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'tt 'lis in my cuftodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of lealoufe,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feedes on.
That Cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certaine of his Face, loves not his wiuer:
But oh, what damned minutes les he ooke,
Who dates, yet doubts, Subject,yet foundly loves?

Oth. Murther.

Iago. Power, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleffe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From lealoufe.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think it thou, I'd make a Life of lealoufe;
To follow still the changes of the Moon.
With fresh surplications? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the businesse of my Soule.
To such exultate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me lealous, To say my wife is faire, feels well, loves company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:
Where Virtue is, there are more vertuous
Nor from mine owne weake meritues, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her resolvs,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,
I fee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proofs, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or lealoufe.

I. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason
To shew the Loue and Dutie that I beare you
With franksfer spirit. Therefore (as I am bound) To receive it from me, I speake not yet of proofs:
Lookes to thy wife, obserbe her well with Caffius,
Weare her eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure;
I would not hate your free, and Noble Nature,
Of selfe-bounty, be abus'd: Lookes too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do: let Heauen fee the prankses
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their bell Conference,
Is not to leave vndone, but kept vndone.

Oth. Doth thou say so?

Iago. She did receive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to flake, and fear your looks,
She lovd them most.

Oth. And so to the deed.

Iago. Why go you then?

Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming To finde her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oaks,
He thought'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blind:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I fee this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a lot, not a lot.

Iago. Trull me, I fear it has
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from mine honest.
But I do fit, y'are moode:
I am to prays you, not to frame my speech
To groffer issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Subsition,

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Coffe's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I fee y're mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Deพรรณ's honest.

Iago. Long live the so:
And long live you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selue.

Iago. I, there's the point:
As to be bold with you:
Not to affright many properd Matches
Of her owne Climia, Compliation, and Degree,
Wherefore we fee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such a will most ranke,
Poole disproportions. Thoughts vnaustral.
But (pardon me) I do not in posision
Difdaining speake of her, though I may fear
Her will, recypt to her better judgement,
May tal to match you with her Country formes,
And mapply repart.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserbe.
Leave me Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtless)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoles.
Enter Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might impress your Honor
To fear this thing no farther; Leave it to time;
Although 'tis fit that Cafto have his Place;
For sure he fills it up with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a while:
You shall by that perceive him, and his reason;
Nore if your Lady Braine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that: In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her face, I do beseech your Honor.

Exit. Iago. My Lord, how now! What do you here alone?
I have not chide I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
Is it a common thing —

Amil. Hah?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Amil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchief?
Iago. What Handkerchief?
Amil. What Handkerchief?
Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did me steal.
Iago. HafT Rolne it from her?
Amil. No: but let it drop by negligence,
And to the disfigure, I being here, took't up:
Look, heere'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Amil. What will you do with't, that you have bene
so earneft to have me fitch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Amil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor Lady, she's run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknowledg't on't.
I haue vie for it. Go, leave me.

Exit Amil.
I will in Cafto's Lodging lose this Napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as yeare,
Are to the leisous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poxton:
Dangerous conceits, are in their Nature's poxtons,
Which at the first are scarce found to disaphate:
But with a little fate upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure, I did fay fo.

Exit Othello.

Look, where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Not all the drowzie Syруппs of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that tweete sleepe
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, saile to mee?
Iago. Why how now General? No more of that.
Oth. Ayant, be gone: Thou haft me on the Racke:
I swear it is better to be much abud, so
Thent but to know'st a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I in shee lane hours of Luft?
I faw't, not, thought it not: I harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not Cafto's kisfes on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all,
Iago. I am forry to hear this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the general Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tafted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquit minde: farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopers, and the bigge Warrres,
That makes Ambition, Verrue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the sharre Trumpe,
The Spirit-flittering Drum, th'Earre-piercing Pife,
The Royall Banner, and all Quitte,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warrs:
And ike you mort, all Enginres, whose rude throstes
Th'eimmortall Ioves dread Clamours, counterfeit,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't possible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Occular proove,
Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hast bin better have bin borne a Dog,
Then answer my wish’d wrath.

*Oth.* Make me to fet: or (at the least) to prove it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loope,
To hang a dous on: Or woe vpon thy life.

*Oth.* My Noble Lord.

*Oth.* If thou doft slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weep, all Earth smaz’d.
For nothing caufh thou to damnation add,
Greater then that.

*Oth.* O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? or Senfe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou’d to make thine Honesly, a Vice.
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ifh Loue breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay stay: thou shoul’dt be honest.

*Oth.* I shoul’d be wife; for Honefity’s a Foole,
And loofes that it workes for.

*Oth.* By the World,
I think my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I think that thou art sweet, and thinke thou art not:
I be haue some proofe. My name that was as fresh
As Dians Virgin, is now blaz’d and blacke
As mine owne face. If th’ere be Cores, or Knives,
Poyfon, or Fire, or suffocating dreames,
Ile not induce it. Would I were fatis fied.

*Oth.* I fee you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be fatisfied?

*Oth.* Would Nay, and I will.

*Oth.* And may: but how? How fatisfied, my Lord
Would you the super-vision grooffly gape on?
Behold her top?

*Oth.* Death, and damnation. Oh!
*Oth.* It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damn them then, I pray,
E’en all: All eyes will follow them boulter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where’s Satisfacon?
It is imposible you should fee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeys,
As falt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grooffe
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If impuation, and strong circumances,
Which leade direcly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfacon, you might haue’t.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she’s disloyal.

*Oth.* I do not like the Office.

Are fith I am enuied in this caufe so farre
(Prick’d root by footlih Henely, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with Caffio frankly.
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kind of men,
So looffe of Soule, that in their sleepees will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kind is Caffio:
In sleepe I heard him fay, sweet Defdemona,
Let vs be way, ler vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sic) would be gape, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kiffe me hard,

As if he pluck’d vp kiffes by the rootes,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg or my Thigh,
And lish, and kiffe, and then cry curs’d Fate,
That gave thee to thee so sore.

*Oth.* O monfrous! monfrous!

*Oth.* Nay, this was but his Dreame.

*Oth.* But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
’Tis a drewe’d doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

*Oth.* And this may help to kekke other probees,
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* Ile tare her all to peeces.

*Oth.* Nay yet be wife; yet we fee nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes feene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wives hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one: ’twas my first gift.

*Oth.* I know not that: but fiche a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
See Caffio wipe his Beard with,

*Oth.* If it be that.

*Oth.* If I be that, or any, it was hers.

It speakes against her with the other probees.

*Oth.* That the Slave had forty thousand lives.
One is too poore, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I fee’s tis true. Looke hither 
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heauen. ’Tis gone.
Arife blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearsed Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bofome with thy fraught,
Flute thy Sway’d Tongue’s.

*Oth.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* Oh blood, blood, blood.

*Oth.* Patience I fay: your mind may change.

*Oth.* Neuer. *Oth.* Like to the Ponscke Seas,
Whole lye Current, and compulfiue course,
Ne’er keeps retrying cbbe, but keeps due on
To the Propontiscke, and the Hellepone:
Excit in my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne’er looke backe, ne’er cbbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

*Oth.* Do not raise your Voice,

Witness ye euer-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip vp round about,
Witness that hither *Oth.* doth gie vp
The execution of his wish, hands, heart,
To wrong’d *Oth.* Servite. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.

*Oth.* I gret thy lone,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the infant puthe thee too.
Within thee three dayes let me hear thee fay,
That Caffio’s not alive.

*Oth.* My Friend is dead:
’Tis done at thy Request.

But let her live.

*Oth.* Damme her Loue de Minks:
O damne her, damne her.
Come goe with mee a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meane of death
For the faire Diuell
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

*Oth.* I am your owe for euer.

Euen...

Strag
Scene Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Def. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lies, 'tis Rabbiness.

Def. Go too: where doth he lodge?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to dispute a lodging, and say he lies there, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? or be edified by report?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Def. Seek me thence: did he come hither? tell me, have Ioue my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compass of many Wits, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit Clow.

Def. Where should I looke the Handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of Crossadoes, And but my Noble Moore

Is true of minde, and made of no such baseness,

As lealous Creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not lealous?

Def. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was borne,

Drew all such hooms from him.

Emil. Where doth he come?

Enter Othello.

Def. I will not leuse him now, till Cassio be

call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardines so dissemble:

How do you, Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is mort my Lady,

Def. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse, and liberalhearts:

Hot, hot, and mofyt. This hand of yours requireth

A seuerer from Liberty: Fallinge, and Prayer,

Much Confederation, Exercise deoute,

For here's a yong, and sweeeting Dullere heere

That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Def. You may (indeed) say so:

For: I was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;

But our new Heraldy is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speake of this:

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise Chucke?

Def. I have lent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a sald and sorry Rhetorne offends me:

Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Def. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Def. No indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my Mother give:

She was a Charmier, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father

Intirely to her love. But if she lost it,

Or made a Gifft of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt

After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wi'd)

To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,

Make it a Darling, like your precious eye

To look on, or give't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Def. Is't possible?

Oth. It is true, there's Magickc in the web of it:

A Syllable that had enmhrd in the world

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,

In her Prophecyt force bow'd the Worke:

The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,

And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull

Confer'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Def. Then would to Heaven, that I had never seen't.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Def. Why do you speake so flatteringly and rathe?

Oth. It's well: Is't gone? Speak'st it out o' thy way?

Def. Blesses vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see't.

Def. Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a tricke to put me from my feite,

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief.

My mind end giues.

Def. Come come, you never meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchief.

Def. A man that all his time

Hath fond'd his good Fortunes on your love;

Shes'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief.

Def. Indoloth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Emil. Is this man lealous?

Def. I neuer saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchief,

I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two sheves vs a man:

They are all but Stomache, and we all but Food,

They eat vs hungerly, and when they are full

They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the maft do't:

And loth the happiness I go, and importune her. 

Def.
Def. How now (good Caffio) what's the news with you?
Caffio. Madam, my former delight. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous means, I may again
Exit, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Loved, and thought, I would not be delay'd
If my offence, be of such mortal kind,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrows.
Nor purpos'd merit in future,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I clothe me in a force'd content,
And thus my felle up in some other cause
To Fortunes Almes.
Def. Alas (three-gentle Caffio)
My Advocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor shoul'd I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Honour alter'd.
So belpe me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for all you well,
And flood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my felle, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vanquished.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Ranks into the Ayre,
And like the Duell from his very Arme
Puff'd his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Def. I pray thee do so. Something more of State,
Either from Venice, or some vahardt'd prelise
Made demolishable here in Cyprus, to him,
That studied his clear Spirit: and in such cafes,
Mere Natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endes
Our other healthfull members, que'en to a sense
Of paiose. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridal. Behrrew me much, Emilia,
I was (vahandome Warrior, as I am)
Arraign'd his vickindiffe with my soule:
But now I finde, I had subord't the Witnisse,
And he's indit'd falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Concepcion,
Nor no Jelious Toy, concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I neuer gave him cause.

Emil. But Jelious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever realious for the cause,
But jealous, for they're realious: it is a Monster
Begor upon it felte, borne out felte.
Def. Heaven keepre the Monster from Othello's mind.
Emil. Lord Amen.
Def. I will go seeke him. Caffio,walks hearne about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ie mose your fate,
And feake to effect it is my vertuoufet.

Caffio. I humbly thank you Ladyship.

Emil. Same your Friend Caffio.

Caffio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moft faire Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house,
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, Caffio.
What keepre a wecke away? Seven davs, and Nights?
Eight score eights hours? And Lovers obfide hours
More recond in the Diell, eight foree times?
Oh weasy reckning.

Caffio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with heand thoughts: bere prece,
But I shall in a more continuat time
Strike of th'crose of abifence. Sweet Bianca
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caffio, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the full Abifence: now I seele a Caufe;
It's come to this A well, well.

Caffio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vide gaffes in the Duell's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are tedious now,
That this is from some Miftris, some remembrance
No, in good troth Bianca.
Bian. Why, who's it?
Caffio. I know not other:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it copped:
Take it, and don't, and trauze me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?
Caffio. I do attend heere on the General,
And thynke it no addition nor my wish
To have him fee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, prye you, I prye you?
Caffio. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I prye you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if it shall fee you foone as night?
Caffio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But let fee you foone.
Bian. 'Tis very good. I must be circumspect'd.

Excuses commont.

Actus Quartus.  Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thankes for?
Oth. Thynke for,

Iago. What, to kisle in private?
Oth. An vnathord'h kisle,

Iago. Or to be nakad with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meting any harme
Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not mee harme.

It is hypocrifie against the Duell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Duell their vertue temps, and they temp Heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, it's a Venemous.
But if I give my wife a Handskerchief,

Oth. Who, what?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinkes) befor't on any man.
Oth. She is Promeoteth of her honor too:
May the gius that?
Iago. Her honor is an Elfince that's not seene, They have it very oft, but have it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly have forgot it: Thou fallidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie, As doth the Fauen o're the infectous house: Bonding to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?
Oth. That's not to goe now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong? Or heard him say (as Knaues be such brac'd, Whose having by their owne importune fuit, Or voluntary dutage of fome Miftakes, Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well affur'd, No more then he'll vno. weare.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that did I: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lyce.

Oth. With her?


Oth. Lyce with her? Lyce on her? We laye lyce on her, when they be-lyce her. Lyce with her: that's fulsome: Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To-con-

seffe, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueit her felfe in such shadowing passion, without some Instruction. It is not words that makes me thus,(pith) Noles, Esares, and Loppes: is it possibile. Confesse, Handkerchiefe: I doubt.

Fall in a Trauere.

Iago. Wroke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus eruditous Fools are caught, And many worthy, and chaff Dames even thus, (All guiltie) more reprooch: what hoa? My Lord? My Lord, I say: Othello.

Enter Caffio.

How now Caffio?

Caf. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday
Caf. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must have his quyent course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by Breakes out to faวาด madneffe. Looke, he frites:
Do you withdrauue your felfe a little while, He wil recover ftraight: when he is gone, He will on great occafion, speake with you.

How is it General? Have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doit thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven: Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Hornd man's a Mofonter, and a Beaf.

Iago. There's many a Beaf thon in a populous Citie, And many a cuill Monfiter.

Oth. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinkre every bearded fellow that's but youk'd May draw with you. There's Millions now alive, That nightly lie in whole improper beds, Which they dare fureare peculiar. Your cafe is better. Oh, tis the fright of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock, Tolip a wanton in a secure Cowch.

And to suppolte her chaft. No, yette me know, And knowing what I am, I know what the shallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wife: its certaine, 

Iago. Stand you a while apart, Confine your felfe but in a paient Lill, Whilst you were here, o're-whelmed with your grieues (A paifion moft refulting fuch a man)
Caffio came hithe. I flifted him away,
And layd good fceues upon your Extafie, Bad him an aon returne: and here speake with me, Tlie which he promis'd. Do but encaue your felfe, And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scomrs That dwell in every Region of his face For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, when, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but markes his gaffe: marry Patience,
Or I shall fay ye are all in all in Spicene, And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do'th thou hear?

Iago. I will be found moft cunning in my Patience:
But (do'th thou heare) most bloody

Iago. That's not amifs.

But yet keep e time in all: will you withdrow?
Now will I quiffion Caffio of Biaaca,
A Hufwife, that by felling her delights
Buys her felfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature That does on Caffio, (as 'tis the Strumpets plagure To be-guile many, and be be-guilde by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine From the excelle of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Caffio.

As hee shall smile, Othello shall go mad:
And his vnbookish leuje must conferre
Poor Caffio: smiles, gutures, and light behauoirs
Quite in the wrong. How doe you Lieutenant?

Caf. The worfer, that you give me the addition, Whole want even killere.

Iago. Play Defdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this Suit lay in Biaaca's dower,
How quickely should you speed?

Caf. Alas poore Caffio.

Oth. Look e how he laughtes already.

Iago. I never knew woman loue man so.

Caf. Alas poore Rogue, I thynke indeede the loues me

Oth. Now he denies it fainely: and laughe it out.

Iago. Do you heare Caffio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well faid, well faid.

She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romoine? do you triumph?

Caf. I marry, What? A customer in thy beare

Some Charite to my wit, do not think it
So vnwhole some. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caf. Pray thee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Oth. Have you scoured me? Well.

Caf. This is the Monkeys owne giving out i
She is persifled I will marry her.

Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Cass. She was heere even now: the haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere Cassio, as it were: his seflure imports it.

Cass. So hangs, and Jolls, and weepes upon me.

So snakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how the pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nofe of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cass. Well, I must leave her companie.

Iago. Before me: look where the comves,

Enter Bianca.

Cass. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfurm'd one?

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the duell, and his damn haunt you: what did you mean by that same Handkerchief, you gav mee even now? I was a fine Foorle to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.

This is some Mixnes taken: and I must take out the worke! There, giue is your Hobby-horse, whereofere you had it, Ile take out no worke on's.

Cass. How now, my sweete Bianca?

How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchief. Bian. If you're come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepard for. Exit Iago. After her I after her.

Cass. I must, shee?trayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you dup there?

Cass. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faire speake with you.

Cass. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go tooo: say no more.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, 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: she gaue it him, and he hath gaue it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing;

A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for shee shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath a sweeter Creature: she might Iye by an Emperor's sute, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh shee will sing the Sausauge, and out of a Beate: of fo high and plentiful wit and invention?

Iago. She is the worde, for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:

And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pitty of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pitty of it:

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity: give her parent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes nearer nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poysyon, Iago, this night. Ile not expostulate with her: I left her body and beautie vprovide my mind againe: this night Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poysyon, strange her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminat.

Oth. Good, good:

The Juflice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice.

'Tis Lodovico: this, comes from the Duke.

See your wife's with him.

Lod. Save you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kniffe the Infrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Def. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Luies Sir.

Def. Cozen, there's false betweene him, & my Lord, an vnoind breach: but you shall make all well.

Def. Are you sure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call: he's buife in the paper,

Is there defuion't wixier my Lord, and Cassio?

Def. A most vnsaftly one: I would vvo much

T'stone them for the loue I beare to Cassio.

Def. Fire, and brimellone.

Def. My Lord,

Def. Are you wife?

Def. What is he near to?

Lod. May be the better moud him,

For as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his Gouernament,

Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. Why, sweete Othella?

Oth. Diuell.

Def. I have not desuer'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleu'd in Venice,

Though I should sweare I saw't: 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: she wepper.

Def. Oh diuell, diuell:

Ifrthe the Earth weare teeme with woman teares,

Each drop the falls, would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my sight.

Def. I will not stay to offend you,

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.
Otho. Miftis.
Def. My Lord.
Otho. What would you with her, Sir? 
Loa. Who is my Lord? 
Otho. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne. 
Sir, she can turne, and turne, and yet go on, 
And turne againe: And she can wepe, Sir, wepe. 
And she is obedient; as you say obedient, 
Very obedient: proceed you in your courses. 
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion) 
I am commanded home: get you away. 
Ile fende for you anon: Sir, I obey the Mandar. 
And will returne to Venice. Hence, aunten: 
Coffe shall have my Place. And Sir, to night 
I do entreat, that we may lap together. 
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus. 
Gates and Monkeys. Exit. 
Otho. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate 
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature 
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue 
The shot of Accident, nor darte of Chance 
Could neither grace, nor pierce? 
Jago. He is much chang'd; 
Otho. Art his wits safe? Is he not light of Brainе? 
Jago. He's that he is: I may not break his cenfure. 
What he might beft, when he might be, he is not, 
I would to heauen he were. 
Otho. What? Strike his wife? 
Jago. Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew 
That stroke would prove the worst. 
Otho. Is it his wife? 
Otho. Or did the Letters, wowe upon his blood, 
And new create his fault? 
Jago. Alas, alas: 
It is nochonette in me to speake 
What I have seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him, 
And his owne courses will deuide him fo, 
That I may save my speche: do but go after 
And make bow he continues. 
Otho. I am forry I am deacou'd in him. Excveat. 

Scene Secunda.

Enter Othello and Amilias.
Otho. You have seene nothing then? 
Amil. Not ever heard: not ever did suspet. 
Otho. Yes, you have seene Coffe, and thee together. 
Amil. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard, 
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them. 
Otho. What? Did they never whipt? 
Amil. Neuer my Lord. 
Otho. Nor fend you out o'th' way? 
Amil. Neuer. 
Otho. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor no. 
Amil. Neuer my Lord. (thing) 
Otho. That's strange. 
Amil. I durft (my Lord) to wagers, she is honest: 
Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke other, 
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome: 
If any wretch have put this in your head, 
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curfe, 
For if she be not honest, chafe and true, 
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives 
Is foule as Slander. 
Otho. Bid her come hither: go. 
Exit. 
Amil. She faieth enough: yet she's a simple Baud 
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore: 
A Clofet Lockand Key of Villonous Secrets, 
And yet the le kneele, and pray: I have seene her not's.
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Befrew him fort:

How comes this Tricke upon him?

Def. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal Villaine,
Some buse and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, confusing Slue, to get some Office,
Hue not drost'd this Slanders; I will be hang'd elle.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

Æmil. A halter pardon him:

A nd hell gnaw his bones.

Why should be call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What likeliehood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villainous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some fecury Fellow
Oh Heaven, that such companions shou'd o'ft unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To taft the Ratefals naked through the world,
Even from the East to the West,
Iago. Speake within doore.

Æmil. Oh, for from thence, some such Squire he was,
That turn'd your wit, the feamy-side without,
And made you to subflect me with the Moore.

Iago. You see a Fool: go too.

Def. Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I loft him. Here I kneele: 
Ifere my will did trefpaife gainst his Love,
Either in difcourfe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them; or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off)
To beggarly dvorement. Love him deeplie,
Comfort forswearing me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkndnesse may deface my life,
But neuer sayes my Love. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the AEt that might the addition Etne,
Not the worlds Maffe of wantie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Def. If' were no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Heare how these Instrumens fummon to supper:
The Meffengers of Venice fates the meate,
Go in, and weepen or: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Defdemona and Æmilias.

Enter Rodrigo.

How now Rodrigo?

Rodr. I do not finde

That thou des'lt lustfully with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rodr. Every day thou daftes me with some delaying
Iago, and rather, as it fenteenes me now, keep'it from me all conuenience, then toppleffe me with the lefT advaantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet prifonned to put vp in place, what already I have foftly fuffered.

Iago. Will you hear me Rodrigo?
Roder. I have heard too much; and your words and performance are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roder. With naught but truth: I have walked myself out of my senses. The locusts you have had from me to deliver Desdemona, would have hasted corrupted a Votarist. You have told me the fact received from, and returned it expectations and comforts of odainae respect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Roder. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (mean not) not so very well. Nay I think it is curvy; and begin to find my self lost in it.

Iago. Very well.

Roder. I tell you, 's not very well; I will make my self known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unwise full solicitation. If now, affright your selfe, I will feel satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Roder. I said nothing but what I protest intended doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then ever 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 Affairs.

Roder. It hath not appeare d.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeare d: and your suspicion is without wit and judgment. But Roderigo, if thou hast in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valor) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treachery, and desolate Engines for my life.

Roder. Well: what is it? Is it within reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Comission come from Venice to depow Caffio in Orbello's place.

Roder. Is that true? Why then Orbello and Desdemona return against me.

Iago. Oh no: she goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, unless his a-bode be lingered here by some accident. Wherein none can be determinate, as the remouing of Caffio.

Roder. How do you mean remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Orbello's place; knocking out his brains.

Roder. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. If you dare do your selfe a profit, and in a night, He flups to night with a Harlot: and thither will go to him. He knows not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I willFashion to fall out between twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure, I will be neere to second your Attempts, and he shall fall between vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his desit, that you shall think your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night grows so wai t.

Roder. I will here further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfied.

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Enter Othello, Lodovice, Desdemona & Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: I will do me good to walk.

Lodov. Madam, good night: I humbly thank you, Ladyship.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed: this instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your Attendant there: I look't not be done.

Env. Def. I will my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? He lookest gentler then he did.

Def. He feares he will return inconstant, and hath commanded me to go to bed, and bid me to dismiss you.

Aem. Dismiss me?

Def. He was his bidding: therefore go good Emilia, deste, my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Aem. I would you had never seen him.

Def. So would not I: my louse doth approve That even his fubbornesse, his checks, his frownes, (Prythee va-pin me) have grace and favour. Aem. I have laid those Sheets you bad me of the be Def. All's one; good Father, how foolish are our minds.

If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me In one of these same Sheets.

Aem. Come, come; you talke.

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie, She was in love: and she the loud boast'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough, An old thing twas: but it increas'd her Fortune, And the dy'd finging it. That Song to night, Willing go from my mind: I have much to do, But to go hang my head all one side And finge it by poore Tracharies prythee dispatch.

Aem. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No, va-pin me here,
This Lodovice is a proper man.

Aem. A very handsome man...

Def. He speaks well.

Aem. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palefirie for a touch of his neither lip.

Def. The poor Souls suit finging by a Stemmear tree.

Sing all green Willough:

Her hand on her bosom her head on her knee, Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The frail Stemmear ran by her, and nummock'd her meanes

Sing Willough, etc.

Her faire tears fall from her, and f沙发 the stone,
Sing Willough, etc.

(Lay by these)

Willough, Willough, (Prythee high thee: he'll come anon)
Sing all green Willough must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, but scorne I approve.
(Nay that's not next, Harke, who is't that knocks?

Aem. It's the wind.

Def. If I call my Love的名字 that: but what said he then?

Sing Willough, etc.

If I scorn no women you're couched with me men.
Let's see... I need help with this.
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.
Red. O he me there.

Cafio. That’s one of them.

Iago. Oh, murieous Slieue! O Villaine!
Red. O Damn’d! Iago! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men’t! O darkest!

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How sileen is this Towne? Hoe, mother, mother.

What may you be? Are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

He. Sir.

Iago. I try you mercy: here’s Caffio hurt by Villaines.

Gra. Caffio?

My sweet Caffio: Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. Caffio, may you suffer?

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I am forry to find you thus;

I have beene to secke you,

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So—Oh for a Chaire

To bear him easily, here.

Bian. Alas he faimes. Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I doo sulpeft this Trau.

To be a party in this Injurie.

Patience awhile, good Caffio. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Roderigo? No: Yes sure; Yes, ‘tis Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excite my Manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.


Gra. Roderigo?

Iago. He, he, ye he?

Oh that’s well said, the Chaire.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,

He fetch the Gentall Surgeon. For you Mistfins,

Save you your labour. He that has blame heare (Caffio)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Caf. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What look you pale? Oh bear him o’tis Ayres,

Stay you good Gentlemen. Lookke you pale, Mistiirs?

Do you perceiue the gaftiness of her eye?

Nay, if you faint, we shall beare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her;

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, gullinefle will speake

Though tongues were out of vie.

”Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. Caffio hath heare bin fet on in the dark

By Roderigo, and Fellowes that are cap’t:

He’s almoft slainne, and Roderigo quite dead.

”Alas. Good Gentlemen: alas good Caffio.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee the Adulterer,

Go knowe of Caffio where he lucht no more.

What, do you think at that?

Bian. He lucht at my house, but I therefore ftake none.

Iago. O did he fo? I charge you go with me.

”Alas. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeft,

As you that thus abuse me.

”Alas. As I Fie upon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen.

Let’s goe see poor Caffio dreft.

Come Mistifns, you must tell another Tale.

Adulterer, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ’d.

Will you go on more? This is the night

That either makes me, or loredes me quight.

Exit.}

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaife Starres,

It is the Caufe. Yet Ie not fiold her blood,

Nor feare that whiter skin of hers, than Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:

Yet the moft dye, eile theel’r better more men;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaring Minifter,

I can againe thy former light refore,

Should I repeate me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou running a Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heate

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have puck’d thy Rofe,

I cannot give it vital growth againe,

It needs must wither. He smell thee on the Trea.

O Balmy breath, that doft almost persuade

Justice to breake her Sword. One more, one more;

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And loue thee after. One more, and that’s the last.

So sweet, was ne’t so farall. I must weep.

But they are cruell Teares: This forrow’s heavenly,

It stikes, where it doth lone. She wakes.

Def. Who’s there? Othello?

Oth. I Desdemona.

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you praty’d to night, Desdemona?

Def. I my Lord.

Oth. If you behinde your fells of any Crime

Voreconcil’d as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it fairest.

Def. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be briefe, I will walke by

I would not kill thy vnpreprued Spirit,

No, Heauen fore-fend that I would not kill thy Soule.

Def. Talleke you of killing?

Oth. I 1 do.

Def. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.
The Tragedie of Othello

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead, not yet quite dead? I that am cruel, am yet mercifull, I would not have thee linger in thy paine?

So, Jemil.

Oth. Where's that ho? My Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?

Oth. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis Aemilia: by and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moulting?
Still as the grave, Shall she come in? Wer's good? I think she flires againe. Now, what's best to do?
If she come in, free I speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th' affrighted Globe
Did yawn at Alteration.

Aemel. I do befeech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in Aemilia.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw,
Whereat thou: What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Aemilia.

Oth. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murther's done.

Oth. What? now?

Aemel. But now, my Lord,
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She sees no more at that time then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Aemel. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Radarge.

Oth. Radarge kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

Aemel. No. Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. No Cassio kill'd? Then Murthyer's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows worse.

Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Aemel. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?

Aemel. Our, and alas, that was my Ladies voice,
Help, help, hoa, help. Oh Lady speake againe,
Sweet Defamation, oh sweet Misriss, speake.

Def. A guilliffe death, I dye.

Aemel. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Def. No body: I may selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Aemel. Alas: who knows?

Oth. You hear her say her selfe, it was not I.

Aemel. She said fo: I must needs report the truth,
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Aemel. Oh the more Angell thee, and the blacker Diewell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.

Aemel. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Aemel. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.

Oth. I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell;
But that I did proceed upon left ground
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
the Moore of Venice.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I think you n't, I think: I am't; O Villany: 
I thought so then: I'll kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home,
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake;
'Tis proper I obey him: but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Iago. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hall kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this aëte she was horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore Desdemon: 
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thread in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate urne:
Yea, curte his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows
That she with Caffe, hath the Aëe of shame,
A thousand times committed: Caffe confetti it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works.
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which If it gau her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gau my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heavenly Powers
Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, one shame against me, yet ile speake.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home,
Emil. I will not.

Gra. Eye, yea, your Sword upon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchief thou speakest of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a solemn earneffe
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd me, to speake.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She give it Caffe! No, alas I found it,
And I did giue my Husband,
Iago. Fith, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Cokecombe, what shoudl such a Fool
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what issues for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine

Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife,

Emil. I: I oh lay me by my Mistris side,

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd,

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the door without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. He after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave.

Emil. Oth.
Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man?
Iago. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Iago. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou beest a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but I know'd not.

Othel. I am not forry neither, I'd haue thee live;
For in my loue, 'tis a happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
False in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall the Diuell doe to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany;
Did you and he confess in Cassio's death.

Oth. 1.

Cas. Deere Genceall, I never gave you cause:
Oth. Too beleue it, and I sake your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus enha'rd my Soule and Body.

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gracia. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. W'll, thou dost beft.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallen,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the flaine Roderigo,
And haue another, the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be vndertooke
By Roderigo.

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most groffe.

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant th'case first to this damned villaine:
But this (belike) Iago in the inuident
Come in, and fatisfied him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Catiff:
How came you (Cassio) by this Handkerchief
That was my wives?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confesse it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Fool, fool, fool! foule

Cassio. There is besides, in Roderigo's Letter,
How he vpraises Iago, that he made him
Beware me upon the Watch; whereas it came
That I was caft; and even but now he spoke
(After long seeming dead) Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on,

Lod. You must forake this toome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner reft,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State more feuerice, and they know's
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then muft you speake,
Of one that loud not wilfully, but to well:
Of one, not eaily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme: Of one, whole hand
(Like the base Iden) threw a Pestle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose Subdo'd Eyes,
Albeit vs'd to the melting moodes,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinal gume. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in Alepp once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumsised Dogge,
And smote him thus,

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gracia. All that is spoke, is mann'd.

Iago. I kift thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my felfe, to dyce vpon a kiffe.

Dying Cassio.
the Moore of Venice.

Caf. This did I see, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparron Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poylons Sight,

Let it be hid, Gratiano, keepe the house,
And seige upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines thence Censure of this bellish villain:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh enforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Thello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Gouernour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Sailors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, wife to Othello.
Æmilia, wife to Iago.
Blanca, a Curtescan.
THE TRAGEDY OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dozage of our Generals
Oray-rows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o'the Fries and Musters of the Warre,
Have grow'd like placed Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Duration of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of Great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breast, renages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypses Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Troupe, with Eunuchs framing her
Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Poole. Behold and see.
Cleo. If he be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's boggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile set a bourn how farre to be belo'ed.
Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heaven,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes(my good Lord)from Rome.
Ant. Gracs me the summe.
Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.

Flania perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the heart-hearde Caesar have not fent
His powrfulmandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damme thee.
Ant. How, my Loue?
Cleo. Percance? Nay, and moSt like,
You must not stay here longer, your dissimil
Is come from Caesar, therefore hear it Anthony.
Where's Flania Proccele? (Caesar I would say) both
Call in the Meffengers: As I am Egypt Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homage: else do thy cheeke payes shame.
When thrill-tong'd Flania scolds. The Meffengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Best as Man; the Noblenesse of life
I so do thus: when such a mutual pair,
And such a twaine can doo', in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weste
We stand vp Proccele.

Cleo. Excellent falhood:
Why did he marry Flania, and not loue her?
Ilie feeme the Poole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But flir'Td by Cleopatra.
Now for the loute of Loue, and her soft-hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference hasts;
There's not a minute of our liues shou'd strest
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Heart the Ambassadors.

Ant. Eye wrangling Queene:
Whom euer thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To wepe: who euer passion fully Ristes
To make it falle (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meffenger but thane, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The Qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laff night you did desir it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Trunps.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthony priz'd in flight?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthony.
Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approves the common
Lyra, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deciders to morrow. Reft you happy.

Exeunt Enter Eunuchus, Lampria, a Southfayer, Ranaeus, Lucibius,
Charmian, Itra, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alcetas.

Char. L. Alcetas, sweet Alcetas, most any thing Alcetas,
almost most absolute Alcetas, where's the Southfayer
that you prais'd so to th'Eunuch? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands
Alc. Southfayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?
Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I

Alc. Show him your hand.

Emob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleo.
Enter Cleopatra.

Clesopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good after, good to thee, good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, butforesee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet faire fairer then you are.

Char. He measses in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Sooth. Vex not his preference, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather hease my Little with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a foresorne, and Widdow then all: Let me have a Childe as fifty, to whom Worth may do Homage. finde me to marrie me with Othelio Cesar, and companion me with my Mithis.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have teene and praud a falser forster fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names: Prythee how many Boys and Wenches must I have.

Sooth. The number of thy wifes hath a wonder, & foretell every with, a Million.

Char. Our Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheats are pustie to your wifes.

Char. Nay come, cell Iras here.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Emb. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palmste preserves Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. Else as the cleft-flowing Nylus preffageth Fa-

mine.

Iras. Go you wille Bedfellowe, you cannot Soothfay.

Char. Nay, if an oyl Palm be not a fruitfull Prog-

nouncement, I cannot scratch mine ears. Prythee tell her but a workye day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But bow, but bow, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then thee? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our woorer thoughts Heavenes mend.

Alexias. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, sweet I's. I befeech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a sorrow, and let woman follow woman, till the world of all follow him laughing to his grave fifty-fold a Cuckold.

Good I's hear me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good I's I befeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeffe, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handsome man loose Wud,b, so it is a deadly forrow, to behalde a foole Knawe vnckuckolded: Therefore deere I's keepe deco-

rum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if its lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Char. Not he the Queene.

Cles. Saw you my Lord.

Emb. No Lady.

Char. Was he not here?

Char. No Madam.

Cles. He was disposed to mirth, but on the Soleine

A Romane thought hath froke him.

Embthous?

Emb. Madam.

Cles. Seek him, and bring him higher: what? Alexis?

Alex. Here is your preuice.

My Lord approaches.

Entere Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cles. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Melles. Fulvia thy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Licinius?

Melles. I: but loone that Warre had end, and the times falso.

Made friends of them, joyning their force against Cesar.

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter drawe them.

Ant. Well, what wofi.


Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death, I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mells. Labinnus (this is flisse-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force.

Extended Aids: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner frome, from Syria to Lydia, And to Ionia, whillt--

Ant. Anthony thou wouldst say.

Mells. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home, Mince not the general tongue, name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome:

Ralle thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full Licentie, as both Truth and Notice

Have power to vitter. Oh then we bring forth weede, When our quicke winds lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as ourearing: fare theel well awhile.

Mells. At your Noble plasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Seciun how the newes? Speake there

1. Mells. The man from Seciun, Is there such an one?

2. Mells. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear:

Thee strong Egyptian Fetters I must brake,

Or loose my life in dorce.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mells. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Mells. In Seciun,her length of sicknesse,

With what else more ferious,

Imporetteth thee to know, this case.

And so, forbeeme me:

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

That our contemptes doth often tulte from vs,
The Tragedie of

We with it ours againe. The present pleasure, By resolution lowering, does become The opposite of selfe: the good being gon, The hand could plucke her backe, that shou’d her on. I must from this enchanting Queene breake off, Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus. 

Eno. What’s your pleasure, Sir? 

Ant. I must with haste from hence. 

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how most all an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death’s the word. 

Ant. I must be gone. 

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women die, It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times ypon faire poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which committs some loyng afe & vnpon her, she hath such a reverne in dyng. 

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought. 

Eno. Alack Sirro, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her winds and waters, fighes and teares: They are greater storms and Tempefts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be curring in her; if it be, she makes a showere of Raine as well as jooe. 

Ant. Would I had never seene her. 

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnience a wonderfull peace of worke, which not to have beene blett withall, would haue differed your Trauail. 

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 

Eno. Sir. 

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 

Eno. Fulvia? 

Ant. Dead. 

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Derrties to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the Tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when olde Robes are weere out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulvia, then had you undescribed cut, and the cafe to be lamented: This griefe is crown’d with Confusion, your olde Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares lour in so Onion, that should water this forrow. 

Ant. The businesse the hait broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence. 

Eno. And the businesse you have broach’d here can not be without you, especially that of Cleopatra’s, which wholly depends on your abode. 

Ant. No more light Answeres: 

Let our Officers 

Have notice what we purpose, I shall breake The caufe of our Expedition to the Queene, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgente touches Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too Of many of our contriving Friends in Rome, Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius 

Have given the dare to Caesar, and commands The Empire of the Sea. Our flippery people, 

Whose Love is never link’d to the deuiter,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shoul'dst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Art. Hears me Queene?
The strong necessity of Time commands,
Our Serviles a while: but my full heart
Remains in yee with you. Our Italy,
Shines o'er with civil Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domessticke powers,
Bred dropulous faction: The hated gromwe to strength
Are newly gromwe to Lost: The conden'd Pompex,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps space
Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
Upon the present fate, whose Numbers threaten,
And quievness gromwe gromwe of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: I my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvius death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childinesse. Can Fulvius died?

Art. She is dead my Queene,
Looke heere, and at thy Souteraine leyse read
The Carboblet the awoke'st at the last, but,
Sea when, and where thee died.

Cleo. Of moffe fate Lute!
Where be the Sacred Violles then should all fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvius death, how mine eye's should be.

Art. Quartel no more, but bee prepare to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give this voice. By the fire
That quickenes Nymphs flame, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmsian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony loves.

Art. By precious Queene forborne,
And glue true evidence to his Loue, which bands
An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So Fulvius told me,
I pray thee turne aside, and wepe for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Art. You'll heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet but this is mostey,
Art. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Looke pry thee Charmsian,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chaste,
Art. He leave you Lady,
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word,
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loute, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Art. But that your Royalty
Hold Ilenelle your subject, I should take you
For Ilenelle it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Ilenelle so neere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calleth you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my unpiirited folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victorie, and smooth successe
Be fierce before your feet.

Art. Let ye go.
Come: Our separation to abides and flies,
That thou residing heere, goest yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, here more remains with thee.
Away.

Enter Ophelius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.

Cef. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Caesar Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: He sittes, and drinkes, and waftes
The Lames of night in revels: Is not more madlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queen of Ptolomy
More Womanly then he. Hardy gave audience
Or vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is the truftees of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, sailes crown to darkne all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, ferme as the Spots of Heaven,
More servile by nights Blacknese; Hereidirarie,
Rather then purchase: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Cef. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amuse to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit
And keepe the terme of Tipling with a Slave,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaves that fends of stero: Say this becomes him
(As his companie must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony
So great excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great weight in his lighntnesse. The ifid
His vacance with his Vengentvounific,
Fall surfets, and the drinckes of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his spoof, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rare Boys, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And forebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more newes.

Mef. Thy biddings have beene done, & curiue house
Molt Noble Cesar, that thou haue report
How this abrood. Pompex is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is below'd of those
That only have feard Cesar: to the Ports
The discontente repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cef. I shoul have knowne no lese,
It hath bin taught vs from the primarl Rate
That be which is was withs, vs till he were;
And the cbb'd man,
Ne're loud, till ne're worth lour,
Comes terr'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Laggge upon the Stranne,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying yde
To rot it false with motion,

**Cesar.** I bring thee word, 
Maketh Thee secure from, which they care and wound 
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads 
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime 
Lacke blood to thine on't, and fluxt youth rebels, 
No Vesseall can prepe forth: but this is soone 
Taken as seene: for Pompey name strikes more 
Then could his Wars reftiffed.

**Cesar.** Anthony,
Leave they infamous Vassales, When thou once 
Wast broken from Medema, where thou fleew't 
Himself and Paufe Confultis, at thy heele 
Did Famine follow, whom thou fough't against, 
(Though daintily brough't) with patience more 
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou didst drinke 
The stale of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle 
Which Brafts would coughe at. Thy pathis: the did daine 
The rough theft Berry, on the Tudde Hudson.

Yes, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pature sheets, 
The barks of Trees thou brow'sd: on the Alpes, 
It is reported thou dids'teate strange fleth, 
Which home did dye to looke on: and all this 
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now) 
Was borne fo like a Soldiour, that thy cheke 
So much as lank'd now.

**Lep.** Tis pitty of him. 

**Cesar.** Let his thames quickly 

Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine 
Did thow our felves 'tis Field, and to that end 
Affembale me immediate coufnell, **Pompey** 
Thrives in our Ideneffe.

**Lep.** To morrow **Cesar**, 
I shall be furnifh to informe you righte 
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able 
To front this pretifh time. 

**Cesar.** Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Fairwell. 

**Lep.** Fairwell my Lord, what you shall know mean time 
Of ftitres abroad, I shall before you Sir 
To let me be patrakre.

**Cesar.** Doubt not Sir, I knew it for my Bond. Embrace 

**Enter** Cleopatra, Charman, Iras, and Mardan. 

**Charm.** Good afternoon. 

**Charm.** Have I a grace to you drink Mandragora. 

**Charm.** Why Madam? 

**Charm.** That I might sleep out this great gap of time: 

**My Anthony is away.** 

**Char.** You think of him too much. 

**Charm.** O'tis Tresfon. 

**Char.** Madam, I truwt not fo. 

**Charm.** Thou, Euuch Madamish? 

**Cesar.** What's your Highness pleasure? 

**Cesar.** Not now to heare thee fing. I take no pleasure 
In ought an Euuch ha's: Tis well for thee, 
That being volantor'd, thy freer thoughts 
May not flye forth of Egypt Haft thou Affeotions? 

**Cesar.** Yes gracious Madam. 

**Cesar.** Indeed? 

**Cesar.** Nor in deed Madam, for I can do nothing 
But what in deed is honest to be done: 
Yet have I fierce Affeotions, and thinke 
What Venus did with Mars. 

**Charm.** Oh Charman; 

Where think't thou he is now? Stands he, or sitt he? 

**Cesar.** Or doest he waite? Or is he on his Horse? 

**Cesar.** Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Anthony! 

**Cesar.** Do bravelly Horse, for I won't thou whom thou mou'lt. 

**Cesar.** The demy **Atlas** of the Earth, the Arme 

**Cesar.** And Burgane of men, He's speaking now, 

**Cesar.** Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle, 

(For so he calls me.) Now I leave my selfe 

With most deliciouf **Pётыон** Think me on 

That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blace, 

And twinkled deep in time. Brindo-froneted **Cesar** 

When thou was't here about the ground, I was 

A morfell for a Monarke and great **Pompey** 

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow 

There would be anchor his Alpeds and dye 

With looking on his life.

**Enter Alexis from Cesar.** 

**Alex.** Souereign of Egypt, halloa. 

**Alex.** How much vnlike art thou Mark Anthony? 

Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath 

With his Tind gilded thee. 

**Alex.** How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? 

**Alex.** Last thing he did (deere Que ence) 

He kift the list of many doubled kiffes 

This Orient Pearle. His speech thickes in my heart 

**Cesar.** Mine ear is much plucke it thence. 

**Alex.** Good friend, quoth he: 

Say the firne Roman to great Egypt sends 

This treasure of an Oyster: as whole footo 

To mend the petty prefent, I will please 

Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Ear, 

(Say thou) shall call her Miiftirs. So he nodded, 

And loberly did mount an Arme-guant Streed, 

Who ne'er'd fo hy, that what i would have spoke, 

Was beaftly dunbe by him.

**Alex.** What: was he fond, or merry? 

**Alex.** Like to the time 0 thy yeare, between 2 extremes 

Of hot and cold, he was not fond nor merrie. 

**Cesar.** Oh well diuided disposition: Note him, 

Note him good Charman, tis the man, but note him. 

He was not fond, for he would shine on those 

That make their looks by his. He was not merrie. 

Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay 

In Egypt with his ioys, but betweene both. 

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'th thou fond, or merrie, 

The violence of either thee becomes, 

So do'ts no mans elle. Met'll thy my Pofits? 

**Alex.** I Madam, twenty feuerall Meffengers. 

**Alex.** Yor do you fond too thicker? 

**Cesar.** Who's borne that day, when I forget to tend 

to Anthony, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Charman. 

Welcome my good Alexis. Did I Charman, e- 

ter ioue Cesar to? 

**Char.** Oh that braue Cesar! 

**Char.** Be ch'ok'd with such another Emphazis, 

Say the brave Anthony. 

**Char.** The valiant Cesar. 

**Char.** By why, I will guse thee bloody teeth, 

If thou with Cesar Parago magazine 

My man of men. 

**Char.** By your most gracious pardon, 

I finge but after you. 

**Cesar.** My Saltad dayses, 

When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood, 

To say, as I saide then. But come, away, 

Get me Inke and Paper,
An hooft of tongues, but leill cydings tell
Themselfes, when they be full.
Mef. I have done my duty.
Cle. Is he married?
I cannot have thee wonder then I do,
If thou again say yes.
Mef. He's married Madam.
Cle. The Gods confound thee,
Doft thou hold there still?
Mef. Should I lyse Madame?
Cle. Oh, I would thou diist.
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cæfarine for Cæsar!s Snares. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou Norsemen in thy face to me,
Thou wouldst appeare moft vile: is he married?
Mef. I crave your Highness pardon.
Cle. He is married.
Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punishe thee for what you make me do
Seemes much unquell, he's married to Olybria.
Cle. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what that sure of Get. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
Char. Good your Highness patience.
Cle. In praysyng Anthony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times Madam.
Cle. It am paid for now: lead me from hence,
I am, oh, true Charmian: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him
Report the gesture of Olybria: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go, let him not Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other ways a Mars. Bid you Alexas
Bring me word, how tall thee is: pity me Charmian,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber
Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey at one door with Drum and Trum-
pet at another Cæsar, Caesar, Anthony, Sabinus, NÆ-
tenius, Agrippa, Menus with Souldiers Marching
Pom. Your Haultages I have, to haue you min.
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæsar, Most meane that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou haft considered, let vs know
It shall tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicellie much tall youth,
That else must perishe here.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefest Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuenge want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Cæsar,
Who was it that Philippi the good Bruto gafted,
There saw thy labouring for him. What's that
That mou'd thee Cæsare to conspire? And what
Made all-honour'd, honeste, Romaine Bruto,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Naue. At whole burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fome, with which I meant
To souereign thinge-gratitude, that delightfull Rome
Caff on my Noble Father.
Cæsar. Tell not this time.
Ant. Thou canst not feare vs Pompey with thy blade.
Welles speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost one count of me of my Fathers house;
But since the Cuckow buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't at thou mast.

Legi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we haue lent you.

Cæsar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entred too,
But weigh what it is worth imbrace d.
Cæsar. And what may follow to try a greater Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cicellie, Sardines: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with unhacket edges, and bare backe
Our Targets vndimite.

Omero. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here,
A man prepar'd
to take this offer. But make Anthony,
Put to some impatience: though I loose
The prase of it by telling. You must know
When Cæsar and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicellie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I have heard in Pompey,
And am well fluided for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think Sir, to haue met you here,
Ant. The beds in't Eall are loft, and thanks to you,
That ca'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gained by t.

Cæsar. Since I saw you last, there's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not.
What counts hath Fortune ca'ts vpon my face,
But in my boome shall the never come,
To make my Heart: hers disdain.

Legi. Well met here.
Pom. I hope to Leptis, thus we are agreed:
That ca's composition may be written
And feel'd betweene us.

Cæsar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weels fell each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the fame, I have
heard that Iulius Cæsar, grew 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 haue I heard,
And I have heard Appolodorus carrie-

Euo. No more that he did do.

Pom. What I pray you?

Euo. A certaine Queene to Cæsar in a Marts.

Pom. I know the now, how far'th thou Souldier?

Euo. Well, and well am I lik to do, for I perceive
The Tragedie of

Foure Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shew thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen the fight,
When I have owned thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lou'd you much, but I ha'ptis'd ye,
When you have well deficit'd ten times as much,
As I ha'ptis'd you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

Ad. Shew the way, sir.

Pom. Come. 

Exeunt. 

M. Enob. 

Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're have made this Treaty.

You, and I have knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinkke.

Men. We hate Sir.

Enob. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praiie any man that will praiie me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes something you can deny for your owne safety: you have bin in a great Threate by Sea,

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but give mee your hand Meno, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues killing.

Men. All mens faces are true, what somere their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No fander, they fcale hearts.

Enob. We came bither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forsy it is turn'd to a Drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe again.

Men. You haue said Sir, we look'd not for Mark Anthony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Caius Sitter is call'd Otamia.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus,

But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye Sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caiar and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this vanity, I would not Prophezie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I think't so too. But you shall finde the band that femes to yere their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: Otamia is of a holy, cold, and still conversacion.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Enob. Not he that himsefls is not so: which is Mark Anthony: he will to his Egyptian d iff againe: thens tell the fighes of Otamia blow the fire vp in Caiar, and (as I told before) that which is the strengt' of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their vancie. Anthony will vlie his affeccion where it is. Hee married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we have vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Muscovy: players.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'll be man: some o'th'ir Plants are rooted already, the leaft winde o'th'world will blow them downe.

2 Lepadus is high Conlord.

1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entretaine, and himfelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his discription.

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fel-lowship: I had as like have a Reede that will doe man seruice, as a Partisan I could not heave.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to bee free to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pitifully disater the cheeks.

A Seneschal:

Enter Caiar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepadus, Agrrippa, Meno, Enobius, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle

By certaine eales i'th'Pyramid: they know

By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the meane: it feareth Or Poizon follow. The higher Nilus Swell's.

The more it promisses: as it ebbes, the Seedman Upon the flame and Ooze scatters his graine,

And shortly comes to Harfeul.

Lep. Whause frange Serpents there?

AniB. Lepadus.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile, Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sir, and some Wine: A health to Lepadus.

Ant. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ilene'tc'tout.

Enob. Not till you have hept: I fear me you'll bee in tillthen.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the Prophets Pyrama-

Dins are very goodly things: without contesdiction I have heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't.

Menas. For sake thy feate I do beleee thee Captaine, And haue me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare metill anon, Whispers in't Ear.

This Wine for Lepadus,

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is that'd fir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath breeth: It is sullen as high as it is, and moouses with it owne organs. It lives by that which nourishteth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. This a strange Serpant.

Ant. This is, and the teares of it are wet.

Caiar. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, elle he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang Sir, hang: telle me of that? Away:

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of Metiu thut with heare mee,
Rise from thy flooie.

**Ant.** I think it's mad : the matter?

**Men.** Have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

**Pom.** Thou half se'ud me with much faith : who's elfe to say? Be costly Lords.

**Auch.** These Quucksands Latidus.

Keep off them for you finke.

**Men.** Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

**Pom.** What faith thou?

**Men.** Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

**Pom.** How should that be?

**Men.** But entertain't it, and though thou think'st me poore, I am the man will治理 thee all the world.

**Pom.** Haft thou drunken well.

**Men.** No Pompey, I have kept me from the cup, Thou art if thou say'lt be, the earthly love: What are the Ocean pales, or sky inchppers,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

**Pom.** Shew me which way?

**Men.** These three World-Sharers, these Competitors Are in thy redell. Let me cut the Cable, And when we are put off, fall to their thrones: All but thine own self.

**Pom.** Ah, this thou shouldst ha've done, And hast not spoken on. In me 'tis villaine, In thee, 'tis, had bin good seruice: thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that doeth make mine Honour: Mine Honour is, Repent that ere thy love: Hast so beraide thine selfe. Being done unknowne, I should have found it after so well done, But must condemne it now: defift, and drink.

**Men.** For this, I'll never follow

Thy paul't Fortunes more,

Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offered,

Shall never finde it more.

**Pom.** This health to Lupidus.

**Ant.** Bear'st him a Jhore.

Ile pledge it for him Pompey.

**Eur.** Here's to thee Menace.

**Men.** Endeburk, welcome.

**Pom.** Fill till the cup be hid.

**Eur.** There's a strong Fellow Menas.

**Men.** Why?

**Eur.** A beares the third part of the world man meet not?

**Men.** The third part, then he's drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

**Eur.** Drink thou: meresafe the Reesel.

**Men.** Come.

**Pom.** This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

**Ant.** It ripens towards it: Strike the Vesel'f hoo.

Here's to Cafar.

**Cafar.** I could well forbear'st, 'tis monstrous labour when I wath my braine, and it grow fouler.

**Ant.** Be a Child o'th'mine.

**Cafar.** Poffeile it, I'll make answert: but I had rather fall from all, four dayes, then drink to much in one.

**Enob.** Has my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the Egyptian Backens, and celebrate our drinkes?

**Pom.** Let's ha't good Souldier.

**Ant.** Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep'd our sense,

In soft and delicate Looke.

**Eur.** All take hand:

Make battery to our ears with the loud Mufick.

**Eur.** The while, I place you, then the Boy shall sing. The holding every man shall bear as loud. As his strong sides can volly.

**Mufick Player.** Enoburkus placeth them hand in hand.

**The Song.**

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpa Bacchus, with jolly eye:

In thy Fates our Care be drown'd,

With thy Grapes our haraest the Crowne.

Cap us till the world go round,

Cap us till the world go round.

**Cafar.** What would you more?

**Pompey goodnight. Good Brother**

Let me requet you of our greater buisiness.

Frowmes at this Lettie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You fee we have burnt our checkers. Strong Enobarbas

Is weaken then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's 'tis what speaks: the wilde diskilfe hath almoft

Antick v's all. What needs more words? goodnight.

**Good Anthony** your hand.

**Pom.** He try you on the thore.

**Ant.** And shall Sir, you bear your hand.

**Pom.** Oh Anthony, you have my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the House.

Enob. Take heed you fall not Menas. Iliot on thore.

No to my Cabin: thefe Drummers,

These Trumpeters. Flutes: what

Let Neultine hear, we bid aloud farewell

To thefe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

**Eur.** Sound a flourish with Drummers.

**Enor.** Hoo faires there's my Cap.


Enter Ursidius as were in triumph, the dead body of Pato-
rus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Pachy's arcthou (stroke) and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus death

Make me reuerence. Bear'st the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy Paterus Oades,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus,

Romanes. Noble Ursidius,

Whilf fit yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitue Parthians follow. Sputre through Media,

Mepatamia, and the sheilders, whether

The routed fire So thy grand Captain Anthony

Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots,

Put Garlands on thy head.

**Pom.** Of Silbus, Silbus,

I have done enough. Alowest place note well

May make too great an aff. For leaveth this Silbus,

Better to leave vndone, then by our deed

Arequire too high a Fame, when he vnserves tosh.

Cafar and Anthony, have eu'r wonne

More in their officer, then perfon. Seuiss.

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he archi'd by th'minute, left his faoure.

Who does i'st Wares more then his Captain can

Become his Captains Captain: and Ambition

(The Souldiers wronne) rather makes choise of lettis

Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Anthony good,

But 'tould offend him. And in his defence,
The Tragedie of

Sbould my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast \textit{Vendicta} that, without which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou wilt write to Anthony.

Fen. He humbly signifie what in his name, That that magical word of Warre we have effect, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The turf,yet beaten Horse of Parthis, We have tazed out of the Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Fen. He purposed to Athens, whither with what haste The weight we must convey with's, will permit: We shall appear before him. On their passe along.}

Enter Agrippa at one door, Eumaturbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eum. They have despatcht with Pompey, he is gone, The other are three Sealing. \textit{Oltiana weeps.}

To part from Rome: Caesar is dead, and Lepidus Since Pompey's leaff, as \textit{Memus saies}, is troubled With the Greene-Sickneef.\textit{.

Agri. Tis a Noble Lepidus.\textit{.

Eum. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Caesar.\textit{.

Agri. Nay but how dearly he adores Mark Anthony.\textit{.

Eum. Caesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.\textit{.

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Suppers?\textit{.

Eum. Spakeyou of Caesar? How, the non-pareil?\textit{.

Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!\textit{.

Eum. Would you praise Caesar? Is Cæsar go no further.\textit{.

Agri. Indeed he piowed them both with excellent praiie.\textit{.

Eum. But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Anthony:\textit{.

Hooe Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Serbts, Bandts, Ports, cannot Thinks speake, eare, write, sing, number: hoo, His love to Anthony. But as for Cæsar, Kneele downe, kneele down, and wonder.\textit{.

Agri. Both he loues.\textit{.

Eum. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, For this is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.\textit{.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell, Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Ottianus.\textit{.

Anto. No further Sir.\textit{.

Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vil me well in't. Sifter, prone such a wife As my thoughts make the, and as my fastest Band Shall passe on thy approbe: most Noble Anthony, Let not the peace of Verne which is let Betwixt vs, as the Cynem, of our love To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it for better might we Have loud without this means, if on both parts This be not cherisht.\textit{.

Ant. Make me not offend'd, in your delight.\textit{.

Cæsar. I have said.\textit{.

Ant. You shall finde, Though you be therein curious, the left cause For what you seeme to fear, so the Gods keeps you, And make the hearts of Romanies feare your ends: We will heare passe.\textit{.

Cæsar. Farewell my dear Sifter, Sifter, faire thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Tiny spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.\textit{.

Oth. My Noble Brother.\textit{.

Ant. The April's in her eyes, it is Loves spring, And shefe the flowers to bring it on: be cheerful.
The fellow he's good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her yeres, I prithee.
Meff. Madam, she was a widow.
Meff. And I do think she's thirtie.
Cleo. Beath' shou she her face in mind? Is't long or round?
Meff. Round, even to feathine.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her harte what colour?
Meff. Browne Madam: and her forhead
As low as the would wish it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit forbusinesse. Go, make the ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why do you think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
Know.
Char. Hath his scene Maiestie? Ifse else defend: and
serving you so long.
Cleo. I have one thing more to make him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam.
Exit. [Into Anthony and Olymias.
Ant. Nay, nay Olymias, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he had wagg'd
New Warres gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publike ear, spoke fealnty of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vended then most narrow measur'd lentimes,
When the best hift was given him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Olym. Oh my good Lord,
Belleuce not all, or if you must beleue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnshippie Lady,
If this deuision chance, ne're food betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,
Vnde that prayer, by crying our as loud,
Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and disconst the prayer, no midway
Twist thefe extremties at all.
Ant. Gentle Olymias,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Rust to preferre it: if I love mine Honour,
I leafe my selfe: better I was not yours
Then your fo branchiefe. But as you request't,
Your selfe shall go betweene: the meane time Lady,
He raffe the preparation of a Warre
Shall flame your Brother, make your souceft haff,
So your desires are yours.
Off. Thanks to my Lord.
The love of power make me most weakes, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slaine
Should fader vp the Riff.
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferue his change: for what I have conuer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armes,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.
Caf. Not must not then be yelded to in this.

Enter Olymurt with her Traine.

Oly. Hai! Caesar, and my L. hai! moit deere Cefar.
Cefar. That euer I should call thee Craft-away.
Oly. You have not call'd me so, nor have you caused.
Cef. Why have you froln upon vs thus? you come not
Like Cefar! Sifer, The wife of Anthony
Should have an Army for an Vther, and
The nieghs of Horse to tell of her approch,
Long ere the did appeare. The trees by th'way
Should have borne men, and expectation faine:
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duft
Should have ascended to the Roofs of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have preuented
The occaftion of our lour, which left vnfrwe,
Is often left vnloU'd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land,Supplying euer Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oly. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Mark Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Ware, acquainted
My grewe to earle withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cof. That froom he granted,
Being an abstrac't weene his Luff, and him.
Oly. Do not fay fo, my Lord.
Caf. I haue eyes upon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: what is he now?
Oly. My Lord, in Athens.
Cefar. No, my moft wronged Sifer, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him ro her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are leaping
The Kings of thearch for Ware. He hath assembed,
Botus the King of Lyvia, Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphia King,
Of Paphilagonia: the Thracian King Adelatus,
King Machtus of Arabia, King of Ponts,
Head of Jewry, Mithridates King,
Of Carania, Peloton and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede, and Liconias,
With a more larguer Lit of Scepters.

Oly. Aye me moft wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That doth abftrac't each other.

Cof. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wronged, and
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
Or your content, these strong necessities,
But ler deriv'd things to definifh
Hold vnbeway'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Justice, makes his Minifters
Ofus, and thole that love you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Agip. Welcome Lady.

Cef. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th adulterous Anthony, moft large
In his abominations, tunes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noysles it againft vs.
Oly. Is it fo lit?
Caf. Molf cemailte: Sifer welcome: prays you
Be euer knowledg'd of my Sire. My deere it Sifer.

Enter Cleopatra and E Taskius.

Cof. I will be euyn with thee, doubt it not.

Oly. But why, why, why?
Cof. Thou haft forefkope my being in these warres,
And say'lt it is not fit.

Oly. Well: is it, is it.
Cof. Ito, not, denounce'g against vs, why should not
we be there in person,

Enter. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meery loft.
the Mares would bear a Sol'dier and his Horse.
Cof. What is't you fay?

Enter. Your preference needs much prue Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spard. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitu, and 'tis faid in Rome,
That Plautus an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre,

Cof. Sink and Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we barte'th Warre,
And as the president of my Kingome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againft it.
I will not lay by behinde,

Enter Anthony and Cambus.

Ben. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange Cambus,
That from Tarrentum, and Branduulium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet)'

Cof. Celency is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebeke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beft of men
To taunt at Blacksey. Cambus, we
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cof. By Sea, what efts?
Cem. Why will my Lord, do fo?
Ant. For that he dares to so.

Enter. So hath my Lord, da'd him to fengle fight.
Cem. I, and to wage this Battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cefar fought with Pompey. But these offers
Which ferue not for his vantage, he takes off,
And fo should you.

Enter. Your Shipspe are not well manned,
Your Mariners the Mifters, Reapers people
In storing by swift Imprefte. In Cefar Pleece,
Are those, that ofen have against Pompey fought.
Their shipspe are yace, yours heavy no disgrace
Shall fall you for refuing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Esa. Moft worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Souldier ship you haue by Land,
Distrust your Armine, which does moft confift
Of Warte-markt-footmen, leue unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quife forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Guev vp your selfs merly to chance and hazzard,
From firme Security,

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.
**Anthony and Cleopatra.**

**Clo.** I have sixty Sails, Caesar none better.

**Ant.** Our overplus of shipping will we burne, And with the rest full mann’d, from the head of Action Brave the approach of Caesar. But if we fail, We then can do’t at Land. Enter a Messenger.

Thy Businesse?

**Mef.** The Newes is true, my Lord, he is desist’d, Caesar has’t taken Torigne.

**Ant.** Can he be there in person? ’Tis impossible Strange that his power should be. Camidus.

Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land, And our twelve thousand Horse. We’ll to our Ship, Away my Tutors.

Enter a Soldier.

**How now worthy Soultius?**

**Soul.** On Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea, Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt This Sword, and thee my Wounds: let the Egyptians And the Phcenicians go a ducking: we have vs’d to conquer standing on the estuus And fighting foot to foot.

**Ant.** Well, well, away. ——

**Soul.** By Hercules! I think I am’t right.

**Cam.** Soultius thou art; but his whole action grooves Not in the power on: fo our Leaders leade, And we are Womens men.

**Soul.** You keep by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?

**Ven.** Marcus Otho, Marcus Lusius, Publiclius, and Celius, are for Sea: But we keep whole by Land. This speedes of Caesar Carries beyond beleefe.

**Soul.** While he was yet in Rome His power went out in such diffuctions, As beguilde all Spies.

**Cam.** Who’s his Lieutenant, hear you? **Soul.** They say, one Towns. **Cam.** Well, I know the man. ——

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Alt.** The Emperor calls Camidus.

**Cam.** With News the times with Labour, And throwes forth each minute, sone.

**Enter Caesar with his Army marching.**

**Caf.** Towns?

**Ton.** My Lord.

**Caf.** Strike not: by Land, Keep whole, provoke not Battale Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed The Prescr ipt of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes Vpon this impue. **entr.**

**Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.**

**Ant.** Set we our Squadrions on yond side o’th’Hill, In eye of Cagart battale, from which place We may the number of the Ships behold, And so proceed accordingly. **entr.**

**Camidus.** Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the stage, and Towns the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way: After them going, is heard the noise of a Sea fight. Eclaron. **Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.**

**Eno.** Naught, naught, at naught, I can behold no longer: Themanal, the Egyptian Admiral, With all their fiery flye, and turne the Rudder: To see’t, mine eyes are bluss’d. **entr.**

**Scar.** Gods, & Goddesse, all the whold synod of them! **Eno.** What’s thy passion. **Scar.** The greater Caste of the world, is loath With very ignorance, we have kif away Kingdomes, and Provinces. **Eno.** How appears the Fight? **Scar.** On our side, like the Token’d Pefilence, Where death is sure, Yon rufbarded Nagge of Egypt, (Whom Leprose oft-take) ’tis midst o’th fight, When vantage like a payre of Twines appear’d Both as the same, or rather ours the elder; (The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in Inner, Hosts, Sails, and flyes.

**Eno.** That I beheld!

Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not Induce a further view. **Scar.** She once being loof, The Noble rutsche of her Magickie, Anthony, Clips on his Sea-wing, and (like a dotting Mallard) Leauing the Fight in height, flyes after her: I never saw an Action of such Flame; Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ye’re before, Did violate so faile.

**Eno.** Alacke, alacke. **Soul.** Enter Camidus. **Cam.** Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath, And flakes most lamentably. Had our Generall Bin what he knew hitself, it had gone well; Oh his he’s given example for our Flight, Most groosely by his owne.

**Eno.** I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

**Cam.** Toward Peloponnesius are they fled. **Scar.** Tis eftic foot, And there I will attend what further comes. **Camid.** To Caesar will I render My Legions and my Hotse, five Kings alreadie Show me the way of yealding.

**Eno.** Ile yet follow The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason Sits in the winde against mee.

**Enter Anthony with Attendants.**

**Ant.** Hearke, the Land bids mee tread no more vp’n, It is shame’d to beare mee. Friends, come hither, I am so laced in the world, that I Have loyft my way for euer, I have a shippe, Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye, And make your peace with Caesar.

**Owner.** Fly? Not wee.

**Ant.** I have fled my selfe, and have instrued towers To ronne, and fhw their shoulders. Friends be gone, I have my selfe ratol’d vp’n a couffe, Which has no neede of you. Be gone, My Treasure’s in the Harbour. Take it: Oh, I follow’d that I bluss to looke vp’n, My very haires do mutiny: for the white Reproue the brownne for rashnesse, and they them For feare, and dotting. Friends be gone, you shall Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will Sweeppe your way for you. Pray you looke not fad, Nor make replyes of losthardne, take the hint Which my dispaire proclames. Let them be left, Which leaves it felle, to the Sea-sicde straie way; I wil postifie you of that ship and Treasure.
The Tragedie of

Cesar, it is his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when heath
He tends so poore a Pinion of his Wing,
Which had superluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Cesar. Approach, and speak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late at petry to his ends,
As is the Moone-dew on the Mertle leafs
To his grand Sea.

Cesar. Be'ts fo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he suffers thee,
And Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He Leffons his Requeint, and to thee tues
To let him breath betweene the Heaunts and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee creates
The Circle of the Provena for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cesar. For Anthony,
I have no more to his requent. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so thee
From Egypt drife her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if thee perseverance,
She shall not tue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cesar. Bring him through the Bands
To try thy Eloquence, now's time, dispatch,
From Anthony's wine Cleopatra, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, add more
From thine inention, offers. Women are not
In their beft Fortunes strong; but want will persue
The ne'te touch'd Vefta. Trye cunning Tbafts,
Make thing owne Esidt for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

This. Cesar, I go.

Cesar. Obeishe how Anthony becomes his law,
And what thou thinkst his very action speaks
In every power that movest,

This. Cesar. I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charman, & Iris.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

Eno. Anthony only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you red,
From that great face of Warre, whole feuerall ranges
Frigh'ted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Afection should not then
Hauie nicks his Captains-ship, at such a poine,
When hauing to halfe the world opp'd, he being
The meted question? 'Twas a flame no leffe
Then was his lobe, to course your flying Flagges,
And leave his Navy gaing.

Cleo. Praty he peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer? Amb. 1 my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courteis,
So she will yeald vs vp.

Ant. He fayes fo.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy Cefar fend this
grienzed head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalties.

Cleo. That head my Lord?
Ant. To him again, tell him he weares the Rofe
Of youth upon him: from which, the world should foe
Something particular. His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Minifters would preusely
Vnder the Service of a Child, as foone
As'th' Command of Cæfar I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Companions a-part,
And anfwer me declin'd, Sword again't Sword,
Our felues alone: He write it: Follow me.
You know like enough: Iye but I'll Cæfar will
Vntate him happinell, and he Stag's it'hitherto
Against a Swordsman. I fee true and judgements are
Apollo's of their Fortunes, and things outward
Draw the inward quality after them
To tell: all alike, that he should dreame
Knowing all measures, the full Cæfar will
Anfwer his emptiness; Cæfar thou hast subdu'de.
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from Cæfar.

Cæs. What's the meare Ceremony? See my Women,
Agerines the brave Romans, how they lop their nofe,
That kneelt into the Bandes. Admit him fit.

Env. Mine honestly, and I, beginne to square.
The Loyalty well held to Foole, does make
Our Faith more folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer that he did his Master conquer,
And earns a place ith' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cæs. Cæfar will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cæs. None but friend: lets fay boldly.

Thid. So highly are they Friends to Anthony.

Cæs. He needs as many (Sir) as Cæfar has,

Answer not me. If Cæfar please, our Master
Will kneel to be his Friend: For es you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Cæfar.

Thid. So thus then thou must renown'd, Cæfar intertreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is Cæfar.

Cæs. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace nor Anthony
As you did loose, but as you feared him.

Cæs. Oh,

Thid. The Seare's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained bleedeth,
Not as deferved.

Cæs. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.

Env. To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony.

Sir, thou art too leakk.
That we must leave thee to thy linking, for
Thy dearself quit thee.

Thid. Shall I say to Cæfar,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be defird to Glouce. It much would pleafe Cæfar,
That of his Fortunes you should make a faffe
To leaue upon. But it would warme his spirits
To hear from me you had left Anthony,
And put your Self under his thrau'd, the vauncel Land.
Cæs. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Cæs. Most kind Messenger,
Say so great Cæfar thus in disputacion,
I kisse his conquering hand: Tell him, I am proue
Today my Crownes at's feete, and there to kneale.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. This your Noblest course:
Wisdome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance they shake in. Give me grace to lay
My durie on your hand.

Cæs. Your Cæfar Father off,
(When he hath must'd of taking kindgoones in)
Before his lips on this unworthy place,
As it ran'd kifles.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favour's By Iove that thunder's. What art thou
Thid. One that but performs (Fellow!
The bidding of the fallett man, and worthief.
To have command ob'd.

Env. You will be whip.

Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite, Now Gods & diuels
Authority metus from me of late. When I cried hos,
Like Boy, and I was met withal, things would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no ears?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Env. To's better playing with a Lions whalep,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: were twent of the greatffe Tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæfar, should I finde them
So fawcy with the band of the heere, what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whim fellowes,
Till like a Boy you fee him change his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark Anthony.

Ant. Tugg him away: being whip
Bring him again, the lacke of Cæfar shall
Beare vs at rarrant to him.

Exeunt with Thidias.

You were half blast'd ere I knew you: Ha:
Haue I my pillow left vnpreft in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a leen of women, to be abu'd
By one that looks on Feeders!

Cæs. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have been a boggeler after,
But when we in our viciouselle grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wife Gods felle our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our clere judgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we fuift
To our confusion.

Cæs. Oh, jft come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfelf, cold upon
Dead Cæfars Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Guefta Pompey's, besides what better hours
Unregistr'd in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can quaffle what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cæs. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And pay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kungly Seale,
And pleather of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the hill of Sefo to out-rare
The horned Hear'd, for I hate savage caufe,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like.
The Tragedie of

A halter'd neck, which do's: the Hangman thanks,
For being yare about him. He be whipt?
    Enter a Servant with 7 breads.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Aur. Cred he'ft and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. Not, he did ask fauour.

Aur. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forrie
To follow Cesfars in his Triumph, since
I bow haft bin whipt. For following him, hecneforth
The white hand of a Lady Feuer thee,
Shake thou to looke on'. Get thee backe to Cesfar,
Tell him thy entertainement: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he feemes
Proud and disdainingfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most eafie to's tis don't:
When my good Stanley's, that were my former guides
Hau e empire left their Orbes, and shot their Firees
Into the Termine of hell. If the dislike,
My speach, and what is done, tell him he haus
Hiperbeus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may as pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quc me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Ces. Hau ye done yet?

Aur. Alaske our Terrene Moons is now Eclipse?
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Ces. I must fly his time?

Aur. To halther Cesfar, would you mungle eyes
With one that eye's his points;

Ces. Not know me yet?

Aur. Cold-heard toward me?

Ces. Ah (Doret) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heaven ingrend't haile,
And poyson it in the foure, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Diffluse my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Tell by degrees the memory of my wosome,
Together with my brave Egyptian armes,
By the disscurding of this pelleted storme,
Lye grandelese, till the Flies and Gnat of Nyle
Hau e burned them for pray.

Aur. I am satisfied:

Cesfar lets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppoife his Face. Our force by Land,
Hau Nobly hold, our feu'dt Nauie too
Have knitt againe, and Flerete, threateningmost Seen-like.
Where haft thou bin my heart? Dost thou haue Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kiss thefe Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
And my Sward, will come out Chronicle,
There's hope int'yet.

Ces. That's my brave Lord.

Aur. I will be treble-finewed, hearted, breath*d,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houses
Were nice and lucky, men did ranfone lives
Of me for rels: But now, I neet my eath,
And tend to dankenese all that flipp me. Come,
Let's have our other gracefull night: Call to me
All my fast Captains, fill out Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Ces. I ismy Birth-day,
I had thought thau'c held it poore. But face my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Aur. We will yet do well.

Ces. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,

Aur. Do so, we'll speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Winesphere through their fears.
Come on (my Quine)
There's fa't not yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death lose me: for I will condend
Even with his perfident Syke.

Exeunt.

Aur. Now hee's our-flare the Lightning to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fere, and in that moode
The Douc shall pecke the Effridge; and I fee full
A diminution in our Captains brains,
Refores his heart; when valoure prays in reason,
It cates the Sword it fights with: I will secke
Some way to leave him.

Exeunt.

Enter Cesfar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Arme,
Cesfar reading a Letter.

Ces. He calleth me Boy, and chides the he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Mensinge,
He hath whipt with Rod, dares me to personal Combat.
Cesfar to Anthony; let the old Russian know,
I hace many other ways to dye: (meanete time)
Laught at his Challenge.

Mec. Cesfar muft think,
When one to great begins to rage, he's hunted
Euen to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boaste of his instruction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Ces. Let our belt hearts know,
That to morrow, the left of many Battalles
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that merue Mark Anthony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Arme, we have store to don't,
And they hace eard't the waffe.

Poore Anthony. Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Eeobarba, Charmian,
Ira, Alexas, and others.

Aur. He will not fight with me, Demetian?

Exeunt. No?

Aur. Why should he not?

Exeunt. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Aur. To meete the Ruffian,
By Sea and Land ile fight; or I will live,
Oribate my lying Honor in the blood
Shall make it live againe. Woe'thought fight well.
Exeunt.

Aur. He strike, and cry, Take all.

Aur. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houphold Servants, lets to night

Enter 3 Servitres.

Be bounteous to our Messes. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast bin righteously honest, to haft thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Aur. Why these terms this?

Exeunt. To none of those odd tricks which grow foote
Out of the mind.

Aur. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An Anthony: that I might do you fterile
So good as you have done.
Let's see how it will give off.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros,
Cles. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chuckle. Eros, come mine Anthony Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put shine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brace her. Come.

Cles. Nay, I'll help thee. Anthony,

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art.
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-say I'll help: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences,
Eros. Briefly Sir.

Cles. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely.

He that buckles this, till we do please.
To do's for our Repose, shall hear a shrome.
Thou mumblest Eros, and my Queen's a Squire
More right at this, then thou: Dispatch, 'O Love,
That thou couldn't see my Wastes to day, and knew't

The Royal Occupation, thou shouldest see
A Workman in't.

Enter an Arm'd Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'rt like him that knows a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we love, we rise betime,
And go too with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early thought be, have on their
Rucuted rim, and at the Port expedi you.

Short. Trumpet Flourish.

Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Alex. The Morn is faire: Good morrow General.

All. Good morrow General.

Ant. Tis well blowne LAND.

This Mornong, his the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins bristeres.
So, so. Come give me this, this way, well-fed,
Are these well Dams, what are becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers life: rebuskeable.
And worthy thmsfull check'd it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Compleat, he leane thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, like bring you too: Adieu. Extrem.

Char. Please you retire to your Chamber?
Cles. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
Determine this great Warre in fingle fight:
Then Anthony; but now. Well on.

Extrem.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuald
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have resolvd, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. When's this gone this morning?

Eros. What one ever neere thee, call for & wake the.
The Tragedie of

Altarum. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scarr. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed, Had we done so at first, we had drawn them home With clowes about their heads. Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st in space.

Scarr. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retre. Scarr. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet Room for six fetchees more.

Enter Eros. Eros. They are beaten Sit, and our advantage serues For a faire victory.

Scarr. Let vs score their backes, And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behinde, 'Tis sport to maie a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy skilfully comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scarr. Ile halfe after.

Altarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue betse him to his Campes: Runne one Before, & let the Queen know of our guest: to morrow Before the Son shall fee's, we'll spelt the blood That's to day strapp'd: I thank you all,

For doubtfull handes are you, and haue fought Not as you fend'd the Cause, but as it had beene Each mans like mine: you haue shewed all Heers,

Enter the Citty, clip your Wyes, your Friends,

Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull tears Wath the confectione from your wounds, and kiffe The Honour d-gafhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,

To this great Fairey, Ile commend thy Arts,

Make her thankes biele thee. Oh thou day o'th World,

giue mee hand, mine arm'd me toke, Iape thou, Attraye and all

Nothing of hands are you, and have fought Not as you fend'd the Cause, but as it had beene Each mans like mine: you haue shewed all Heers,

Enter the Citty, clip your Wyes, your Friends,

Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull tears Wath the confectione from your wounds, and kiffe The Honour d-gafhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,

To this great Fairey, Ile commend thy Arts,

Make her thankes biele thee. Oh thou day o'th World,

Giue me thy hand, mine arm'd me toke, Iape thou, Attraye and all

Through proofe of Harsnette my heart, and here

Rowe on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords.

Oh infinite Verite, comm'th thou smiling from The worlds great desire vnaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We haue betse them to their Beds,

What Gyrfle, though gray

Do somthing minge with your young brown,yet ha we A Braine that nourisheth our Nerues, and can Get pole for pole of youth. Behold this man,

Commend unto his Lippers thy favouring hand, Kiffe it my Warrior: He hath fought to day,

As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyd in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings,

Ant. He has defender's, were it Carbunkled

Like holy Phobus Care, Give me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a jolly March,

Bear our hacket Targets, like the men that owe them.

Had our great Pallace the capacity To Campe this hoaste, we all would fip togetheer,

And drinke Carowes to the next days Fate

Which
**Antony and Cleopatra.**

Which promises Royall pettill, Trumpeters
With brazen dinner blaff you the Cities bare,
Make minge with our setting Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Approaching our approach, 

**Exeunt.**

**Enter a Center tide, and his Company, Eubalusus follows.**

**Ces.** If we be not releued within this house,
We must return to the Court of Guard : the night
Is thiny, and they say, we shall embattaille
By th'second hours th'st Morn.

1. **Watch.** This last day was a shreed! one too's.

2. **Enob.** Oh beare me winnethe night.

3. **What man is this?**

4. **Stand elbow, and lift him.**

5. **Enob.** Be with me to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When mien resouled shall upon Record
Bear hatefull memory : poore Eubalusus did
Before thy face repent.

6. **Cent.** Eubalusus?

7. **Peace :** Hearkke further.

8. **Enob.** Oh Soueraigne Misriss of true Melancholly,
The poynous damne of night dispungethe upon me,
That Life, 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 dried with griefes, will breake to powder,
And finffe all loue thoughts. Oh Antony,
Noble, when my guilt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the word ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitive.
Oh Antony! Oh Antony!

9. **Let's speake to him.**

10. **Cent.** Let's heare him, for the things he speaks
May concerne Cesar,

11. **Let's do fo, but he sleepe.**

12. **Cent.** Sye oude rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

13. **Go to him.**

14. **Awake fir, awake, speake to vs.**

15. **Hear you?**

16. **Cent.** The hand of death hath taught him.

**Drummers safore off.**

Heare the Drummes demetely wake the sleepees:
Let vs beare him to th'Court of Guard : he is of note :
Our house is fully out.

17. **Come on then, he may recouer yet.**

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Anthony and Scarrus with their Army.**

**Ant.** Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

**Star.** For both, my Lord.

**Ant.** I would they'd fight th'Fire, or th' Ayre,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, out Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the City
Shall play with vs. Order for Sea is gien,
They have put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beff discouer,
And looke on their endeare.

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Cesar, and his Army.**

**Caf.** But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak's we shall, for his beff force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our beff advantage.

**Exit.**

**Alarum at the Sea-side.**

**Enter Anthony and Scarrus.**

**Ant.** Yet they are not loy'd u:
Where you'd Pine does stand. I shall discouer all,
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

**Sen.** Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's Sails their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And date not speake their knowledge. Antony,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by flars
His fieted Fortunes guie him hope and feate
Of what he has, and his not,

**Enter Antony.**

**Ant.** All is loof.

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleece hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowie together
Like Friends long loft. Triple turn'd Where, 'tis thou
Hast told me to this Nounce, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd on my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprife shall I see no more,
Fortune, and Antony part here, even here
Do we lashe hands? All come to this? The heares
That pannelled me at heedes, to whom I gave
Their wishers, do dis-Candle, melt their sweats
On blooming Cesar: And this Pine is darte,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falls Soule of Egypt, this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & call'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gyspie, hath at flat and loofoe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.

**What Errs, Erst?**

**Enter Cleopatra.**

Ah, thou Spell! Ausant.

**Cleo.** Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

**Ant.** Vanifh, or I shall gue the thee defuying,
And blemish Cefar Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the flowing Plebians,
Follow his Charriot, like the greastest spot
Of all thy Sex. Maff Monftre-like be fhewne
For poore Diminuities, for Dols, and let,
Patient Olives, plough thy vifage vp
With her prepartd nailes.

**Tis well the art gone,
If it be well to lue. But better were
 Thou fell'lt into my furie, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eras, how?
The thirt of Nefius is vpone me, teach me
Alcide, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Laton on the homes of Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heaufcest Club,
Subdue my worthief telfe: The Witch fhall die,
To the young Roman Bay the hath fold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyces for't. Eras how?

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iris, Mardian.**

**Cleo.** Help me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then Teleman for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
Was never to imboft.

**Char.** To'th Monument there locke your felf,
And fend him word you are dead.
Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Anthony, thou yet behold'rst me?  

Anthony. I noble Lord.  

Anthony. Some time we see a cloud that's Dragonish,  

A vapour sometim'd, like a Bear, or Lyon,  

Afoined Cittadell, Samantha Rocks,  

Afoined Mountaine, or abowed Promontorie.  

With trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,  

And mocke our eyes with Ayre  

Thou hast seen these Signes,  

Eros. I your Lord.  

Anthony. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought  

The Racke dislimes, and makes it indilinct.  

As water is in water.  

Eros. It doth your Lord.  

Anthony. My good Knave Eros, now thy Captaine is  

Euen such a body: Here I am Anthony.  

Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave)  

I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queen,  

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:  

Which whil'm it was mine, had annex't vnto  

A Million mone, (now lost.) then Eros has  

Packt Cards with Cesar, and false plaid my Glory  

Vnto an Enemies triumph.  

Nay, wepe nor gentle Eros, there is left vs  

Our felues to end our felues.  

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wife Lady, she has robb'd me of my Sword.  

Mardian. No Anthony,  

My Misfrihs loud't riche, and her Fortunes mingled  

With thine treuely.  

Anthony. Hence swart Eunuch peace, the hast bereaid me,  

And shall dye the death.  

Mardian. Death of one person, can he paide but once,  

And that he's dicharg'd. What thou wouldst doe  

Is done unto thy hand: the left the spake  

Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony.  

Then in the midd'lt a desert grace did breake  

The name of Anthony: it was diuided  

Betwixt her heart, and lips: the rendred life  

Thy name to buried in her.  

Anthony. Dead then?  

Mardian. Dead.  

Anthony. Vnaume Eros, the long days taskes is done,  

And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe  

Does payy th'abour richly: Go,  

Exit Anthony.

Off, plucke off,  

The leau'en-fold third of Fast cannot keepe  

The battery from my heart. Oh cleue my sides.  

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continen't,  

Cracke thy fiale Cafe. Apace Eros, apace.  

No more a Soldier: bruised peces goe,  

You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.  

Exit Eros.

I will o're-take thee Cleopatra, and  

Wepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now  

All length's Torture; since the Torch is out,  

Lye downe and fray no farther. Now all labour

Maries what it does; yea, very force enqangles  

It felleth with strength: Seleue then, and all is done.  

Eros I come my Queene, Eros stay for me.  

Where Soules do couch on Flowers, we're hand in hand.  

And with our spightful Post make the Ghostes gaze:  

Did'st, and her Aneus I shall want Troopes,  

And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?  

Anthony. Since Cleopatra dy'd,  

I hase lid't in fuch doounous, that the Gods  

Drest my bafemelle, 1, that with my Sword,  

Quarrel'd the Worlds, and of the greene Neptunes back.  

With Ships, made Crises; condemn'd my selfe, to lacke  

The Courage of a Woman, lette Noble minde  

Then the which by her death, our Cesar telles.  

I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworn Eros,  

That when the exigent should come, which now  

Is come indeed: When I should see behind me  

To inceivable profecution of disgrace and horror,  

That on my command, thou then would'lt kill me.  

Doo't, the time is come: Thou art it not mee,  

'Tis Cesar thou defect it. Put colour in thy Cheeks.  

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,  

Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,  

(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.  

Anthony. Eros,  

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  

Thy Master thus with pleasure Armes, bending downe  

His corrigible necke, his face fabul'de  

To pensive flames: whil'st the wheel'd scape  

Of Fortune Cesar drawne before him, brand'd  

His Basenelle that enu'd.  

Eros. I would not fe't.  

Anthony. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.  

Draw that thy horsell Sword, which thou hast borne  

Most vsefull for thy Country.  

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.  

Anthony. When I did make thee free, I woor't it not then  

To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,  

Or thy precedent Services are all  

But accidents unparpe'd. Draw, and come.  

Eros. Tuns from me then that Noble countenance,  

Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.  

Anthony. I see thee.  

Eros. My sword is drawne.  

Anthony. Then let it do at once  

The thing why thou hast drawne it.  

Eros. My deere Master,  

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me lye  

Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.  

Anthony. This faileth man, and farewell.  

Eros. Farewell great Chief, Shall I strike now?  

Anthony. Now Eros.  

Eros. Killst my selfe.  

Anthony. Why then there:  

Thus I do escape the sorrow of Anthony's death.  

Anthony. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,  

Thou rescest me: Oh valiant Eros, what  

I should, and thou coul'dst not, my Queene and Eros  

Hau'e by these base infruction got vp on me  

A Noble benefit in Record. But I will bee  

A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't  

Atta a Lovers bed. Come then, and Eros.  

Thy Master dies thy Scholes; to do thus  

I learnt of thee. How not dead? Nor dead?  

The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me,  

Enter.
Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise? Ant. I have done my work, ill friends: Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2. The Starre is false, and time is in his period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

Enter Diomedes.

Dis. Where's Anthony?

Deere. There Diomed still.

Diom. Lives he? wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there Diomed?

Draw thy sword and give me ease.

Suffering strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord:

My Miltius Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Diom. Now my lord.

Ant. What good friends (fear)

Dion. Dearest in her Monument; she had a Prophesy of what hast come to passe: for when she saw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, she sent you word you was dead: But fearing since how it might work, how fent Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good Diomed: call my Guard I pray thee.


Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beere me good friends where Cleopatra bides, 'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we first, you may not live to wear All your true Followers out.

All. Moth heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellows, do not please sharp face To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp, I have led you off, carry me now good Friends, And have my thanks for all.

1. Exit bearing Anthony.

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maids asleep, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Chairman, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we dispis'd; our issue of sorrow Proportion'd to our caufe, must be as great As that which makes it.

1. Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead, Locke out all other side your Monument, This Guard have brought him thicker.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.


Ant. Peace,

Not Cæsar Valour hath o'ertrowne Anthony, But Anthony's hath Triumphant on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be, That none but Anthony should conquer Antony. But woe'st for.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying: onely I have impurtant death a while, until Of many thousand kifes, the poore last I lay upon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,

Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not.

Leaft I be taken: not th'Imperious thow Of the full Fortune Cæsar, ever thall Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have Edge, fling, or operation. I am safe: Your Wife Oltamina, with her modest eyes, And fill Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour Demuring upon me: but come, come Anthony, Help me my woman, we must draw thee vp.

Afflict good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeede:

How heavy weighs my Lord?

Our strength is all gone into haussineffe, That makes the weight. Had I great Cæsar's power, The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp, And let thee by Iours side. Yet come a little, Writers were euer Fooles, oh come, come come, They have Anthony asleep to Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast li'd, Quicken with kiifing: had my lippes that power, Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying, Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rase so byr, That the false Huwife Fortune, break her Wheelie, Prouck'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)

OF Cæsar seek your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,

None about Cæsar truth, but Porcelius,

Cleo. My Revolution, and my hands, let truth,

None about Cæsar,

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,?

Lament nor sorrow: but please your thoughts In feeding them with those my former Fortunes Wherein I liued. The greatesst Prince o'th world, The Noblest: and do now not basely dye, Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to My Countreymen. A Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going, I can no more,

Cleo. Noblest of men, won't dye?

Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide In this dulle world, which in thy absence is No better than a Stye? Oh see my women: The Crown o'th earth doth melt. My Lord? Oh wether's is the Garland of the Worre,
The Tragedie of

Cesare: Go to him Delabella, bid him yield,
Being so fruitfull, tell him,
He mocks the pavisse that he makes.

Dec. Cesare, I shall
Enter Decimus with the sword of Antony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that darst
Appease thus to vs?

Dec. I am called Decimus,
Mark Antony I fent him, who best was worthie
Both to be fent: with him he did vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life,
To spend vp on his baters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I be to Cesare: if ye pleased not, I yield thee vp my life.

Cesare. What is thou fayl?n

Dec. I lay (Oh Cesare) Antony is dead.

Ces. The breaking of fo great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should have shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their denne. The death of Antony
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.

Dec. He is dead Cesare,
Not by a publique minister of Justice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I rob'd his wound of it: behold it rain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you this friend,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dec. And strange it is,
That Natures must compell vs to lament
Our most perfidious friends.

Marc. His rains and Honours, waj'd equal with him.

Dec. A Rarct spirit never
Did Steele humanity: but you Gods will give vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cesares is touch'd,

Marc. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must fee himself.

Cesaro. Oh Antony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Difearies in our Bodics. I must perforce
Have the wine to thee such a declining dy,
Or looke on shine: we could not flall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all defigne; my Maze in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Stares
Unreconcilliable, should divide our equalneces to this.
Hear me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Seafon,
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hearse him what he fayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you, Greeks? A poor Egypt yet, the Queen my mistress
Confined in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, deare, instruction,
That the preparedly may frame her self
To th'way tree's forc'd too.

Cesare. Bid her haue good heart,
She shou'd shal know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For Cesare cannot leave to be vngerent.

Egypt. So the Gods preffure thee.

Ces. Come hither Preculius. Go and say
We purfepe her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left in her greesfete, by some mortals stroke
She do defpight. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what the fayer,
And how you finde of her.

Prs. Cesare I shall.

Ces. Gallus, go you along: where's Delabella, to second Preculius?

All. Delabella.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's impoyd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you hall fee
How hardly I was drwan into this Warre,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee
What I can shew in this.

Exit Delabella.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: Til paltyre to be Cesare:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune isname,
A minister of her will: and it is great
Anthony and Cleopatra. 365

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shuffles accidents, and boists vp change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and Caesar.

Enter Proculeius

Pro. Caesar lends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study what your fairest demands
Thou mean'tst to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Anthony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceive'd;
That have no vie for nothing. If your Master
Would have a Queen his begger, you must tell him,
That Maisyke to keep decession, must.
No leffe begge the a Kingdome. If thee please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
Y's are faine into a Principly hand, feste nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will prays in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell them.
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and Ifend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I heartily learnde
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You fee how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caesar come.

Iras. Royall Queene.
Cur. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quick, quick, quicker hands, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your felse such wrong, who are in this
Relue'd, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What of death too that ride our dogs of languish
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Mafers bounty, by
Th'undoing of your felse: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well ascent, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where are thou Death?
Come hitre come; come,come, and take a Queene
Worth many Bases and Beggers.

Pro. On temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will esten no meate, Ile not drinke fir,
If I fee takle will once be necessary,
I fee not sleepe neither. This morrall house Ile ruine,
Do Caesar what he can.

Know, that I will
Not waste pinnion'd at your Maisters Courts,
Nor once be chaffis'd with the sober eye.
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And fiew me to the showing Varlostrie,
Of cenfuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
Be gentle graue vno me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay mee slacke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Chains:

Pro. You do extand.

Cleo. That'sns thoughts of horror further then you shall
Find no cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done, thy Master Caesar knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
Pro. So Dolabella,
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To Caesar I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll imploy me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Must Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affiyredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreams,
It's not your trutches?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor Anthony,
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. It hit may please ye.
Cleo. His face was at the Heau'n, and therein flude
A Sunne and Moonne, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'er earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legges befriend the Ocean, his rest'd armc
Crested the world: His voyce was properd
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quait, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in." An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they fiew'd his backe above
The Element they lod'd in; in his Liery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates drop't from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Think ye there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor ever were one such
It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants sense
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet't imagine
An Anthony were Natures peace, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadouses quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loffe is as your felse, great; and you beare it
As answering to the wight, would I might nearer
One take purfuede fircce: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that slutes
My very heart as roots.

Cleo. I thank you sir;
Know you what Caesar meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray yow sir.

Dol. Though he be Honorable.
Cleo. Hee I leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will I know't.

Flourish.

Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Galate, Antinous,
and others of his Train.

All. Make way there Caesar.
The Tragedy of

Ces. Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. Ces. 

Cafar. Articly, you shall not kneel: I pray you rise, the Egyptian.

Cle. Sir, the Gods will have it thus, My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cafar. Take to you no hard thoughts, The Record of what measures you did vs, Though written in our fleuth, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cle. Sole Sir o'th World, I cannot project mine owne cause so well To make it clear, but do confesse I have Bene laden with like frailties, which before Have often shamed our Sex.

Cafar. Cleopatra know, We will extenuate rather than informe:

If you apply your selle to our intents, Which towards you are so mean gentle, you shall finde A benefit in this change: but if you seeke To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking Authoritie course, you shall bereave your selle Of my good purposes, and put your children To that defcription which Ie guard them from. If thereupon you relye, Ie take my leave.

Cle. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we your SurteHoners, and your signes of Conquest shall Hang in what place you please. Here is my good Lord.

Cafar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra, This is the brefse of Money, Plate, & Jewels I am possisit of, tis exactly valued, Not petty things admittted, Where's Seleucus?

Selcow. Heere Madam.

Cle. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord) Upon your perill, that I have restrue'd To my selle nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Selcow Madam, I had rather feele my lippes, Then to your perill speake that which is not.

Cafar. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known Cefar. Nay, blush not Cleopatra, I approve Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cle. See Cefar, Oh behold, How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours, And should we shift eftates, yours would be mine The ingratitude of this Seleucus, doeth Euen make me wilde. Oh Slue, of no more trust Then loue that's hy's? Do what goes thou backe, f halt Go backe I warrant thee: but let catch thine eyes Though they had wings. Slue, Soule-leffe, Villain, Dog, O rarily base! 

Cafar. Good Queene, let vs intret you.

Cle. O Cefar, what a wounding shame is this, That thou so muching here, to visit me, Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineffe To one so meke, that mine owne Senetant should Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by Addition of his Envy. Say (good Cefar) That Ieome Lady riotes have referued, Immomont toys, things of such Digeste As we give modern friends withall, and say Some Nobler roken I have kept apart For Luzia and Oilflavia, to induce Their mediation, must I be unfolded With one that I have bred: The Gods! it finiters me Beneath the fall I haue, Preyhee go hence, Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits Through th' Ather of my chance! We're thou a man, Thou woulde't have mercy on me.

Cafar. Forbear Seleucus.

Cle. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought For things that others do: and when we fall, We answer others merits, in our name.

Are therefore to be pittied.

Cefar. Cleopatra, Not what you hare refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd Put we th'Roll of Conquest: still be't yours, Bellow it on your pleasure, and beleue Cefar no Merchant, to make price with you Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheerful, Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen, For we intend fo to dispose you, As your felfe shall give vs counsel: Feed and sleepe Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remaine your friend, and so adieu.

Cle. My Master, and my Lord.

Cafar. Not for Adieu. 

Flourish. 

Cle. The wordes hee Cefar, and his Traine.

Cle. He words me Cylkes, he words me, That I should not be Noble to my selle.

But hearkne thee Charmian.

Iau. Finisht good Lady, the bright day is done, And we are for the duree.

Cle. Hyche an egume, I haue spake already, and it is provid, Go put it to the haffe.

Char. Madam, I will, Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold thir.

Cle. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as therero sworn, by your command (Which my loue makes Religion to obey) I tell you this: Cefar through Syria Intends his journey, and within three dayes, You with your Children will be fend before, Make you a belt viue of this. I haue perform'd your pleasure, and your promife.

Cle. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Senant:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Cefar. Exit

Cle. Farewell, and thankes.

Now Iau, what think'lt thou? Thou, an Egyptian Puppell shall be thwayne In Rome as well as J: Mechanike Sluaces With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Harmoners shall Vp-lift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes, Ranke of groffe dyer, shall we be enclosed, And for'd to drinke their vapour

Iau. The Gods forbid.

Cle. Nay, this is certaine Iau: fewie Lider Will catch vs like Strumpeters, and field Risures Ballads vs outa Tune. The quicke Comedians Extemporally will flagg vs, and preface Our Alexandrian Restes: Anthony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see Some speaking Cleopatra Boy my greatnesse I' th'posure of a Whore.

Iau. O the good Gods!

Cle. Nay that's certaine.

Iau. Rememberest'lt for I am sure mine Nailes Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cle.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why that's the way to fool their preparation, 
And to conquer their most absurd intents. 

Enter Charmian.

Charm. Show me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch 
My best Attires. I am again for Citrus, 
To meete Mark Antony. Sirs Insat, go 
(Now Noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,) 
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave 
To play till Doome-day: bring our Crowne, and all. 

Wherefor's this noise? 

Enter a Guardman.

Card. Here's a rural Fellow, 
This will not be deny'd your Highness presence, 
He brings you Figges. 

Cleo. Let him come in. 

Exit Guardman.

Guard. This is the man. 

Cleo. ARIEND, and leave him. 

Exit Guardman.

Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylas there, 
That killeth and paines not? 

Cleo. Truly I have him: but I would not be the partie 
That should desire you to touch him, for his byting is 
immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe feldome or neuer recover. 

Cleo. Rememberst thou any that haue dyed on't? 

Cleo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something guinea to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, it makes a very good report of this worme: but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be fazed by halfe that they do: but this is most fallable, the Worme's an oddde Worme. 

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell. 

Cleo. I wish you all joy of the Worme. 

Cleo. Farewell. 

Cleo. You must thinkke this (lookke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde. 

Cleo. I, I, farewell. 

Cleo. Lookke you, the Worme is not to bee trasted, 
but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed, there is no goodneffe in the Worme. 

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded. 

Cleo. Very good: gue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the breeding. 

Cleo. Will it ease me? 

Cleo. You must, not think I am so simple, but I know the dullfell himselfe will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the dullfell dresse her not. But truly, these fame whosofon dulls doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they make, the dulls martre fue. 

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell. 

Cleo. Yet fortooth: I wish you joy of them. 

Exit Guardman. 

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more. 

The Joysce of Egypte, and that mayth this lip, 
Yarc, yste, good Irae; quicke: Methinkes I heare 

Anthony call: I see him rowfe himselfe. 

To praise my Noble Afa, I hear him mock 
The lucke of Cefar, which the Gods gave men 
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: 
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title. 

I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements 
I give to baster life. So, have you done? 

Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes. 

Cesar, knede Charmian, Irae, long farewell, 

Cleo. I have the Afpice in my lippes? Doft fall? 

If thou, and Nature can to gently part, 
The brake of death is as a Leares pinch, 
Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doft thou lye fall? 

If thou thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world, 
It is not worth issue-taking. 

Cleo. Disfolue thicke cloud, & Raine, that I may say 
The Gods themselves do wepepe. 

Cleo. This proves me base: 

If the first meeke the Curled Anthony, 
He'll make demand of her, and send that kiffe 
Which is my heauen to have, Come thou mortal wretch, 
With thy sharpe teeth this knot infractrate, 
Of life at once viny: Pooe venemous Foole, 
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speake, 
That I might heare thee call great Cesar Afa, vnpoliced. 

Cleo. Of Eferne Starre. 

Cleo. Peace, peace: 

Doft thou not see my Baby at my breast, 
That suckett the Nurse asleepe. 

Cleo. O breaks! O breaks! 

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as foft as Ayre, as gentle. 

O Anthony! Nay, I will take thee too. 

What should I say——— 

Cleo. In this wilde World? So fare thee well: 

Now brest thee Death, in thy possession lyes 
A Laffe unparallis'd. Downie Windowes close, 
And golden Phorerus never be held. 

Enter the Guard ruffling in, and Dolabella. 

1 Guard. Where's the Queene? 

Cleo. Speakes softly, wake her not. 

1 Cesar hath sent 

Cleo. Too low a Meffenger. 

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee. 

1 Approach hoo, 

All's not well: Cesar's beguil. 

2 There's Dolabella sent from Cesar: call him. 

1 What works is heere Charmian? 

Is this well done? 

Cleo. It is well done, and fitting for a Prince 
Defended of so many Royall Kings. 

Ah Soulter. 

Cleo. Charman dye. 

Enter Dolabella. 

Dol. How goes it heere? 

2 Guard. All dead. 

Dol. Cesar, thy thoughts 

Touch their effects in this: They selle art comming 
To fee performd the dreaded Act which thou 
So fought'to hinder. 

Enter Cesar and all his Troos, marching. 

All. A way there, a way for Cesar.
FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF Cymbeline.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentleman.

1 Gent. 

You do not meet a man but Trownees. Our bloods no more obey the Heaven Then our Courtiers: Still see, as do the Kings.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the here of his kingdom (whom He purpos'd to his wittse fole Sonne, a Widow That late he married) hath refus'd her felte Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; she imprisoned, all Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart,

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene, That most desired the Match: But not a Courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scourge at.

2 And why so?

1 He that hath mis'd the Princeesse, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, a slacke good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such As to seek through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be something failing In him, that should compare. I do not think, So faire an Outward, and such a child Within Endowes, but man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

1 I do extende him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather than unfold His mesure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delve him to the roote: His Father Was call'd Sicilias, who did ioynse his Honor Against the Romans, with Cassiulan, But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom He ferved with Glory, and admitt'd Successe: So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus, And had (befides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonsnes, who in the Wares o'th' time Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father Then old, and fond of y fleue, took such sorrow That he quites Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceasat As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, call him Posthumus Leonatus, Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learning his time Could make him the receiver of, which he Cooke As we do ayre, fast as 'twas misinter'd, And in's Spring, because a Harsect Liid'd in Court (Which rare it is to do most praise', most loue', A sample to the yongest to th'more Mature, A glasse that feared them: and to the gracer, A Child that guided Doctarts. To this Miffris, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclames how she esteem'd him; and his 'Vereue By her electors may be truly read, what kind of man he is. 

1 I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the sole child to th' King?

1 His onely child:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worthy your hearing, Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old I'h'wathing clothes, the other from their Nurserie Were holne, and to this houre, no gheste in knowledge Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children should be so cowry'd, So slackely guarded, and the search so slow That could not trace them.

1 Howfoore, 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at: Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleue you.

1 We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princeesse.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me(Daughter) After the flander of moft Step-Mothers, Euill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes

That
That lock up your restraint, For you Posthumus,
So foon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'tis good
You lend unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wife some may informe you.
Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

2d. You know the peril:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittyng
The pangs of bard Afflictions, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.
Exit

Cym. O dissembling Curteis! How like this Tyrant
Can tickele where the wound? My dearest Husband,
I sometime feared my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reserve'd my holy duty) what
Hirage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see again.

Cym. My Queene, my Mistresse:
O Lady, weep no more, least I give caufe
To be luped of more tenderneffe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall his Husband, that did eft plight truthe.
My residence in Rome, at one Fidoria's,
Who, in my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drink the words you send,
Though linked be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

2d. Be briefe, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incure, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile move him
To walke this way: I leve do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes decre for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathneffe to depart, would growe: Arieu.

Nay, day a little:
Were you but riding forth to syre your selle,
Such partings were too pettie. Looke heere (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Ionges is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And leave vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While senfe can keepe it: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poor selle) did exchange for you
To your to infinite lofte: so in our trilles
I'lll winne of you, if my sake were this,
It is a Miracle of Lour, Ile place it
Upon this fayrred Prisoner.

Imt. O the Gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Attacke the King.

Cym. Thou baffe thing, suyde hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou repay't the Court
With thy unworthifesse, thou dyell. Away,
Thou's puffion to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blewe the good Remainers of the Court:
I am gone.

Imt. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should't rep ayre my youth, thou hast't
A yeres age on mee.

Imt. I befeech you Sir,
Harm not your selle with your vexation,
I am senfelle of your Wrath: a Touch more rare
Subdudes all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might't haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imt. O blessed, that Iright not: I chose an Eagle,
And did suyde a Purreoke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would't haue made my
Throne, a Seatte for bafeffe.

Imt. No, I rather added a lusheet roe.

Cym. Othou vilde one!

Imt. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lou'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buies mee
Almoast the flame he payes.

Cym. Why set'rt thou mad?

Imt. Almost Sir; He preserve me; would I were
A Nest-hearted Daughter, and my Louer
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolifh thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

2d. Beleeche your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leave vs to our felue, and make your self some comfort
Out of your bell aduice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of bloods day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Exit.

Enter Pifano.

Qu. Fye, you must give way:
Hereis your Servant, How now Sir? What newes?

Pis. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah?
No harme it trulles done?

Pis. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpes of Anger: they were past
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imt. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes this part
To draw upon an Exile. Obrate Sir,
I would they were in Affracte both together,
My selle by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I shou'd be fubieet too,
When pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath bene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine to

Pis. I humbly thank my Highness.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Clitho and two Lords.
1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of a Shot hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where your coat comes out, eyre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you wear.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Have I hurt him?
1 No faith: not so much as his patience.

2. Hurst him? His Bodice is a pitable Carlisle if the Bee not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for Steele if he be not hurt.

3. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backside the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.
2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, 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 measured how a Long a Fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that Foes should love this Fellow, and relieve me.

1 If it be a sin to make a true election, fere is damn'd.

Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Brave go not together. She's a good figure, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 She fumes not upon Foole, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, lie to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I with not so, valetie it had bin the fall of an Affe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

2 We attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ismogen and Pifano.

Ism. I would thou growst into the thores o'th' Hauen, And questioned at every Saile: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper loth
As o'th' mercy's sake: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pif. It was his Queen's, his Queen.

Ism. They would his Handkerchiefs?

Pif. And left it, Madam.

Ism. Scendelec linen, happier therein than I.

And that was all?

Pif. No Madam; for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,

Dilating him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glace, or Hat, or Handkerchief,

Still waving, as the tides and tides of mind.

Could best express, how low his soul lay'd on,

How swift his Ship.

Ism. Thou shouldst have made him.

As little as a Crow, or leaf, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, so I did.

Ism. I would he broke mine eye-strings;

Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution

Of space, had point'd him sharp: as my Needle

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The finallest of a Great, to ayre; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: But good Pifanto,

When shall we here from him.

Pif. Be assist'd Madam,

With his next vintage.

Ism. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him

How I would thinkke on him at certaine hours,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,

The Sheers of Italy should not betray

Mine Interell, and his Honour: or have charg'd him

At the first hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,

To ancounter me with Orifons, for then

I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Gave him that parting kis: which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our bouses from the going.

Enter a Lady.

L. The Queene (Madam)

Desires you Highnesse Company.

Ism. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

Pif. Madam, I shall.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philaria, Ischion: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Ich. Releive it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine: hee

was then of a Cresent note, expected to prove so worthy,

as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I

could then have looked on him, without the help of Admiration.

French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many,

there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Ich. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,

wherein he must be weighed rather by her valve, than

his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Ich. I, and the approbation of those that wepe this

incontinent divorce under her colours, are wonderfully
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

Poet. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Ish. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange Fowlie light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be flown too, so your brake of unpruckleable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casual. A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courteur, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Poet. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courteur to convince the Honour of my Mistresse: if in the holding or losse of that, you term me fraile, I do no
thing douhty have flower of Theевых, notwithstanding I fear not your Ring.

Ish. Let vs use heere, Gentlemen?

Poet. Sir, with all my hearts. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me, weare familiar at first.

Ish. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistresse: make her go backe, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poet. No, no.

Ish. I dare thereupon powne the mytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your ofence herein to, I durst attempt it against my Lady in the world.

Poet. You are a great desle abus'd in too bold a perseveration, and I doubt not you suf finances what are worthy of by your Attempts.

Ish. What's that?

Poet. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deliev'd more a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too fainly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Ish. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours on the approbation of what I have spoke,

Poet. What Lady would you chuse to assault?

Ish. Yours, whom in constante you think stands so safe, I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refu'd.

Pebd. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to 1: My Ring I holde dere as my finger's, 'tis part of it.

Ish. You are a Friend, and there in the wise: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare.

Poetb. This is but a cullome in your tongue: you beare a greater purpose I hope.

Ish. I am the Master of my speech, and would understand go what's spoken, I were.

Pebd. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Cenauens drawn between's. My Mistresse excercides in goodnesse, the bugenette of your unworthy thinking, I dare to this match: there's my Ring.

IIsh. I will have it no lay.

Ish. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no swift eluent testimony that I have enjoyed the decrefed bodily part of your Mistresse: my ten thousand Duckets are yours.
Enter *Queen, Ladies, and Cornelia.*

_Qu._ Whiles yet the dewes on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make hafte. Who hath his note of them?

_Lady._ I Madam.

_Qu._ Dispatch. 

Exit _Ladies._

_Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?_ 

_Cor._ Pleseth your Highness; I: here they are, Madam: But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of thefe most poyfonous Compounds, Which are the moovers of a languishing death: 
But though flow, deadly. 

_Qu._ I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: H partition there bene
Thy Papik long? Haft thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diffil? Preferre? Ye: so, 
That our great King himselfe doth woow me off:
For my Confessions: Having thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think it me dullest) it is not meete
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Aét, and by them gather
Their fexuall versues, and effects. 

_Cor._ Your Highnesse
Shall from this praktie, but make hard your hearts: Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noyseome, and infectious.

_Qu._ O content thee.

Enter _Pisana._

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first worke: Here's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now _Pisana?_
_Doctor, your freuice for this time is ended,
Take my way._

_Cor._ Do you suspect you, Madam,
Busy you shall do no harme. 

_Qu._ Heaze thee, a word. 

_Cor._ I do not like her. She doth think the ha's Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit.
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A druggue of such damn'd Nature. Thofe the ha's,
Will sippifie and dule the Senfe a while,
Which first (perchance) thee'll proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fruitful, resuming. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the true,
So to be false with her.

_Qu._ No further service, Doctor,
Untill I fend for thee. 

_Cor._ I humbly take my leave.

_Qu._ Weepes the full (fall thought)
Don't thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now polluces? Do the worke:
When thou hast bring me the words Ioyne my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the infant, thou art theren
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all eye speechiffy, and his name
Is at laft gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shifte his being,
Is to exchange one milery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A days worke in him. What shall thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor hae's no Friends
So much, as but to prep him? Thou tak't vp
Thou know'ft not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fife times redeem'd from death, I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I pray thee take it,
It is an emeatt of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Telfy Miftiris how
The eafe stands with her: don't, as from thyselfe,
Thinke what a chance thou chang't on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Miftiris still, to boose, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As th'ell desire: and then my felle, I cheerfully,
That fett thee on to this defert, am bound
To laode thy merit richly. Call my women. 

Exit _Pif._

Think of my words. A lyfe, and confiant know,
Not to be th'k'd: the Agent for his Mafier,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fall to her Lord, I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Legidors for her Sweete: and which, the after
Except the bend her humor, flall be affur'd
To take of too. 

Enter _Pifana, and Ladies._

_So fo: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowlippes, and the Prime-Rofes
Besee to my Clofet: Fare thee well, _Pifana._
Think of my words._

_Exit Qu. and Ladies._

_Pifana._ And Hall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
He chosse my felle: there's all Ie do for you. 

_Exit._

Scene

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Parther cruel, and a Stepsome false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My suprême Crowne of grief, and choice repealed
Vexation of it. Had it bin Therefo-Scole,
As my two Brothers happy; but most miserable
Is the defires that glorious. Bleffed be those
How meanst lo ere, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Efe.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highnelfe dearly.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All other, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnished with a mind so rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have loft the wager. Boldneff be my Friend:
Arme me Audacity from head to foore,
Orthelfe the Parthian I fhall flying fight,
Rather direcly fly.

Images read,
He is one of the Nobleft note to mine kindneffe I am most in
fantly tried. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
trust.

Lords.

So farre I reade aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by thy treaf, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and fhall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairrell Lady:
What are men mad? Hush Nature gives them eyes
To fee this vailted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which th'Earth alway instructs
The few Reft ourbe, and the wond'rous Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Specials fo precious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i theye; for Ages, and Monkeys
Twixt two fuch fhe's, would chatter this way, and
Commence with moves the other, Nor th'judgment
Per Idols in this cafe of favour, would
Be wifely defined: Nor th'Appetite.
Slavery to fuch neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make defeine vomit emanifelfe,
Not fo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter strow?
Iach. The Cloyed will,
That faftioner vanity's defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ruening the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus rap's you. Are you well?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

SLAUER with lippes as common as the Flayres
That mount the Capitol : Ionie grips, with hands
Made hard with hourly fallhood (fallhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Bare and illusious as the smokie light
That's fed with flinking Tallow: I were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such resuls.

Imm. My Lord, I fare
Has forgot Britannia.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Grace
That from my murther Confidence, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imm. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deceitfull Soule: your Caufe doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So faire, and fallen to an Emperice
Would make the great'rt King double, to be partner'd
With Tombynes hyrd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Countee yieldeth: with dilesa't vertues
That play upon all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boy'd Ause
As well might poyson for devotion. Be regreg'd,
Or the that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recolle from your great Stocke.

Imm. Regreg'd:
How should I be regreg'd? If this be true,
(As I hate such a Heare, that both mine cares
Must not in hate abuse) if it be true,
How should I be regreg'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Lieve like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheetes.
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your desight, upon your parke: regreg'te it,
I dedicate my Selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that ranagare to your bed,
And will continue fail to your Afection,
Still close, as faire.

Imm. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my eruske tender on your lippes.

Imm. Away, I do condeem mine ears, that have
So long attende thee. If thou were Honourable
Would thou not have cold this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'rt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor:
Solicites here be a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Affront: if he shall thinke it fit,
A fawcey Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish view, and to expound
His bratly minde to vs: he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all, What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her suffer'd credit. Blesse'd line you long,
A Lady to the worthie Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Miftres, only
For the most worthie Sir. Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truell manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchant's Societies into him:
Halse all men hearts are his.

Imm. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men, like a defend'd God;
He hath a kind of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princedale) I have aduertiz'd
To try your toaking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmination your great judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I bearre him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaste and free. Pray your pardon.

Imm. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i' th' Courts for yours.

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almost forgot
'To reasay your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns;
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are parrners in the businesse.

Imm. Pray what's i't?

Iach. Some dozen Romains of vs, and your Lord
(The both Feather of our wing) have mingled summes
To buy a Prentiff for the Emperor.
Which I (the Fakster for the rell) have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare deunce, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their walewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe flowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imm. Willingly:
And pawnie mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night.
I must abroad to morrow.

Imm. O no no.

Iach. Ye be no feech, or I shall short my word
By lengthing my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imm. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall befeech you, if you pleasse
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I have out-flow'd my time, which is material
To'th tender of our Prentiff.

Imm. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And ruely yeelded you: you're very welcome. Exut st.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I lift
the lache upon a vne, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorlton lache-an-Apes,
must
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in all the
     most cold that ever turn’d vp Act.

Clot. 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 will.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who’s there? My woman: Helene?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:

Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leaves where I have left: to bed
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by foure o’th’clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath eziz’d me wholly,
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Payryes, and the Tempers of the night,
Guard me befoe ye.

Lachino from the Trunks.

Lach. The Cricketts sing, and mans ore-labor’d senes
Repaies it felse by reth: Our Tarpins thus
Did softly preffe the Rhutes, ere he wak’d
The Chafite he wounded. Cythera,
How bravely thou becom’st thy Bedfreh Lilly,
And whiten then the Sheeetes: that I might touch,
But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies vnparagon’d,
How deecrly they don’t: Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o’t Her Taper
Bowes towards her, and would vnder-pepe her lids,
To see th’inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windows, White and Azure laced
With Blew of Heuens owne tint. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will waste all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
That adornment of her Bed: the Arra, Figures,
Why such, and such; and the Contents o’r Story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Mouses.
Would testifie, t’eritich mine Incuriosite.
Of Sleepe, thou Ape of death, yee dulle upon her,
And bee her Senfe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordan’s knot was hard,
’Tis mine, and this will witneffe outwardly.
As strongly as the Confidence do’s within:
To’th’madong of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimfon drops
Th’bosom of a Cowflippor. Here’s a Voucher,
Stronger then ever Love could make; this Secret
Will force him thinner I have pick’d the lock, and tane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that’s riuered,
Screw’d to my memory. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Troy, here the leaves tun’d downe
Where Philom Ele gave vp. I have enough,
To’th’Trunke againe, and that the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night; that dawning
May bear the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heavenly Angell: hel is here.

One, two, three: time, time.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who’s there? My woman: Helene?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?
Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish image in, I should have gold enough: is it a most morning, it's not?

Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am advis'd to give her Musicke a-morning, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your finger, so: wee try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but ile never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited things after a wond'rful sweet airs, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confider.

SONG.

Hearty heartly, the Larks at Hoxoos gate sing, and Phœbus gins arse.

Has Steds to water at those Sprung on chaste's Flowers was yses:

And making Mary-ladies begin to ope their Golden eyes With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arse: Arise, arise.

So, get you gone if this pen trait, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it's voyce in her ears which Horse-hairers, and Calades-gutts, nor the voyce of unpaused Eumucht to boot, can never amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2. Being comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was uo sole, for that's the reason I was yo to casy: he cannot chooce but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Gym. Attend you here the doore of our stenn daughter Will she not soth?

Clot. I have assay'd her with Musickes, but the touch-safes no notice.

Gym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance on it, And then she's yours,

2o. You are most bound to th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly folicity, and be friended
With specific of the feare: make dentists
Enstate your Services: so seeme, as if
You were mis'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senflee.

Clot. Senflee? No so.
Mrs. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Cina Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must recieve him According to the Honor of his Sender,
And toward himselfe, his goodnesse bore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Misfris,
Attend the Queenne, and vs, we shall have neede
To employ you towards this Romanne.

Come our Queenne.

Clot. If the be vp, Ie speake with her: if not
Let her eye full, and dreame: by your issue hose,
I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buys admiestence (of it doth) yes, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yeild vp
Their Deere to'th'hand of Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe.
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understande the caste my selfe.

By your leave.

Clot. Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?
Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlemans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as dnerce as yours,
Can soo fully ask: what is your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is the read?

La. 1, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for yo, Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good, The Princeffe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sifter your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paintes.

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poore of thakers,
And Craft can spare them.

Clot. Still I wære I love you,

Imo. If you but fail so, 'were as deep as me with:
If you wære full, your recompence is full
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silene,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, Raith
I shall unfold equall discourse
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbarance,

Clot. To leau you in your madnese, 'were my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Foolies are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Poole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you be patient, ile no more be mad,
That cures it both. I am much sorry (Sir):
You put me to forget 2 Ladies manners
By being fo verbal: and learnne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do breere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so aere the lacke of Chrattie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make'st my boaste.

Clot. You finne against

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contrall you pretend with that basse Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold diffes
With cirrups o'th'Court: It is no Contrall, none:
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more menne) to knit their foules
(On whom there is no more dependance
But Brats and Baggery) in false-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The
The consequence of th'Grown, and mult not, soyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slave,
AHiding for a Lucrifer, a Squirres Cloath,
A Pander, not to emonit.
Imo. Propheane Fellow:  
Were thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert too base,  
To be his Groome: thou wert 's dignified enough  
Even to the point of Ennue. If 'twere made
Comparative for thy Vertue, to be fluid  
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.
Clot. The South-Frog tot him.  
Imo. He never can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean't Garment
That caner hath but clapt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heirs aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisanus?
Enter Pisanus.
Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo. To Dorothe my woman hie thee presently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am frighted with a Fools,  
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jwell, that too caustally  
Hath left mine Armes; it was thy Masters. Shew me
If I would loose it for a Reuemen,  
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I wasn't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Armes; I list'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I fliueought but he.
Pso. 'Twill not be loift.
Imo. I hope lo: go and search,  
Clot. You have abus'd me:
His mean't Garment?
Imo. 1, I fay to Sir,
If you will make an Action, call witnesse to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:  
She's my good Lady; and will concieve, I hope
But the worth of me. So I leave your Sir,
To'th'worst of discontent.
Clot. Ille inrebewng'd:  
His mean't Garment? Well.
Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Paphianus, and Philario.
Pso. Fear it not Sir: I would I were so sure  
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour  
Will remane her's.  
Phl. What means do you make to him?  
Piso. Nor any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winnesst flate, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they faying
I must die much your debtor.
Phl. Your very goodneffe, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augustus, Cesar Lucretus,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
Hc'll grant the Tribute; fend' th'Arrerages,
Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their greefe.
Pso. I do beleue
(Statist thoug it am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Galia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britaine, then haue tydings  
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Julius Cufar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with th'ir courages) will make knowne  
To th'ir Approaches, they are People, such
That'll mend upon the world.
Enter Iachimo.  
Phl. See Iachimo.
Pso. The swifteft Harrie, have pou'ded you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kill'd your Sails,
To make your vessell nimble.
Phl. Welcome Sir.  
Pso. I hope the briefeneffe of your answere, made
The speedineffe of your returne.
Iach. Your Lady,  
is one of the fairest that I haue look'd uppon
Pso. And there withall the bell, let her beauty
Looke through a Garment to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are Letters for you.  
Pso. Their tenure good I truft.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Pso. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.  
Pso. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a Journey twice as farre, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweetthornesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Pso. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being foeasy.
Pso. Make no more Sir,
Your loffe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends,
Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenants: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Misriris home, I grant
We were to question farther, but I now
Proselle my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your RIng; and not the wronger
Of her, or you haing proceeded but
By both your wills.
Pso. If you can't be apparent
That you haue tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the faule opinion
You had of her pure Honour gains, or looefes,
Your Sweer'd, or mine, or Matterlesse leuan both
To who shall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumstances  
Being to see the Truth, as I will make them,
Muff first induce you to beleue; whole streng'th
I will confirme with o earth, which I doubt not

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You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need it not.

Poft. Pardon Sir.

Lor. Birth, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confess I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, where she met her Roman,
And Sidnae sov'd all before the Bankes, or for
The pree of Boates, or Pride. A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did frue
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——

Poft. This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Lor. More particulars
Must instruct my knowledge.

Poft. So they must.

Oe doe your Honour intury.

Lor. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chafe Diau, bathing: were I saw I figures
So likely to report themselves, the Cuter
Was as another Nature dummy, out-went her,
Morton, and Breath left out.

Poft. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation like wise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Lor. The Roofe o' th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is trettet. Her Andiron
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one footo standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands,

Poft. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have feenall this (and prais
Be guent to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing sues
The wager you have laid.

Lor. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis up againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. I once.

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Lor. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Anne: I fee her yet:
Her prettie Action, did out-fell her guilt,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And laid, the prize d'ience.

Post. May she, she pluck'd it off
To lend it me.

Lor. She writes so to you? doth she?

Poft. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too,
It is a Balsime into mine eye,
Kilès me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Lour,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing
O, abuses mere false falfe.

Phil. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable the lost it for

Who knows if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stole it from her.

Poft. Very true,
And so I hope he came by: backe my Rings,
Render to me some corporall figure about her
More evident then this: for this was Circle.

Lor. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arm.

Poft. Hear'st you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares
'Tis true, may keep the Rings: 'tis true I am sure
She would not loose it: her Atteendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they indued to Realize it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath caus'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinenti
Is this: the hath bought the name of Whore, thus deal no
There, take thy hyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Divide themselfes between you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleu'd
Of one perfused well of.

Poft. Neuer tale on't:
She hath bin coltred by him.

Lor. If you feele
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her preffing) lies a Male, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging: By my life
I kif it, and it gave me present hunger
To sere a gaine, though full. You do remember
This flaine upon her?

Poft. I, and it doth conforme
Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Lor. Will you heare more?

Poft. Spare your Athermatricks,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Lor. Ie be favorne.

Poft. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Lor. Ie deny nothing.

Poft. O that I had her heere, to see her Limb-meale.
I will go there and doe's, it's Court, before
Her Father. Ie do something.

Exeunt.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and return the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Lor. With all my heart.

Enter Posthumus.

Poft. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was flapse. Some Courier with his Tooler
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother faide
The Disce of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareell of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure the refrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forresrance: did it with
A pittance so Rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaffe, as va-Sum'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Zachimo in hours, was't not?

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Or left; at first? Perchance he spoke not; but
Like a full Phoenix, a Jarrun on,
Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vise in man, but I observe
It is the Woman part; best Lying, note it,
The womans; Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
Luft, and rash, his thoughts, hers; Reuiving hers;
Ambitions, Courtings, change of Price, Distain,
Nice-longing, Sandets, Mortanity;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all For vise to Vise
They are not conform, but are changing still;
One Vise, but of a minute old, for one
Not half as old as that. He write against them,
Detrest them, cnite them; yet his greater Skill
In a true Hare, to pray they have their will:
The very Diesus cannot grieve them better. Exit.

Actus Teruitus. Scena Prima.

Enter in State Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
one door, and at another, Caesar, Lucius, and
Attendants.

Caes. Now say, what would Angeliurn Caesar with vs?
Luc. When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theatme, and hearing euer) was this Brittain,
And conquer'd it, Cymala! thine Vnkle
(Famous in Caesar's prayes, no whit lefse
Then in his Feats deferving it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Ycereely three thousand poundes; which(by therel) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Caes. And to kill the moose, Shall be fo ever.

Caes. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Caes. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to refuge
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your Isle, which stands
As Nymphes Parke, ribb'd, and pai'd in
With Oakes infallable, and roaring Waters,
With Squads that will not bear your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them upp to th'Top-mast, A kind of Conquest
Caesar made here, but made not here his bragg
Of Carne, and Saw, and Ouer-came : with flame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Cost, twice beate and his Shipping
(Poore Ignorant Babblers) on our terrible Seas
Like Egges being mood upon their Surges, crack'd
As easilie gainst our Rocks. For joy whereof,
The sea'd Cymbeline, who was once at point
(Oh great Fortune) to make Caesar Sword, 
Made Lodd-Tyme with renouncing-Fires bright,
And Britaine's frut with Courage.

Caes. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid:
our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no more such Caesars, other of them may have
crook'd Nobes, but to owe such Straite Armes, none.

Caes. Son, let your Mother end,

Caes. We have yet many among vs, can giue as hard
at Cymbeline, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand.
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? if Caesar
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Caes. You must know,
Till the inuious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almoift stretch
The sides e'er'World, against all colour heere,
Did put the poake vp's, which to shake off
Becomes a wartlike people, whom we reckon
Our felts to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
Our Ancestor was that Midas-miust, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vie the Sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled: whose repaire, and francis,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good dext.
The Rome beforefore angry, Midias made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His broses within a golden Crown, and cal'd
Himselfe a King.

Caes. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Angeliurn Caesar.
(If Caesar, that hath most Kings his Servants, then
Thy selves Domesticks Officers) thine Enemy:
Receive it from me then, Warre, and Conflict
In Caesar name pronounce I gainst thee: Look
For fury, nor to be refisted. Thus deicide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Caes. Thou art welcome Cassius,
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him, I gathered Honour,
Which he, tolecke of me against, perfecce,
Behowes me keepe at vnterrease, I am perfect,
That the Thracian Dwellers and Dalmarians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would fliew the Britaines cold:
So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prose be spoke.

Caes. His Majestie biddes you welcome. Make pa-
flate with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you see vs af-
terwards in other tarmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beat vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall sake the better for
you: and there's an end.

Caes. So fit.

Caes. I know your Makers pleasure, and be mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pigion, reading of a Letter.
Pig. How do you do? What! Wherefore wite you not
What I lonsters her accute? Let putting;
Oh Master, what a strange infection
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Twixt houres, and houres?

Pij. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could never go so low: I have heard of Riding wages,
Where Horse's have bin nimber then the Sands
That run 'n the Clocks behalfe. But this is Foulrie,
Go, bid my Woman fake a Sickle, say
She's home to her Father; and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No coffer then would fit
A Franklins Huiffe.

Pij. Madam, you're bett consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor here, nor here;
Nor what enuies but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I pray thee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Scena Tertia.

Enters Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,

Whose Roeffe's as lowe as ours: Speiye Boyes, this gate

Instructs you how to adore the Heavenes; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd to high, that Giants may let through
And keepes their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
We house it, &Rocke, yet we the not so hardly
As prouder liuer do.

Guil. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bel. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ye tred these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lefthem, and sets off,
And you may then resolve what Tales, I have told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service, is not Service, to be done, being
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things were:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The shurred-Beggir, in a faire hold.
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, than attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then swelling in vspayd for Silke:
Such gaine the Sp of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Bookes vncons'd: no life to ours.

Guil. Out of your proffe you speake: we poore vsflgd'd
Have never wing'd from view o'cision; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Happily this life is best,
(If quies life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharpener knowne. Well corresponding
With your fitts Age: but vnsaw vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: Travailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
to frinde a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of

When we are old as you? When we shall have
The Raine and windes goodlark December? How
In this our pinchinge Cause, shall we dierourse
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Pisanio, and Images.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came to horse, I lay
Was near the hand: No, we're long'd my mother to
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio, Man:
Where is Poffannah? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that fish
From thine inward there? One, but pointed thus
Would be interpreted a thing perniciously:
Beyond felle-explication. Put thy felle
Into a humour of felle fear, as wildness.
Vagabond thy Raymond Senfor. What's his master?
Why tender at thou that Paper to me, with
A look so tender? Let it be Summer News
Smile too before: If Winterly, thou needst
But keep it, that this hand shall fill.
My Husbands hand? That Drug-damn'd Italy, flash out crafted him,
And here's at some hard point. Speak man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreme time, which to read
Would be even mortall to me.

Pis. Plead ye, reader,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Images reader.

Thy Mistress (Pisanio) hath place the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Toftamour whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak Coramur, but from prudent as strong as my
Senses, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou
(Pisanio) must att for me. Why dost thou not turn'd with
The breach of her? let those owne hands take away her life: I shall
Give thee opportunity as Mistref Woman. She hath an Letter
For the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make more
Excess as it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and
Equally to my deflation.

Pis. What shall I need to make my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whole edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Our-vommes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the pestil wuntes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, may the Secrets of the Grasse
This vipers bussenter enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falle to his Bed. What is it to be falle?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To wepe 'twixt clock and clock? If deep charge Nature,
To break it with a feartul armee of him,
And try my selfe awoke? That's Falsefets Bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady,

Imo. I believe Thy Confidence winneth: Iaschume,
Thou didst accume him of Incontinence,
Thou then look'd like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy favour good enough. Some say of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I amfalse, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'valles,
I must beipt: To peace with me: Oh!
Men, Vowes are womens Tractors. All good seeming
By thy resolu (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy: not born where't grooves,
But worse a Sire for Ladies.

Pif. Good Madam, hear me.

I. True honest men being heerd, like false Arsen
Were in his time thought false: and Smyns weeping
Did send them a holy teare: tooke pity:
From moft true wretchednesse. So thou, Pseudamus,
Will lay the Leaun on all proper men;
Goody, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great false: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Matters bidding. When thou feest him,
A little wintesst my obedience. Louke,
I draw the Sword my felle, take it, and hit
The innocent Mannon of my Loue (my Heart:)
Fear not the triumph of all things, but Grece:
Thy Matter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do this bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seemst a Coward.

Pif. Hence vile Intrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand, my life.

I. Why, I must dye.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-Slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That causeth my weake hand: Come, here's my heart: Some thing's a-foot: Soft, soft, we're no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbdard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leicester,
All turn'd to Hertfe? Away, away.
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pootre Fooles
Beleene false Teachers: Though thistle that are brettued
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of war. And thou
Pseudamus, That this didst let vp my disobedience's prin'thit
The King, My father, and makes me put it to contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shall heereafter finde
It is no saile of common passage, but
A Straine of Rarenesse: and grieve my felle,
To thinke, when thou shalt be didegd by her,
That now thou vsseth on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entereth the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Matters bidding
When I deifie it too.

Pif. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
I have not slept one wink.

I. Don't, and to bed then.

Pif. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

I. Wherefore then
Diddn't under take it? Why haft thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretense? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time mutting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent whereunto I neuer
Purpofe return. Why haft thou gone so farre
To be vmbet: when thou haft seen thy hand,

Th'elecled Deere before thee?

Pif. But to win time
To loole for bad employment, in the which
I haue confider'd of a course; good Ladie
Hear me with patience.

I. Tale thy tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strenupper, and mine ease
Therein false (trueke) can take no greater wound,
Nor rent, to bostome that. But speake.

Pif. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

I. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pif. Not so neither:
But if I were as wife, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
Land singular in his Arts, hath done you both.
This cursed injurie.

I. Some Roman Curtezen?

Pif. No, on my life.

I. He grosse but notice you are dead, and lend him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'ts commanded
I should do so: you shall be murd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

I. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pif. 'If you'll backe to'th'Court.

I. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that harth, noble, fimple nothing:
That Curten, whose Loue-fault hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Stege.

Pif. 'Tis not at Court,
Then nor in Britain muft you bide.

I. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shine? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britain? 'Tis wonders Volume
Out Britain feemes as of it, but not in's:
In a great Doole, a Swennes-fele, pryshee thinke
There's lueters out of Britain.

Pif. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th' Ambaffador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Hauen
to morrow. Now, if you could wear a minde
Darker, as your Fortune is, and but diffuse
That which t'appeare it felle, muft not yet be,
But by felle-danger, you shou'd tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happy, nere
The residence of Pseudamus: So to me (at leaft)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report shou'd render him hourly to your ease.
As truly as he moues.

I. Oh for such means,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pif. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fenice, and Nicenne
(Th'Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty felle) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicker-answer'd, faire, and
As quarrellous as the Weazel! Nay, you must
Forget that rareft Treasure of your Checcke,
Expelling it (but oh the harder heart,

---
Alacke no remedy! to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Than: and forget
Your labourome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great万分 angry.
Imo. Nay be brefe? I see into thy end, and am almoft
A man already.
"Fif. First, make your (selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Double, Hat, Hose, all
That anfwer to them: Would you in their feating,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a nature) fore Noble Lucius
Prefent your (selfe, desire his ferue: tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head haue care in Muficke, doubtlesse
With joy he will embraces you: not he's Honourable,
And doubting that, moft holy: Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pity thee away,
There's more to be confuler'd: but we're even
All that good time will gueve vs. This attempt,
I am Soul'dier too, and will abide it with
Pif. Well Madam, we muft take a short farewell,
Leaft being miit, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Madam,
Here is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at Sea,
Or Stoneake-quail'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diftemper. To some fhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best
Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords

Cym. Thus fare and so farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Maltes Enemy
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure your yeake: and for our selfe
To shew leffe Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare en-Kinglike
Luc. So Sir! I deire you
A Conduitt o'er Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omitt
So farewell Noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Cym. Receve is friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius; good my Lords
Till he haue croft the Seuern. Happines. Exit Lucia, Sir.

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honour's vs
That we haue given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britains have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits vs therefore nicely
Our Chatrots, and our Horfemen be in readinesse.
The Power, that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughters? She hath not appeare'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs beth tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noe not. Call her before vs, for
We haue bene too flight in suffrance.

Qu. Royall Sir.
Since the exile of Paffibus, most retys'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
This time must do. Beleeue your Mislief,
Forbear to sharpe speeces to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are froke;
And froke death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Meif. Pleaue you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anfwer
That will be gueen to this loud of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when Ift went to vifit her,
She prys'd me to excufe her keeping clofe,
Whetsoe'er cannot'd by her inconstancy,
She fhould that dutie leave vnpaide to you
Which dayly the was bound to proffer: this
She with'd me to make knoune: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not feeing of late? Grant Hesuens, that which I
Frare, proue falls.

Qu. O Sonne, I fay, follow the King.
Clo. That man of hers, Pifania, her old Servant
I have not fee these two dayes,

Qu. Go, look after:
Pifania, thou that falt Ab to fte Paffibus,
He hath a Drudge of mine: I prays, his abfence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleues
It is a thing moft precious. But for her,
Where is the gone? Haply defpaire hath faid her:
Or wond'd with ferouour of her loue, she's fnowne.
To her defire Paffibus gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vie of either. She being downe,
I baue the placing of the Britifh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clo. 'Tis certaine the is fided:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Date come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-Rall him of the comming day. Exit Qu.
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for she's faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courty parts more exquifite
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The bed the bath, and she of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I love her therefore, but
Dismaying me, and throwing Favours on
The low Pothamus, flanders to her judgement,
That what's else rare, is chook'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd upon her. For, when Foole shall—

**Enter Pifano.**

Who is heere? What, are you packing firrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? I'm a word, or else
Thou art straitly way with the Fiends.

**Pif.** Oh, good my Lord.

**Clo.** Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask againe. Cloe Villaine,
Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy hearts to finde it. Is the with Pothamus?
From whose to many waights of baseness, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

**Pif.** Alas,my Lord,

How can she be with him? When was the mis'd?
He is in Rome.

**Clo.** Where is the Sir? Come neerer:
No faster halting: I satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

**Pif.** Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

**Clo.** All-worthy Villaine,
Discouer where thy Misfirs is, a once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the infallant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

**Pif.** Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

**Clo.** Let's see't: I will putifie her
Euen to Augustus Throne.

**Pif.** Or this, or perifh.

She's farre enough, and what he learnt by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

**Clo.** Humh.

**Pif.** Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogene,
Safe may'th thou wander, safe returne agen.

**Clo.** Sirra, is this Letter true?

**Pif.** Sir, as I thinkte.

**Clo.** It is Pothamons hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
go theo Employment wherin I should have caufe to vie
thee with a serios indurty, that is, what villany foere I
bid thee to do performe it, diretly and rudey, I would
thinkke thee an honest man: thou shoulde't neither want
my meaneis for thy releue, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
mment.

**Pif.** Well, my good Lord.

**Clo.** Wilt thou seruie mee? For since patiency and
constantly thou haft flucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger Pothamus, thou canst not in the courfe of grata-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine, Wilt thou seruie
mee?

**Pif.** Sir, I will.

**Clo.** Glue mee thy hand, here's my purse, Haft any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy poftition?

**Pifan.** I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Lady & Mi-
acre.

**Clo.** The first seruice thou dost mee, ferch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

**Pif.** I shall my Lord.

**Exit.**

**Clo.** Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to ask
thee one thing, Ile remember't anon:) even there, thou
villaine Pothamus will I kill thee. I would thee Gar-
ments were come. She faide upon a time (the bittenesse
of it, I now belch from my heart) thee held the very
Garments of Pothamus, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornment of my
Qualities. With that Susie upon my backe will I ra-
ush her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall the see
my valour, which will then be a torment to hit contemptes.
He on the ground, my speeche of infulfment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luff hath dined (which, as I
ty, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that the so
prais'd:) yo the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home
againes. She hath defpised mee reioicingly, and ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.

**Enter Pifano.**

Be those the Garments?

**Pif.** Imy Noble Lord.

**Clo.** How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

**Pif.** She can seebe be there yet.

**Clo.** Bring this Apparrel to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntare Mote to my designe. Be
but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it felle to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, I would he wings to
follow it. Come, and be true.

**Exit.**

**Pif.** Thou bidst me to my for true to thee,
Wote to proue falle, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursueth. Flow,low
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Foole speedes
Be croft with slownesse; Labour be his merce.

**Exit.**

**Scena Sexta.**

**Enter Imogen alone.**

**Imo.** I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tryd my selfe : and for two nightes together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be fitke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountain top, Pifanis shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Joue, I thinke
Foundations fyle the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releue'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miffe my way. Will poore Folkes lyke
That have Affiliations on them, knowing'tis
A punishment, or Trial? I Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lape in Fulfine
Is forer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falle Ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but cew before, I was
At point to linke, for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path too : 'tis some fausive hold:
I were beft not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleaneth o're-to-show Nature, makes it valliant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowsards: Hardnesse ever
Of Hardnese is Mother. Ho! who's here?
If anything that's cuittl, speake: i'll saule,

Take,
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Beft draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, he'll scarcely looke on't,
Such a Foe, good Heauens.  

Exe.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Gudvina, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Poldiers have prou'd bel't Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cook, and Seruants, 'tis our match:
The feast of infamy would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, favoury: Westminster
Can more upon the Flint, when refle Sloth
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be bette,
Poor house, that keep'd thy leffe,
Gu. I am throughly weary.

Arm. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gu. That is cold meat. In this Case, we brou't on that
Which we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in;
But that it eates our vSualles, I should think
Heere were a Fairey.

Gu. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell; or if not
An ebrily Paragon. Behold Dummeneffe
No oldner then a Boy.

Enter Imagc.

Imo. Good matters harme me not;
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: true good
I have some nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd th' Floors. Here's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Board, to soone
As I had made my Meale; and pasted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

Gu. Money? Youth.

Arm. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to dust,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thofe
Who washipp dutty Gods,
Imo. I fee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my faults, I should
Hau'e dy'd, had I not made it,

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fiddle Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am faine in this offence,

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke we no Charles: nor measure our good minde
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you fhall have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to Stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gu. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wo'e hard, but be your Grome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy,

Arm. He makes my Comfort
He is a man, he love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him

(After long abjence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin fo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leffe, and so more equall ballasting
To thee Porphius,

Bel. He wrings at some diftrefs.

Gu. Would I could free't.

Arm. Or, I, what ere it be,
What paine it costs, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes,

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Case,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience feald them playing by
That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere thefe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my fexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leontius fake.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boyes we'll go dreffe our Hunt. Fare youth come in;
Discofe is heavy, falling: when we have lopp'd
We'll manerly demand thee of thy Story,
So faire as thou wilt speake it.

Gu. Pray draw nearer.

Arm. The Night to'th Owle,
And Mome to'th Lurke leffe welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir

Arm. I pray draw nearer.

Exeunt.

Scena Ostatua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

Sen. This is the tenter of the Emperors Wit;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Geufl the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The faffe-off Britaines, that we do insite
The Gentry to this busineffe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leny, he commands
His absolute Commiflion. Long live Caesar.

Tri. Is Lucius General of the Forces?

Sen. 1

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of; whereunto your leue
Must be applaudt: the words of our Commifion
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Athus Quartus. Scena Primia.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am not where I should meet them,
If Pisanus have mappt it truly. How fit his Garments
Governd? Why should his Milites who were made by him
that
Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Images from the Cause.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine here in the Court, We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here : Are we not Brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie, Whole due is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gu. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well : But not so Citizen a watch, as To seem to dye, etc sicke. So please you, leaue me, Stiche to your Journal cause, the breach of Custome, Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort.

To one not scalable. I am not very sicke, Since I can reason of it : pray you truft me here, I'll rob none but my selfe, and let me dye

Sp. : lying so poorly.

Gu. I love thee. I have spoke it, How much the quantity, the weight as much, As do I love my Father.

Bel. What How how ?

Arv. If it be mine to say fo (Sir) I do take one

In my good Brothers fault : I know not why Ioue this youth, and I have heard you say, Love's reason, without reason. The Beere at doore, And a demand who's that shall dye, I'd say

My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine !

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse !

"Cowards father Cowards, & Fafe things Syce Base ; "Nature hath Meale, and Bran ; Contempt, and Graze. Doe not their Father, yet who should bee, Doth my racet I felse, I'de before mee.

To the ninth house o'th'Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?
Bel. No single soule
Can we set eie on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worste: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that fist as wee
Cause heere, hunt heere, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and sweare
Hee'd fetch vs in, yet it's not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a tale
More perilous then the head.
Arw. Let Or'dinance
Come as the Gods fore-fay it: howsoeere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no meane: I too neeing
So worthy was thy Birth.
Guis. Art not afraid?
Bel. Those that I reterence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Foole I laugh not feare them.
Bel. Dye the death:
When I haue flaine thee with my proper band,
I'll followe that euen that now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Lutins Towne let your heads:
Yield Ruffickie Mountaineet.

Enter Solasias and Arwines.
Bel. No Companions abroad?
Arw. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blur'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snarces in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
Two very Clavet.
Arw. In this place we left them;
I wist my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being fearse made vp,
I meant to man: he had not apprehension
Of rasing terrors: For defect of judgment
Was oft the cause of Feste.

Enter Guidariska.

Bel. See thy Brother,
Guis. This Clavet was a Foole, an empty puttse,
There was no money int: Not Hercules
Could have knuck'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What halfe thou done?
Guis. I am perfect what: cut off one Clavet head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and Wore
With his owne single hand he'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And let them on Ludi-Towne.
Bel. We are till vndone.
Guis. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he (as he) believeth our Lives? the Law
Protestas not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant pece of flesh threats vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have first Claudio Clo-pole downe the strectane,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoffage
For his returne.

Soinean Musick.

Bel. My Ingenious Instrument,
(Heake Poldore) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Heareke,
Ges. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence ever now,
Gus. What does he mean?
Since death of my dearth? Mother
It did not speake before. All solenne thing:
Should anser solenne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Isollity for Apes, and greete for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Arragon with Imagin dead, bearing
her in his Armes.

Bel. LOOK, here he comes,
And brings the last occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for,
Arst. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Hauue skipt from sixteen years of Age, to fifty:
To have run'd my leaping time into a Cutch,
Then have scene this,
Gus. Oh sweeete, garfreyd Lilly:
My Brother weares the not the one halfe so well,
As when thou gruwn't thy felthe.
Bel. Oh Melancholy,
Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Goall thy fleggish care
Might'at easelit harbin in. Thou bleeved thing,
I owe knowes what man thou might'at haue made : but I,
Thou dyed'at a moff rare Boy, of Melancholy.
How found you him?
Arst. Starke,as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled studder,
Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at: his right Chekke
Reposing on a Cullion.

Gus. Where?
Arst. OthFloore:
His armes thus leag'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clawed Broges from off my feete, whose rudenene
Answer'd my steeps too lowd.
Gus. Why,he but sleepe:
If he be gone, he'll make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Faynies will his Tome be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arst. With saftens Flowers
Whil's Sommer lafted, and I lue here, Fiddle,
Ile sweeten thy fat grane: thou that not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Venes: no, nor
The leafe of Egiantane, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocks would
With Charlabe bill (Oh bill fore shamming
Those rich-leafe-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yes, and furn'd Maife besides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Costye

Gus. Pythce have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so ferior. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th graue.

Arst. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gus. By good Eurphilus, our Mother.
Arst. Bee'ts so:
And let vs (Poldore) though now our voyces
Hau'e got the mannifi cracke, fing him to'th ground
As once to our Mother: vie like note, and words,
Saue that Eurphilus, muft be Fiddle.

Gus. Cadwall,
I cannot finge: I le weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of forrow, out of tune, are woes;
Then Priefs, and Phaeres that lye.

Arst. W'e'll speake it then.
Bel. Great greces I fee med'cine the leffe: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne,Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rottin
Together have one duft, yet Reuence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gus. Pray you fetch him hither,
Though his body is as good as Aias,
When neyther are alive.

Arst. If you'll fetch him,
We'll lay our Song the whil't: Brother begin.
Gus. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to the East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arst. 'Tis ture.
Gus. Come on then, and remake him.

Arst. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more: the beate o'th Sun,
Nor the furious Winners rage,
Thou thy worldly task hast aim,
Home art gone, and tune thy wages.
Guiden Lads, and Grits all misf
As Chee宀-Sweepers come to duft.

Arst. Fear no more the Sonne o'th Great,
Thou art past the Tirants frakke,
Care no more to cloath and cutte,
To thee the Recke is as the Oake:
The Ccepter, Learning Physicke must,
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lachman fluff.
Arst. Nor the dread't Tymeard fedone.
Guid. Fear not Slander, Crofese crafs.
Arst. Thou haft fin'de'd lay, and mone.
Both. All Louse: young, all Lesters misf,
Confine to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Excrufa harms thee.
Arst. Nor no wichcraft charmes thee.
Guid. Ghost unland forbeare thee.
Arst. Nothing ill come near thee.
Both. Quiet confimation home,
And renowned by thy grace.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gus. We have done our obsequeies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Here's a few Flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The heares that have on them cold dew o'th mght
Are firewings fit for Graues: upon their Faces
You were as Flowers, now with'der:se:to
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you flew.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gau' them first, ha's them againer
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thank you: by your bus'f, pray how farre the other?
'Ods pittickes: can it be laxe mile yet?
I have gone all night: Faith, ile yye downe, and sleepe.
But lo't; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesles!
These Florwreaste like the pleasures of the World; This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame; For so I thought I was a Caeu-keeper, And Cooke to benefit Creatures. But tis not so: Tis but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgements, blinde. Good faith I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eyes; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heete still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleffe man? The Garments of Pithamus?
I know the shape of Legge: this is his Hand:
His Frote Mercurial: his martiall Thigh
The brownes of Hercules: but his louliull face—
Muther in beaute! How tis'gone. Pifano,
All Cufes madded Hebea gave the Greekes,
And mine to boor, to bearta on thee: thou
Conspire' d with that Irreguloue divell Cloten,
Hath heete cut on my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damm'd Pifano,
Hath with his forged Letters (damm'd Pifano)
From this moft braue? well of the world
Struck oke the maine top! Oh Pobhmmus, alas,
Where is thy headl where is 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 Lucre in them
Haue laid this Wee here, Ohe's pregnant, pregnant!
The Dragg he gave me, which hee sayd was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Mur'drous to th' Senles! That confirme it home:
This is Pifano's deede, and Cloten: Oh:
Glie colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may come to thole
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a South-fayer.
Cap. To them, the Legions garrion'd in Gallia
After your will, have crost the Sea, attending
You heeke as Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes: They are heere in readinesse.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath fir'd vp the Confronters,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduit of bold Jacobus,
Symes Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefits oth'windes.
Luc. This for watchnesse
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be master'd; bid the Captaines lookke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.
Surest. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I saw, and prays'd for their Intelligance) thus:
A lowe-bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the burning Sodom, to this part of the Weal,
There vanish'd in the Sun, because, which portends
(Vnless my lines abuse my Divination)

Scena Tertia.

Luc. Dreame often fo,
And neuer falle. Soft how, what truncke is here?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worth building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre, to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's fee the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alioe my Lord.
Luc. Hee? then in tru' vs of this body: Young one,
Informes of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craze to be demanded: who is this
Thou makest thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (other wise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke! How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Inne. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Mafter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heeze by Mountaineers eyes flame: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From Earl to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: ferue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou must'! no leffe with thy complaing, then
Thy Mafter in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.
Inne. Richard de Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods hate, I hope
They pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Inne, Fedele Sir.
Luc. Thou don't approue thy selfe the very fame:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be fure
No leffe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Conful to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preffe thee: Go with me.
Inne. Ill follow Sir. But first, and I pleafe the Gods,
I'le hide my Mafter from the Fists, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leauers & weecks, I ha'frew'd his graf
And on it laid a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twicce o're, He weep, and gige,
And leaning to his fervice, follow you,
So please you entertaine me.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Fathre thee, then Master thee:
My Friends, The Boy hath taugh vs many duties: Let us
Finde out the pietiefull Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's prefer'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be inter'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerfulfull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Bel. Sonnes,
We're higher to the Mountains, there secure v...
To the Kings party there's no going: newes
Of Cloten's death (we being not knowne, not muster'd
Among the Bands) may drive vs to a render
Where we haue li'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir's) doubt
In such a thing, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs.

Aris. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Pikes; have both their eyes
And eares so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army; Many yeares
(Though Cloten then but young) ye fee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not defer'd my Service, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding:
The certainty of this heard life, I hopelesse
To have the courseyres Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings,
And the shrunking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to create to be. Pray Sir, toth' Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so overgrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Aris. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I never
Did see man dye, fearie eier look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Never befriend a Horie face one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who'ret wore Rowell,
Nor iron on his heele. I am a strang'd
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefits of this blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens ile go,
If you will bleffe me Sir, and grue me leave,
I take the better care. but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Aris. So say, I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set)
So flight a valewation should refere
My crack'd one to more care. Hauie with you Boyes:
If in your Country wares you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lada) and there ile ye.
Lead,lead, the time seems long, their blood thinks soon
Till it flye out, and them them Princes borne.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Puffinium alone.

Puff. Ye a bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wight
Though it should't be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must mutter Wises much better then themselves

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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Every good Servant do not all Command:
No Bond, but to do full Gods. God, if you
Should have a neere vengeance on my faults, I never
Had Ili'd to put on this so hard you need.
Thenoble Imogen, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You match some hence for small faults; that's lose
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ill with ill, each elder worse,
And make them rise it, to the doother thieves.
But Imogen is your owne, do your best willer,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miftris Peace,
Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heauten,
Hear patienty my purpose. It diftrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and faitis my felfe
As dod's a Britaine Pezant: so lie fight
Against the part I come with: so lie dye
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is evry breath, a death: and thus, wakowne,
Pitted, nor hated, to the face of perill
My selfe ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More value in me, then my habit shew.
Gods, put the strength o'th'Leomai in me:
To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
The fashion lefte without, and more with.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one doore:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonata Pothamus
following like a poor Soldiour. They march over, and goe
out. Then enter armes in Skirmish Iachimo and Pothamus:
be vanguard and disermath Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heavinness and guilt within my bosome,
Takes of my manhood. I have belyed a Lady,
The Princesse of this Country; and the aery on't
Reuengingly enchureth me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Nature, have fabdude me
In my profession? Knighthood, and Honours borne
As I weare mine are titles but of scorn.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) goe before
This Lowl, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you Gods. Exit.
The Battallie continue, the Britaine fly, Cymbeline is taken
I then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guidarius, and Arragon.
Brat. Stand, stand, we have this advantage of the ground,
The lane is guarded: Nothing rowts it, but
The villany of our forces. For you provided
Guts. Arst. Stand, hank, and fight.

Enter Pothamus, and second the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.
Luc. Away, away boy from the Troopes, and sauze thy selfe:
For friends kil'friends, and the disorder's fuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. This their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turnd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Pothamus, and a Britaine Lord.
Lor. Can't thou from where they made the stand?
Poth. I did,
Though you it scenes come from the Friers?
Lor. I did.
Poth. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings distilte, the Army brooke,
And but the backes of Britannis scene; all flying
Through a strat Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke
More plentiful, then Tooles to do't: strooke doone
Some mortally, some slightely touch'd, some falling
Mercely through feare, that the strat passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards lying
To dye with lengthned flame.
Lor. Where was this Lane?
Poth. Clofe by the ballet, dicht'd; & wall'd with turp,
Which gauce advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honet one I warrant) who defend'd
So long a breaking, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for a Country. Awaire, the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country safe, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayers
Then those for preferred caus'd, or flame.)
Made good the paffage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaine hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknefe ftere foules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beastis, which you fhou beastly, and may fave
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand, Thefe three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For the pamphet fands, and in the file, when all
The reft do nothing. With this word sandle, stand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
A Difafte, too a Lance, guided pale lookes
Part fame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a finne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firft beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o' th' Hunter. Then beganne
A top o' th' Chafar, a Retyre: Anon
A Rowe, confusion thickne: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they Theft Eagles; Slaves
The Strides the Wtizers made, and now our Cawards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o' th' head: havin found the backe doore open
Of the ungarded heauens; heauens, how they wound,
Some flame before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-born, i'th'former waue, then chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere refift, are gowne
The mortall bugs o' th' Field.
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 things you hear,
Then to work any. Will you Rame yet,
And vent it for a Mock't? Here is one:
'Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) Lane,
'Prefers'd' the Britames, was the Romans base.

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Poet. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Poe. Ile be his Friend:
For if hee do, as he is made to doe,
I know he'll quickly Rye my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.

Poet. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be in Field, and ask what newes of me:
To day, how many would have given their Honour
To have gau'd their Carrasses? Took hee ho to do't,
And yet dyed too. I am mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane;
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monstri,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath more minifiers then we
That draw his kniues 'r War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauouer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have reftom'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the vertiest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heree made by th'Romans; great the Answr be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither heere Ile kepe, nor beare sgen,
But end it by some manner: for Imogen,
Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucanus is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sones, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a fily habit,
That gau'e th'Affront with them.
3 So'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Poet. A Roman,
Who had not owr beene drooping beere, if Seconds
Hsd answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not restore to tell
What Crowes have peckt them here: he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus Pisanio,
Romane Captures. The Captaines present Puffbumus to
Cymbeline, who deliveris him over to a Gosier.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Puffbumus, and Gosier

Gos. You shall not now be staine,
You have lockes upon you:
So graze, as you undre Puffume.

1 Gos. I'or a Francisco.

Poet. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(Then think) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that sicks o'th'Gowe, since he had rather

Gosier so in perpetuety, then be cur'd
By th'illure Physitian's death, who is the key
I wuds, were these Lockes. My Conference, thou art fetter'd
More then my thanks, & wishes: you good Gods give me
The pensent Instrument to picke that Bole,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease,
Gods are more full of mercy. Muff I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No further render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clemence then wilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.

For Imogen dere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dire, yet 'tis a life; you cou'd it,
'Tweeue man, and man, they waish not every flampe
Though light, take Pieces for the figures sake.
(You'rather) mine being yours: so great Powers.
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold Bonds. Ob Imogen, Ile
Speake to thee in silence.

Selim. No more thou Thunder-Master,
Threw thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with Iowe chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.

Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:
I dy'd whil't in the Wombe he raide,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
that Orphanes Father art)
That shoul'd haue bin, and sheed the him,
from this earth-vexingin furst.
Moth. Lucina lent me her ayde,
and tooke me in my Thowes,
That from me was Puffhamus ript,
came crying 'mongst his Foes.
A thing of pitty.

Sel. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
meulde the stiffe so faire:
That he'd fer'd the praise of O'World,
as great Sicilius heyre.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his parrell,
Or fruitfull obiect bee?

In eye of Imogen, that bell could deeme
his dignifie.

Ms. With Marriage wherefore was he mocks
to be exil'd, and throwne
From Leonardi Seathe, and cast from her,
his deereet one?

Sweet Imogen?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachnese, flight thing of study
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

To taint his Nobler heart, and brain, with needful insidious
And to become the gieker and come o'th'others valiant?
2 Bro. For this, from siller Sears we came,
Our Parents, and vs twaine,
That firing in our Countries cases, fell brave, and were slaine,
Our Fealty, & Tawamity right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Bro. Like hardiment Poffemumu hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, & King of Gods, why hast thou thus advis'd?
The Graces for his Merit due, being all to dokers turn'd?
Sac'd. Thy Chriflemall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race,yr harsh, and poetem injuries : Mab. Since Jupiter our Son is good,
take off his miferies.
Sac'd. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
Toth'bidding Synod of the ref, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy justice flye.
Jupiter defends vs Thunder & Lightning, fitting oppon an
Eagle; be throws a Thunder-bolt. The Groffis fall on
their kner.
Jupiter, No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing :shh. How dare you Groffes
Accufe the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Costs.
Poore shadowes of Elizian, hence, and ref.
Vpon your newer-withering banke of Floweres,
Be not with mortall accentts oppreft,
No care of yours its, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beft I love, I crosse ; to make my guilt
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laidie Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent :
Our favour Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married :Rife, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Joogen,
And happier much by his Affhichon made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breft, wherein
Our pleasure, his tell Fortune, doth confine,
And to away: no farther with your dinne
Exprefse Impatience, leat you thirre vp mine :
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline.

Agends.
Sac'd. He came in Thunder, his Celeffial breath
Was sulphorous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to fooce vs: his Afirmion is
More sweet then our bleft Field: his Royall Bird
Plumes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thanke Jupiter.
Sir. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roome: A way, and to bebleft
Let vs with care perfome his great behelf. Vexelb
Paff. Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandire, and begor
A Father to me: and thou haft created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh forome)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne :
And so I am awake, Poore Wretcher, that depend
On Greatneffe, Faour; Dreame as I have done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (also) I weare:
Many Dreme not to finde, neither defcribe,
And yet are fleep'd in Faours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book?Oh rare one,
for the dead.

Gus. Valese a man would marry a Gallows, & beget yong Gibbets, I never saw one to prone: yet on my Conference, there are verier Knowes desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were defolation of Gaslers and Galoweis: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aru- ragus, Pifanius, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preuers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Soldierr that so richly fought, Whole rages, than'd gilded Armes, whole naked beest Stept before Targers of provees, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing; Such precious deedes, in one that promis nought But beggarly, and poore looks.

Cym. No stydings of him? Pisa. He hath bin fetch'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am The heyre of his Reward, which I will add To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) By whom (I grant) the liues. 'Tis now the time To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modell, Valese I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: Arife my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you Companions to our perfon, and will fit you With Dignities becoming your eftates. Enter Cornelius and Ladies. There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly Greest you our Victory? you look like Romanines, And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Cym. Hayle great King, To owre your happiness, I must report The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Phylistian Would this report become? But I confer, By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will feize the Doctor too. How ended he? Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which (being cruel to the world) concluded Moft cruel to her felfe. What the confeft, I will report, for your good pleasure. Thefe her Women Can trip me, if I tere, who with wet cheekes Were present when the finifh'd

Cym. Prythee say Cor. First, the confeft the neuer lou'd you: onely Affected Greatneffe got by you: not you: Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your perfon.

Cym. She alone knew this: And but she spoke it dying, I would not Beleue her lips in opening it. Proceed. Cor. Your daughter, whom the borne in hand to louse With such integritie, she did confede Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life (But that her flight prevented it) she had Tane off by poiyon.

Cym. O moft delicate Fiend!

Who is't can read a Woman? Is there more? Cor. More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had For you a mortall Minnall, which being rooke, Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring, By inches waste you. In which time, the purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kiffing, to Overcome you with her fervie; and in time (When she had fireed you with her craft, to worke Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne: But falying of her end by her fansge abstinence, Crew shamefelfe delicate, open'd (in defpight Of Heavens and Men) her purpoifes: repenred The evils the hatch'd, were not execut'd: fo Dispaying, dyed. Cym. Heard you all this, her Women? Lai. We did, fo pleafe your Highnesse Cym. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautifull: Mine ears that hearf her flattery, not my heart, That thought her like her foreeing. It had beene vicious To have mistrusted her; yet (Oh my Daughter) That it was folly in me, thou mayft say, And prove ur in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Luciea, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen. Thou committ not Caius now for that Tribute, that The Britaines haue r'd out, though with the losse Of many a bold one: whole Kinmen haue made fight That their good foules may be appeard, with slaughter Of you their Captives, which our felfe haue granced, So thynk of your eftate.

Luc. Confider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs, We shou'd not when the blood was cool, haue thestend Our Prifoners with the Sword. But fince the Gods Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues May be call'd ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth, A Roman, with a Romans heart can fatter: Auger our liues to thynke on't: and fo much For my pecular care. This one thing onely I wil entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne) Let him be ranfomed: Neuer Mafter had A Page fo kinde, fo dureous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, Soateur, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne With my requete, which Ile make bold your Highnesse Canpot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme, Though he haue fer'd a Roman. Saue him(Sir) And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely feene him: His favour is familiar to me: Boy, Thou haft look'd thy felfe into my grace, And at mine owne. I know not why, whatereft, To fay, like boy: nor 'tis thetha Mafter, liue; And fale of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt, Fiting my bounny, and thy face, Ile giue it.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Yea, though thou do demand a Prifoner.
The Noblest tale.

Imo. I humbly thank you, Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee begg's my life, good Lad.

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, slacker,

There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Methought it were for thee.

Luc. The Boy doth insolence me,

He leaves me, comes me: briefly, dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyntes, and Boyes.

What staid he so perplexes?

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?

I love thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to ask? Know'lt thou thou look it on'speak
Wilt haue him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,

Then I to thy Highness, who being born yvassalle
Am something neeter.

Cym. Wherefore ey'lt him so?

Imo. Ie tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fedele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Master; walke with me: speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reun'd from death?

Ard. One Sand another
Not more teemles than that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fedele: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, fee further: he eyes vs not, for beare
Creatures may be alike: were'th, I am sure
He would have spoke to vs.

Gui. But we fee him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pof. It is my Miftis:

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand aloud: Sir, Rep you forth,
Quite another to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greasnefe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is that this Gentlman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Pof. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Ibch. Thou'tt torture me to leave vnspoken, that
Which he spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Ibch. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which terrifies me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas Lenatus Jewell,
Whom thou didst banish: and which more may grieve
As it doth me: a Noble Sir, ne're let'ud (thee)
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Ibch. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirts
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter?what of hirRenew thy strength

I had rather thou shou'dst live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I hear more: triste man, and speake.

Ibch. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke.

That stroke the hour it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poys'd(d) or at least
Thuske which I he'dd to head:) the good Pofsamus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the raf't of good ones) fitting sadly,
Hearing vs prase our Loues of Italy

For Beauty, that made barren the (w)ld's boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, lamyn
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pigh Mineve
Postures, beyond brefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiung,
Faireneffe, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Comme to the matter

Ibch. All too soon I shall,

Vnlesse thou wouldst greece quickly. This Pofsamus
Mofh like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, coue his hurt,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd therein
He was as calm as vertue) he began
His Miftris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in, either our bregges
Were ecr'd of Kitchin-Trules, or his description
Proud vs vnspaking fottes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to 'th purpofe,

Ibch. Your daughters Chafity, (there is beginne)
He speake of her, as Dion had hot dreams,
And the alone, were cold: Wherefore, I wretche,
Made Scruple of his prape, and washer'd with him
Peces of Gold, gainst this, which then he gave
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of a Bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: the (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, flakes this Ring,
And would so, had it bence a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheelie: and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of a Carre. Away to Britain
Poste I in this defigne: Well will I (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longings: mine Italian braue,
Gain in your duller Britain operare
Most wildly: for my vantage excellect.

And to be briefe, my praciee so pruy'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Lenatus mad,
By wounding his beleue in her Renowne,
With Tokens thur, and thus suuerling notes
Of Chamber-hanging. Pictures, thys her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secer on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chafity quide crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forys. Whereupon,
Me thinnce I fete him now.

Pof. I fo thou do,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murthurer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines pathin being
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poysion,